

MARVEL[®]
COMICS

THE TOMB

OF

DRACULA[®]



scanned by Potifar, July 2005

**TOMB OF DRACULA[®] #26-49,
GIANT-SIZE DRACULA[®] #2-5
& DR. STRANGE[®] #14**

MARY WOLFMAN, GENE COLAN & FRIENDS

VOL.

2

GIANT-SIZE DRACULA #2

WRITER: CHRIS CLAREMONT
PENCILER: DON HECK
INKER: FRANK MCLAUGHIN
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #26

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #27

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #28

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: RAY HOLLOWAY

GIANT-SIZE DRACULA #3

WRITER: CHRIS CLAREMONT
PENCILER: DON HECK
INKER: FRANK SPRINGER
LETTERER: RAY HOLLOWAY

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #29

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #30

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

GIANT-SIZE DRACULA #4

WRITER: DAVID KRAFT
PENCILER: DON HECK
INKER: FRANK SPRINGER
LETTERER: ARTIE SIMEK

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #31

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: RAY HOLLOWAY

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #32

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #33

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #34

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #35

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

GIANT-SIZE DRACULA #5

WRITER: DAVID KRAFT
PENCILER: NESTOR REDONDO
INKER: DAN ADKINS
LETTERER: MARCOS PELAYO

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #36

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOE ROSEN

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #37

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOE ROSEN

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #38

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #39

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #40

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #41

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

THE TOMBS OF DRACULA #42

WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA



WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA



WRITER: STEVE ENGLEHART
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA



WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA



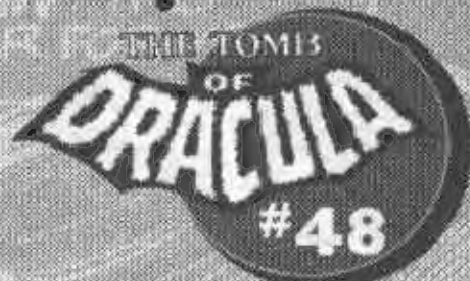
WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA



WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA



WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA



WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA



WRITER: MARV WOLFMAN
PENCILER: GENE COLAN
INKER: TOM PALMER
LETTERER: JOHN COSTANZA

REPRINT CREDITS

MARVEL ESSENTIAL DESIGN:
JOHN "JG" ROSHELL
OF COMICRAFT
FRONT COVER ART:
GENE COLAN
BACK COVER ART:
GIL KANE
COVER COLORS:
AVALON'S DAVID KEMP
SPECIAL THANKS TO:
POND SCUM &
RALPH MACCHIO

COLLECTIONS EDITOR:
JEFF YOUNGQUIST
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR:
MARK D. BEAZLEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR:
JENNIFER GRÜNWALD
BOOK DESIGNER:
JULIO HERRERA
EDITOR IN CHIEF:
JOE QUESADA
PUBLISHER:
DAN BUCKLEY

GIANT SIZE
DRACULA

2

SEPT
02916

50¢

©

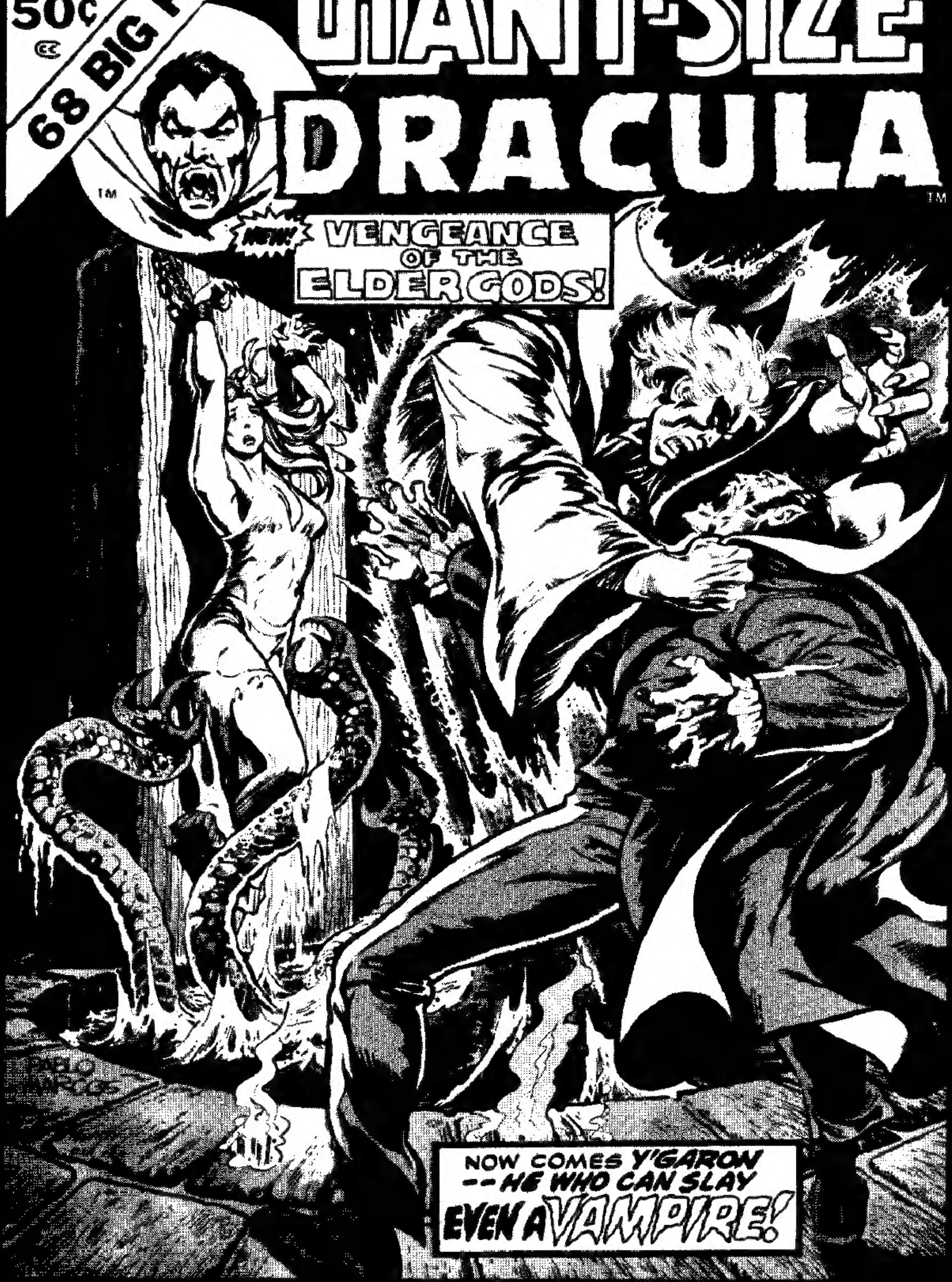
68 BIG PAGES

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



GIANT-SIZE DRACULA

**NEW! VENGEANCE
OF THE
ELDER GODS!**



**NOW COMES Y'GARON
-- HE WHO CAN SLAY
EVEN A VAMPIRE!**

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

CURSE OF DRACULA!™

ANNIE MALCOLM. JUST
TURNED 19.

WATCH
HER!

SHE'S RUN
HARD
THESE LAST
FEW MILES,
AND THE
STRAIN IS
BEGINNING
TO TELL...

ANNIE MALCOLM.

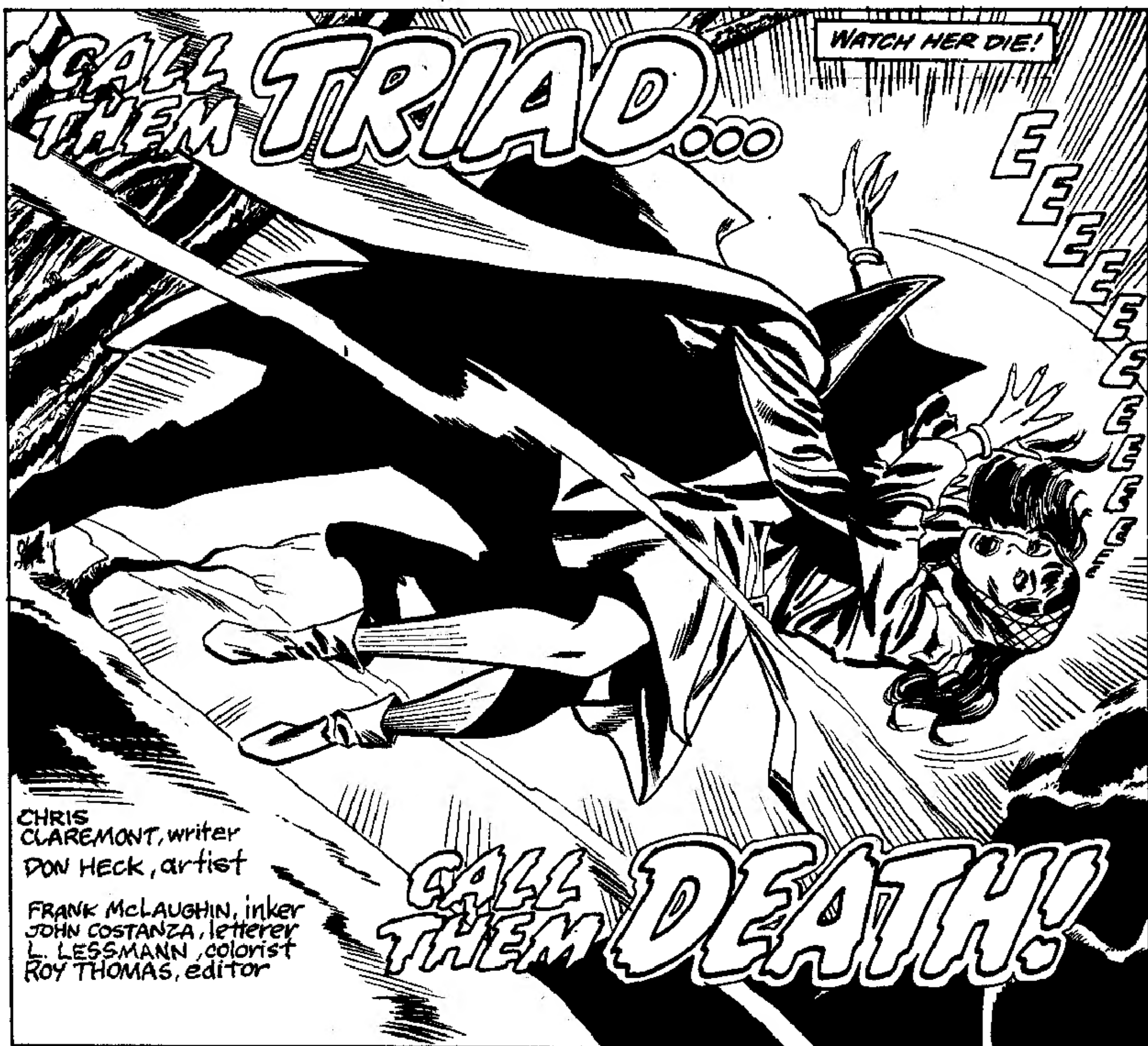
EACH
BREATH IS
FIRE NOW
AND SHE
KNOWS SHE
CAN'T RUN
MUCH LONGER.
BUT RUN SHE
DOES!

DON'T SEE HIM
ANYMORE...MAYBE
I LOST HIM...

NO! CAN'T
TAKE ANY
CHANCES...IT'S
ONLY HALF-
A-MILE
TO D'AIRE
MAJOR...

I CAN
MAKE
IT...

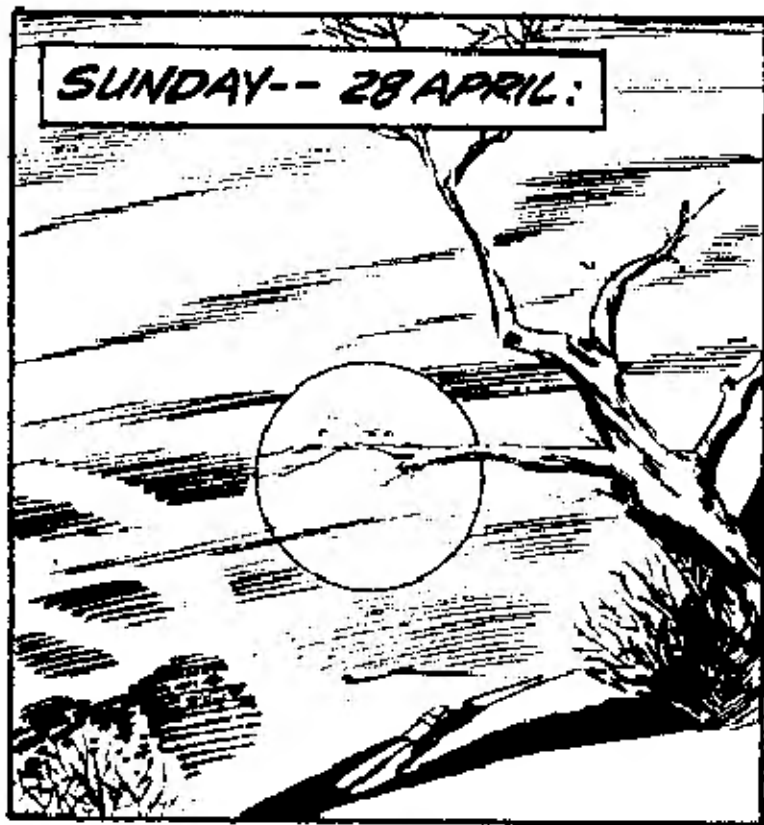
ANNIE MALCOLM.
WATCH HER RUN.



CHRIS
CLAREMONT, writer
DON HECK, artist

FRANK McLAUGHIN, inker
JOHN COSTANZA, letterer
L. LESSMANN, colorist
ROY THOMAS, editor

CALL THEM DEATH!



SUNDAY-- 28 APRIL:

THE JAGUAR'S HEADLIGHTS PICK THEIR WAY SWIFTLY, SURELY, THROUGH THE EVENING GROUND FOG-- AS IF ITS DRIVER HAS BEEN ROAMING THESE WINDING LANES ALL HIS LIFE...



TRYING FOR A GRAND PRIX BERTH, INSPECTOR CHELM?

RELAX, KATE, YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS...

OH? TELL ME AGAIN IN THE HOSPITAL.

THOUGH, IN TRUTH, HE'S NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE TONIGHT.



YOU KNOW, THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MY WEEKEND OFF.

KATE, YOU'RE THE BEST ASSISTANT I'VE GOT.

AND I'M AFRAID I NEED YOUR SPECIAL TALENTS TO CRACK THIS CASE.



SPECIAL TALENTS!

KATE FRASER, THE FREAK! THE FEY COP WHO CAN LOOK AT A GUN-- LOOK AT ANYTHING!-- AND TELL WHO OWNED IT LAST, USED IT LAST, BACK TO THE DAY IT WAS FORGED... MAYBE BEYOND...

PSY-CHOMETRY'S A SCIENCE, NOT WITCH-CRAFT.



TELL THAT TO THE MUTIE-MATERS.

STOP IT, KATE!

I'VE NO TIME FOR THAT SORT OF ATTITUDE.

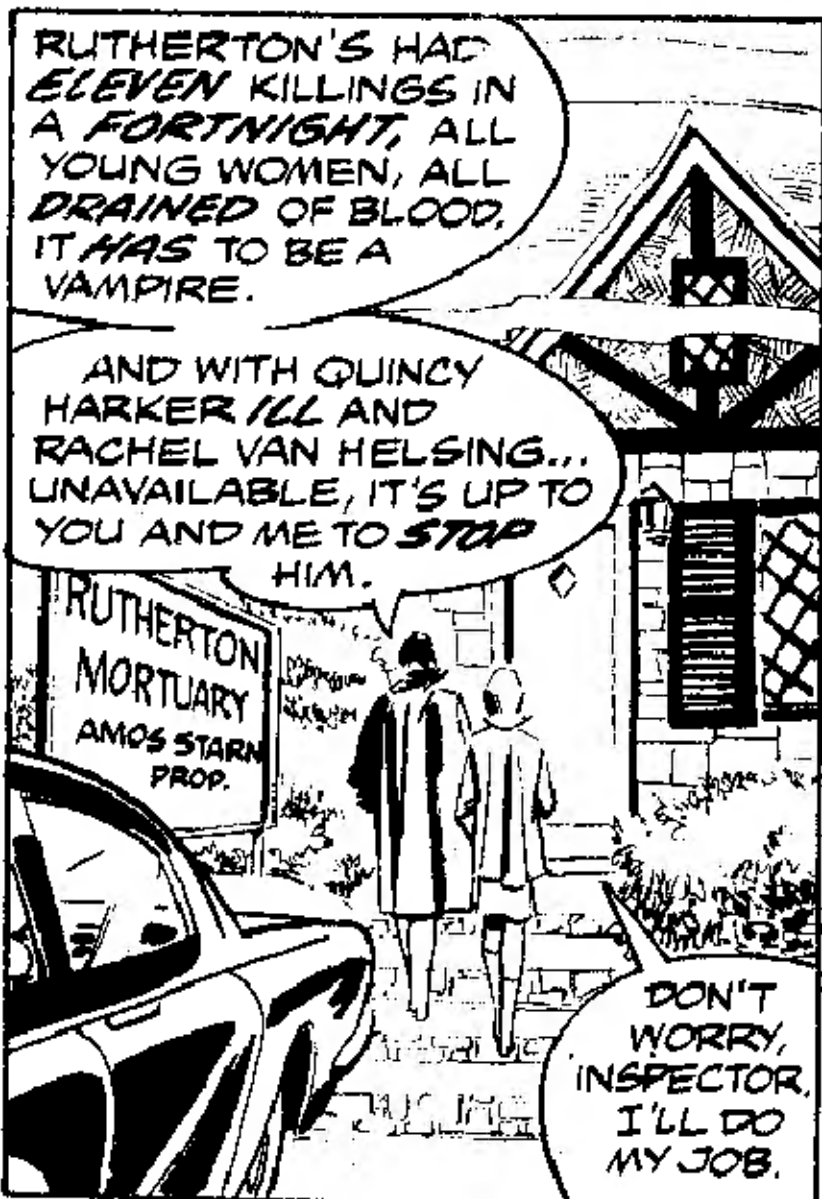
IF WE'RE UP AGAINST...



DRACULA? I THOUGHT HE WAS REPORTED KILLED. *

SO? TWO YEARS AGO I NEVER THOUGHT OF HIM AT ALL. NOW I KNOW BETTER.

* IN ISSUE #21 OF TOMB OF DRACULA. --ROY.



RUTHERTON'S HAD ELEVEN KILLINGS IN A FORTNIGHT, ALL YOUNG WOMEN, ALL DRAINED OF BLOOD. IT HAS TO BE A VAMPIRE.

AND WITH QUINCY HARKER ILL AND RACHEL VAN HELSING... UNAVAILABLE, IT'S UP TO YOU AND ME TO STOP HIM.

RUTHERTON MORTUARY AMOS STARN PROP.

DON'T WORRY, INSPECTOR. I'LL DO MY JOB.



YES? WHAT 'CHER WANT?

I'M INSPECTOR CHELM, SCOTLAND YARD.

THIS IS INSPECTOR FRASER.

IT'S ABOUT TIME.



THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER KILLING. ANNIE MALCOLM, MURDERED LIKE ALL THE REST. HER BODY'S IN HERE.

OH, BY-THE-WAY, MY NAME'S AMOS. OLD AMOS. I OWN THIS PLACE.



LATER...

POOR GIRL. SHE NEVER HAD A CHANCE...

ARE THESE HER THINGS?

AYE.



INSPECTOR! LOOK AT THIS STAR. IT...IT'S GLOWING...



BEFORE KATE CAN PULL AWAY, THE GLOW FLOWS THRU HER, DRAWING HER IN, DRAWING HER DEEP...



AND SHE WAKES TO THE STENCH OF RAW INCENSE-- AND THE HARSH SCRABBLE OF GRANITE BENEATH HER BACK...

SHE TRIES TO MOVE, ONLY TO FIND HERSELF CHAINED!

Y'GARRON, NO!

SILENCE THE FOOL!

THE HOUR OF THE SACRIFICE IS NISH!



AND NOW, WOMAN, THAT THE TRIAD MIGHT LIVE ONCE MORE--

DIE!

THE KNIFE STRIKES HOME...



AND AN ICY, SOUL-DEEP AGONY TWISTS THRU KATE FRASER'S BODY-- THE PAIN OF DYING. SHE'S FELT IT BEFORE.

KATE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SHE STANDS SHAKING A MOMENT-- AFRAID TO FIND OUT THAT THIS IS THE DREAM, HER DEATH THE REALITY.



I... I THINK SO.

GOD, IT'S NEVER BEEN THAT ROUGH BEFORE.

I WAS ON AN ALTAR... A SACRIFICE! A MAN WAS CRYING SOMETHING ABOUT A TRIAD...

TRIAD, YOU SAY?

Y-YES...



IF THIS IS ANOTHER ONE OF DRACULA'S DAMNED VAMPIRES, I'LL...

NO! IT'S NOT DRACULA, NOT THIS TIME!

WHAT?



HOW DO YOU KNOW?

I JUST KNOW. CALL IT WITCH-CRAFT.

DON'T BE CHILDISH!



EXCUSE ME, ZUR, BUT I READ ONCE THAT THEM 'AS BEEN BIT BY A VAMPIRE BECOMES VAMPIRES THEMSELVES.

THAT'S RIGHT, CONSTABLE.



THEY RISE AS VAMPIRES THREE DAYS AFTER THEIR DEATHS.

BUT, ZUR, WE BEEN 'AVIN' KILLIN'S 'ERE FOR TWO WEEKS NOW-- AN' NONE OF OUR DEAD 'AVE RISEN.

AS VAMPIRES OR ANYTHIN' ELSE.



BUT IF THE KILLER'S NOT A VAMPIRE...

KATE?

I... DON'T KNOW.

ALL I COULD 'READ' WAS AGE, GREAT AGE.

AND GREAT EVIL...



LONDON--10:30 PM: ANNIE MALCOLM HAS 10 MINUTES TO LIVE. INSPECTOR CHELM AND KATE FRASER ARE AN HOUR OUT OF RUTHERTON. DRACULA IS HUNGRY.

HEY, LUV. YOU BIN SITTING 'ERE A LONG TIME. YOU WANT ANYTHIN' THEN?

NOTHING. SAVE THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY.



WELL, WE AIN'T SUPPOSED TO, REALLY. 'OUSE RULES. BUT AFTER WE CLOSE, I... I...

IS SOMETHING THE MATTER?

Y-YOUR EYES, THEY-THEY'RE BURNING!



ALFIE, GET RID OF 'IM, PLEASE! I DON'T CARE 'OW, JUST GET RID OF 'IM!

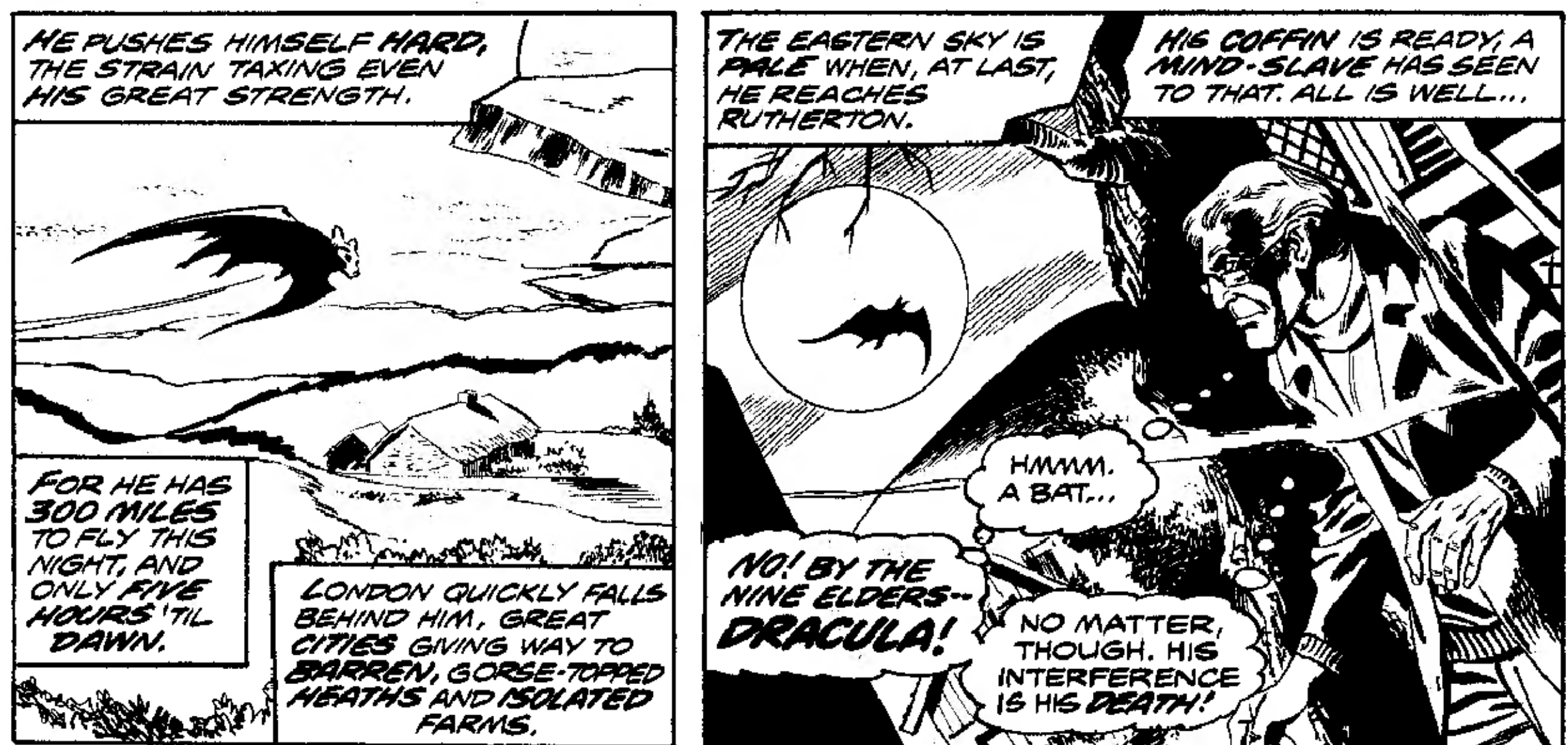
RIGHT, MISTER. YOU 'EARD THE LADY. 'OP IT, OR I'LL CALL A COPPER.

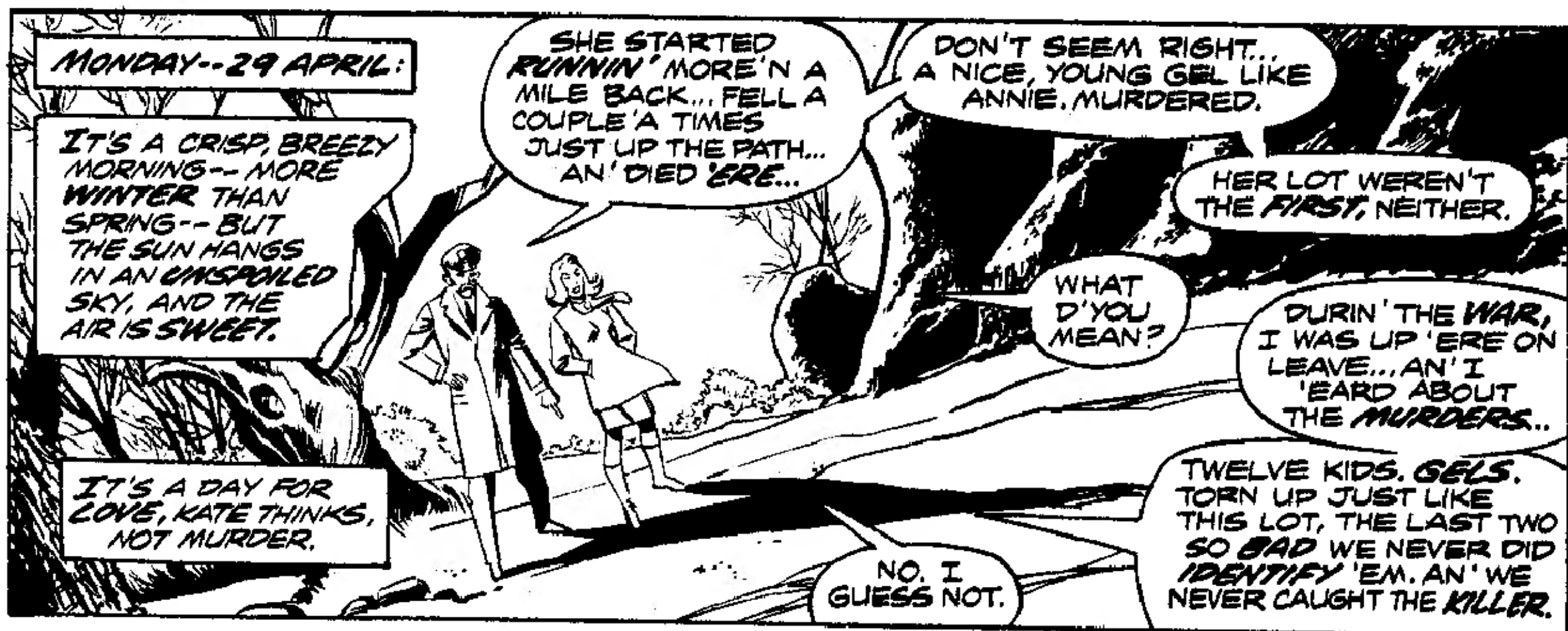
AN' DON'T COME BACK!

BLOODY FOREIGNERS!

GOODNIGHT, MY DEAR.

WE WILL... MEET AGAIN...





MONDAY--29 APRIL:

IT'S A CRISP, BREEZY MORNING-- MORE WINTER THAN SPRING-- BUT THE SUN HANGS IN AN UNUSUAL SKY, AND THE AIR IS SWEET.

IT'S A DAY FOR LOVE, KATE THINKS, NOT MURDER.

SHE STARTED RUNNIN' MORE 'N A MILE BACK... FELL A COUPLE 'A TIMES JUST UP THE PATH... AN' DIED 'ERE...

DON'T SEEM RIGHT... A NICE, YOUNG GEL LIKE ANNIE, MURDERED.

HER LOT WEREN'T THE FIRST, NEITHER.

WHAT D'YOU MEAN?

DURIN' THE WAR, I WAS UP 'ERE ON LEAVE... AN' I 'EARD ABOUT THE MURDERS..

TWELVE KIDS. GELS. TORN UP JUST LIKE THIS LOT, THE LAST TWO SO BAD WE NEVER DID IDENTIFY 'EM. AN' WE NEVER CAUGHT THE KILLER.

NO, I GUESS NOT.



KNOWING WHAT SHE MUST DO NOW... AND DREADING IT... KATE KNEELS, AND TOUCHES THE GROUND WHERE ANNIE MALCOLM DIED--

--AND, FOR A MOMENT, BECOMES ANNIE MALCOLM...

AND, FOR A MOMENT, DIES!

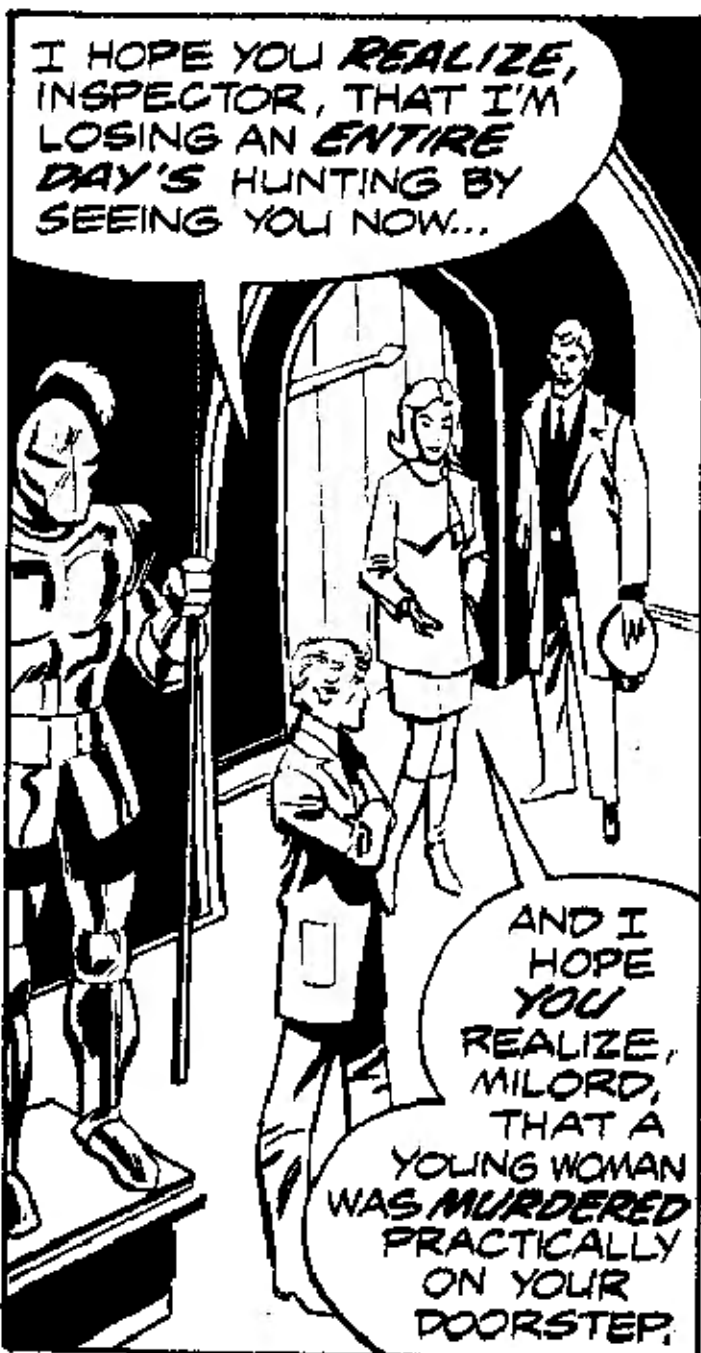


ARE Y'ALL RIGHT, MISS? Y'DON'T LOOK WELL...

I'M FINE!

...I'M SORRY. THE TRANCES MAKE ME SNAPPISH SOMETIMES.

ANNIE WAS RUNNING THERE, TO D'AIRE MANOR, FOR SANCTUARY. C'MON, CONSTABLE



I HOPE YOU REALIZE, INSPECTOR, THAT I'M LOSING AN ENTIRE DAY'S HUNTING BY SEEING YOU NOW...

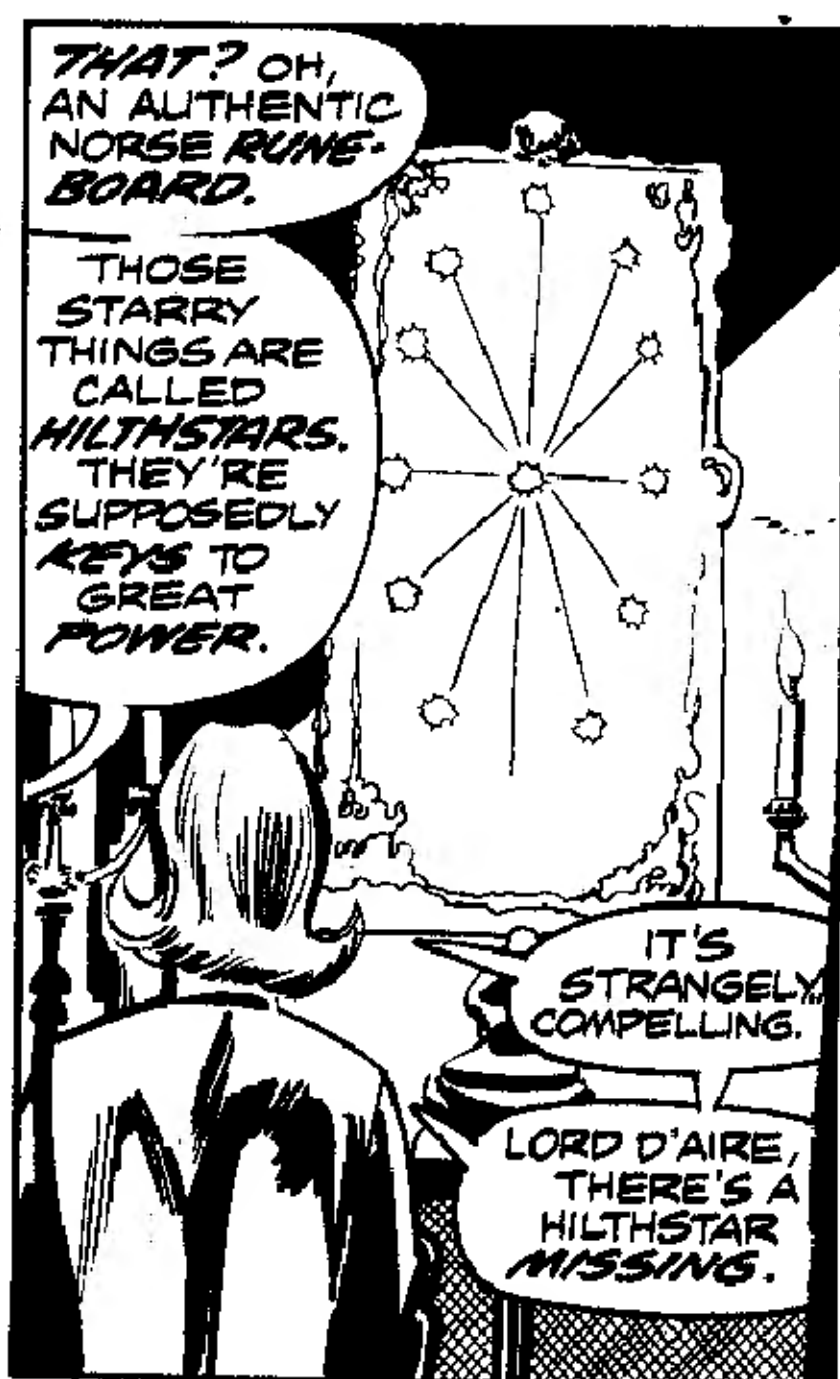
AND I HOPE YOU REALIZE, MILORD, THAT A YOUNG WOMAN WAS MURDERED PRACTICALLY ON YOUR DOORSTEP.



SO? I CERTAINLY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

MILORD, I...

WHAT'S THAT?

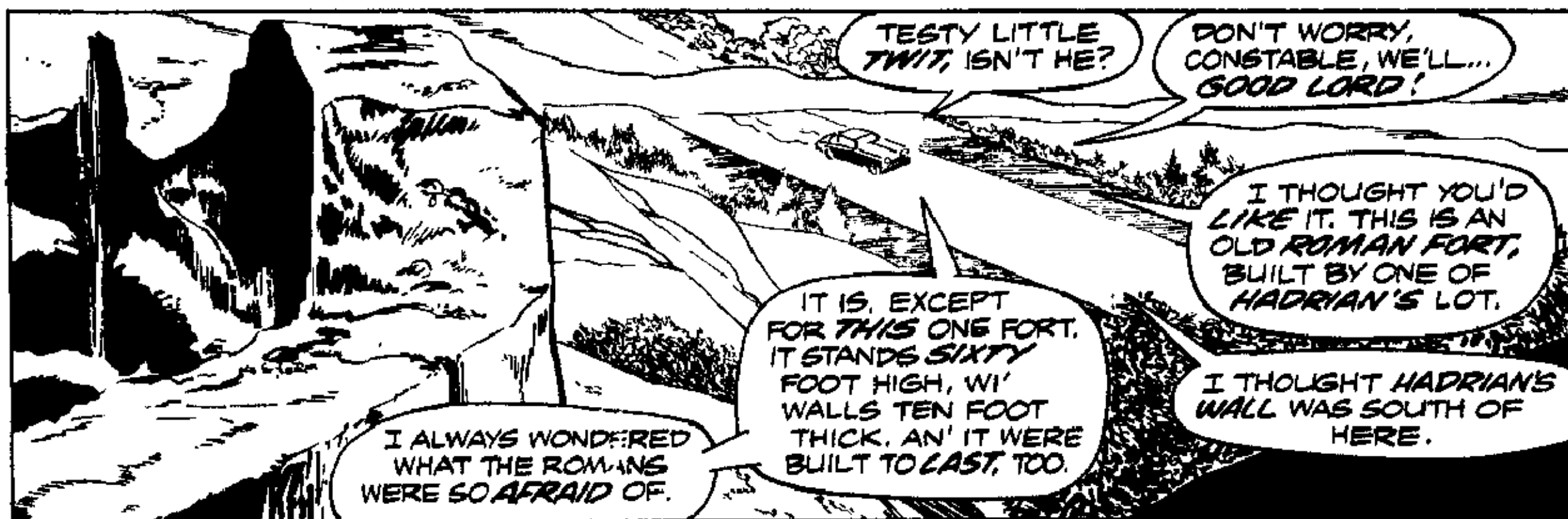


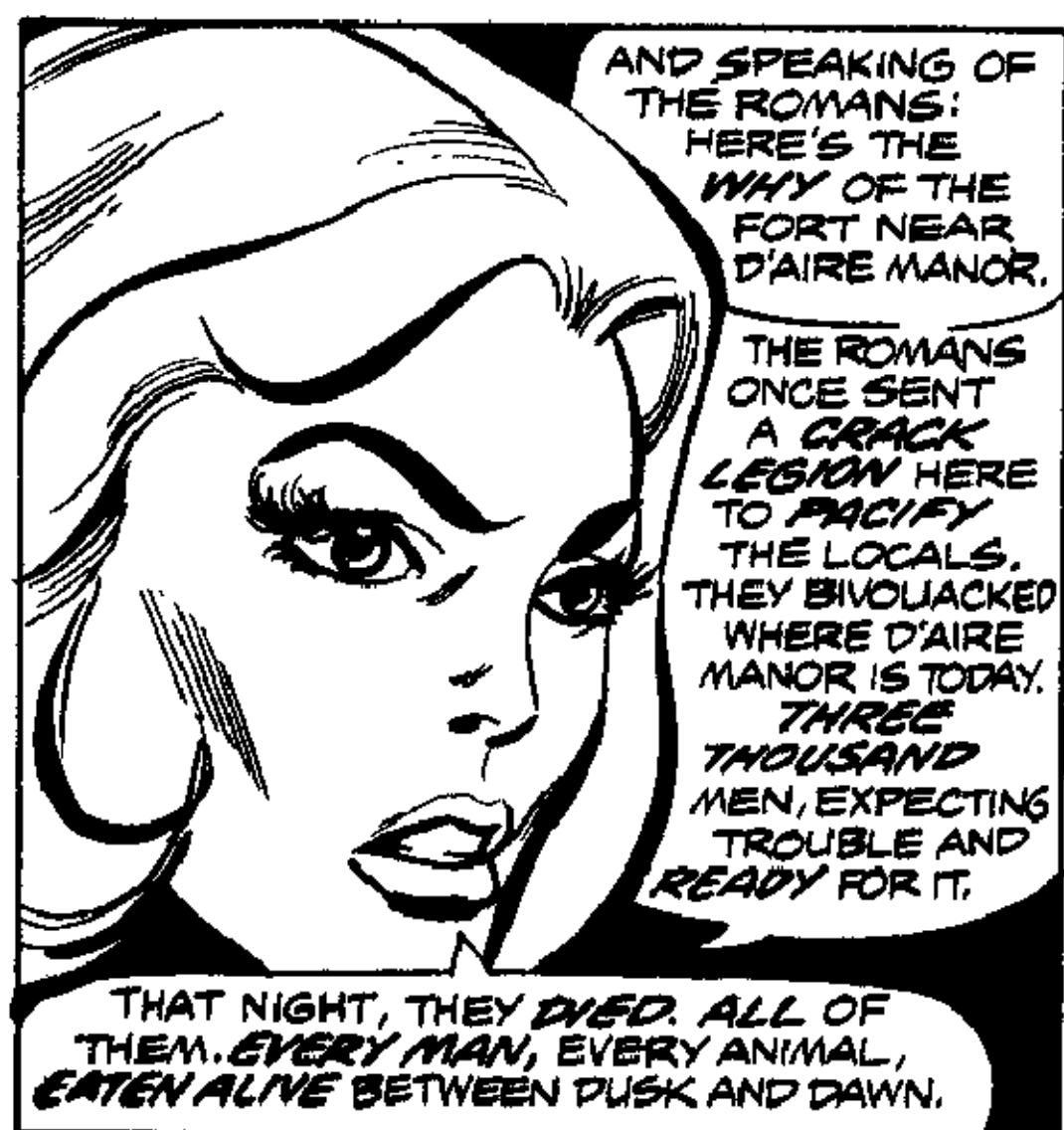
THAT? OH, AN AUTHENTIC NORSE RUNE-BOARD.

THOSE STARRY THINGS ARE CALLED HILTHSTARS. THEY'RE SUPPOSEDLY KEYS TO GREAT POWER.

IT'S STRANGELY COMPELLING.

LORD D'AIRE, THERE'S A HILTHSTAR MISSING.







IT'S SAID THAT THE FATES FAVOR MADMEN AND DRUNKARDS.

IF SO, NOBBY CLARKE IS DOUBLY BLESSED THIS NIGHT.

D'AIRE! I'M COMIN' FOR YA!

NOBBY, FOR PITY'S SAKE, STOP THIS MADNESS!



IF BLESSED IS THE WORD FOR IT.

D'AIRE!!



WHERE ARE YA HIDIN', YA POMMY SLIME!

I'M GONNA KILL YOU, D'AIRE, HEAR ME, I'M...

NOBBY, PLEASE! WE'VE NO RIGHT TO BE HERE!



GOR BL'IMEY.

TOM, THIS ROOM... IT GOES BACK FOR MILES... AN' THESE STATUES! WHAT IN HELL ARE THEY?

I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW, NOBBY, LET'S GET OUT OF 'ERE.

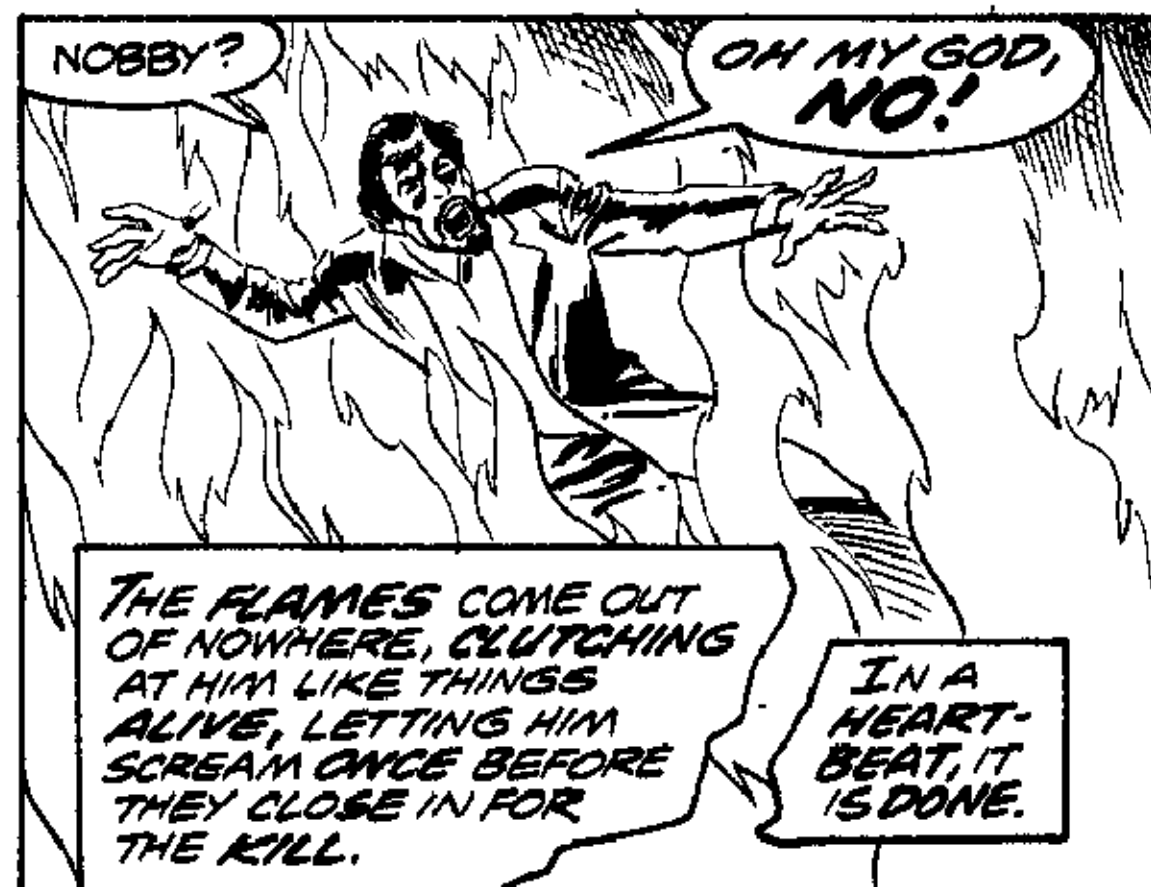
'ALF-A-MO' MATE, I JUST WANT A GANDER A' THIS POOL.



TOM, IT'S... IT'S LIKE LIQUID FIRE.

'EY, I CAN SEE SOMETHIN' MOVIN' IN 'ERE.

IT'S COMIN' CLOSER, TOM, I... I...



NOBBY?

OH MY GOD, NO!

THE FLAMES COME OUT OF NOWHERE, CLUTCHING AT HIM LIKE THINGS ALIVE, LETTING HIM SCREAM ONCE BEFORE THEY CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL.

IN A HEART-BEAT, IT IS DONE.





AND DRACULA IS NOT SOME
LOVESICK YOUTH
SMITTEN BY THE IMAGE
OF WHAT HE ONCE LOVED.

YET, THE IMAGE
IS PLEASING.

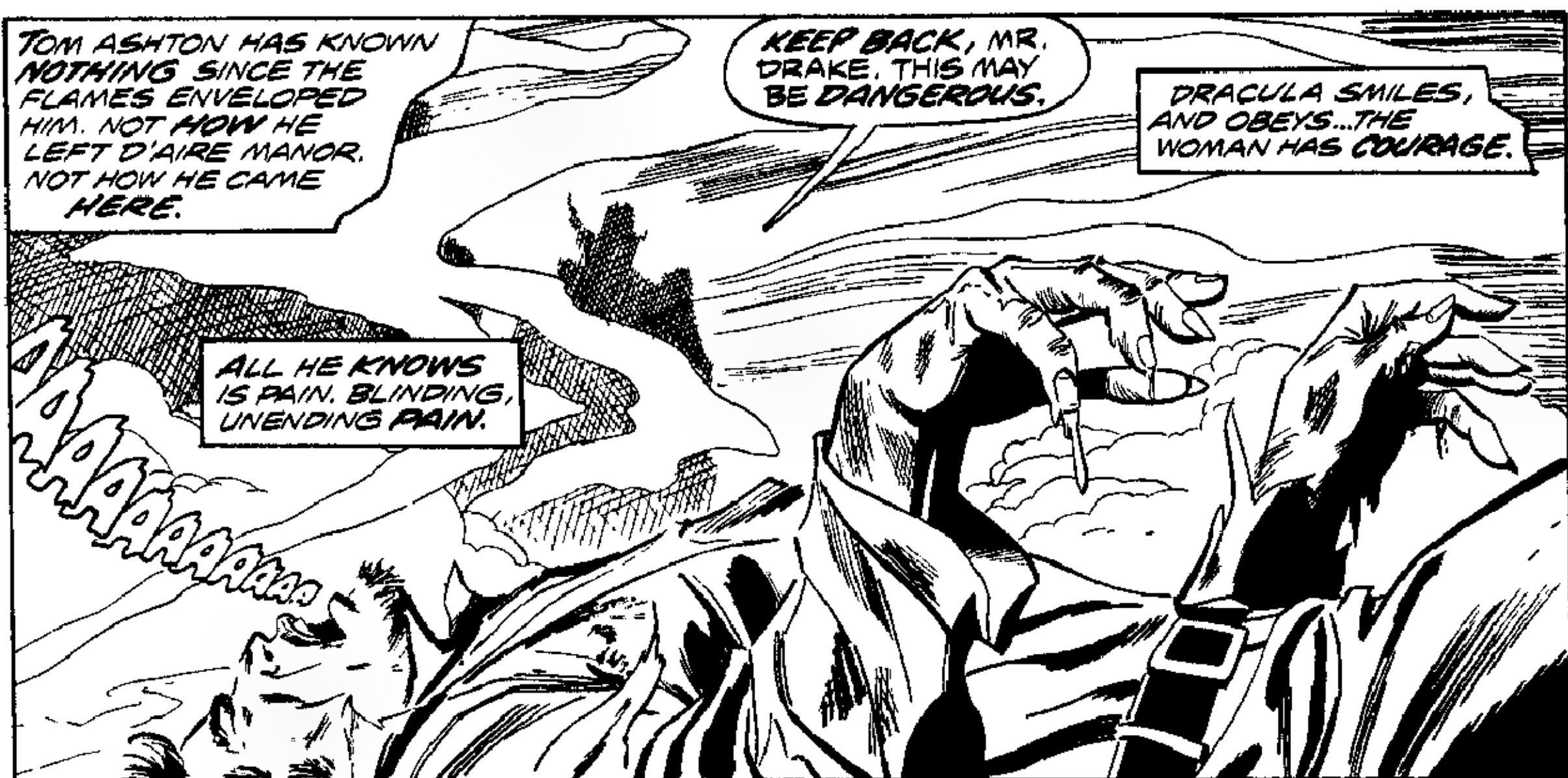
I WILL LET YOU
LIVE... BUT YOU
WILL FORGET THAT
I AM DRACULA.

OH, YOU
STARTLED
ME, MR...



MY NAME IS...
DRAKE.

WHAT
THE...



TOM ASHTON HAS KNOWN
NOTHING SINCE THE
FLAMES ENVELOPED
HIM. NOT HOW HE
LEFT D'AIRE MANOR,
NOT HOW HE CAME
HERE.

KEEP BACK, MR.
DRAKE. THIS MAY
BE DANGEROUS.

DRACULA SMILES,
AND OBEYS...THE
WOMAN HAS COURAGE.

ALL HE KNOWS
IS PAIN. BLINDING,
UNENDING PAIN.



OH
MY GOD.

STAY BACK,
WOMAN. THIS
IS NOT FOR
YOUR EYES.

ANHHHHH,
THE
BURNING... IT
ATE NOBBY...
AN' IT TRIED TO
EAT ME... BUT
I GOT AWAY...

...I GOT AWAY...

I'VE GOT TO
CALL A
DOCTOR!



DOCTOR? NO...
TOO-TOO LATE...
'M DONE FOR...

...S' TOO LATE
FOR ME... TOO
LATE FOR...

YOU!



Y-YOU'RE THE WOMAN! THE WOMAN IT WANTS... WOMAN IT NEEDS... YOU MUST GET AWAY... BE-BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE.

HURRY.

Y'GARON CONTROLS VILLAGE... STOP AT NOTHING... TO GET YOU...



HE'S DEAD.

BUT WHAT COULD HAVE BUTCHERED HIM LIKE THAT?

AND WHO'S Y'GARON? WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH ME?

I KNOW NOT.



BUT THIS MAN'S ADVICE IS SOUND.

LEAVE RUTHERTON, KATE FRASER, TONIGHT.

NOW!

DRACULA!

DRACULA?

YES, DRACULA, SO-CALLED LORD OF THE VAMPIRES, AND THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN ALIVE.

NO SUDDEN MOVES, VAMPIRE! THE BULLETS IN THIS GUN ARE CROSS-MARKED SILVER. I CAN KILL YOU LONG BEFORE YOU SHAPE-CHANGE.

HOW LONG HAVE THESE PEOPLE BEEN YOUR PRIVATE PRESERVE, DRACULA? A YEAR? A CENTURY? WELL, IT'S OVER NOW. D'YOU HEAR ME? OVER.



VLAD DRACUL. I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE QUEEN.

CHELM, YOU ARE A FOOL-- AND FOOLS BORE ME.



OPEN YOUR EYES, LITTLE MAN.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR IN RUTHERTON...

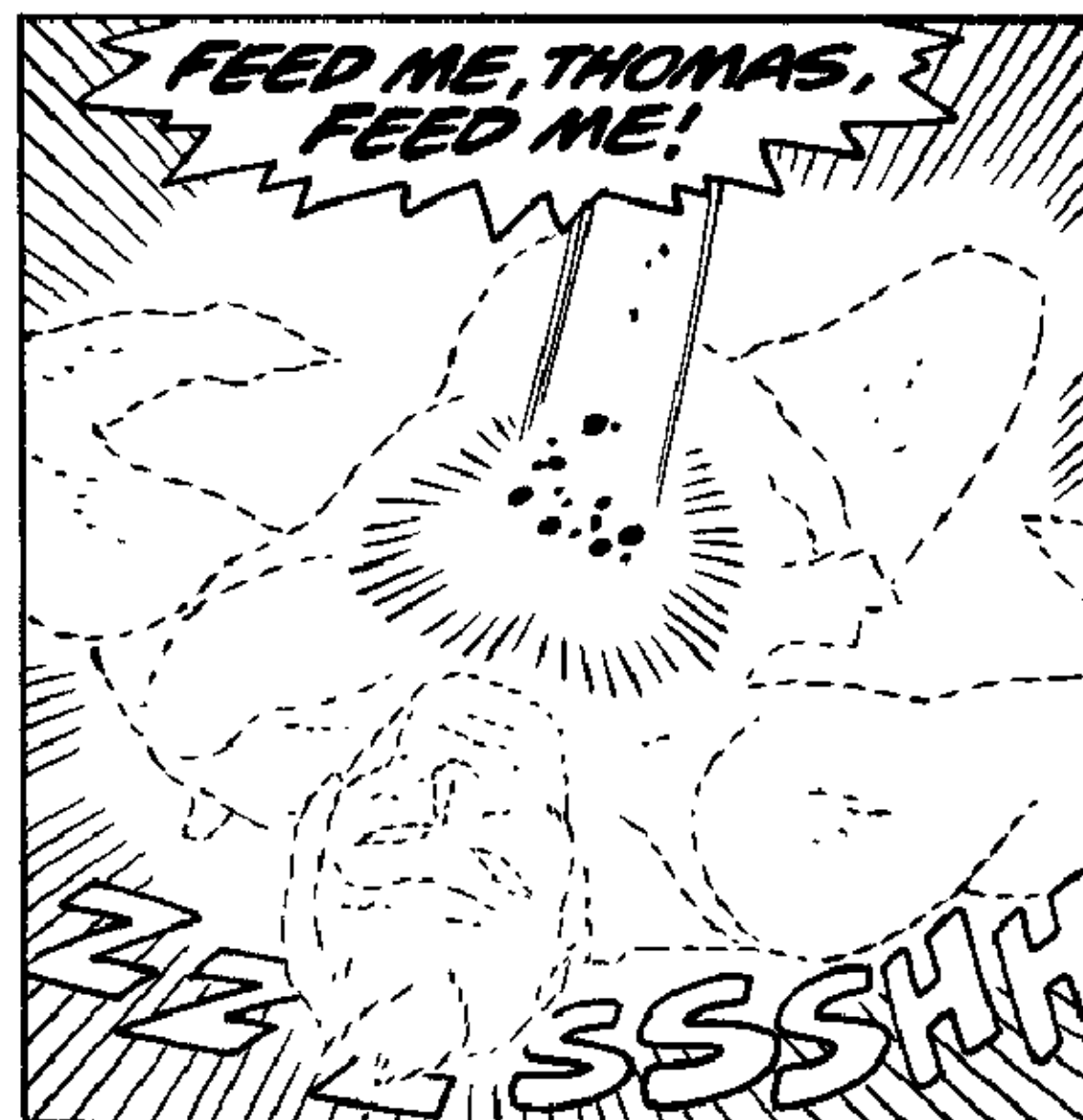
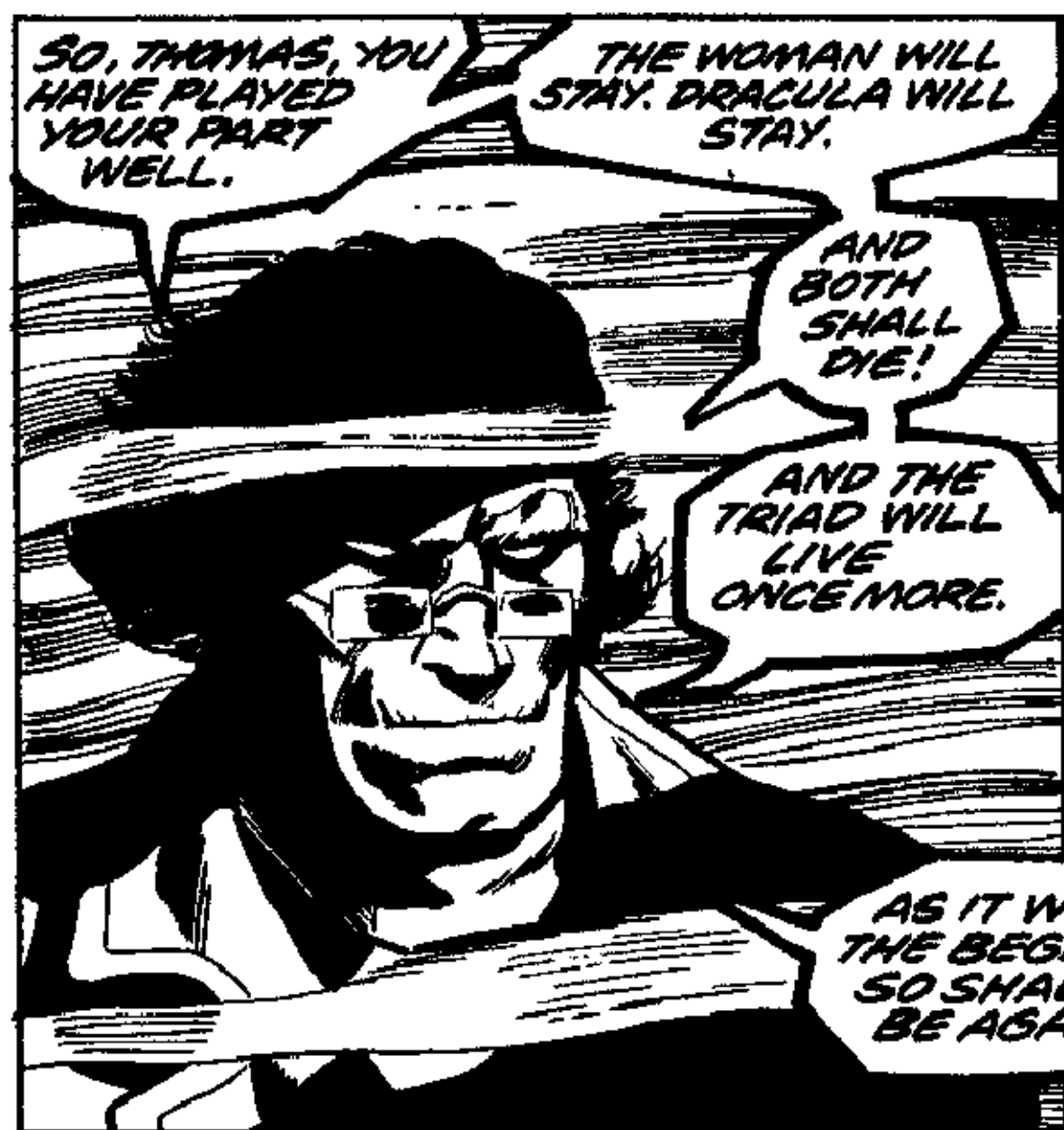
...FROM ME!



DRACULA, STOP!

TOO LATE, INSPECTOR.

HE'S GONE.



TUESDAY--30 APRIL -- Walpurgusnacht

NIGHTMARE!

**A WILD PSYCHOMETRIC
TRANCE, UNEXPECTED
AND IRRESISTABLE.**

**IT RAVAGES
KATE'S MIND,
HAMMERING
AT HER SELF
UNTIL KATE
FRASER IS
NO MORE.**

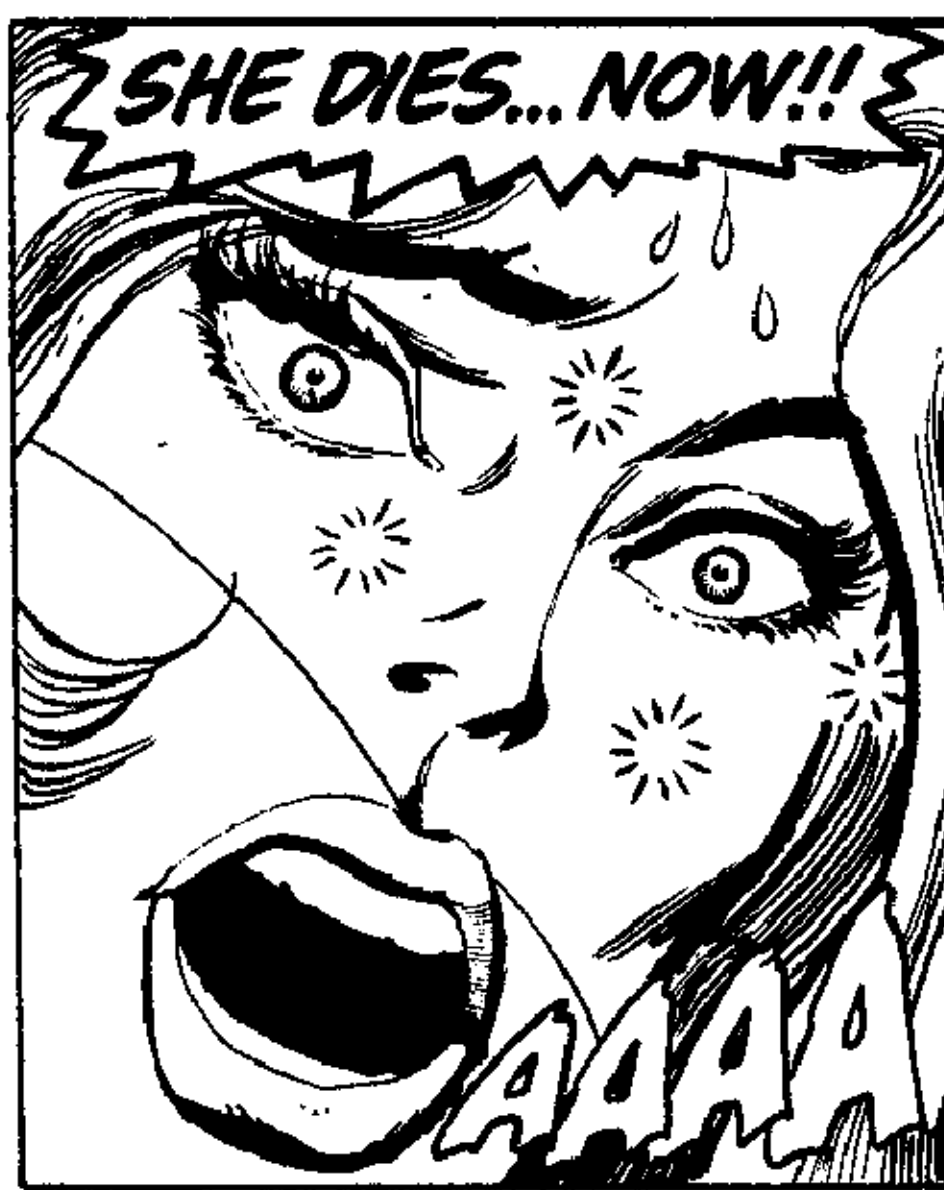
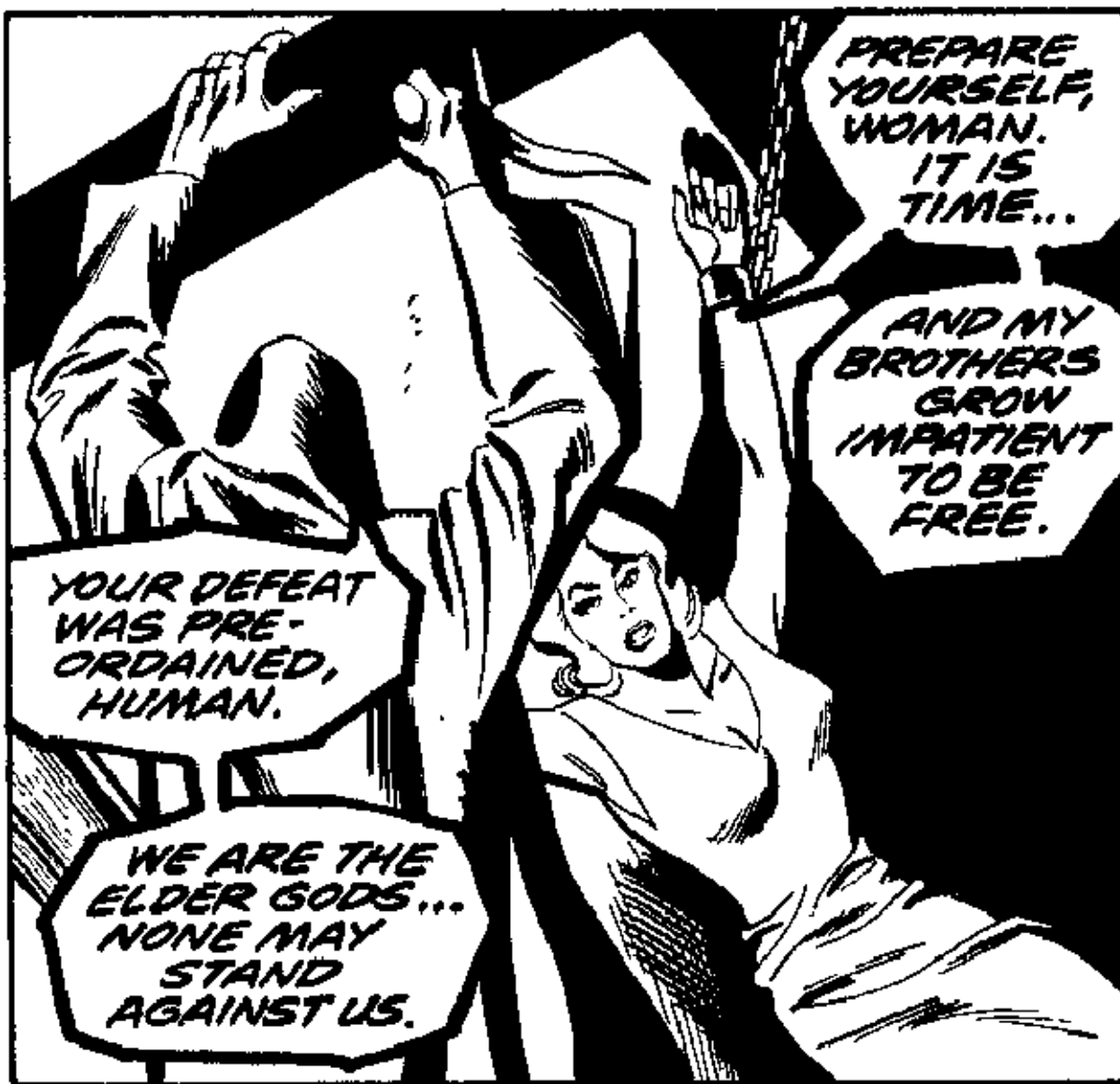
**AND SHE IS
SWEEPED BACK,
BACK ACROSS
THE AEONS,
HER FATE
LASHED
TIGHT TO A
NAME:
Y'GARON.**

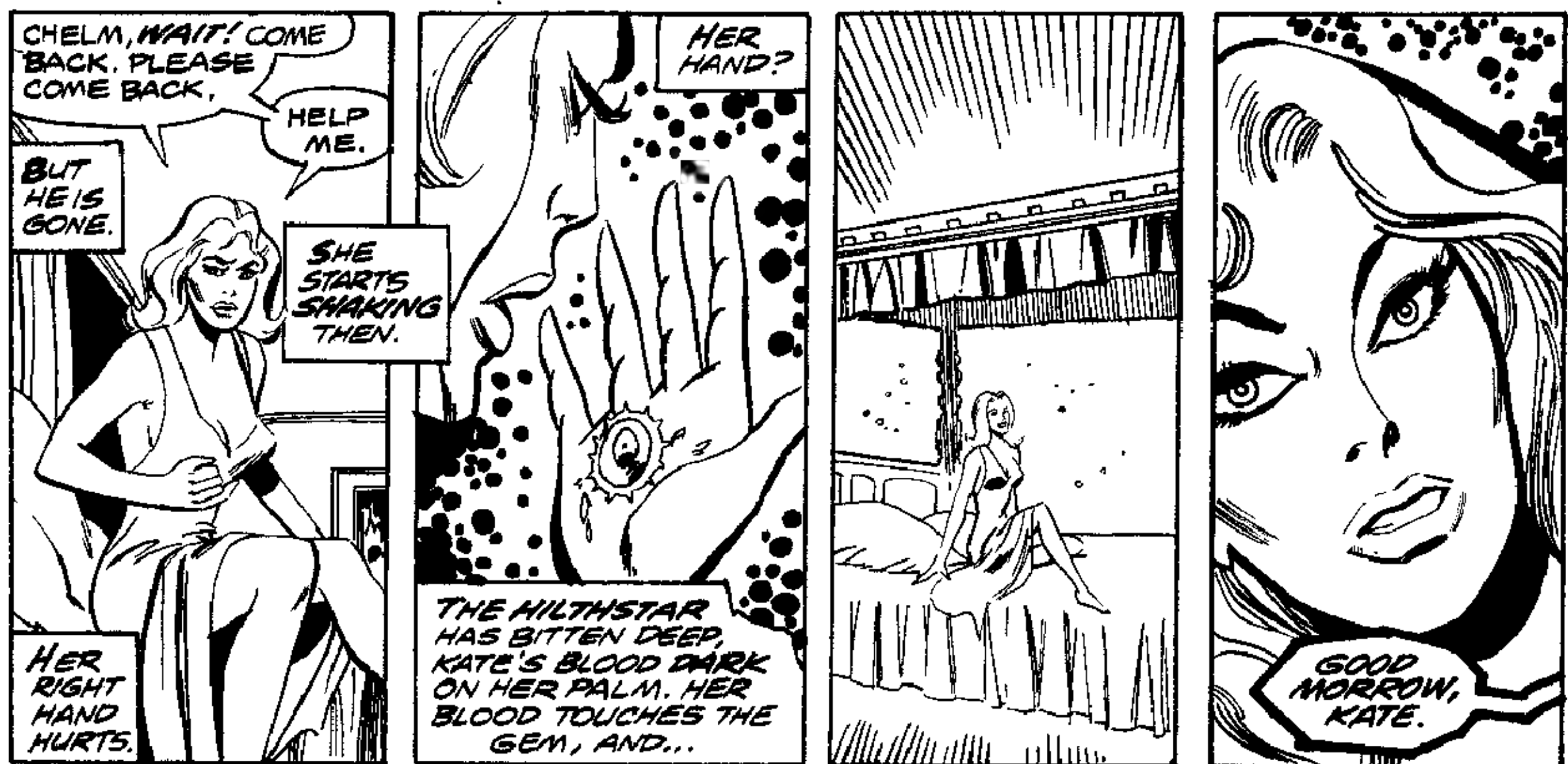


Y'GARON!



Y'GARON!







BANNER'S MILL.

**BUILT IN 1841.
ABANDONED A
CENTURY
LATER.**

**NO ONE GOES
THERE ANYMORE.
THE PLACE IS
SAID TO BE
HAUNTED.**

**TONIGHT,
IT IS!**

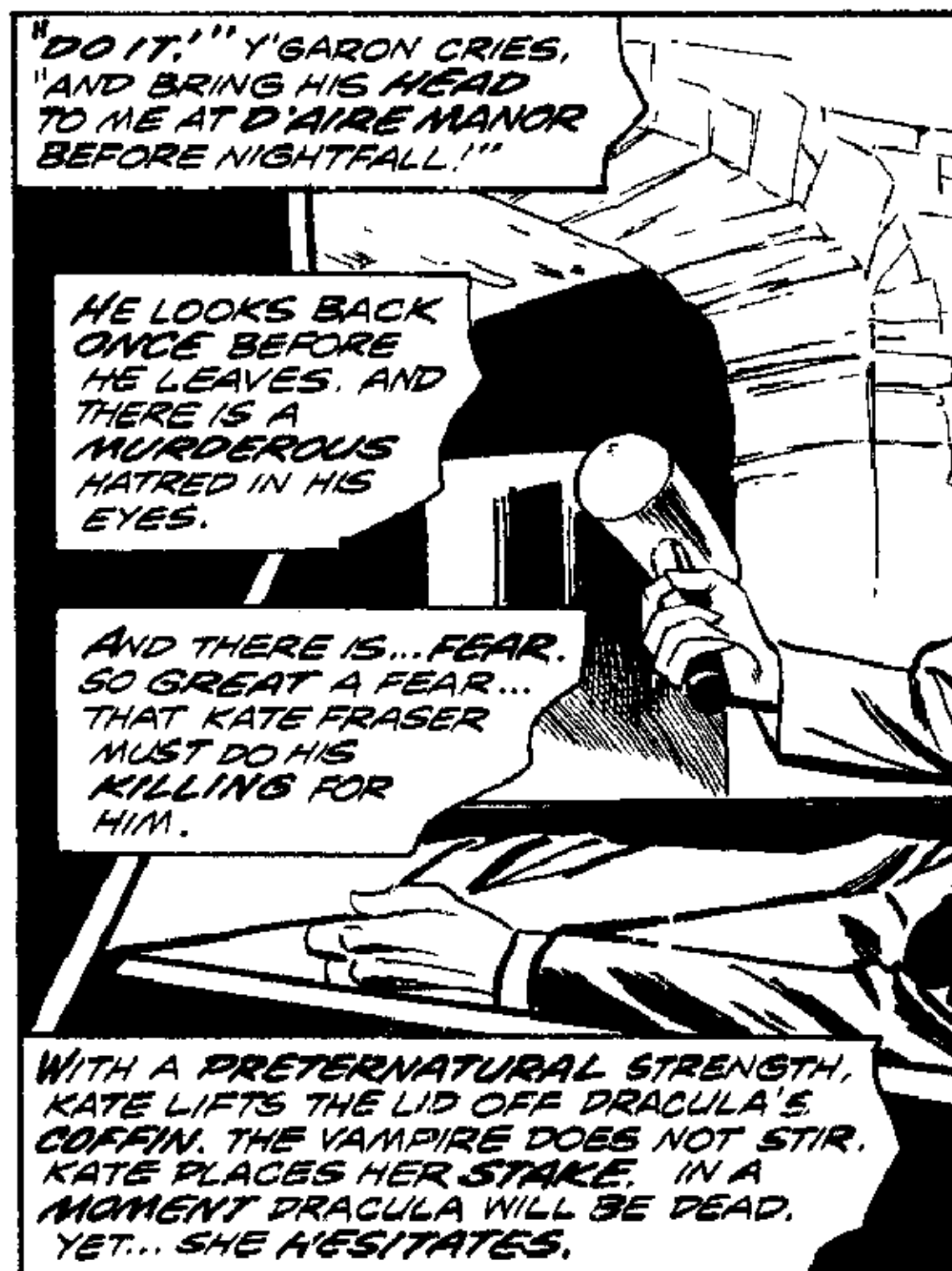


**BECAUSE
INSIDE...**

**OBEY ME, KATE
FRASER!**

**KILL
DRACULA!**

**YES...MY
LORD.
I WILL...
KILL...
HIM.**



**"DO IT!" Y'GARON CRIES,
"AND BRING HIS HEAD
TO ME AT D'AIRE MANOR
BEFORE NIGHTFALL!"**

**HE LOOKS BACK
ONCE BEFORE
HE LEAVES. AND
THERE IS A
MURDEROUS
HATRED IN HIS
EYES.**

**AND THERE IS... FEAR.
SO GREAT A FEAR...
THAT KATE FRASER
MUST DO HIS
KILLING FOR
HIM.**

**WITH A PRETERNATURAL STRENGTH,
KATE LIFTS THE LID OFF DRACULA'S
COFFIN. THE VAMPIRE DOES NOT STIR.
KATE PLACES HER STAKE. IN A
MOMENT DRACULA WILL BE DEAD.
YET... SHE HESITATES.**



**WITH AN ANGUISHED,
SOUL-TORN CRY, KATE
FALLS UNCONSCIOUS
ACROSS THE VAMPIRE
LORD'S COFFIN.**

**AND THE
AFTERNOON
MOVES ON.**



**DO IT! DON'T
HESITATE!
DO IT!**

**B-BUT...
I...**



**KILL
DRACULA!**

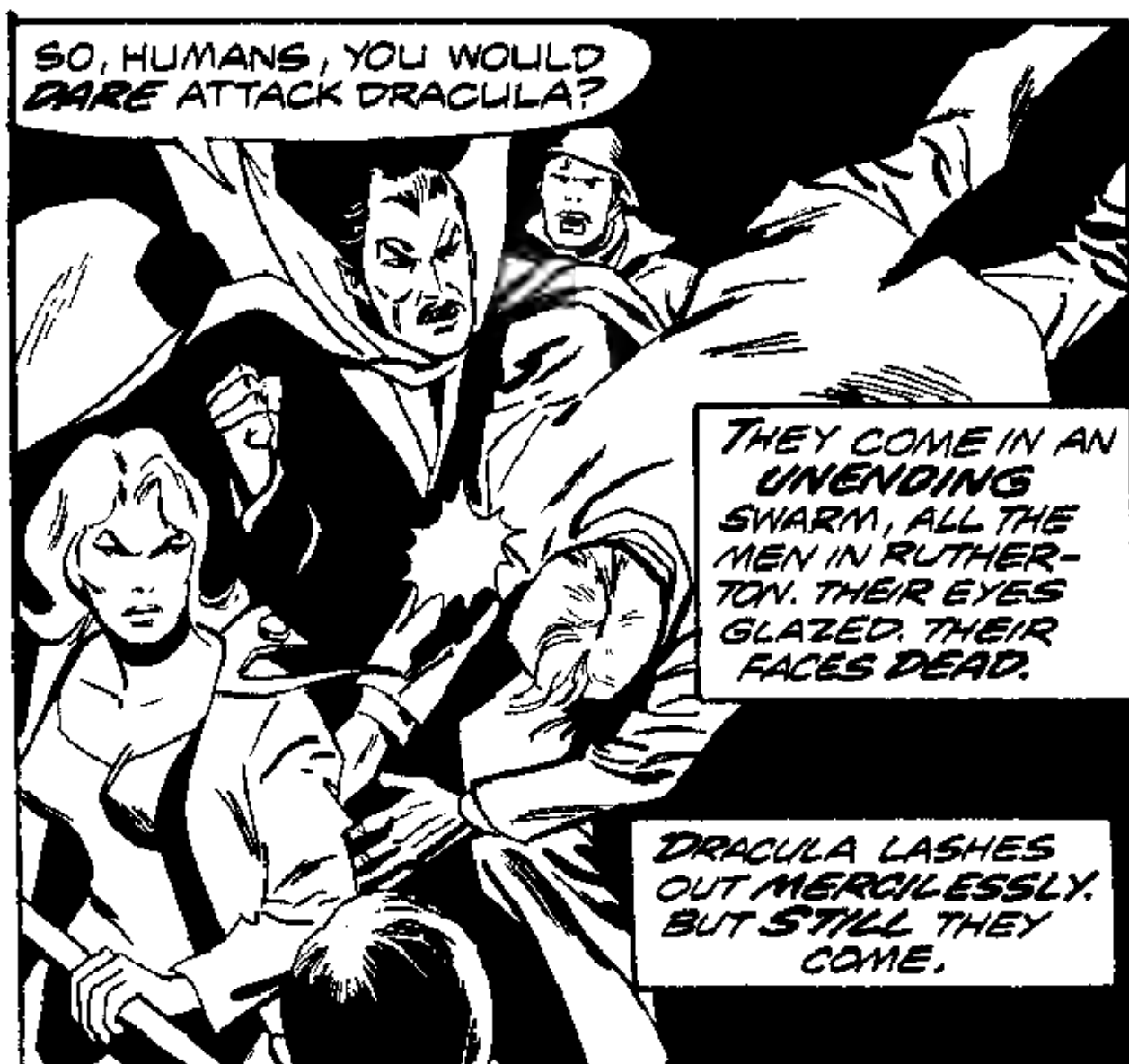
**...I...
I...**

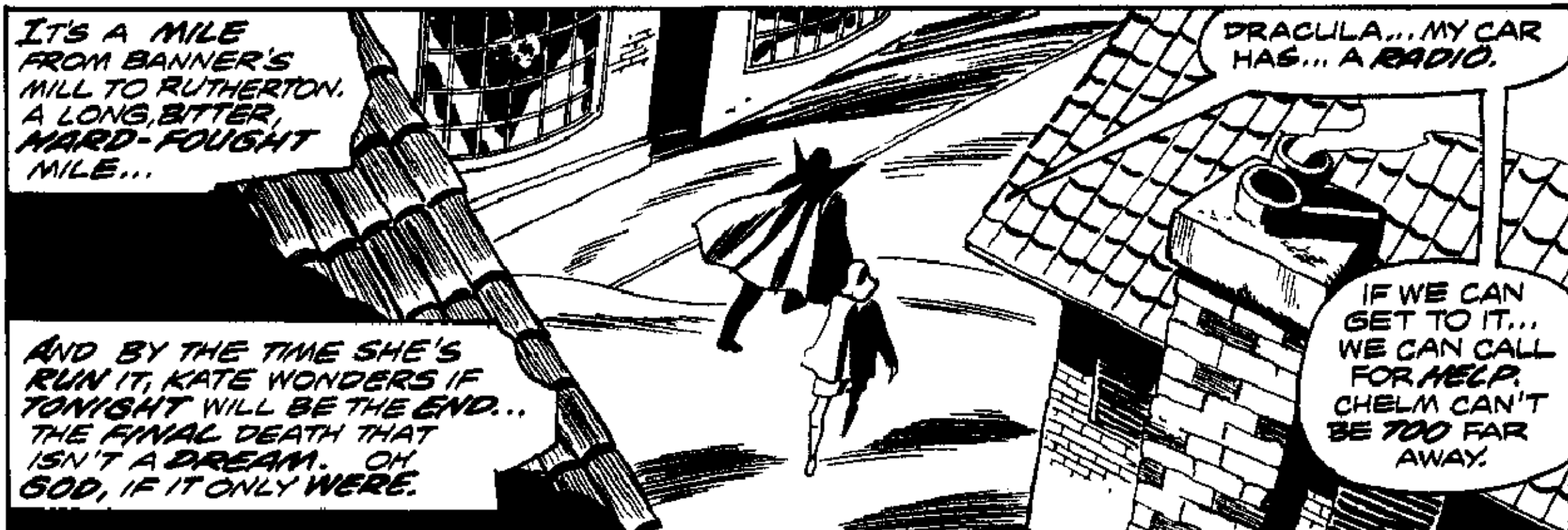


KILL HIM!

**I...
CAN'T!**







IT'S A MILE FROM BANNER'S MILL TO RUTHERTON. A LONG, BITTER, HARD-FOUGHT MILE...

AND BY THE TIME SHE'S RUN IT, KATE WONDERS IF TONIGHT WILL BE THE END... THE FINAL DEATH THAT ISN'T A DREAM. OH GOD, IF IT ONLY WERE.

DRACULA... MY CAR HAS... A RADIO.

IF WE CAN GET TO IT... WE CAN CALL FOR HELP. CHELM CAN'T BE TOO FAR AWAY.



BUT...

STAKE 'IM, LADS!

I THINK NOT, OLD MAN.



THE SKIRMISH IS BRUTAL... NO QUARTER ASKED, NONE GIVEN.

AND KATE, GENTLE KATE... NOW SHE FIGHTS AS FIERCELY AS DRACULA...

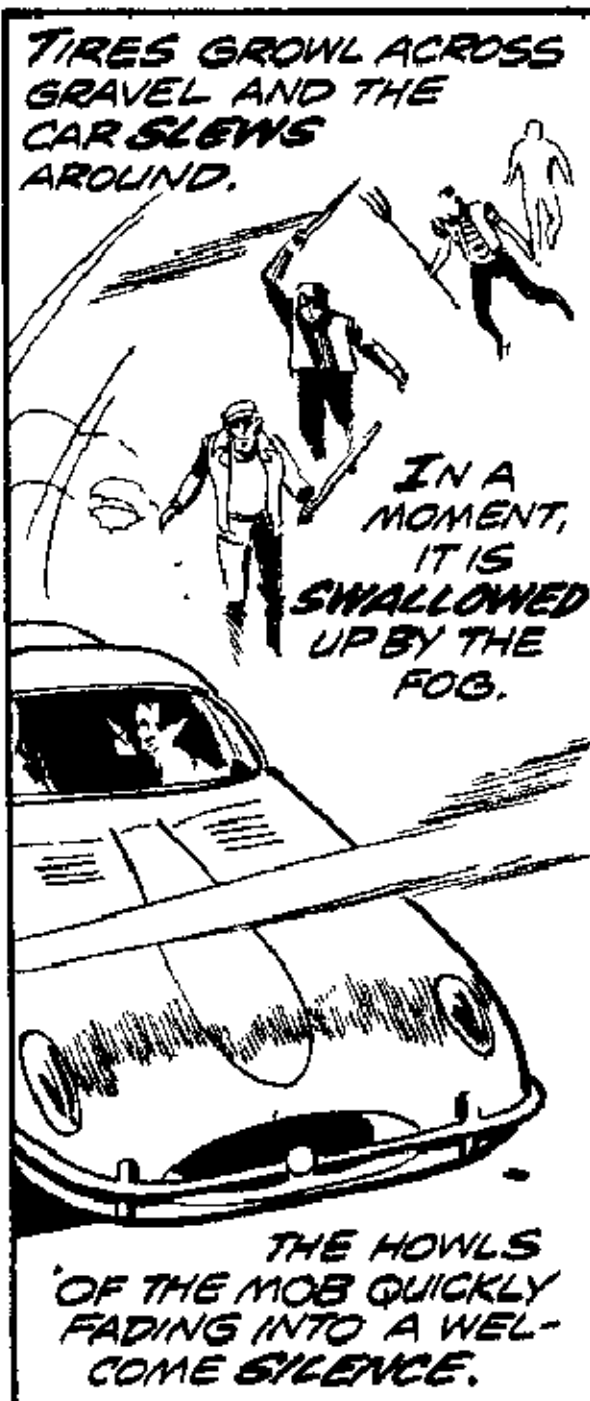


BUT EVEN A SKIRMISH CAN HAVE ITS FATAL DISTRACTIONS...

MY THANKS, KATHERINE.

DRACULA! BEHIND YOU!

NEVER MIND THAT! GET TO THE CAR!

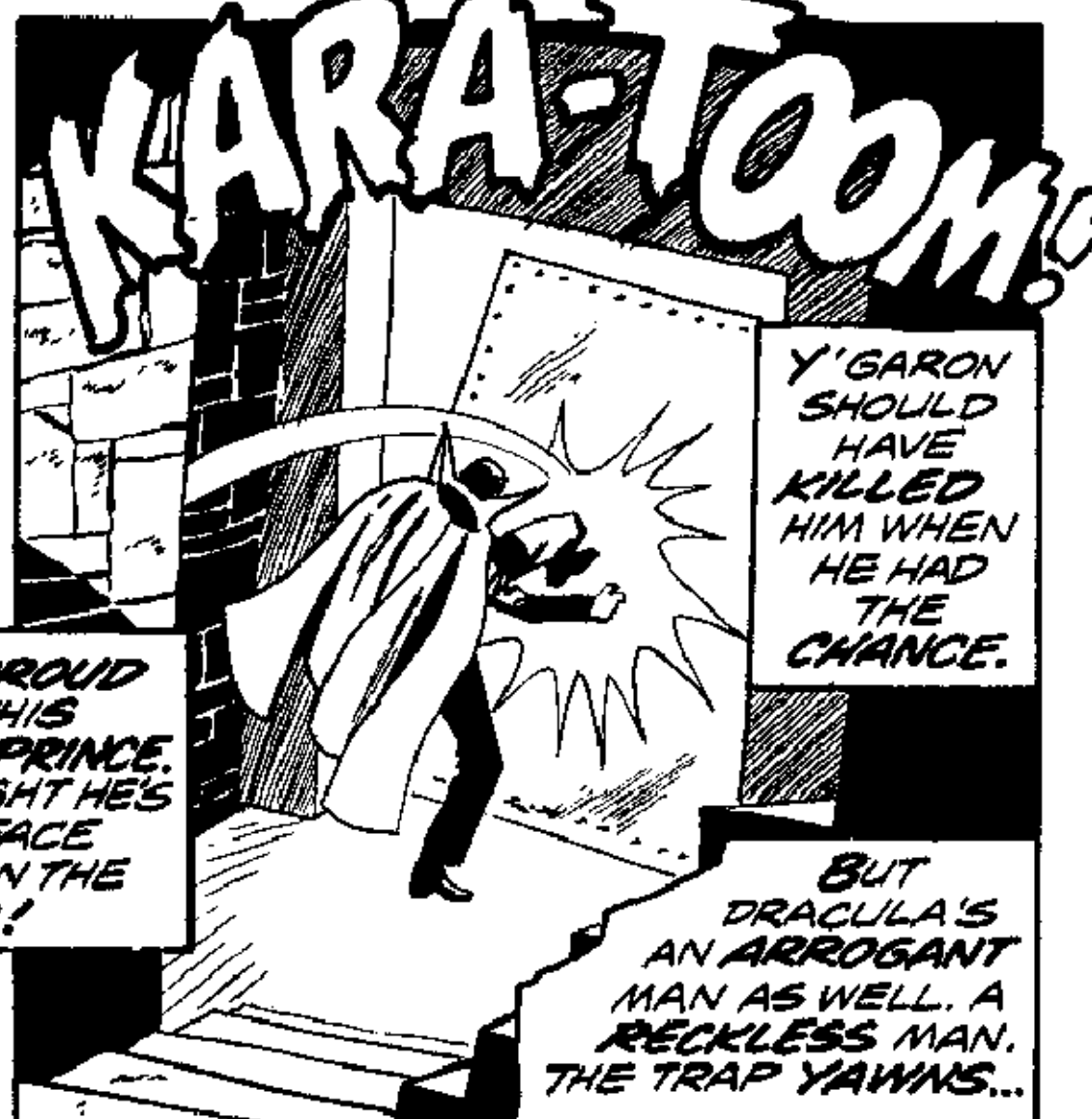


TIRES GROWL ACROSS GRAVEL AND THE CAR SLEWS AROUND.

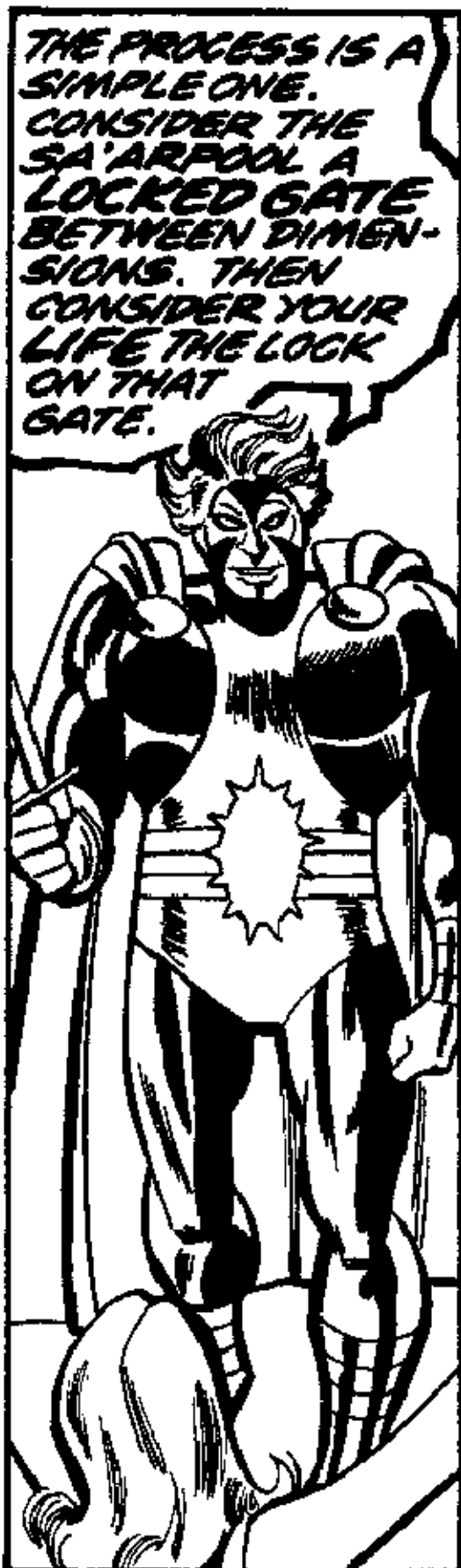
IN A MOMENT, IT IS SWALLOWED UP BY THE FOG.

THE HOWLS OF THE MOB QUICKLY FADING INTO A WELCOME SILENCE.









THE PROCESS IS A SIMPLE ONE. CONSIDER THE SA'ARPOOL A LOCKED GATE BETWEEN DIMENSIONS. THEN CONSIDER YOUR LIFE THE LOCK ON THAT GATE.



FINALLY, CONSIDER YOUR BLOOD THE KEY IN THE LOCK!



THUS, IT BEGINS!

AANNHHH...



CURSE YOU, Y'GARON! IF I WERE FREE...

YOU ARE NOT FREE, VAMPIRE. MY INCENSE HAS SEEN TO THAT!

EVEN IF YOU WERE, IT WOULD MEAN NOTHING. YOU ARE THE STRONGEST WARRIOR I HAVE EVER FACED, DRACULA, YET YOUR POWER IS NOTHING NEXT TO MINE!

BUT LOOK YOU BOTH! SEE WHERE MY BROTHERS COME!



THE SURFACE OF THE SA'ARPOOL BULGES, BURSTS-- AND A FILMY TENTACLE LIFTS HIGH INTO THE CLOYING, INCENSE-THICK AIR OF THE SANCTUARY.

OH NO. OH MY DEAR GOD... NO...



AND THEN, KATE'S BODY GOES TAUT WITH HORROR AS ONE TENTACLE BECOMES TWO, TWO A DOZEN, THEIR DELICATE FRONDS GLEAMING IN THE TORCHLIGHT.

AAAHH! IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE THE BROTHERS HAVE TASTED HUMAN FLESH.

KATE'S DEATH SCREAM GAGS STILLBORN IN HER THROAT AS THE TENTACLES DART TOWARDS HER, SLITHERING HUNGRILY ACROSS HER BODY. DESPERATELY, HER EYES SEEK OUT DRACULA'S. END IT, THEY PLEAD, END IT NOW!



THE COLD. AGAIN HE REMEMBERS THE COLD OF THAT OTHER TIME, THAT OTHER PLACE. HE'D BEEN BOUND THEN, TOO. HELPLESS. AND MARIA HAD DIED, HIS HUMANITY DYING WITH HER, BECAUSE HE HAD LET TURAC KILL HER! *

AND NOW, IT IS HAPPENING AGAIN! HE IS LETTING IT HAPPEN AGAIN!

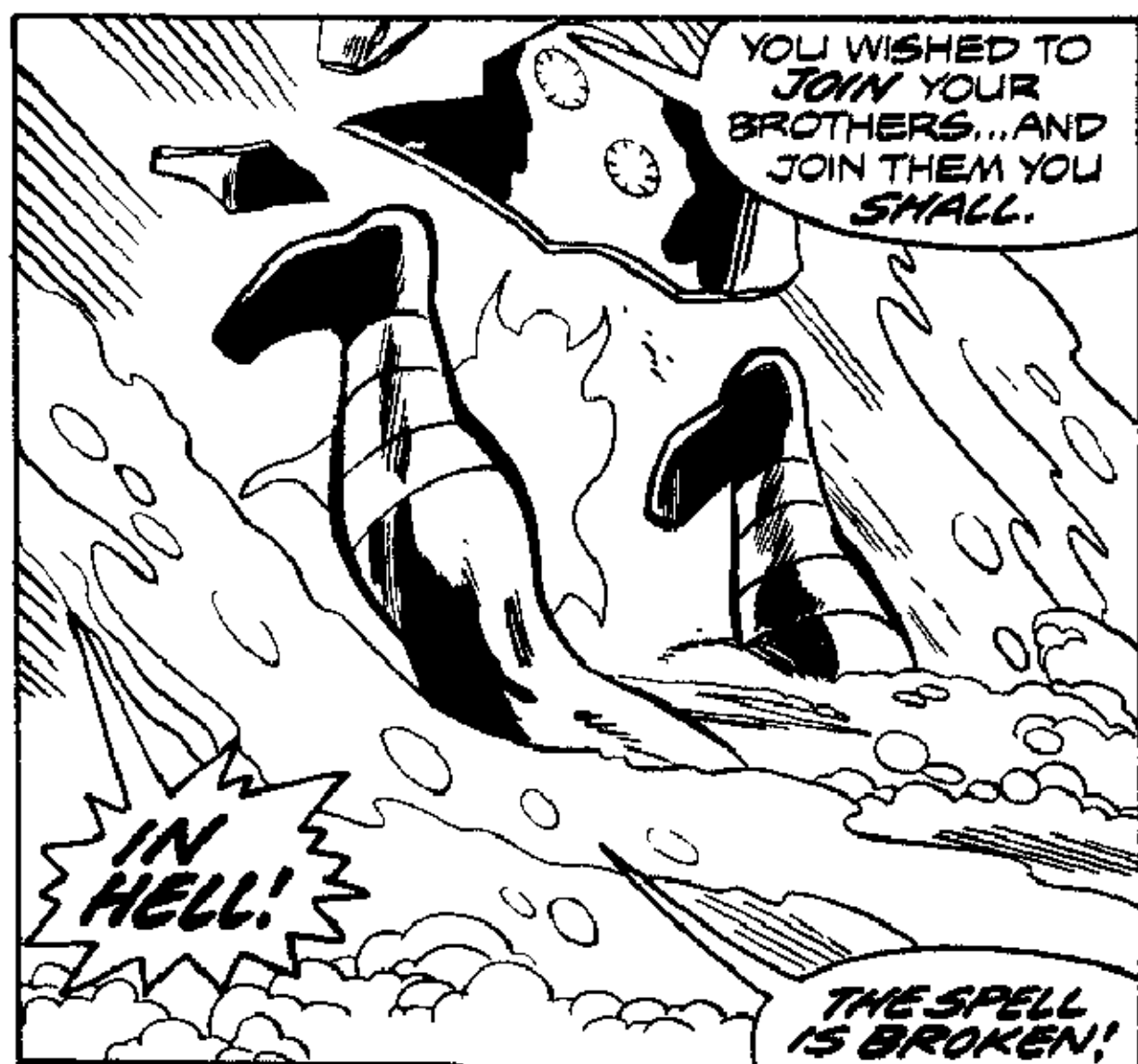
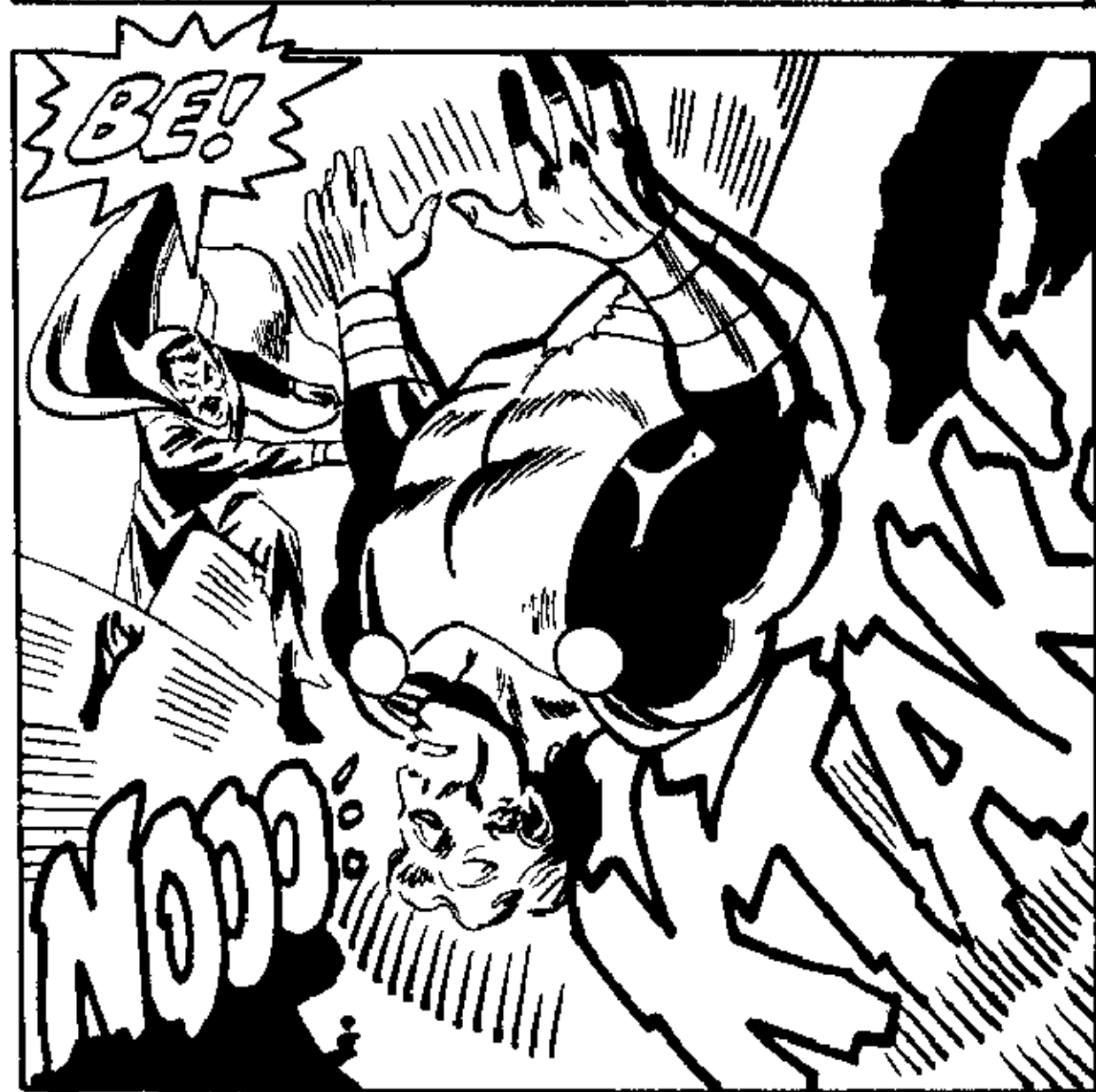
THE AGONY IS UNENDURABLE! HE MUST ACT... OR GO MAD.

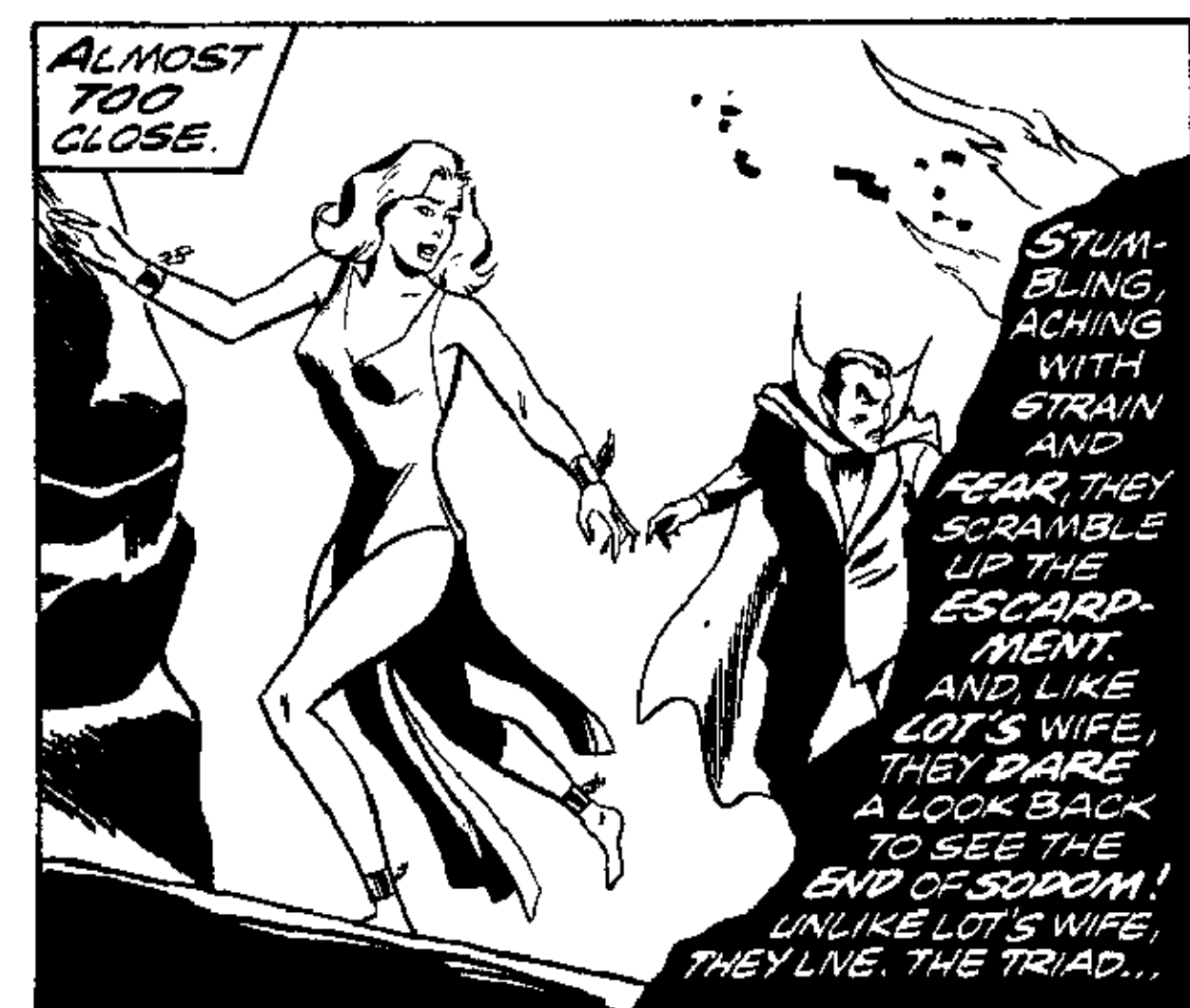
HE DOES BOTH!

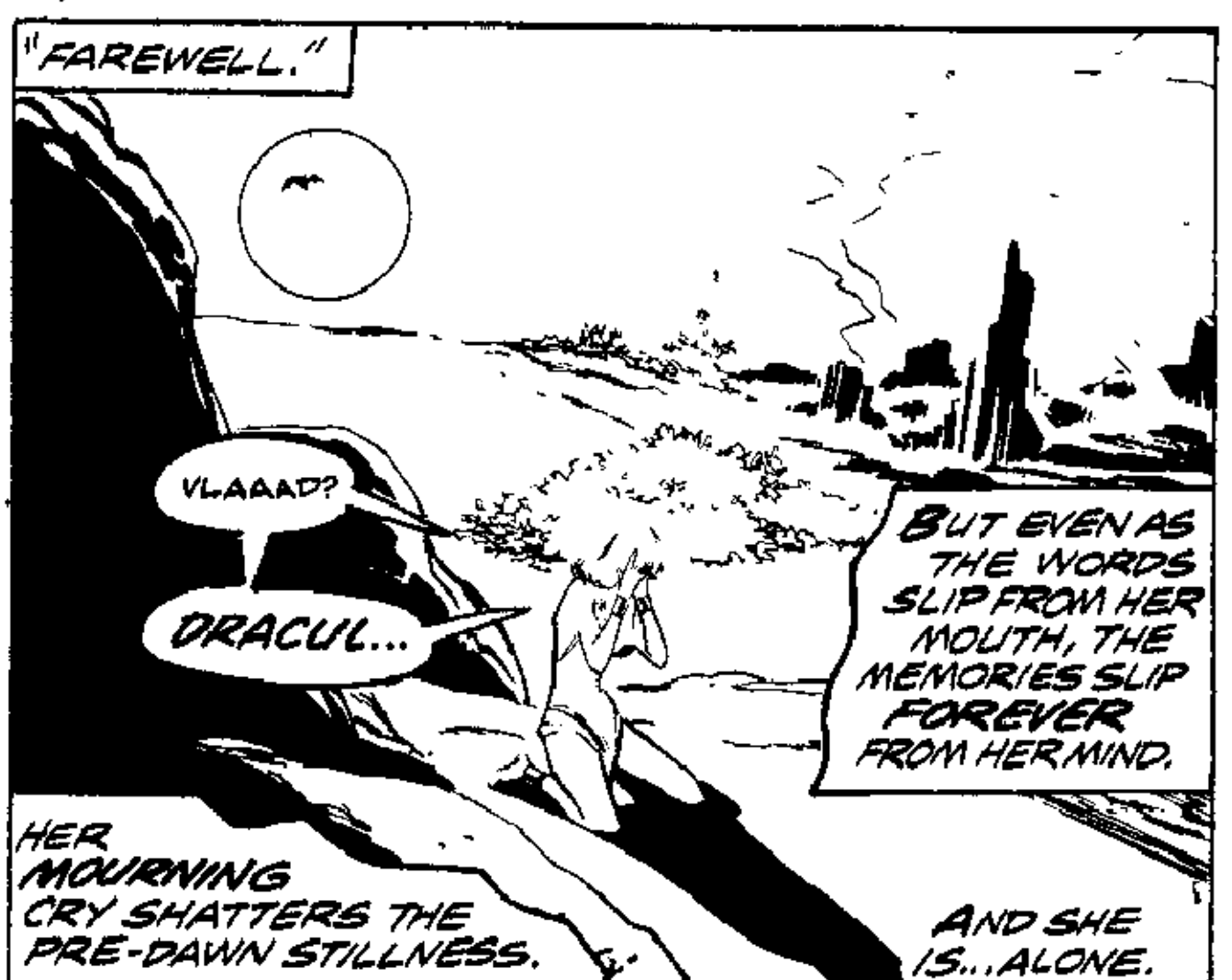
MARIA!

* AGAIN IN DRACULA LIVES #2. --R.T.









NEXT ISSUE: **SLOW DEATH ON THE KILLING GROUND!**

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

25¢

26
NOV

02143

THE TOMB

OF

A
VAMPIRE
STALKS THE
NIGHT!

YOU'LL GASP WHEN YOU SEE
THE SOUL-SEARING
SHOCK ENDING
OF THIS TALE OF TERROR!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

"a gift works like a talisman for him who gives it: he prospers whichever way he turns." --PROVERBS: 17/8

AFTER
TWENTY
YEARS,
DAVID,
I
HAVE
FINALLY
FOUND
ALL THE
PARTS.

AND THEY WILL
FIT TOGETHER,
MY SON. BY GOD,
THEY WILL.

INTO EACH JOINT
WILL TWIST
ANOTHER, UNTIL
ALL THREE
PARTS ARE AS
ONE AGAIN.

PAIN SHED
ONE
FLIGHT DOWN

AS THEY WERE
DESTINED TO
BE WHEN THEY
WERE CREATED
MORE THAN
THIRTY THOU-
SAND YEARS
AGO.

LOOK,
DAVID,
LOOK,
AND YOU
WILL
SEE--

--THE POWER
THAT IS THE
CHIMERA!

THIS CHIMERA IS A
CREATURE OF NIGHTMARE.
CAN ANY GOOD COME
FROM IT?

IS IT WISE, FATHER,
THAT THEY BE JOINED?
YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME
THE WORDS THAT
"TREASURES
WICKEDLY
COME BY GIVE
NO BENEFIT."

WHERE LURKS THE CHIMERA!

MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER
GENE COLAN
PENCILER
TOM PALMER
INKER
JOHN COSTANZA
LETTERER
TOM PALMER
COLORIST
ROY THOMAS
EDITOR



ITS ORIGINS MAY HAVE BEEN TAINTED, DAVID, BUT MY SOUL IS CLEAN. THUS, MY SON, THERE IS ONLY ONE COURSE I MUST TAKE!

"I HAVE EDUCATED YOU IN THE WAYS OF WISDOM, I HAVE GUIDED YOU ALONG THE PATHS OF HONESTY.

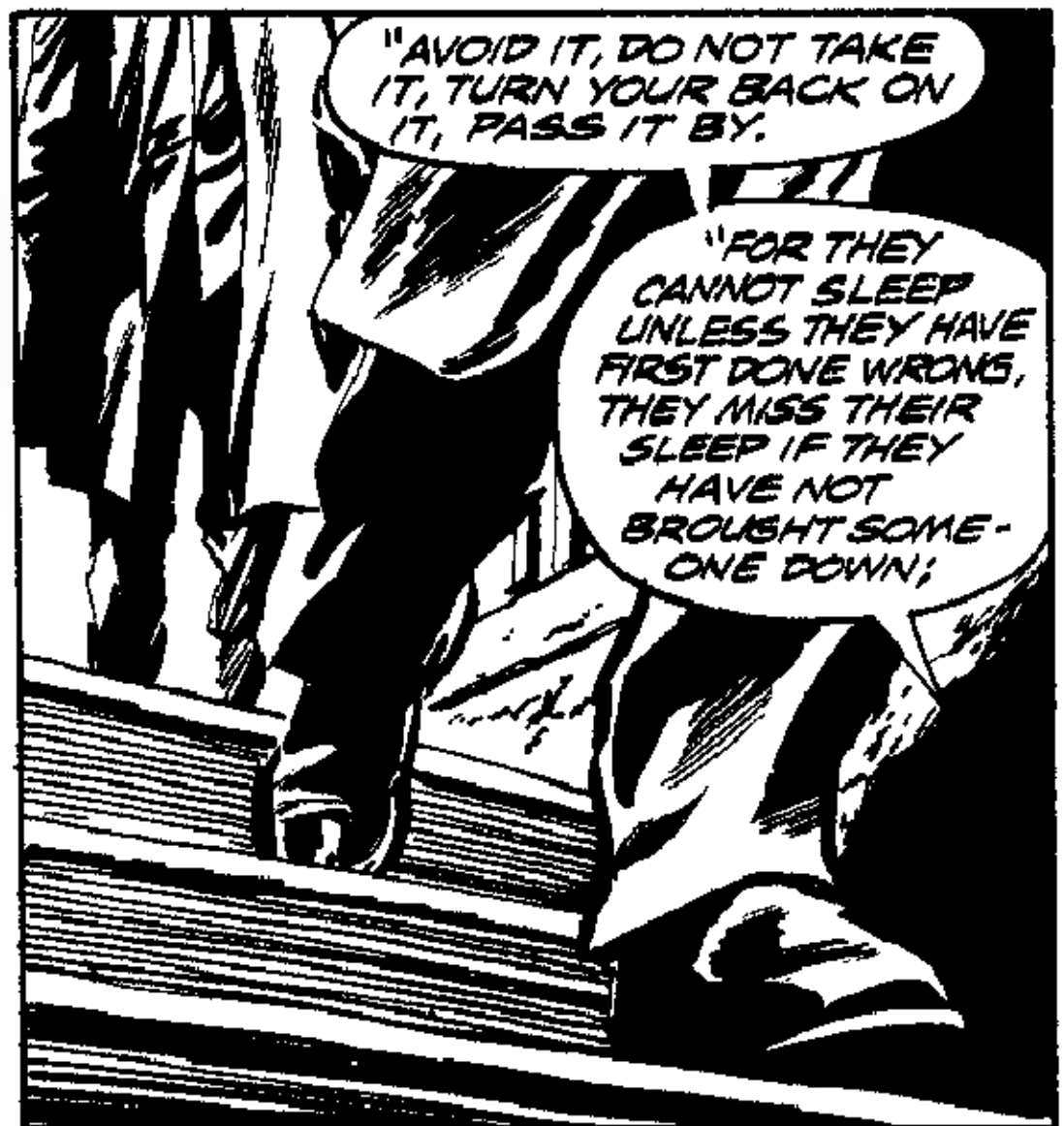
"AS YOU WALK, YOUR GOING WILL BE UNHINDERED, AS YOU RUN, YOU WILL NOT STUMBLE.

REMEMBER THE WORDS OF SOLOMON, WHEN HE SAID, "LISTEN, MY SON, TAKE MY WORDS TO HEART, AND THE YEARS OF YOUR LIFE SHALL BE MULTIPLIED.



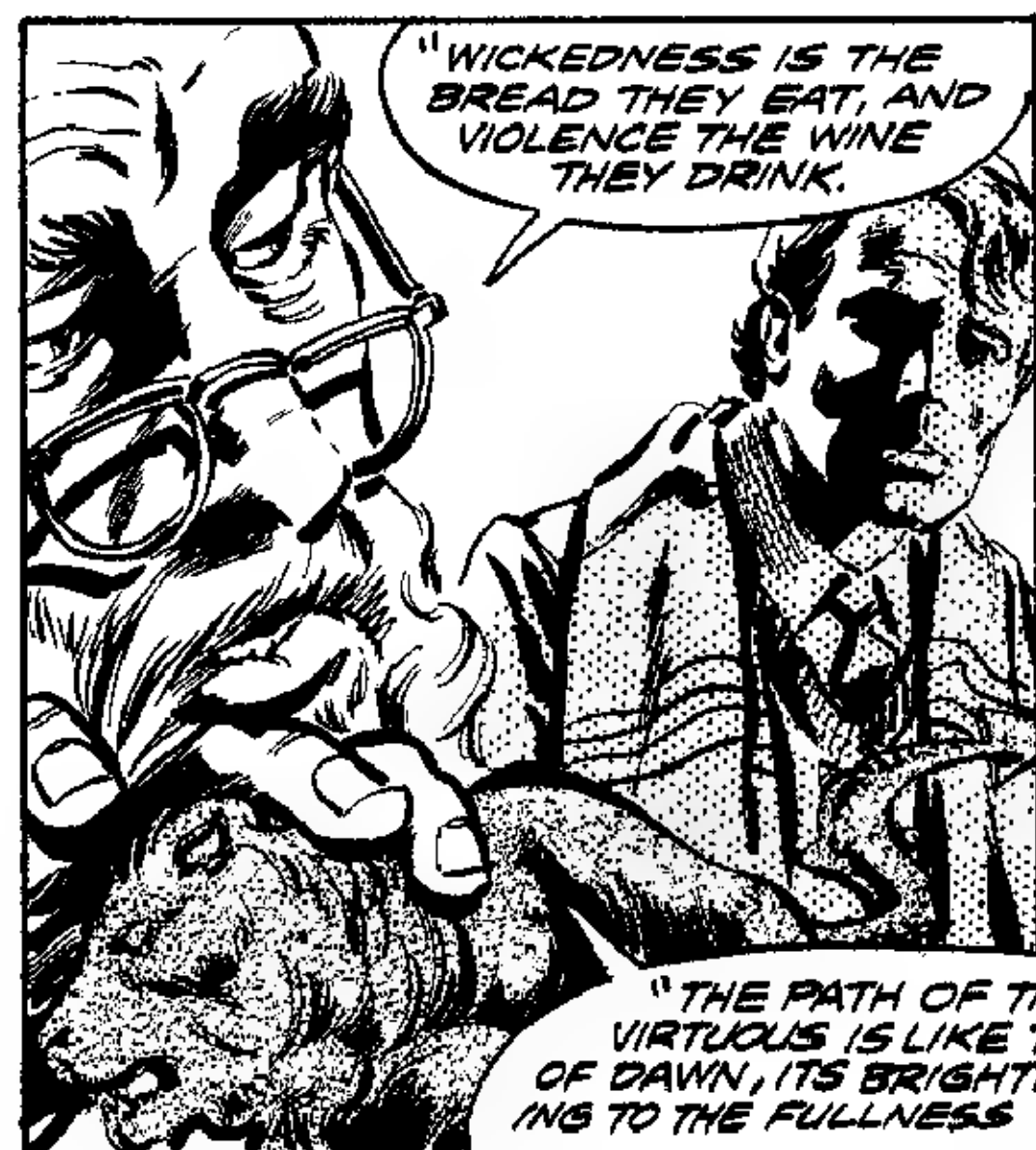
"HOLD FAST TO DISCIPLINE, NEVER LET HER GO, KEEP YOUR EYES ON HER, SHE IS YOUR LIFE.

"NEVER SET YOUR FOOT ON THE PATH OF THE WICKED, DO NOT WALK THE WAY THAT EVIL GO.



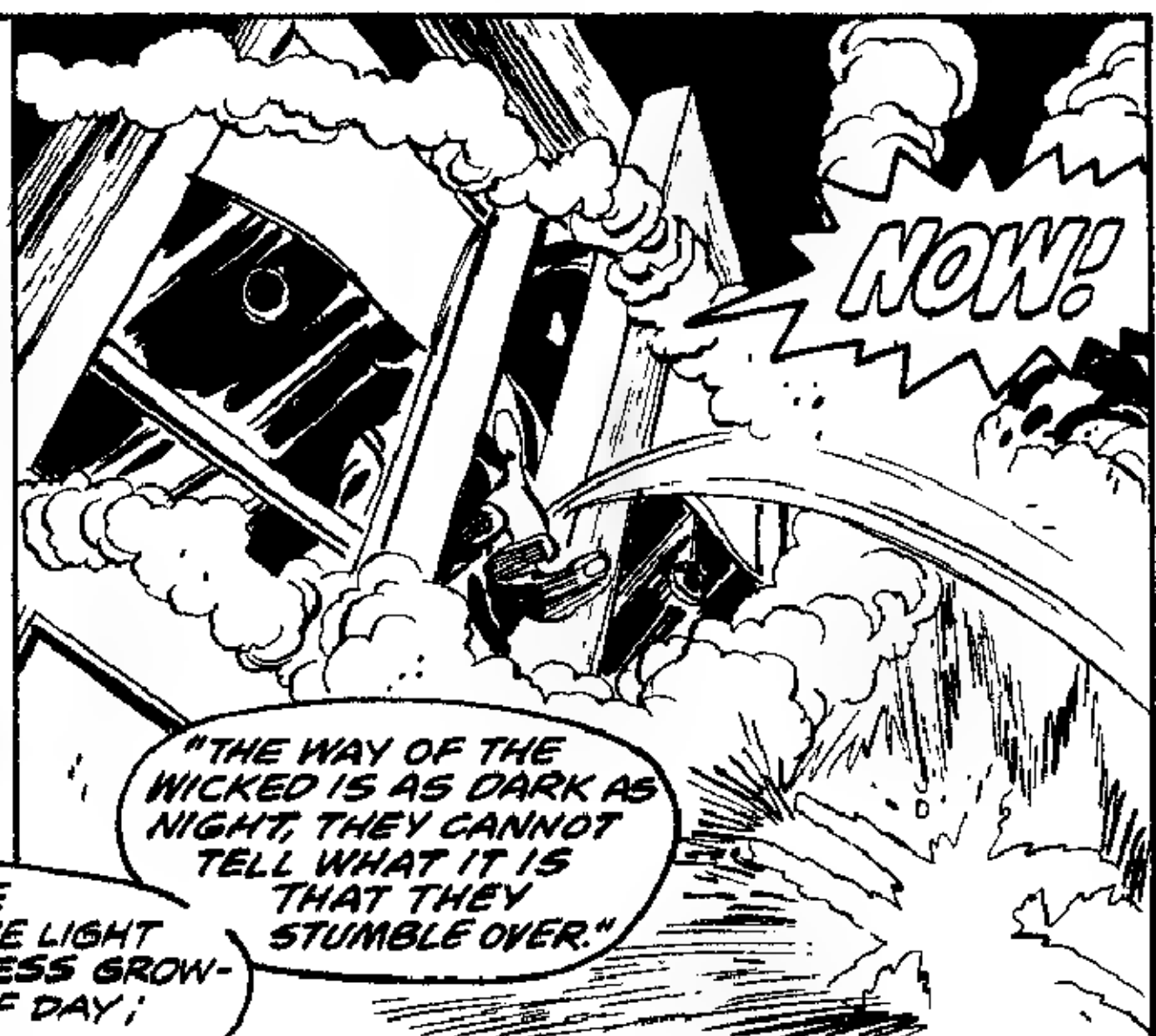
"AVOID IT, DO NOT TAKE IT, TURN YOUR BACK ON IT, PASS IT BY.

"FOR THEY CANNOT SLEEP UNLESS THEY HAVE FIRST DONE WRONGS, THEY MISS THEIR SLEEP IF THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT SOME-ONE DOWN;



"WICKEDNESS IS THE BREAD THEY EAT, AND VIOLENCE THE WINE THEY DRINK.

"THE PATH OF THE VIRTUOUS IS LIKE THE LIGHT OF DAWN, ITS BRIGHTNESS GROWING TO THE FULLNESS OF DAY;



"THE WAY OF THE WICKED IS AS DARK AS NIGHT, THEY CANNOT TELL WHAT IT IS THAT THEY STUMBLE OVER."



THERE ARE TEARS, OF COURSE, BUT THE SORROW WHICH WELLS WITHIN DAVID ESHCOL'S HEART IS ONE BEST DEALT WITH IN PRIVACY...

...THEREFORE, LET US TAKE LEAVE OF OUR POOR FRIEND FOR AWHILE, AND TRAVEL EASTWARDS TO INDIA, WHERE ANOTHER FRIEND MUST TAKE HOLD OF HIS OWN TROUBLES.

TAJ, ARE YOU IN THERE? TAJ? THIS IS RAMON, TAJ.

IT HAS BEEN THREE WEEKS SINCE THE TALL INDIAN HAS LEFT THE SIDE OF RACHEL VAN HELSING. AND IN THAT TIME HE HAS FELT MORE THAN *LOVELINESS*...

PLEASE, TAJ, IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WE SPEAK.

KNOCK KNOCK

FOR EVEN HIS OLD FRIENDS FROM HIS PAST LIFE HERE IN JATPUR SEEM ONLY TO EXIST TO REKINDLE HIS MISERIES.

AH, I AM RELIEVED THAT YOU ARE WELL, TAJ.

BECAUSE, OLD FRIEND, I FEAR YOU SHALL NOT BE WHEN YOU HEAR WHAT I HAVE COME TO SAY.

YOUR WIFE NEEDS YOU, OLD FRIEND. SHE HAS ALWAYS NEEDED YOU.

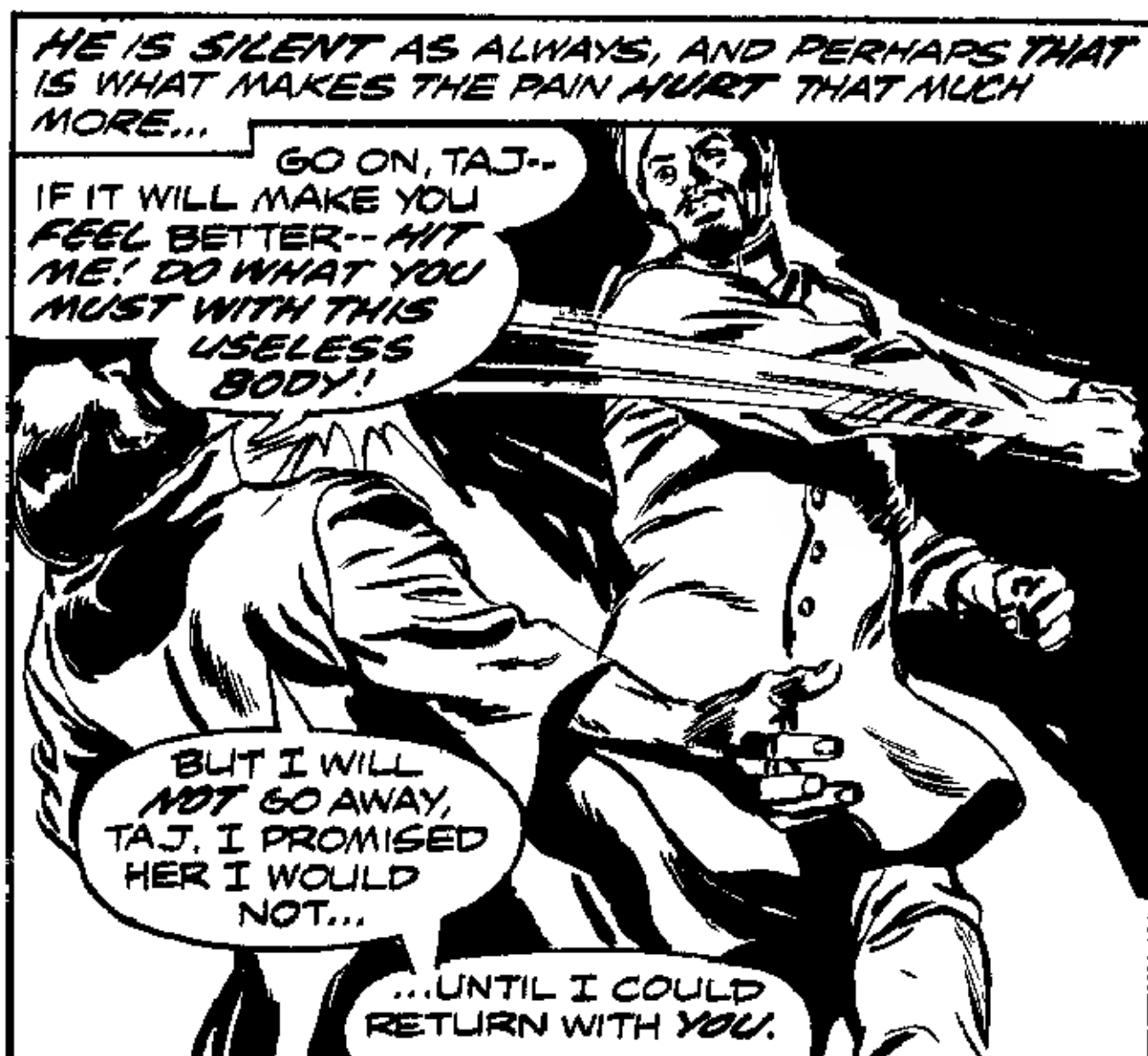
AND YES, SHE REGRETS WHAT SHE SAID AFTER THE ACCIDENT WHICH ROBBED HER OF HER LEGS, AND YOU OF YOUR VOICE.

SHE TRULY LOVES YOU, OLD FRIEND-- AND SHE HAS SUFFERED TOO MUCH, FAR TOO MUCH FOR ANY ONE WHO CAN HARBOR SUCH LOVE.

GO TO HER, TAJ. THERE WILL NOT BE MUCH TIME ONCE YOUR SON HAS DIED.

AND ONCE SHE DIES WITH HIM.

PLEASE, TAJ... FOR THE MAN YOU ARE, AND FOR THE HUSBAND YOU ONCE WERE, SEE HER.



LIKE FLIES CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF SOME SINISTER SPIDER, THE ANGRY MOB HALTS, THOUGH THEY DO NOT KNOW WHY.



THEN SUDDENLY, ABNER GENT FEELS HIS BLOOD BEGIN TO BOIL. MARCUS TOWNESAND SENSES HIS SKIN STRETCHING, WHILE REGIS CROFT GRASPS HIS FACE IN PAIN AS ENDLESS THORN-SHARP NEEDLES PRICK HIS TENDER FLESH.

AND DRACULA CONTINUES TO STARE.



THE PAIN THAT EACH ONE LIVES BRINGS MADNESS TO HIS MIND. AND WHILE JUST A MOMENT BEFORE THEY WERE ABOUT TO SLAY THIS NIGHT-DEMON WHO STOLE THE LIFE-BLOOD FROM THEIR WOMEN --



--NOW THEY STAND UNMOVING LIKE SCULPTED MOUNDS OF CLAY WAITING FOR SOME MODERN PROMETHEUS TO GRANT THEM LIFE.

YOUR FRUSTRATIONS NEED AN OUT-LET, MY FRIENDS--

-- THEREFORE TAKE THEM OUT ON YOURSELVES!



THE FIRST BLADE CUTS AND THE FIRST GUSHINGS OF RAW BLOOD SPURT FREE.

AND IN MOMENTS THE FIGHTING STOPS, FOR THERE IS NO LONGER ANY LIFE. THERE IS ONLY BLOOD.

AND SOON THERE WILL NOT BE EVEN THAT.





YOU SCUM
COST ME
VALLIABLE
TIME--

--TIME I FEAR I
SHALL NEVER
REGAIN.

BUT LET US
WISH THAT IT IS
TIME THAT
IS NOT
TOTALLY
LOST...

...FOR IF IT IS,
THEN EVEN IN DEATH
YOU SHALL LEARN WHY
DRACULA IS SO FEARED.



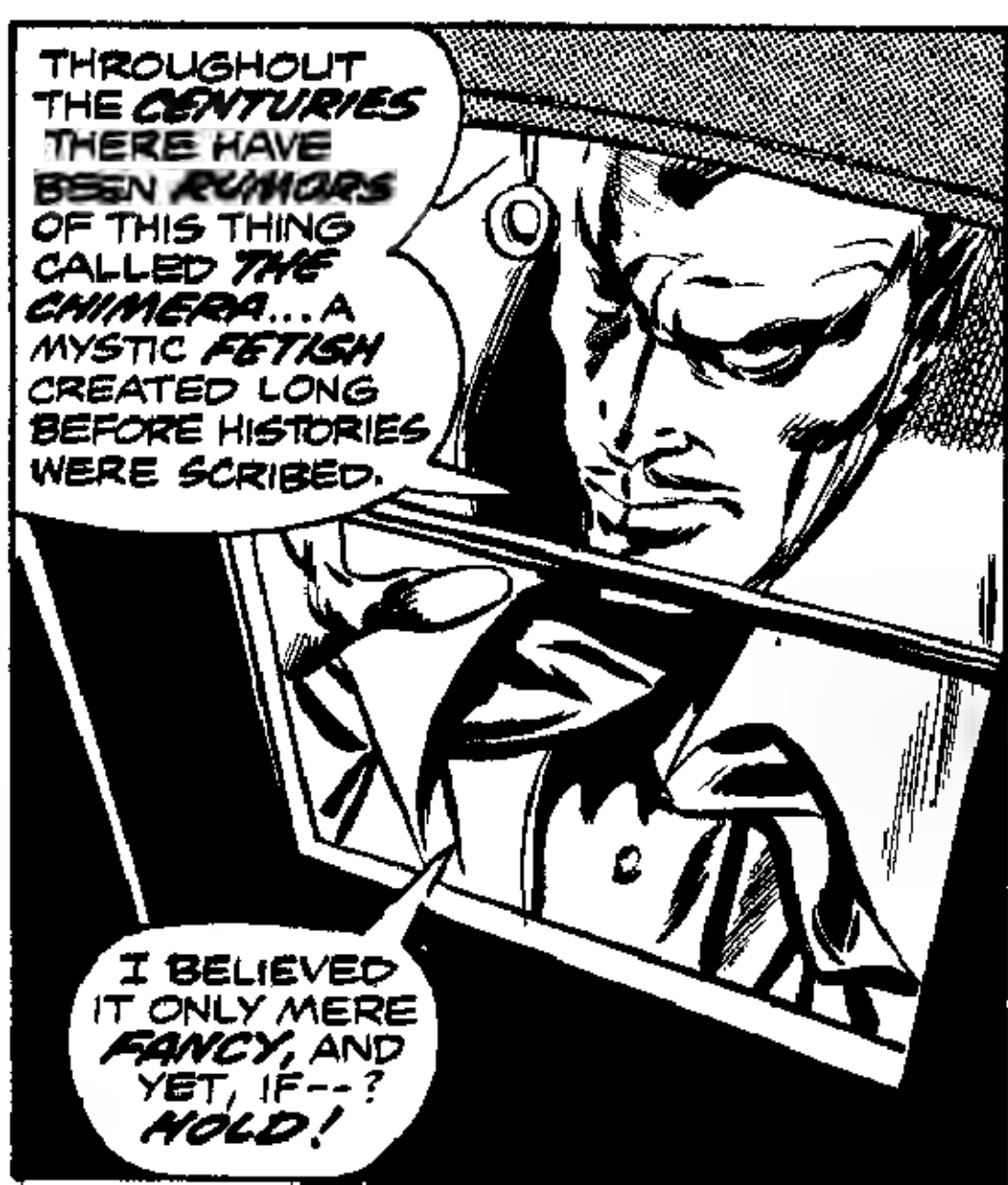
THERE-- JOSHUA
ESHCOL'S PAWN-
SHOP...

PAWN SHOP

ONE FLIGHT
DOWN

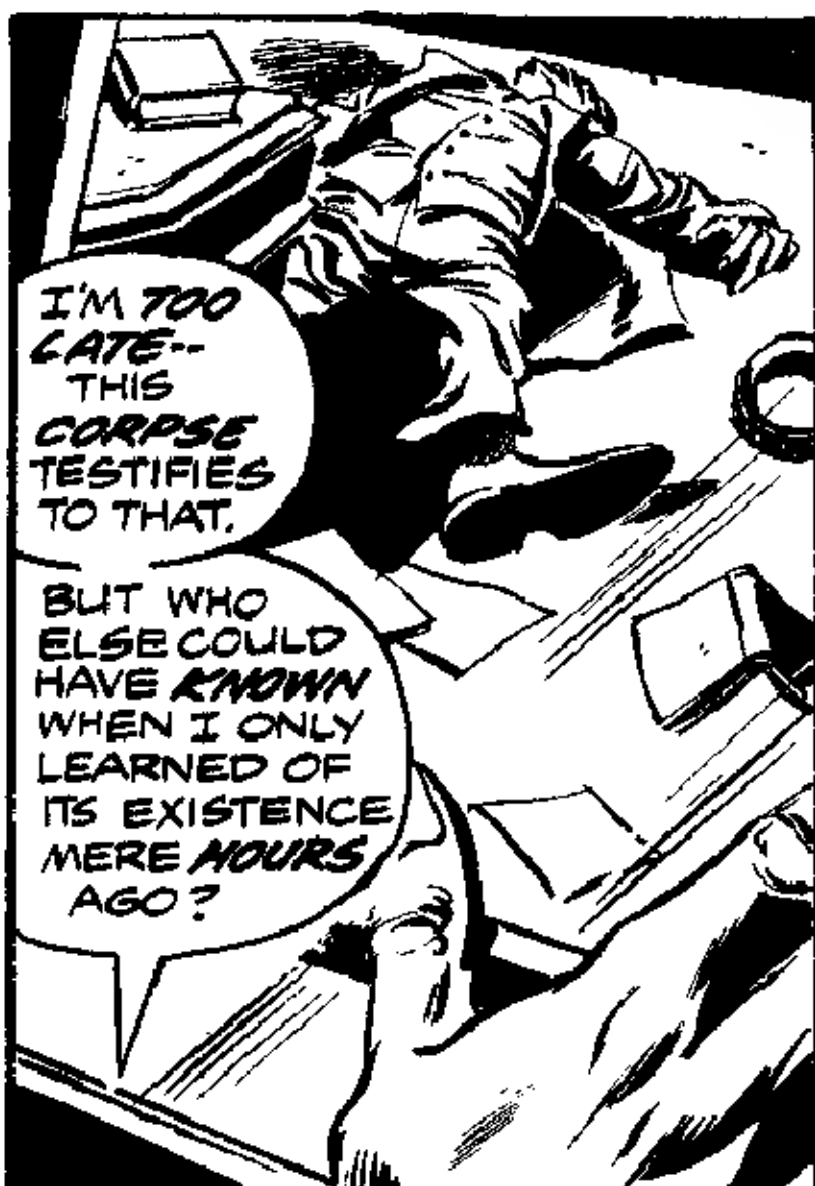
...AND, IF MY
INFORMANTS
ARE CORRECT--

--THE SECRETS
OF THE POWER
ABSOLUTE!



THROUGHOUT
THE CENTURIES
THERE HAVE
BEEN RUMORS
OF THIS THING
CALLED THE
CHIMERA... A
MYSTIC FETISH
CREATED LONG
BEFORE HISTORIES
WERE SCRIBED.

I BELIEVED
IT ONLY MERE
FANCY, AND
YET, IF--?
HOLD!



I'M TOO
LATE--
THIS
CORPSE
TESTIFIES
TO THAT.

BUT WHO
ELSE COULD
HAVE KNOWN
WHEN I ONLY
LEARNED OF
ITS EXISTENCE
MERE HOURS
AGO?

A PUZZLE... ONE
OF MANY OF LATE,
BUT, BEFORE THE
LORD OF DARK-
NESS CAN PONDER
IT ANY LONGER...



WOT SAY,
MATE-- WOT'RE
YA DOIN' BY
THAT WINDOW.

SPEAK
UP, GUV'NOR--
SPEAK UP!

WHO
DARES...

Y' 'EARD ME, MATE, WOT'S Y' BUSINESS 'ERE?

I HEARD THERE WAS A FIGHT, OFFICER...

...AND LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, I FOUND MYSELF ATTRACTED TO THE, EH, BLOODSHED.

WELL, GUV'NOR, THIS STREET'S BEEN **ROPED OFF**, Y'KNOW. LEAVE WHILE Y' CAN.

OF COURSE, OFFICER-- IT WAS MY *INTENTION* TO LEAVE...

...ONCE I **SAW** WHAT I WISHED TO SEE.

DRACULA TAKES FOUR SMALL STEPS INTO THE MURKY LONDON FOG, AND THEN VANISHES...

...ONLY TO RE-APPEAR JUST A FEW STREETS AWAY.

THAT YOUTH HELD ONE SECTION OF THE CHIMERA IN HIS HAND, AND FROM THE **BRUISES** ON HIS FACE, IT IS QUITE **EVIDENT** HE DID NOT RELINQUISH THE **OTHER** PARTS WITHOUT A STRUGGLE.

YES, HE IS WORTH FOLLOWING... BUT NOT BY ME... NOT BY ME.

FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DAVID ESHCOL'S LIFE HAS BEEN ONE LONG THREAD WOVEN INTO A TAPESTRY THAT DATES BACK THOUSANDS OF YEARS...

...TO ABRAHAM... TO SOLOMON... TO MOSES. AND FOR ALL THESE YEARS DAVID ESHCOL HAS NEVER ONCE STRAYED FROM THE PATH OUTLINED BY HIS FORE-FATHERS.

BUT BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS DONE, THE PATH OF HIS YOUTH SHALL VENTURE DOWN MANY NEW ROADS... ALL BUT ONE OF WHICH SHALL LEAD TO HELL.

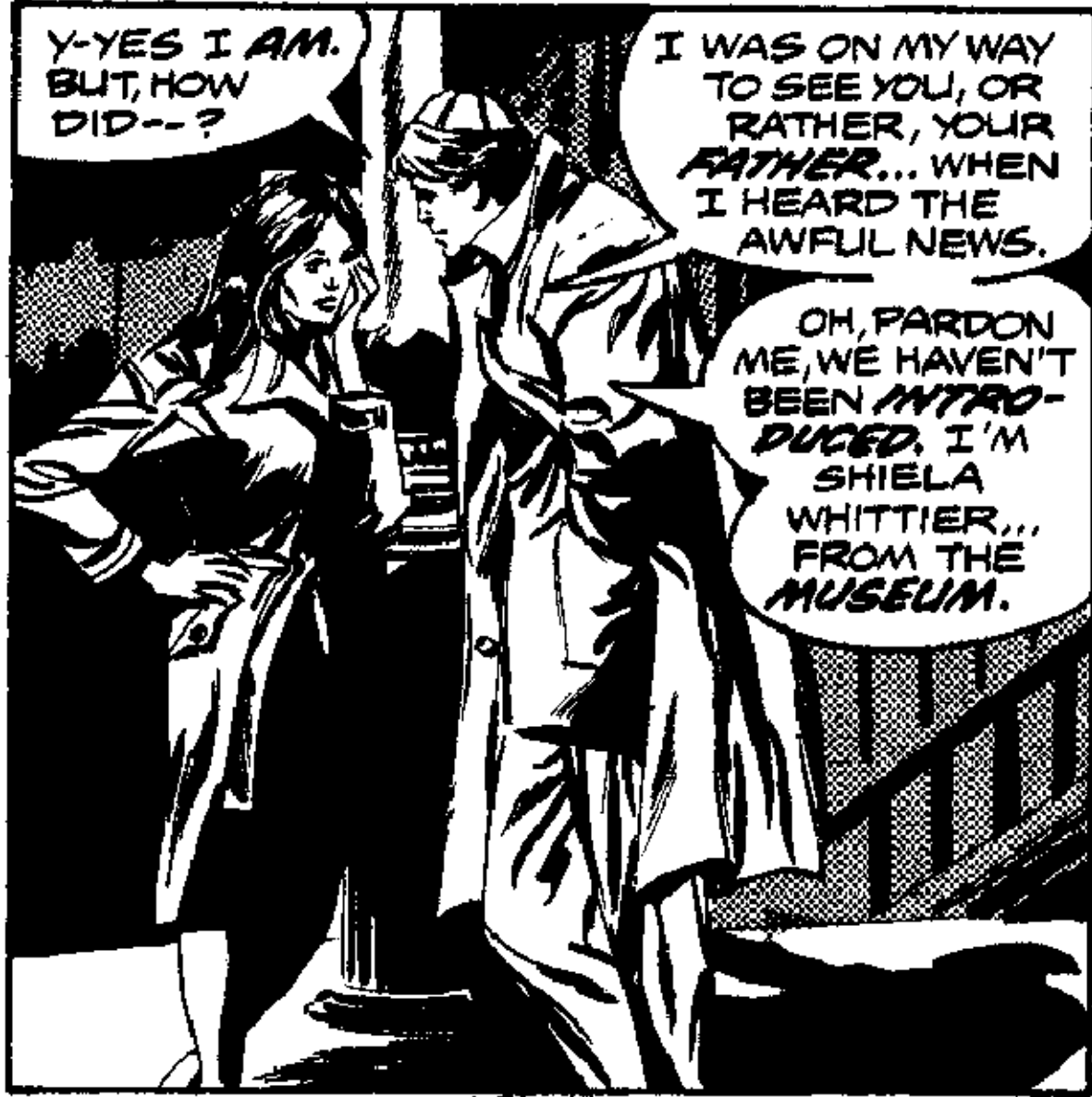
THE FIRST STEP...

OOOOOOOPS!

OH, I'M SORRY... I DIDN'T SEE...

DON'T WORRY... NOTHING HAPPENED.

SAY AREN'T YOU DAVID ESHCOL... JOSHUA ESHCOL'S SON?



Y-YES I AM.
BUT, HOW
DID--?

I WAS ON MY WAY
TO SEE YOU, OR
RATHER, YOUR
FATHER... WHEN
I HEARD THE
AWFUL NEWS.

OH, PARDON
ME, WE HAVEN'T
BEEN **INTRO-**
DUCED. I'M
SHIELA
WHITTIER...
FROM THE
MUSEUM.



AH, **GAMES** WITHIN
GAMES. **LIES** WHICH
LEAD TO DECEPTIONS
WHICH CAN ONLY LEAD
TO **MORE LIES**.

GO, MY YOUNG
FRIENDS, **ENJOY**
YOURSELVES
FOR THE NONCE.
DRACULA HAS
OTHER PLACES
TO BE.



MUSEUM?

SURELY YOUR
FATHER MENTIONED
THAT HE HAD
CONTACTED OUR
PEOPLE ABOUT
CONFIRMING THE
AGE OF A CER-
TAIN STATUE?

NO,
HE
DIDN'T,
BUT
LET'S SIT
DOWN...
AND
TALK...



I WANT TO
KNOW MORE
ABOUT THIS.

ER, YOUR FATHER
SAID THAT HE HAD
A CERTAIN **STATUE**
WHICH HE HAD JUST
LOCATED. HE WANTED
US TO **VERIFY** ITS
AUTHENTICITY.

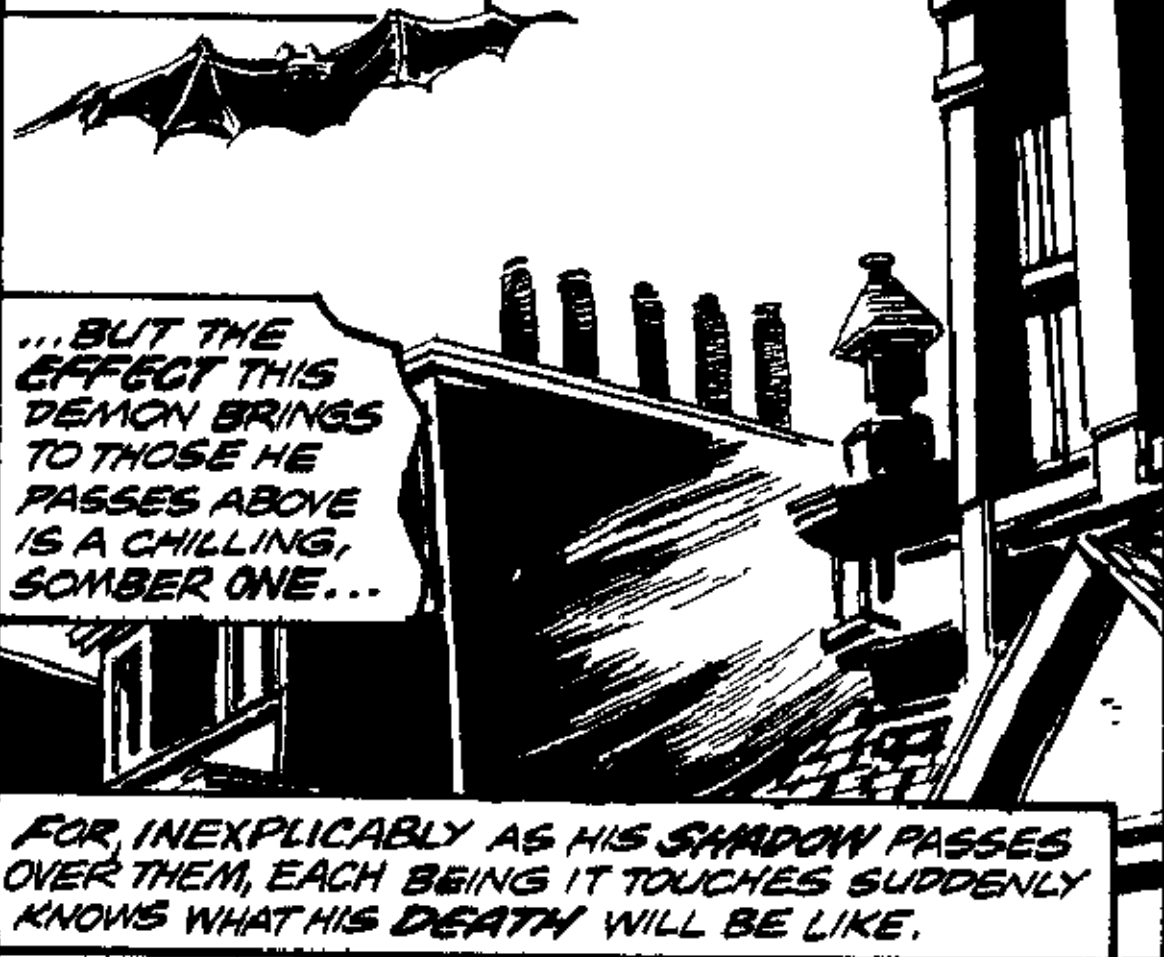


WELL, HE HADN'T
SAID ANYTHING
TO ME, BUT THEN,
I WAS **AWAY** AT
YESHIVA SCHOOL.
HE **MIGHT**
HAVE CALLED
YOU...

...YET, I
THOUGHT
HE WANTED
NO ONE
TO LEARN
ABOUT THE
CHIMERA.

OH WELL, WE
CAN TALK ABOUT
IT **LATER**.

THE LONDON FOG ALMOST
HIDES THE NIGHT-WINGED
CREATURE WHICH RISES
HIGH INTO THE EBONY-
TRESSED SKIES...



...BUT THE
EFFECT THIS
DEMON BRINGS
TO THOSE HE
PASSES ABOVE
IS A CHILLING,
SOMBER ONE...

FOR, INEXPLICABLY AS HIS **SHADOW** PASSES
OVER THEM, EACH BEING IT TOUCHES SUDDENLY
KNOWS WHAT HIS **DEATH** WILL BE LIKE.

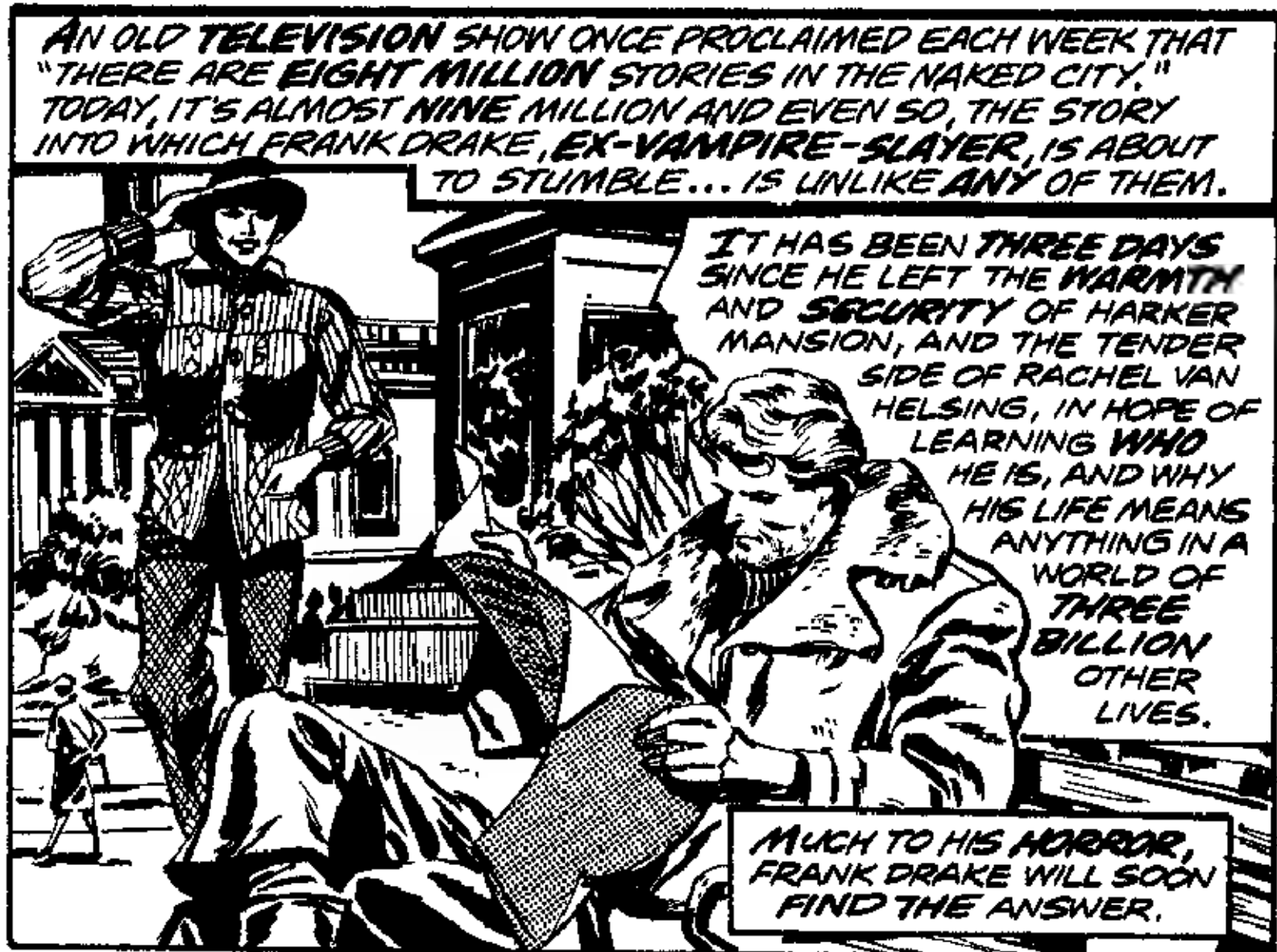


WHILE...

WE'VE GOT **ONE** OF THE PIECES
OF THE CHIMERA, SIR. THAT'S
ALL WE COULD GET IN TIME.

TELEPHONE

BRING IT TO ME AT
ONCE, RANDOLPH. WE
WILL **DISCUSS** THE
STATUE AT LENGTH.





YOU'VE GOT AN **INCREDIBLE** SET-UP HERE, CHASTITY. HOW MUCH DOES IT SET YOU BACK?

ZILCH, LOVE. IT'S ALL PAID FOR BY A VERY NICE GUY--

--DANNY SUMMER!

DANNY? YOU KNOW HIM--?

NO, I PULLED HIS NAME OUT OF **THIN AIR**. WHO DO YOU THINK ASKED ME TO FIND YOU, HANDSOME? "MR. KEANE, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS"?



WHAT'S DANNY-BOY UP TO THESE DAYS? LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE **REFUSED** TO LOAN ME SOME BREAD WHEN I NEEDED IT.*

*T.O.D.#1. --ROY.



HE'S **TRIPLED** HIS FORTUNE SINCE THEN, LOVE. IN FACT, HE WANTS YOU TO **WORK** FOR HIM--HEAD UP **SUMMER'S INC.** IN BRAZIL.

BY THE WAY, THE JET'S LEAVING IN **THIRTY MINUTES** NOW.



BRAZIL? SOUNDS INTERESTING, BUT I JUST WANT TO TALK IT OUT WITH SOMEONE FIRST--RACHEL...

YOU NEED AN OKAY FROM YOUR **DEN-MOTHER** FIRST, LOVE?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE UP YOUR **OWN** MIND.



YOU'RE **RIGHT!** I'VE BEEN LETTING **OTHERS** MAKE UP MY MIND TOO OFTEN LATELY.

OKAY, BABE--IT'S **BRAZIL**, FOR **WHATEVER** IT'S WORTH.

GLICKO



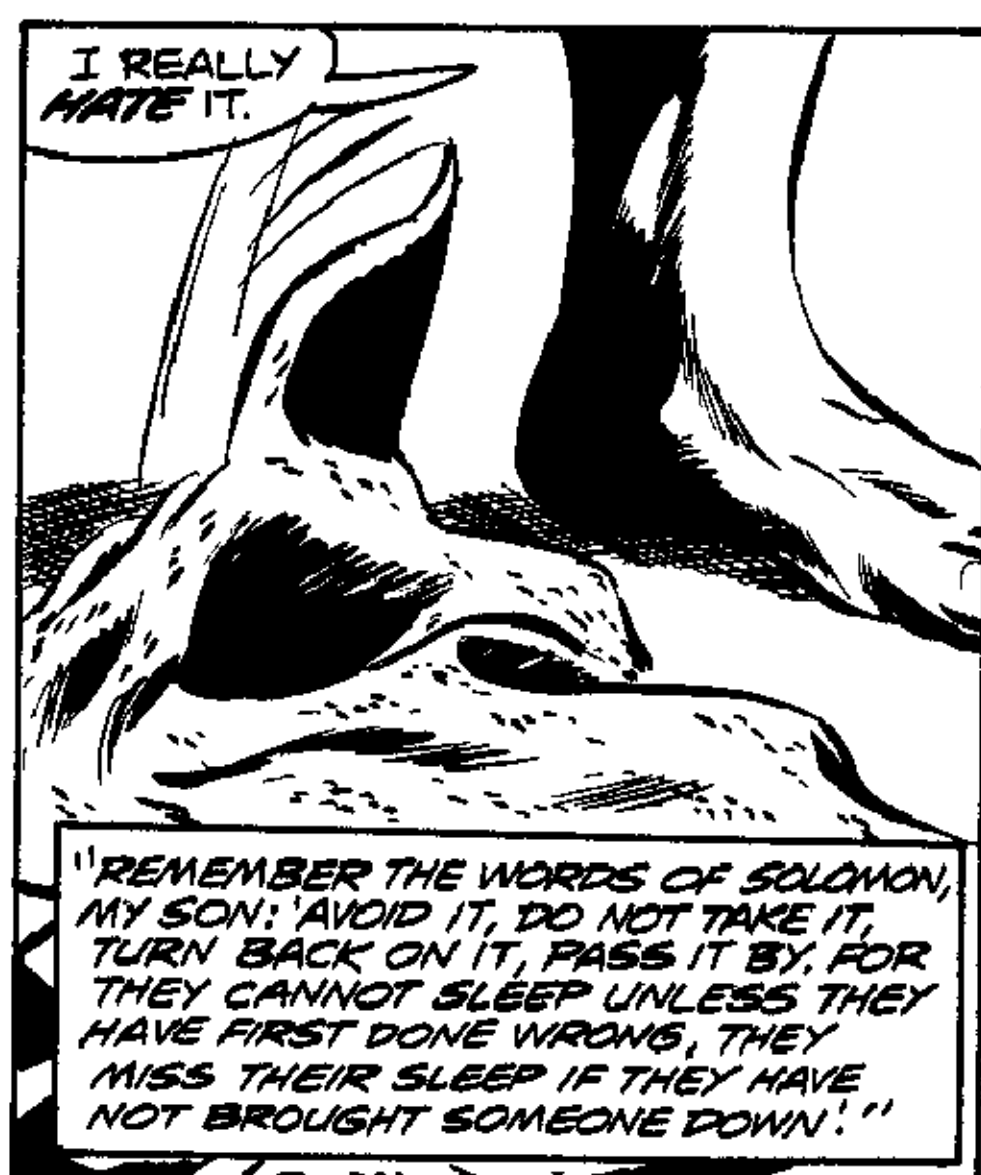
GOOD! NOW TO BE **COMPLETELY** HONEST WITH YOU.

I **LIED** WHEN I SAID WE ONLY HAD A HALF HOUR.

IT'S A **PRIVATE** JET, AND IT'LL LEAVE WHEN **WE'RE** READY.



GOOD, I HATE BEING RUSHED.



I REALLY **HATE** IT.

"REMEMBER THE WORDS OF SOLOMON, MY SON: 'AVOID IT, DO NOT TAKE IT, TURN BACK ON IT, PASS IT BY, FOR THEY CANNOT SLEEP UNLESS THEY HAVE FIRST DONE WRONG, THEY MISS THEIR SLEEP IF THEY HAVE NOT BROUGHT SOMEONE DOWN!'"

THE PATHS OF EVIL WIND THROUGH MANY CORRIDORS, SIN ENVELOPS SIN, AND ONLY MORE EVIL IS BORN. WE HAVE SO FAR WITNESSED TWO PATHS LED ASTRAY. NOW, LET US RETURN TO THE FIRST.

WH-WHERE ARE WE HEADING, DAVE?

HER NAME'S LYDIA, SHIELA. SHE WAS MY MOTHER'S MIDWIFE... SHE BROUGHT ME INTO THIS WORLD.

THERE'S SO MUCH ABOUT THE CHIMERA THAT I KNOW NOTHING OF, AND LYDIA...

...LYDIA IS SAID TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

SHE SOUNDS RATHER BIZARRE.

ALL OLD WOMEN LIKE LYDIA SOUND BIZARRE. THEY HAVE LOCKED THEMSELVES AWAY IN THEIR ONE-ROOM APARTMENTS, THEY VANISH AT NIGHT, BUT THEY'RE ALWAYS THERE WHEN THEY ARE NEEDED.

YOU MAKE HER SOUND LIKE SHE'S A WITCH.

YEAH, I GUESS I DO.

BUT LYDIA IS SOMEONE I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN MY PROBLEMS TO, AND MY FATHER, GOD REST HIS SOUL, SAID THAT HE ALWAYS WENT TO HER, TOO--

--EVEN WHEN HE WAS A YOUTH.

COME IN, DAVID ESHCOL, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

KNOCK KNOCK

LYDIA, MY FATHER, HE--

HOW DID SHE KNOW--?

THERE IS LITTLE I DO NOT KNOW, GIRL. BUT THIS TIME I MUST CONFESS, I CAN ALWAYS TELL DAVID BY HIS FOOTSTEPS.

THERE IS A MUSIC TO THEM I WILL NEVER FORGET.

I ALREADY KNOW, DAVID, AND I HAVE ALREADY CRIED FOR HIM.

BUT YOU ARE HERE FOR OTHER REASONS AS WELL-- TO LEARN OF THE CHIMERA.

SO LISTEN, MY DAVID. LISTEN.

WHAT I HAVE TO TELL YOU, ONLY A VERY FEW KNOW, OR EVEN DARE GUESS.

THE CHIMERA-- A CREATURE OF MYTH, WITH THE HEAD OF A LION, THE BODY OF A GOAT, AND THE TAIL OF A SERPENT.

IT WAS CREATED MORE THAN THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO, FROM METALS NO LONGER KNOWN TO MAN, ON THE ISLAND CALLED ATLANTIS.

FORGED IT WAS BY THE MAD WIZARD C'THUNDA, AND THEN ENDOWED WITH THE POWER OF THE COSMIC ETERNAL!

HE HATED ATLANTIS, FOR IT SPURNED HIS WIZARDRY, AND WITH HIS PRIZED CHIMERA HE CALLED UPON THE ANCIENT GODS TO RAIN BLACKNESS AND DEATH ONTO THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH.

BUT EVERY MADNESS, BREEDS ANOTHER MADNESS, AND C'THUNDA WAS SLAIN BEFORE THE POWER COULD BE EVOKED.



"HIS ASSASSIN STOLE THE STATUE AND FLED INTO ATLANTIS' DEEPEST CAVES. HE WAS NEVER FOUND, AND THE CHIMERA ITSELF WAS LOST.



"TEN THOUSAND YEARS LATER, DURING THE REIGN OF KULL, KING OF VALUSIA, THE CHIMERA SURFACED AGAIN. USING THE STATUE'S POWER, A BASE VILLAIN CREATED A FLAME-GIANT TO DESTROY THE BARBARIAN-KING!

"KULL SURVIVED, BUT, ALAS, HIS ASSAILANT DID NOT. THE CHIMERA, HOWEVER, WAS NEVER FOUND.

"FOR TWENTY THOUSAND MORE YEARS NOTHING WAS SEEN OF THE STATUE, BUT DURING THE PLAGUES OF OUR MEDIEVAL PERIOD IT APPEARED ONCE MORE.



"AND AGAIN THERE WAS DEATH!"

"MANY TIMES DID IT APPEAR BEFORE MANKIND."



"...AND WITH EACH APPEARANCE THERE WERE MORE HORRORS, MORE KILLINGS... MORE EVIL."



IT SOUNDS LIKE FANTASY...



YET, DAVID, IT IS TRUE. I ASSURE YOU OF THAT.

YOUR FATHER KNEW THAT, BUT HE SOUGHT THE CHIMERA NOT BECAUSE HE WISHED TO DESTROY IT--BUT SO THAT IT WOULD NOT FALL INTO EVIL HANDS.

YOU SEE, DAVID, THE CHIMERA IS BUT A TOOL. ITS MAGIC MAY BE USED FOR GOOD ENDS--OR BAD.

KEEP IT IF YOU FIND IT. KEEP IT AND USE IT FOR GOOD.



COMPLETE, IT CAN GIVE YOU POWER TO GUIDE A WORLD, OR TO DESTROY ONE. BUT IF YOU FEAR YOURSELF, IF YOU BELIEVE YOU ARE NOT THE ONE WHO CAN TAKE THE WORLD TO A NEW-BORN PARADISE, THEN USE IT TO FIND SOMEONE WHO CAN.

YES, DAVID--THE CHIMERA CAN MEAN DEATH, BUT IT CAN ALSO MEAN LIFE.

LIFE, AND TREASURES BEYOND ALL BELIEF... BEYOND ANY MAN'S VISIONS.

"BEYOND ANY MAN'S VISIONS..." SO, DRACULA MUSES TO HIMSELF--IT CAN BE A BOON...



"...JUST AS IT CAN BE A WEDGE...A LEVER WITH WHICH I CAN MOVE THIS WORLD...TO LET ME LIVE WITHOUT FEAR OF BLOOD-LOSS, WITHOUT FEAR OF ANY FINAL DEATH."

AND, "THE EBONY-TRESSED FORM CONTINUES," I AM CLOSING IN EVER SO QUICKLY ON THOSE WHO POSSESS THE MISSING TWO SECTIONS OF THE CHIMERA...



"...IF MY INFORMANTS HAVE BEEN TRUE... AND YET, DO THEY DARE NOT BE?"

INSIDE THIS BUILDING LIES WHAT I SEEK; I CAN ~~SENSE~~ ITS PRESENCE HERE.



AND BEHIND THESE EASILY-DEMOLISHED BARS LIES THE PATH OF MY ENTRANCE.



ODD. THERE IS NO REPULSION UPON ENTERING THIS MANSE... IT IS ALMOST AS IF I AM BEING INVITED IN BY SOME UNSEEN SOURCE.

VERY WELL, THEN--

--IF THIS IS A TRAP, I AM WEARY. EH? A STRANGE ELECTRONIC HUM...



WHEN...

WHAT? SOMEONE DARES ATTEMPT TO HOLD ME AS A PRISONER?



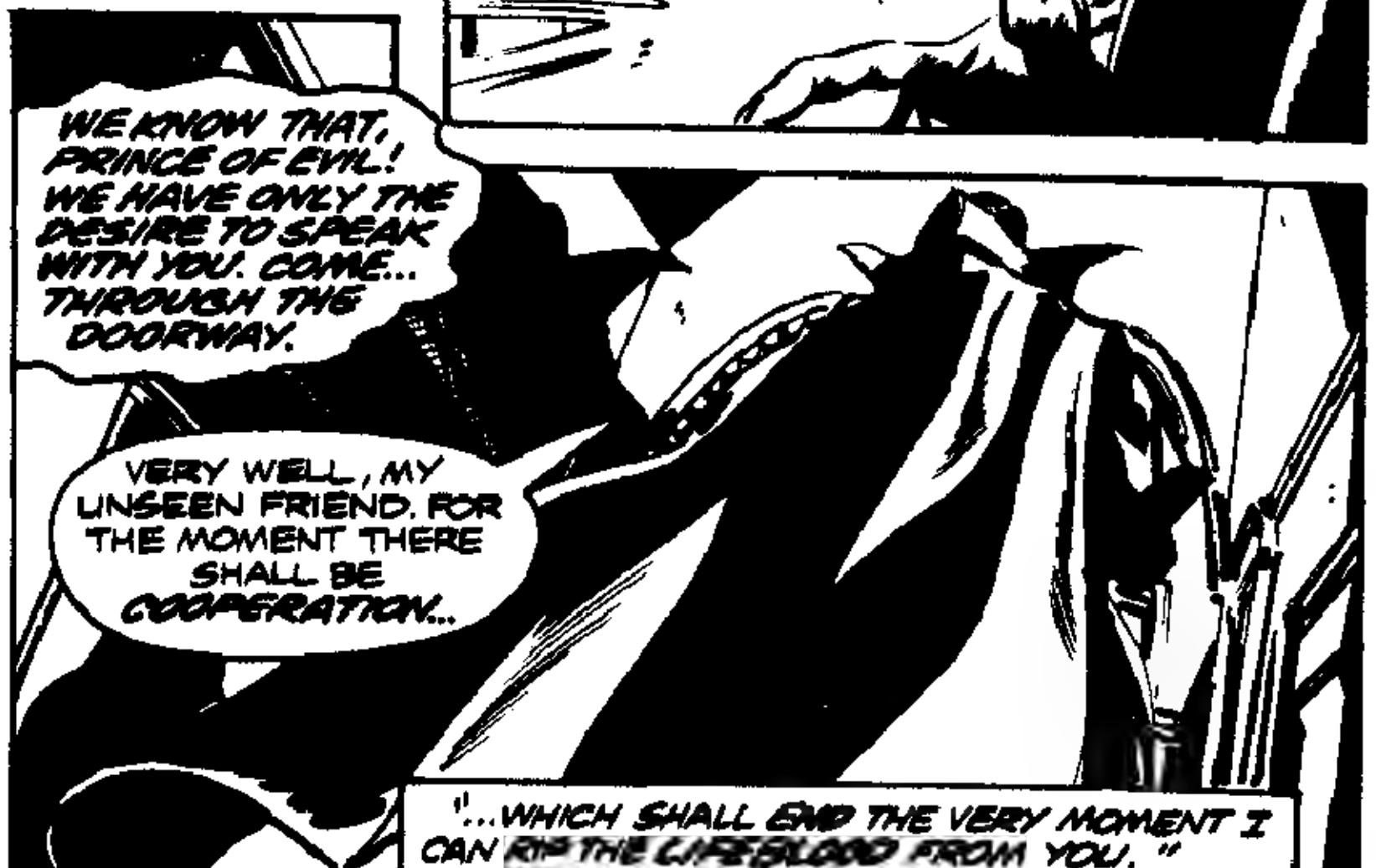
SLAM



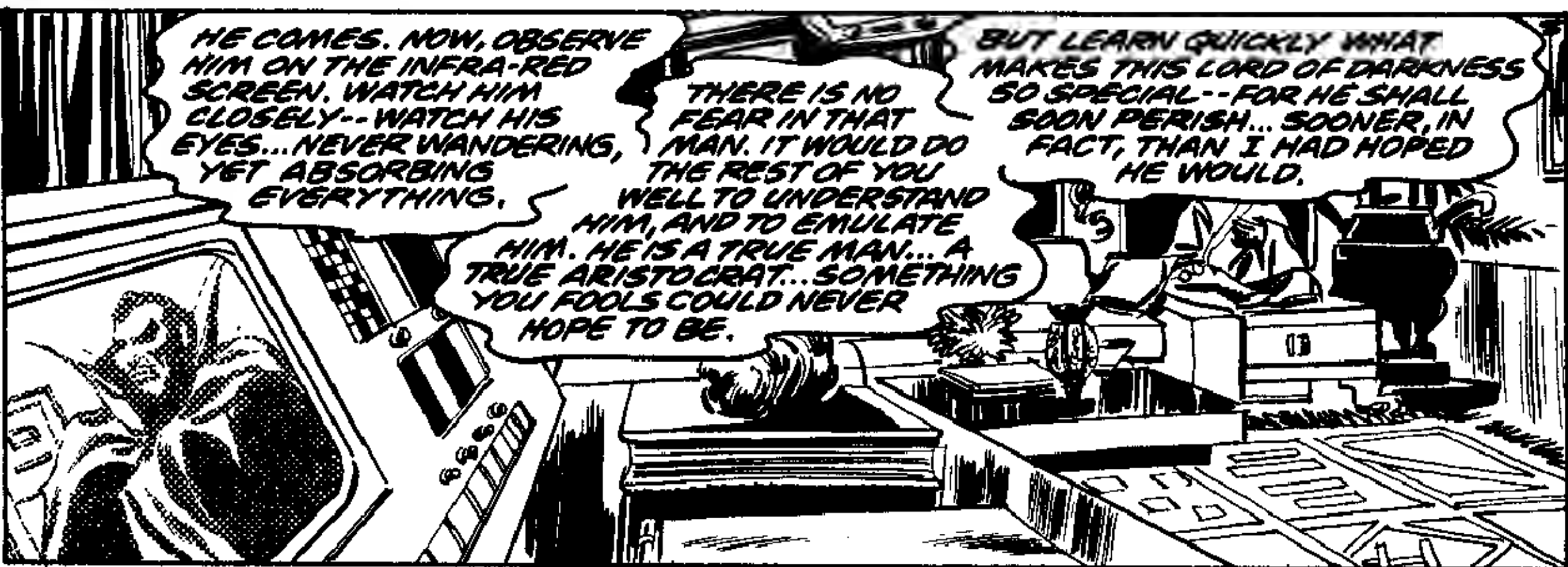
HA HA HA FOOLS! NO ONE CONTAINS DRACULA! NO ONE!

WE KNOW THAT, PRINCE OF EVIL! WE HAVE ONLY THE DESIRE TO SPEAK WITH YOU. COME... THROUGH THE DOORWAY.

VERY WELL, MY UNSEEN FRIEND. FOR THE MOMENT THERE SHALL BE COOPERATION...



"...WHICH SHALL END THE VERY MOMENT I CAN RIP THE LIFEBLOOD FROM YOU."



WHAT?
IT ISN'T
POSSIBLE!
IT CAN-
NOT BE!

BUT IT IS, VAMPIRE.
BEFORE YOU POURS
ALL YOUR FEARS...

...BEFORE YOU
COMES RUSHING
ALL THE HORRIBLE
DEATHS YOU
HAVE EVER
SUFFERED.

FEARFULLY, DRACULA
BACKS AWAY AS THE
FALLING LIQUID FLOWS
EVER CLOSER.

FOR THIS LORD OF VAMPIRES
KNOWS WHAT WILL HAPPEN
SHOULD EVEN ONE DROP OF
THIS WATER TOUCH HIS LONG-
DEAD FLESH...

...AND ALREADY HE CAN
FEEL HIS SKIN BEGIN TO
BURN... HIS BODY BEGIN
TO SIZZLE WITH FLAMING
DEATH.

FOR THIS IS NO ORDINARY
WATER WHICH COMES
GUSHING MADDENINGLY
AT THE PRINCE OF EVIL...

...NO,
THIS IS
HOLY
WATER!

AND FOR DRACULA,
THERE CAN BE NO
ESCAPE!

NEXT: DEATH DWELLS IN THE SHADOWS!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



25¢

27

DEC

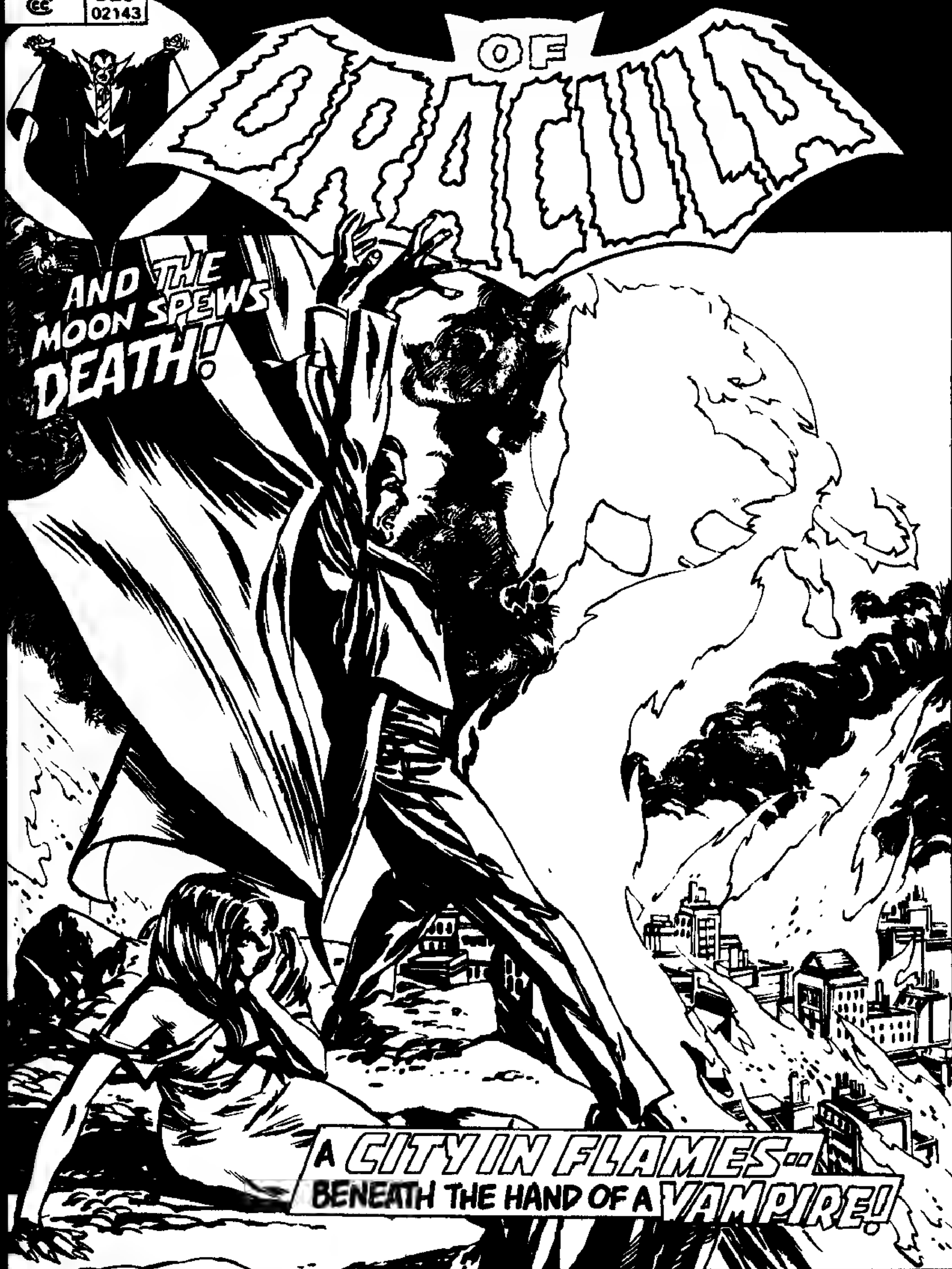
02143

THE TOMB

OF

AND THE
MOON SPEWS
DEATH!

A CITY IN FLAMES...
BENEATH THE HAND OF A VAMPIRE!



Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality merge, there are tales of a being who has lived more than five hundred years. They say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of Hell itself, they say he thrives upon the blood of innocents, that he is the king of darkness...the prince of evil and that even the bravest man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARY WOLFMAN
WRITER

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / ROY THOMAS
L. LESSMANN, colorist / EDITOR

FATHER: "LISTEN TO MY WORDS, SON DAVID. THERE ARE MANY PATHS TO TRED UPON. YOU MAY TAKE THE PATH OF EVIL, FOR EVIL'S WAY SEEMS CALM, UNBROKEN, AND ULTIMATELY ALLURING. OR YOU MAY TAKE THE MORE BITTER ROAD TOWARDS GOOD, WHERE EACH STEP MAY BE FRAUGHT WITH UNSEEN PERILS... UNBEKNOWN TRAUMAS. BOTH PATHS LEAD ONWARDS, BUT ONLY ONE HEADS NOT TO A TIMELESS OBLIVION. "

SON: "FATHER, THIS STATUE CHIMERA COMES IN THREE SECTIONS. EACH HAS POWERS GREATER THAN ANY MAN'S MIND CAN CONCEIVE. TOGETHER THEY ARE THE UNIVERSE INCARNATE. DARE I SEARCH THEM OUT? DARE I TRUST MY OWN HUMANITY BY HOLDING THE POWERS OF GOD IN MY HANDS? I SEEK ONLY GOOD WITH THIS CHIMERA... YET, DARE I ALLOW IT TO POSSESS ME WITH EVIL?"

DRACULA: "IT IS POWER I CRAVE... POWER TO SUBJUGATE MAN... POWER TO RULE THE THOUGHTS OF ALL I DEEM TO RULE. THE STATUE GIVES POWER ENOUGH TO CONQUER THE FAR-FLUNG GALAXIES THEMSELVES, BUT ITS GRASP ESCAPES ME, AND THE POWER IS IN THE HANDS OF ANOTHER WHO SEEKS THE ULTIMATE CONQUEST HIMSELF. "

TRAPPED... IN AN INESCAPABLE ROOM-- WITH AN ENDLESS TORRENT OF HOLY WATER GUSHING TOWARDS ME.

BUT THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT-- SOME PATH TO ESCAPE.

THERE MUST BE!

NIGHT-FIRE!

HIS MIND IS EVER ALERT...
EVER CONSIDERING EVERY
CONCEIVABLE ANGLE--
EVERY POSSIBLE
SOLUTION.

HE HAS NOT
SURVIVED THESE
PAST FIVE
HUNDRED
YEARS ON
MINDLESS
LUCK
ALONE.

THIS IS DRACULA, LORD OF THE TEAMING
UNDEAD... AND HE IS NOTHING IF NOT
SHREWD INTELLECT SUPREME.

AN ESCAPE
YES, THERE
IS ONE... BUT
ONLY ONE!

ONE ALMOST AS
DEADLY AS THE BURNING
TOUCH OF THE HOLY WATER
ITSELF.

FOR, THERE IS NO
MARGIN OF ERROR
PERMISSIBLE... NO
ELEMENT OF SURPRISE
ALLOWABLE.

BUT TO FAIL TO
TAKE THE RISK MEANS
CERTAIN DEATH INDEED--

--AND DRACULA
MUST NEVER
DIE AGAIN!

THE STREAMS OF MAGICALLY-
PRODUCED HOLY WATER POUR
ENDLESSLY FROM THE MAN-MADE
DUCT, AND THE LEATHERN-WINGED
DEMON THAT HOVERS PRECARIOUSLY
CLOSE STUDIES THE ONRUSHING
WATER MOST CAREFULLY...

... BUT
TOO LONG,
FOR A
SUDDEN
GUSHING
OF WATER
BURNS
THE NIGHT-
DEVIL'S
WING.

THE MAN-BAT DRACULA
STIFLES HIS PAINFUL
CRY, THEN ALTERS HIS
FORM ONCE MORE...

...AND WINGS WHICH ONCE
BEAT FURIOUSLY IN A
MIDNIGHT WIND NOW
FOLD AND FADE BE-
NEATH THE ALMOST
INTANGIBLE TOUCH OF
HELLISH MIST...

... AND SLIP EVER-SO-CARE-
FULLY INTO THE INCH-HIGH
SPACE BETWEEN THE CON-
DUIT'S ROOF AND THE FLOWING
WATER'S CREST.

AND, IF DRACULA WERE
ANYONE BUT DRACULA, THIS
WOULD INDEED BE A MOMENT
FIT FOR PRAYER.

THE PATH IS TORTUOUS... AND ONE
WRACKED WITH ENDLESS HELLS...

...FOR, IT IS A BYWAY
NOT TO BE TRAVELLED
WITHOUT PAYING
A TOLL...

NO! THE PAIN...
THE ACCURSED WATER
FAIRLY JUMPED
AT ME...

...LAUGHING AS
IT SEARED AWAY
MY FLESH AND
BONE.

BUT I'LL NOT
SUBMIT TO
THE PAIN...
YOU HEAR
THAT? YOU
HEAR
THAT?

DRACULA
WILL NOT
CRUMBLE
BEFORE YOUR
POWER.

I CANNOT LET THE
PAIN OVERWHELM ME...
I MUST NOT!

I MUST N....

AND A TINY METALLIC UNSEEN
VOICE CAN BE HEARD LAUGH-
ING SILENTLY TO ITSELF.

BRAZIL...

FAR FROM THE END-
LESS NIGHTMARES
THAT FLAIL THE PRINCE
OF EVIL THIS SUMMER EVE...
AND YET, A LAND WHICH IS
INEXPLICABLY DRAWN
INTO THE TANGLED WEB
DRACULA WEAVES...



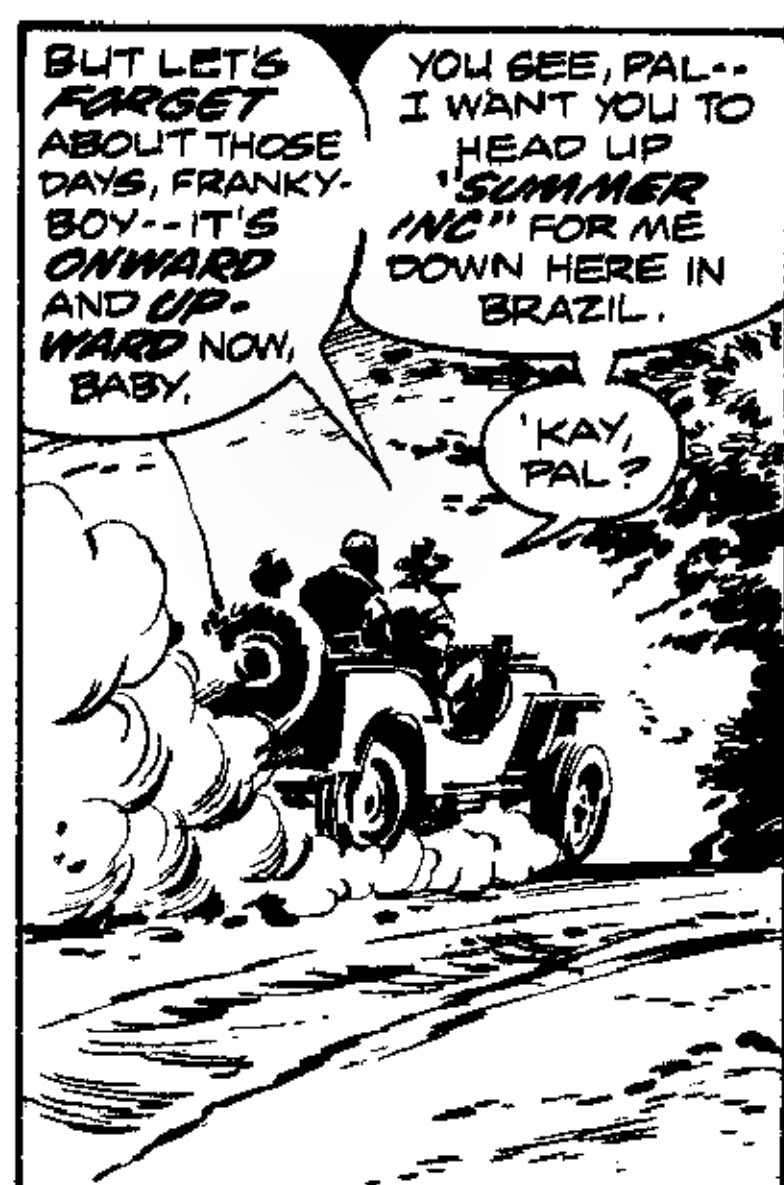
THE PRIVATE PILOT SIGNALS THE
EXPECTANT LANDING, AND A WIST-
FUL FRANK DRAKE BUCKLES HIS
SEAT BELT ONCE MORE.

CHASTITY!
THEN
EVERY-
THING'S
DONE.
THANK
GOD.

I WAS
GETTING
WORRIED.

HEY, YOU
FORGETTING
ME, DANNY?

IN A MOMENT,
FRANK-BOY--LITTLE
CHASTITY JONES
HERE IS FAR NICER
TO GREET.



"NOTHING TO LOOK BACKWARD TO WITH PRIDE, AND NOTHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO WITH HOPE." **ROBERT FROST**, MY DEAR.

PERHAPS FRANK'S **SOJOURN** FROM US WILL BRING HIM THE **HOPE** HE NEEDS.

IF HE **LOVES** YOU, HE WILL RETURN-- BUT **ONLY** WHEN HE CAN LOVE HIMSELF AS MUCH.

OUTSIDE LONDON:

RACHEL NODS QUIETLY. PERHAPS HE WILL COME BACK A NEW AND BETTER MAN. BUT, THINKS THE VAMPIRE HUNTRESS, IS A BETTER MAN ONE SHE COULD LIVE WITH?

DOES SHE, RACHEL WONDERS, SIMPLY WANT A MAN TO **LAUD** OVER... OR A MAN WHO CAN **STAND** ON THE SAME GROUND AS SHE?

TWO WEEKS AND THREE DAYS FROM NOW RACHEL WILL SILENTLY **PRAY** THAT QUINCY'S "PERHAPS" COMES TRUE.

WE'RE ONLY **SLIGHTLY** BETTER OFF NOW THAN WE WERE BEFORE, SHIELA.

AT LEAST WE **KNOW** WHAT THE **CHIMERA** IS CAPABLE OF DOING.

NOW WE'VE ONLY GOT TO FIND THE **TWO** MISSING SECTIONS--

--IF I EVER WANT TO FIND MY FATHER'S **MURDERERS**...

...AND TO **DESTROY** THE CHIMERA WHICH WAS HIS **LAST WISH**!

WE HOLD THE **TAIL** SECTION-- THE LION'S **HEAD** AND THE GOAT'S **BODY** ARE GONE, BUT THEY MUST BE FOUND... **THEY MUST BE.**

SHIELA? ARE YOU **LISTENING?** SHIELA?

BUT SHIELA WHITTIER'S MIND IS ELSEWHERE... ON THE DEMON WHO **COMMANDED** THAT SHE **SPY** ON THIS YOUTH... AND THE CHIMERA STATUE HER **MASTER** SO READILY CRAVES.

DRACULA!

BUT NOW SHIELA **QUESTIONS** THOSE **COMMANDS**... AND FOR THE **FIRST** TIME, THE ONE WHO GAVE THEM TO HER:

UNNNHHH...

THE PAIN IS **GONE**... BUT STILL THE **TIREDDNESS** REMAINS.

HOLD!

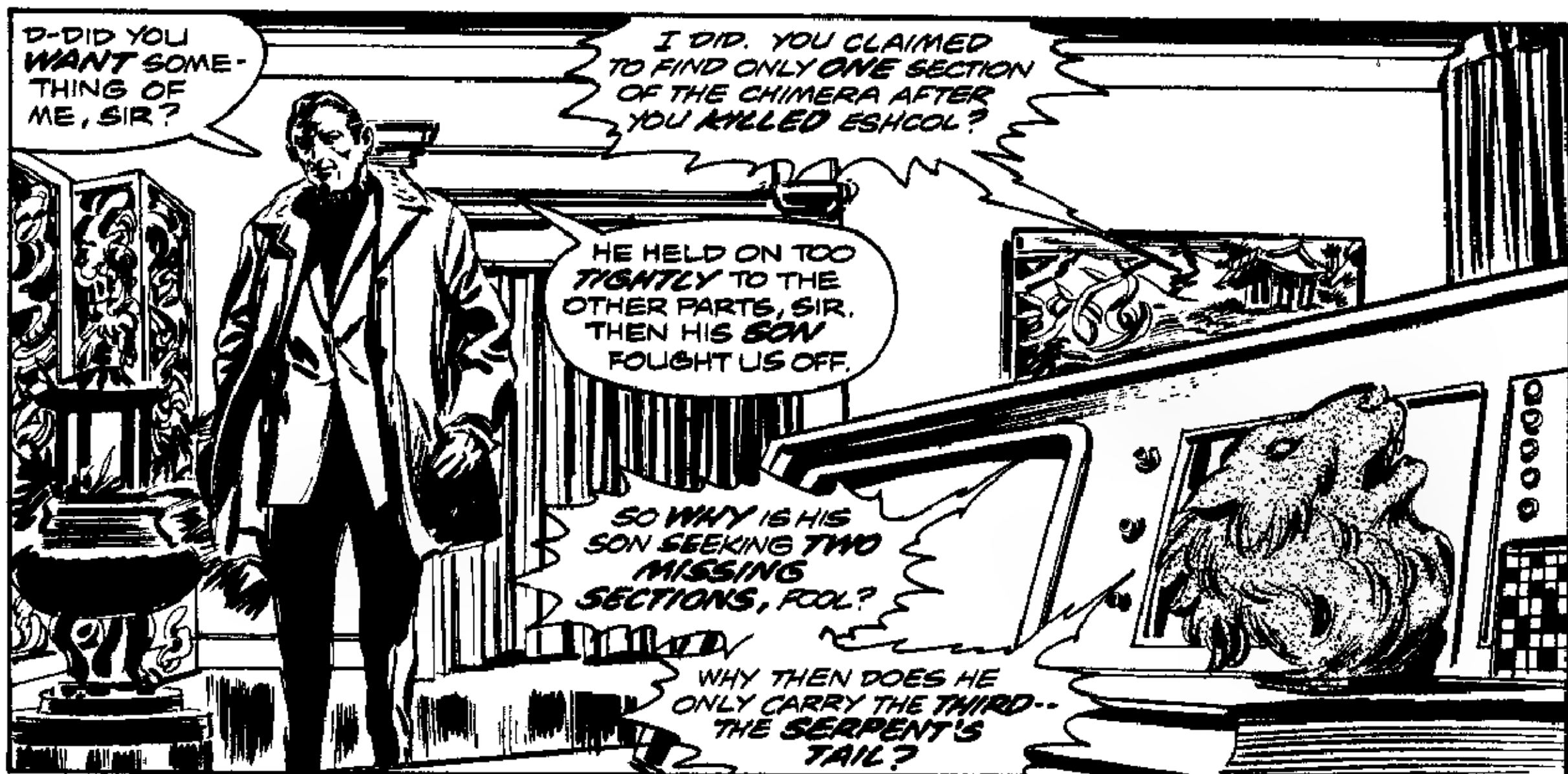
WHERE AM I? THIS ISN'T THE **ROOM** WHERE I WAS LAST.

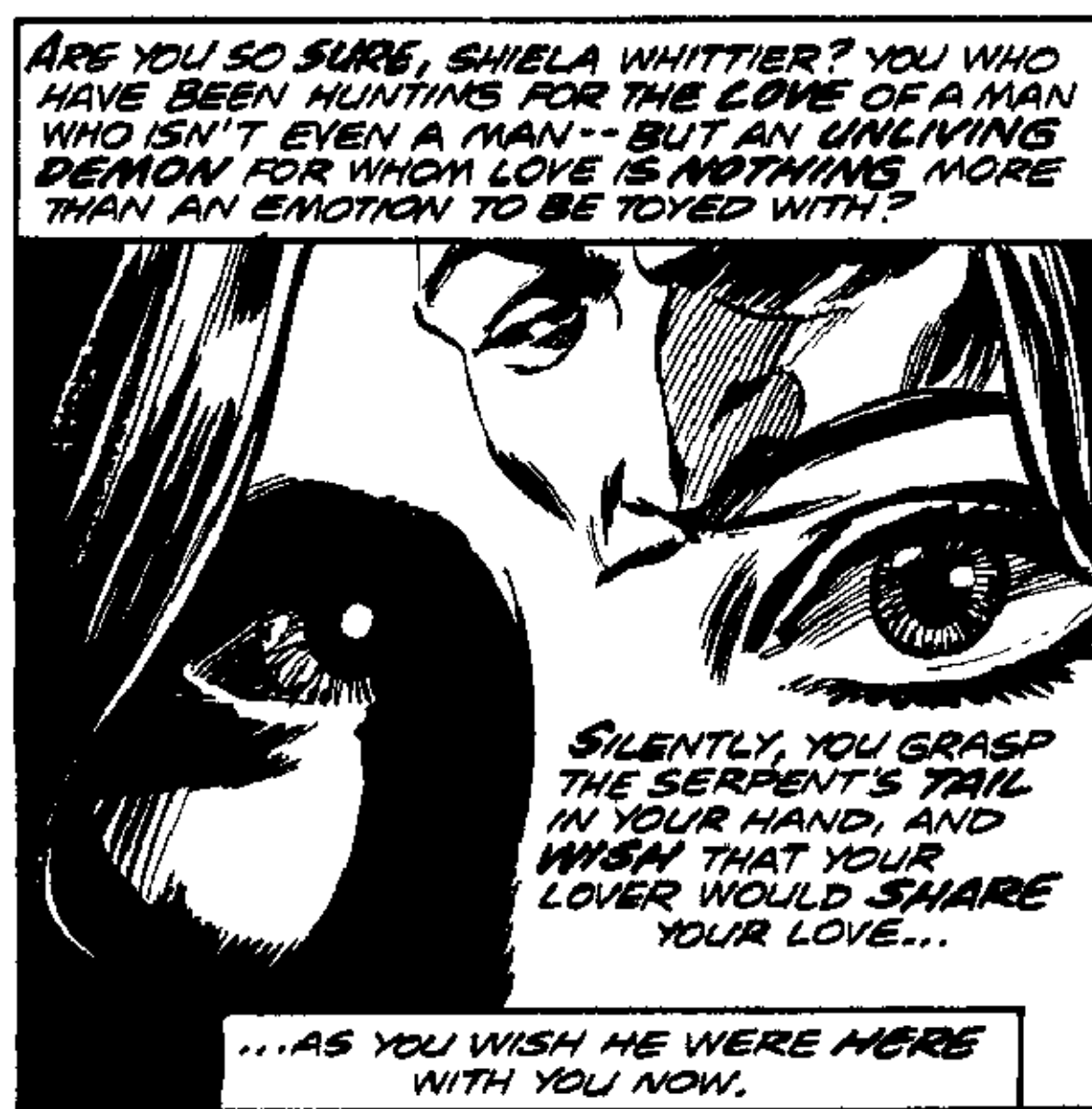
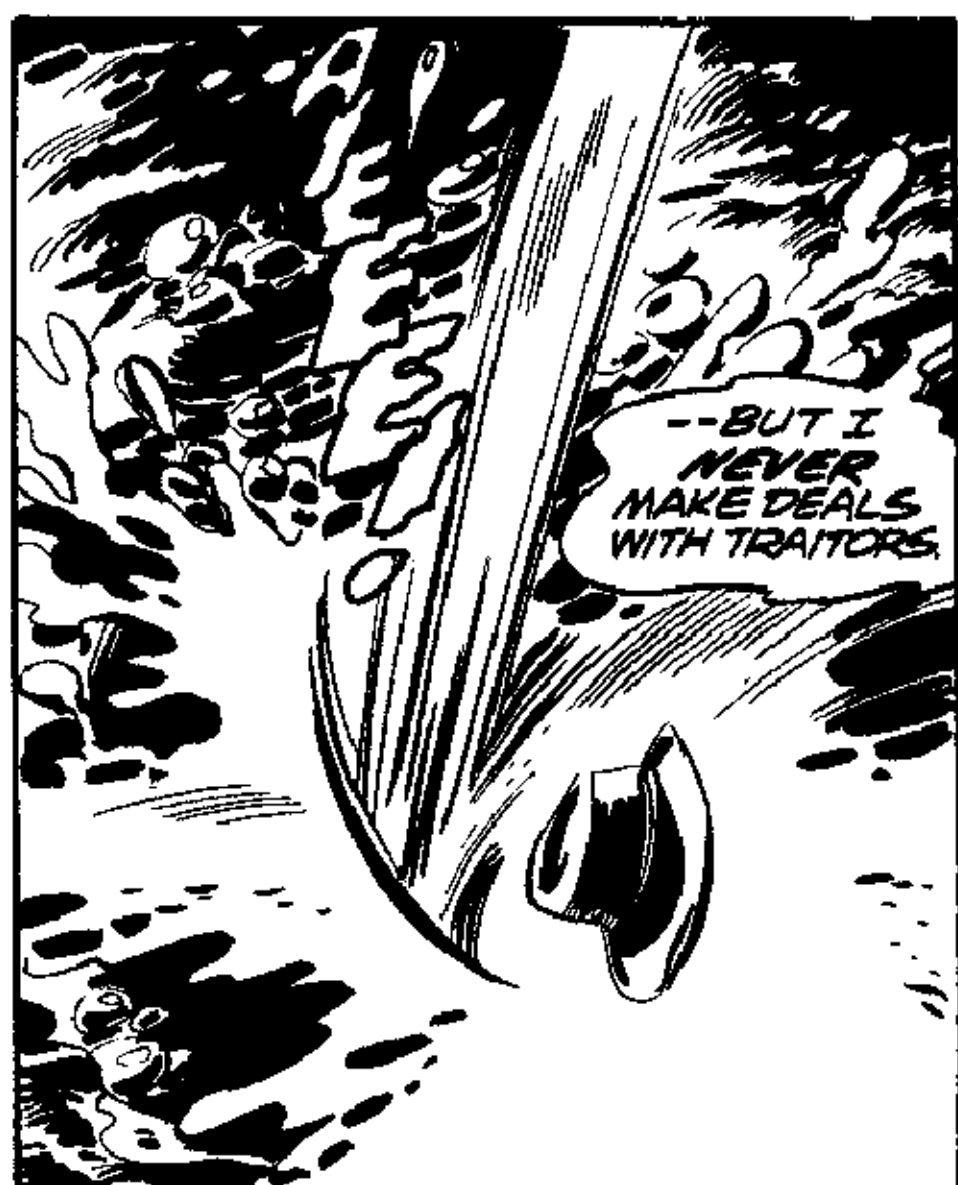
HOW DID I COME HERE--? **HOW?**

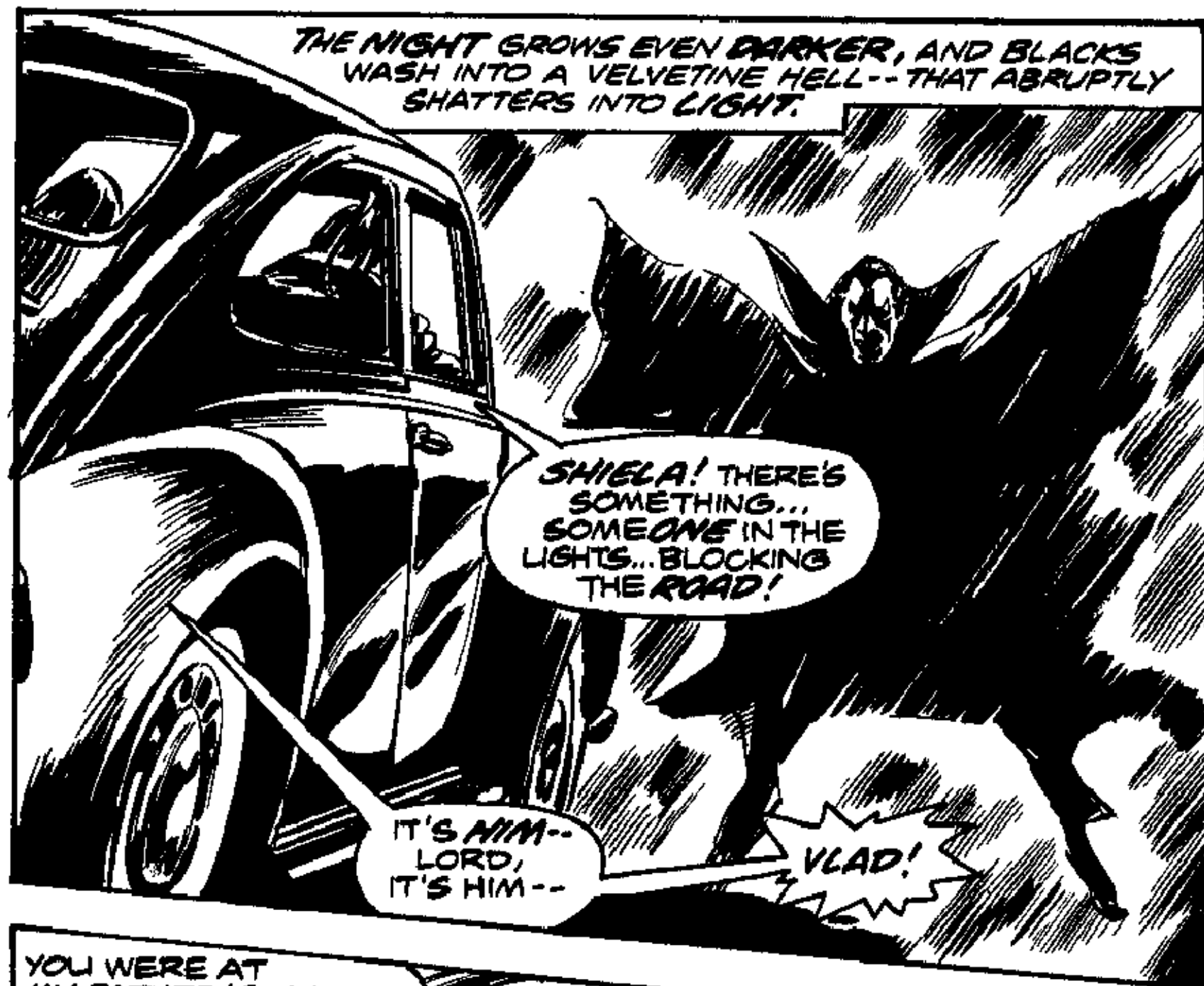
DON'T ENTER

I'VE RETURNED AS YOU ORDERED, SIR.

ENTER THEN...







THE NIGHT GROWS EVEN DARKER, AND BLACKS WASH INTO A VELVETINE HELL-- THAT ABRUPTLY SHATTERS INTO LIGHT.

SHIELA! THERE'S SOMETHING... SOMEONE IN THE LIGHTS... BLOCKING THE ROAD!

IT'S HIM-- LORD, IT'S HIM--

VLAD!



SHIELA WHITTIER? THEN I'VE RETURNED TO LONDON, BUT HOW? NOW?

YOUR FACE... I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE...



YOU WERE AT MY FATHER'S SHOP-- AFTER HE DIED! I'M SURE OF IT, * WHO ARE YOU?

MISS WHITTIER'S, EH, EMPLOYER, MR. ESHCOL.

DIDN'T SHE TELL YOU SHE WAS FROM THE MUSEUM?

* LAST ISSUE.--ROY.



SHE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT MY FATHER CONTACTING THEM FOR VERIFICATION--

BUT NOW THAT I THINK ABOUT IT, IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

HE WANTED *SECRECY* CONCERNING THE CHIMERA. WHY, HE DIDN'T EVEN TELL ME ABOUT IT UNTIL THE NIGHT HE DIED.

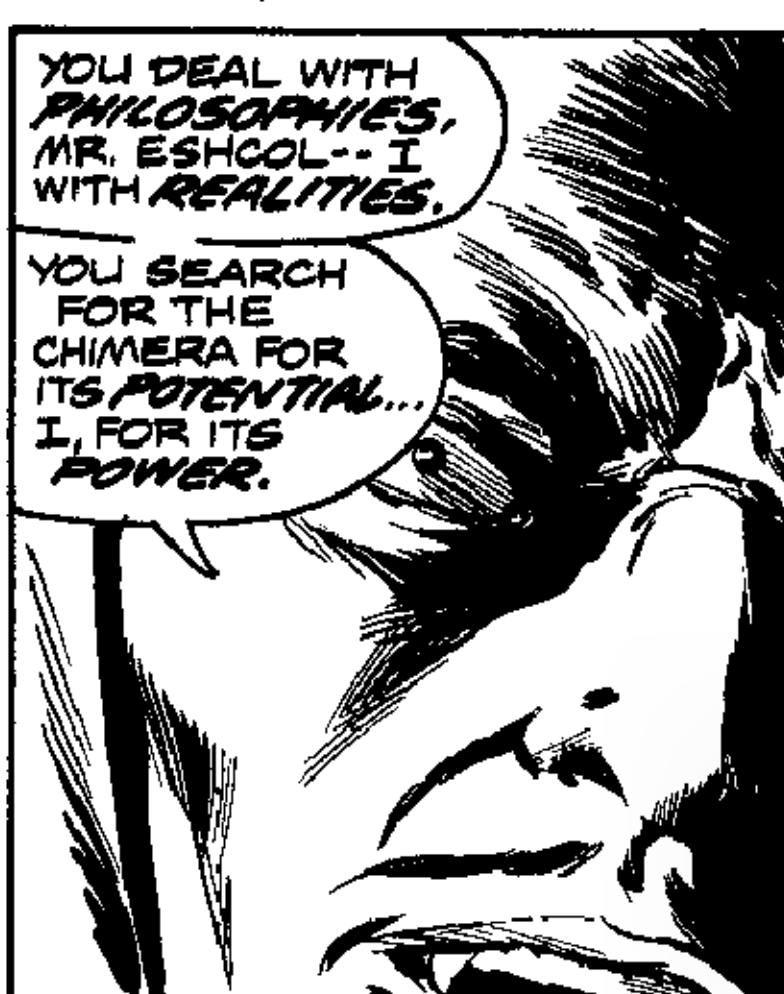
NOW, ONE MORE TIME-- WHO ARE YOU?

I AM WHAT YOU SEE BEFORE YOU, MR. ESHCOL. NOTHING LESS.



MY FATHER TAUGHT ME THAT "THE EYE IS NOT SATISFIED WITH SEEING."

AND IN YOUR CASE, I SENSE YOU ARE FAR MORE THAN WHAT YOU APPEAR TO BE.



YOU DEAL WITH *PHILOSOPHIES*, MR. ESHCOL-- I WITH *REALITIES*.

YOU SEARCH FOR THE CHIMERA FOR ITS *POTENTIAL*... I, FOR ITS *POWER*.

YOUR FATHER KNEW OF ITS POWER... KNEW HOW *TEMPTING* IT COULD BECOME-- YET, HE FAILED TO SEE *BEYOND* THAT--

--ALMOST AS IF HE, TOO, WERE *AFRAID* OF TEMPTATION.

I AM AFRAID OF NOTHING!



NOTHING?

NOTHING!

WHEN YOU
LOSE YOUR FEAR
OF **DEATH**...
WHAT ELSE
IS THERE TO
BE **AFRAID** OF?



BUT ENOUGH WITH
SEMANTICS. GIVE ME
THE TAIL PIECE, AND
I SHALL SHOW YOU
THE WONDERS IT
CAN BRING.

I DON'T KNOW
IF I SHOULD...

**GIVE IT
TO ME,
ESHCOL--!**



THAT IS **BETTER**-- NOW
OBSERVE, MY FRIEND--
OBSERVE...



...AS I CALL
UPON THE **FIRE-
PLAGUE** TO RAIN
FROM THE SKY...

...TO BRING **HAVOC**
UPON THE LANDS OF
THIS EARTH.

**WATCH...
WATCH!**



STOP IT...!
STOP IT!
HAVE YOU
GONE **MAD**?

FOR GOD'S
SAKE--
STOP IT!

HAHA!

RA!



**JASPUR, INDIA: ONE
MOMENT BEFORE.**

**TAJ NITAL FEELS
THE COOLNESS OF
THIS SUMMER NIGHT
AND SILENTLY WISHES
HE WERE BACK IN HIS
MOTEL... PACKING TO
RETURN TO HIS HOME
IN ENGLAND.**

**INSTEAD, HE IS
ONCE AGAIN
MAKING THE
DREADFUL TRIP
TO HIS OTHER
HOME-- TO THE
HOME HE LEFT
FIVE YEARS BEFORE--**

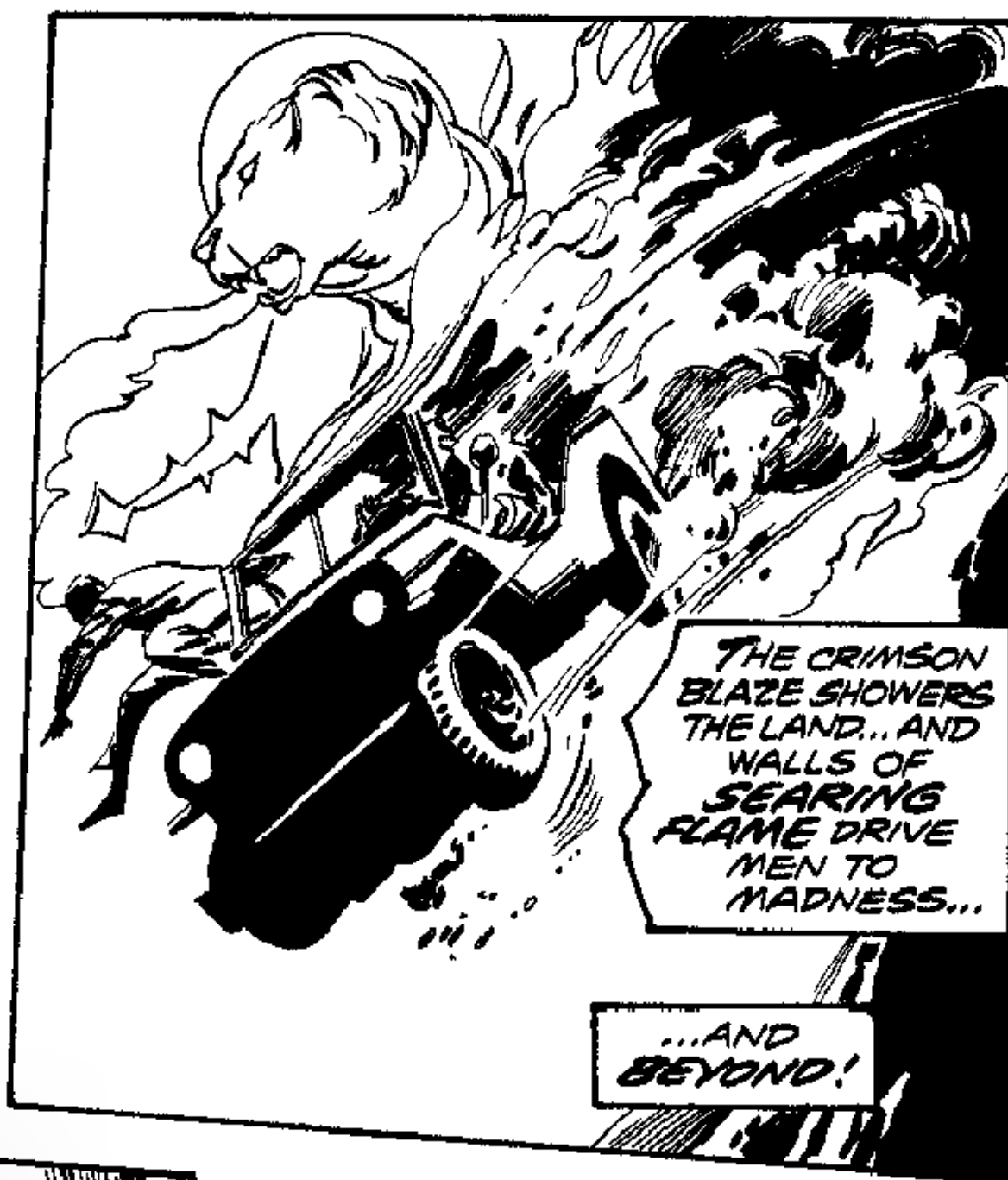
**--AND TO THE WIFE AND
CHILD HE HAD ABANDONED.**

TAJ GAZES QUIETLY AT THE CLOUD-TRESSED NIGHT, AND THINKS OF RACHEL VAN HELSING, QUINCY HARKER, AND OF FRANK DRAKE...

...AND ONCE MORE HE WISHES HE WERE WITH THEM.

THEN...

TAJ--! LOOK AT THE SKY. LOOK!



THE CRIMSON BLAZE SHOWERS THE LAND... AND WALLS OF SEARING FLAME DRIVE MEN TO MADNESS...

...AND BEYOND!

CEASE YOUR RANTING, ESHCOL-- I **KNOW** THE POWER BEHIND THIS STATUE...

INDEED, I HAVE **VERSED** MYSELF WELL IN IT.

NOW, **OBSERVE** ONCE MORE--



--AS I CALL UPON THE **RAINS** TO WASH AWAY ALL TRACES OF FIRE...

...AND TO **RESTORE** ALL AS ONCE IT WAS.



"WITHOUT HARM TO ANY!"

YOU SEE, ESHCOL-- THE POWER THAT EVEN THIS **ONE** SECTION POSSESSES? IMAGINE THE STATUE **COMPLETE**.

MY FATHER WAS **RIGHT**-- IT'S TOO POWERFUL FOR ANY MAN.

YOUR FATHER WAS A **FOOL** WHO COULD NOT ACCEPT TRUE WISDOM.

BUT THAT IS NEITHER HERE NOR THERE-- WE NEED TWO FURTHER **SECTIONS** OF THE CHIMERA.



SHIELA SUGGESTED WE USE THIS PART TO FIND THE OTHERS... BUT IT **DOESN'T** WORK...

OF COURSE IT WOULDN'T, CLOD--

--OR WHOEVER
HOLDS THE OTHER
TWO PARTS, WOULD
ALREADY HAVE
FOUND US.

WE NEED A
VIRTUAL
ARMY TO
AID US IN
OUR
SEARCH--

--AN ARMY
THAT I CAN
PROVIDE.

RISE FROM YOUR
SOULLESS GRAVES,
MY SLAVES--

--DRACULA,
LORD OF THE
UNDEAD,
COMMANDS IT!

HIGHGATE
CEMETERY.

"RISE AND
SEEK OUT
WHAT I WISH,
GO-- AND
FAIL NOT,
OR I SHALL
DESTROY
YOU ALL."

THE EARTH, STILL DAMP
FROM THE CHIMERA-CREATED
RAINS, FALLS EASILY ASIDE
AS GNARLED, FALSIED HANDS
GROPE UP THROUGH THE GROUND...
AND SCRAPE AT THE MIDNIGHT-
COLD AIR.

INSIDE THE SMALL
STUCCO COTTAGE
STANDING ON THE
EDGE OF THIS NIGHT-
DARK CEMETERY,
HORATIO TOOMBS,
CUSTODIAN, SITS,
OBLIVIOUS TO LIFE...
AND DEATH.

DRACULA HAS
SUMMONED
HIS VAMPIRE
LEGIONS... AND
THEY RISE TO
PLEASE THEIR
LORD.

SO THERE 'E
WUZ, POLL--
WI' 'IS KNIGHT
TAKIN' M' ROOK.
OI WUZ FLAMIN'
MAD, O' COURSE.

EH? SOMEONE OUT
THERE, AY? 'OO
IZZIT, MATE?

BUT THREE MOVES
LATER OI TOOK 'IS
RUDDY QUEEN AN'
'E WUZ IN BLINKIN'
TROUBLE, MATE.
N' BAD, AY?



THE FIRST HAND SHATTERS THE GLASS, AND A BROKEN WINDOW SHARD SPLITS HORATIO TOOMBS' NECK IN HALF...



...SO EVEN BEFORE THE HORDES OF SLAVERING UNDEAD CAN CLAIM HIM, THE QUIET CUSTODIAN IS DEAD--

--AND HIS BLOOD DRIPS ONTO A STONE-SLAB FLOOR.

HUNGRILY, ONE BLOOD-DENIED VAMPIRE TURNS ...SEEKING ANY VICTIM TO QUENCH ITS INHUMAN THIRST.



AND SPYING THE FRIGHTENED PARROT PERCHED TO ONE SIDE, LICKS ITS LIPS...



...AND LAPS UP WHAT-EVER LITTLE BLOOD THERE IS.



WHILE--

MY LEGIONS SHALL COMB THIS AREA FOR US, ESHCOL...

...FOR THIS STONE, AS YOU CALL IT, HAS MAGNIFIED MY MYSTERIOUSLY WAINING POWERS--

--TO THE POINT I CAN MAINTAIN CONTROL OF MY MINIONS EVEN AT THIS DISTANCE.

YOU LOOK BEWILDERED, ESHCOL.



DID NOT MY TRUSTED COMPANION TELL YOU WHAT I AM?

WHAT ARE YOU--?





THE JEWISH
STAR OF DAVID?
KEEP IT AWAY
FROM ME,
ESHCOL.

THEN
YOU
FEAR
IT?



BUT I DIDN'T
THINK THE
JEWISH **STAR**
WOULD WORK.
I DIDN'T KNOW.

SYMBOLS OF
ALL **GODS**
REPUSE ME,
ESHCOL-- YOUR
RIDICULOUS
VERSION--
AND ALL THE
OTHERS.



ABANDON THAT RELIGIOUS
TOKEN, ESHCOL. DON'T
YOU REALIZE YOUR GOD
IS A **FOOL. HE'S A LUNATIC**
-- WHO CLAIMS HE
CREATED THIS
WORLD--

-- OF **SIN... OF EVIL...**
OF A THOUSAND
VARIED **DEBAUCHERIES.**

WHAT SORT OF
GOD CAN SUCH
A CREATOR OF
MADNESS BE?

HE CREATED
US, DRACULA--
BUT HE
DOESN'T
CONTROL
OUR EVERY
THOUGHT.



HE **TAUGHT US...**
SHOWED US THE
PATH OF GOOD
AND OF **EVIL,** AND
HOPED HIS TEACH-
ING WOULD LEAD
US CORRECTLY.
MEN HAVE
TRAVELLED **BOTH**
PATHS--

-- BUT IT HAS BEEN
THE **MAN WHO WAS**
EVIL-- NOT THE GOD
WHO CREATED HIM-- WHO
GAVE HIM HIS **FREE**
WILL TO MAKE HIS
OWN MISTAKES.

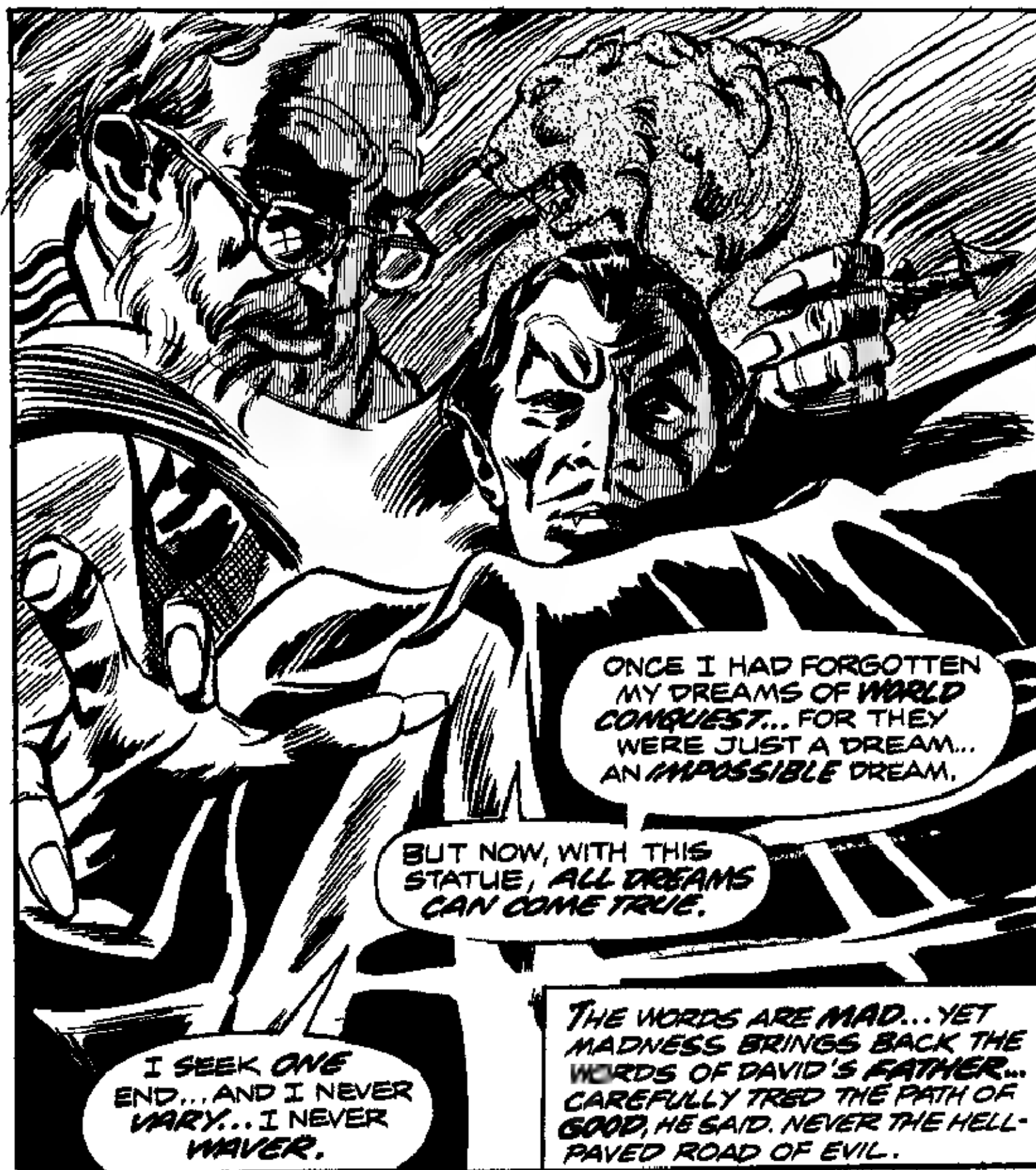


LITTLE BOY-MAN DOES
NOT HAVE HIS **CHOICE** IN
THINGS. HE FOLLOWS THE
WILL OF HIS **BETTERS...**
AND HE IS **DESTROYED**
IF HE DOES NOT.

BE IT HIS **COUNTRY**
OR HIS **FELLOW MAN,**
HE FOLLOWS HIS
DICTATED RULES--

NOW I MUST
BE THE ONE WHO
FORMS THOSE
RULES... WHO
ENFORCES THOSE
INSTRUCTIONS.

FOR, AM I NOT
YOU **HUMANS'**
SUPERIOR?

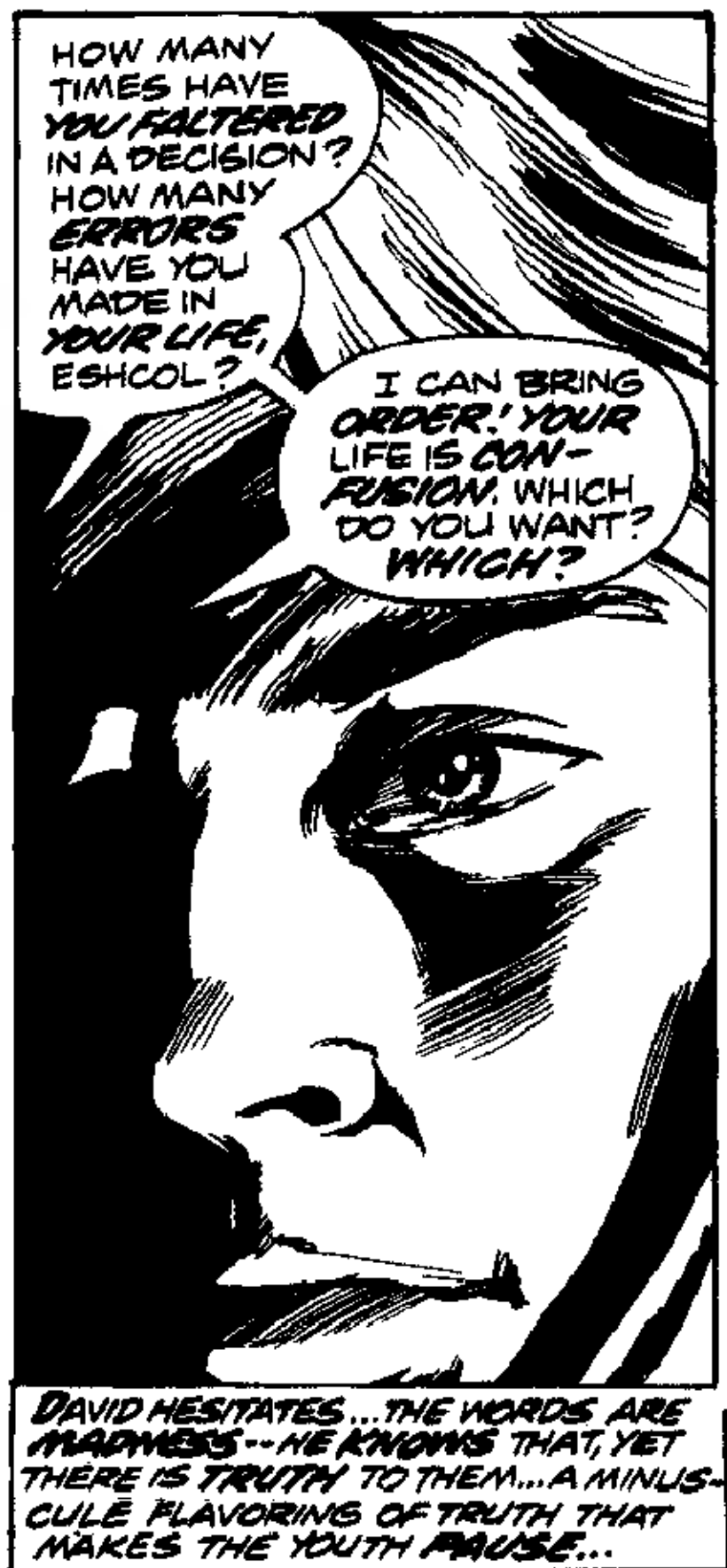


ONCE I HAD FORGOTTEN
MY DREAMS OF **WORLD
CONQUEST...** FOR THEY
WERE JUST A DREAM...
AN **IMPOSSIBLE** DREAM.

BUT NOW, WITH THIS
STATUE, **ALL DREAMS
CAN COME TRUE.**

I SEEK **ONE**
END... AND I NEVER
VARY... I NEVER
WAVER.

*THE WORDS ARE MAD... YET
MADNESS BRINGS BACK THE
WORDS OF DAVID'S FATHER...
CAREFULLY TRED THE PATH OF
GOOD, HE SAID. NEVER THE HELL-
PAVED ROAD OF EVIL.*



HOW MANY
TIMES HAVE
YOU FALTERED
IN A DECISION?
HOW MANY
ERRORS
HAVE YOU
MADE IN
YOUR LIFE,
ESHCOL?

I CAN BRING
ORDER! YOUR
LIFE IS **CON-
FUSION.** WHICH
DO YOU WANT?
WHICH?

*DAVID HESITATES... THE WORDS ARE
MADNESS... HE KNOWS THAT, YET
THERE IS TRUTH TO THEM... A MINUS-
CULE FLAVORING OF TRUTH THAT
MAKES THE YOUTH PAUSE...*



...JUST ONE
MOMENT
TOO LONG.

YOU LISTENED TO
MY **LIES,** ESHCOL...
BECAUSE THERE
WAS **TRUTH**
IN THEM.

AND **THAT IS**
WHY YOU SHALL
PERISH... THAT
IS WHY **ALL**
YOU HUMANS
SHALL EVEN-
TUALLY **BOW**
BEFORE ME.

YOU ARE MERE
CHILDREN...
MINDLESS **INFANTS**
THAT NEED ME
TO **GUIDE** THEM
THROUGH LIFE...

...AND
BEYOND.



BUT I AM FINISHED
WITH **YOU** NOW,
ESHCOL--

--AND SO I NOW
GIVE YOU THE
KISS OF DEATH.

BUT VICTORY IS NOT
YET IN SIGHT, DRACULA
...OR HAVE YOU FINALLY
BEGUN TO BELIEVE
THOSE LIES YOUR-
SELF?

YOU ARE NOT
INVINCIBLE,
DEMON. INDEED
...YOU HAVE
CONFIDENTLY
BLUNDERED
INTO--

ARRGGGHHH!!

--A
BURNING
HELL!

MY FACE!
BLAST
YOU--MY
FACE IS
BURNING!

YOU'LL
PAY FOR
THIS,
ESHCOL.
BY ALL
HELL
SHALL
YOU PAY.

MAYBE, PRINCE OF
EVIL. YET, MAYBE NOT.
FOR, IT IS NOT YOUR
HAND WHICH REACHES
FOR THE TAIL PIECE...

...THE
STONE
SECTION
WHICH
COULD
EASILY
SPELL
YOUR
FINAL
DESTRUC-
TION.

AND IT IS NOT YOUR
VOICE WHICH CALLS TO
A STILL-FRIGHTENED
YOUTH TO FREEZE IN
HIS OWN FEAR.

THAT'S
ENOUGH, KID.
DON'T MOVE...
DON'T DARE
MOVE.

DROP THAT TAIL
NOW, KID. OR YOUR
GIRL FRIEND
HERE'LL GET IT.

AND YOU JUST
A SECOND
LATER.

DAVID!

PERHAPS NOT THE
KINDEST PLACE TO
LEAVE OUR STORY
THIS ISSUE-- FOR
THE ACTION BEGINS
ON OUR VERY NEXT
PAGE.

DON'T DARE MISS..
MADNESS
of the
MIND...

PERHAPS THE MOST
FRIGHTENINGLY
DIFFERENT DRACULA
STORY EVER-- IN OUR
NEXT SOUL-SEAR-
ING ISSUE.

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

25¢

28

JAN

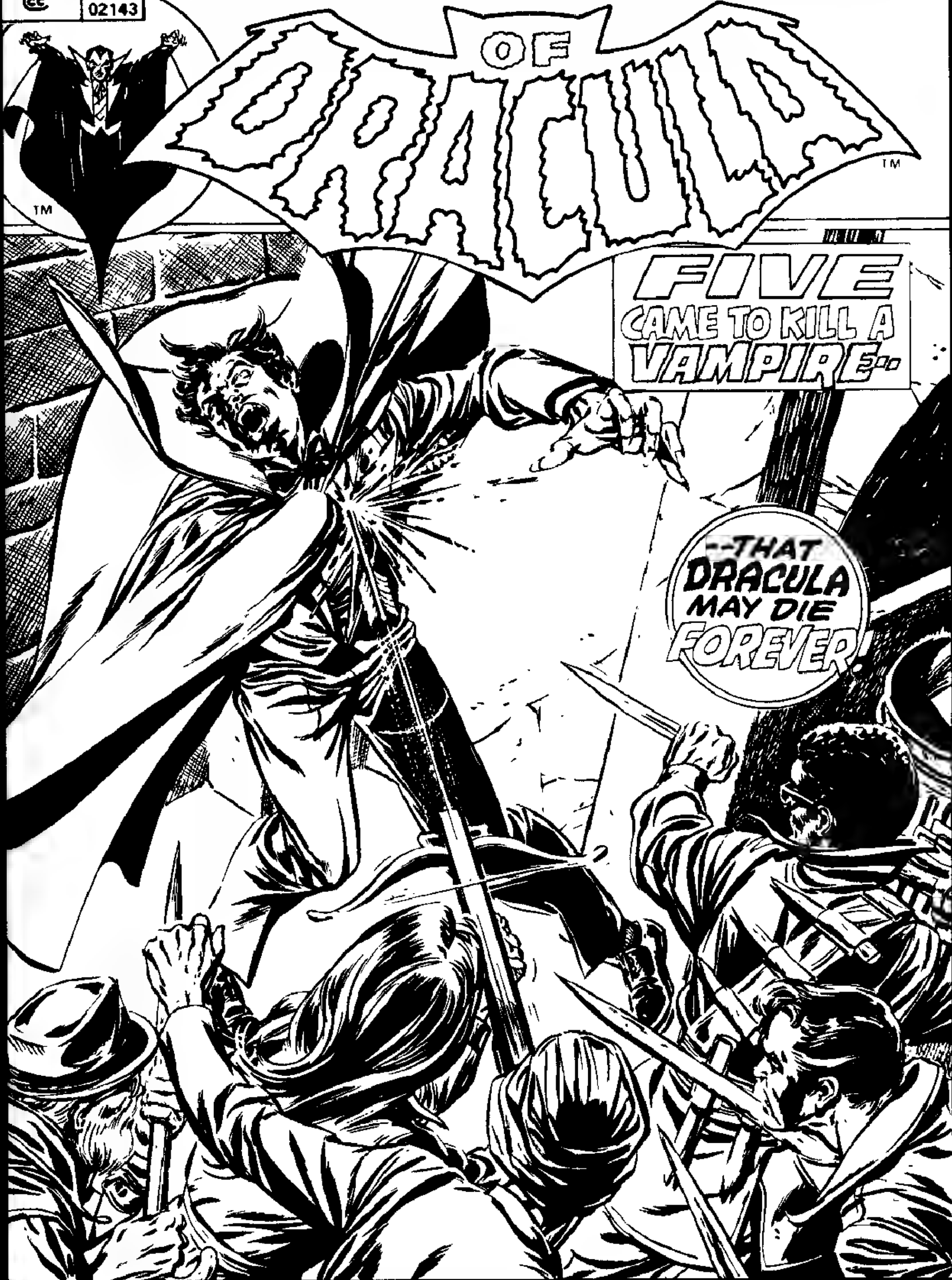
02143

THE TOMB

OF

FIVE
CAME TO KILL A
VAMPIRE

--THAT
DRACULA
MAY DIE
FOREVER!



Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality merge, there are tales of a being who has lived more than Five hundred years, they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of Hell itself, they say he thrives upon the blood of innocents, that he is the king of darkness...the prince of evil and that even the bravest man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name..

Stan Lee
PRESENTS

TOMB OF DRACULA™

MARV WOLFGAN
WRITER

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

RAY HOLLOWAY
LETTERER

P. GOLDBERG
COLORIST

ROY THOMAS
EDITOR

JASPUR, INDIA:

MADNESS IN THE MIND!

"I THINK TILL
I'M WEARY OF
THINKING," SAID
THE SAD-EYED
HINDU KING,
AND I SEE BUT
SHADOWS AROUND
ME, ILLUSION IN
EVERYTHING!"

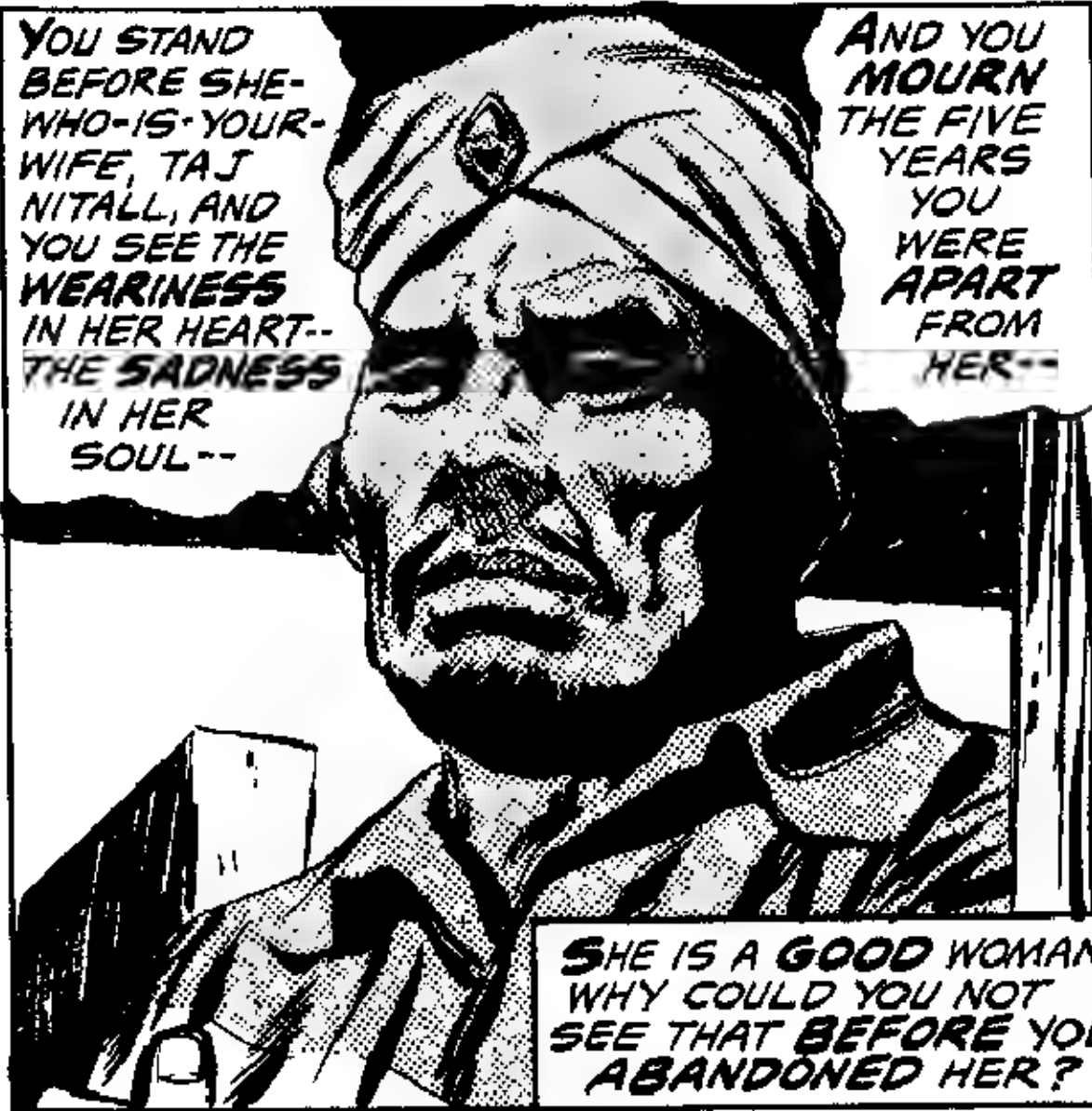
PLEASE, MY
HUSBAND-- DON'T
LOOK AT ME LIKE
THAT! I KNOW THE
FEELING IN YOUR
HEART...

...AS I
UNDERSTAND
THE HATRED
YOU STILL HOLD
FOR ME!

BUT IT IS
FOR YOUR SON
THAT WE MUST
BE TOGETHER
NOW--

--TO WATCH HIM
DIE... AND MY
HEART AND SOUL
GO WITH HIM!

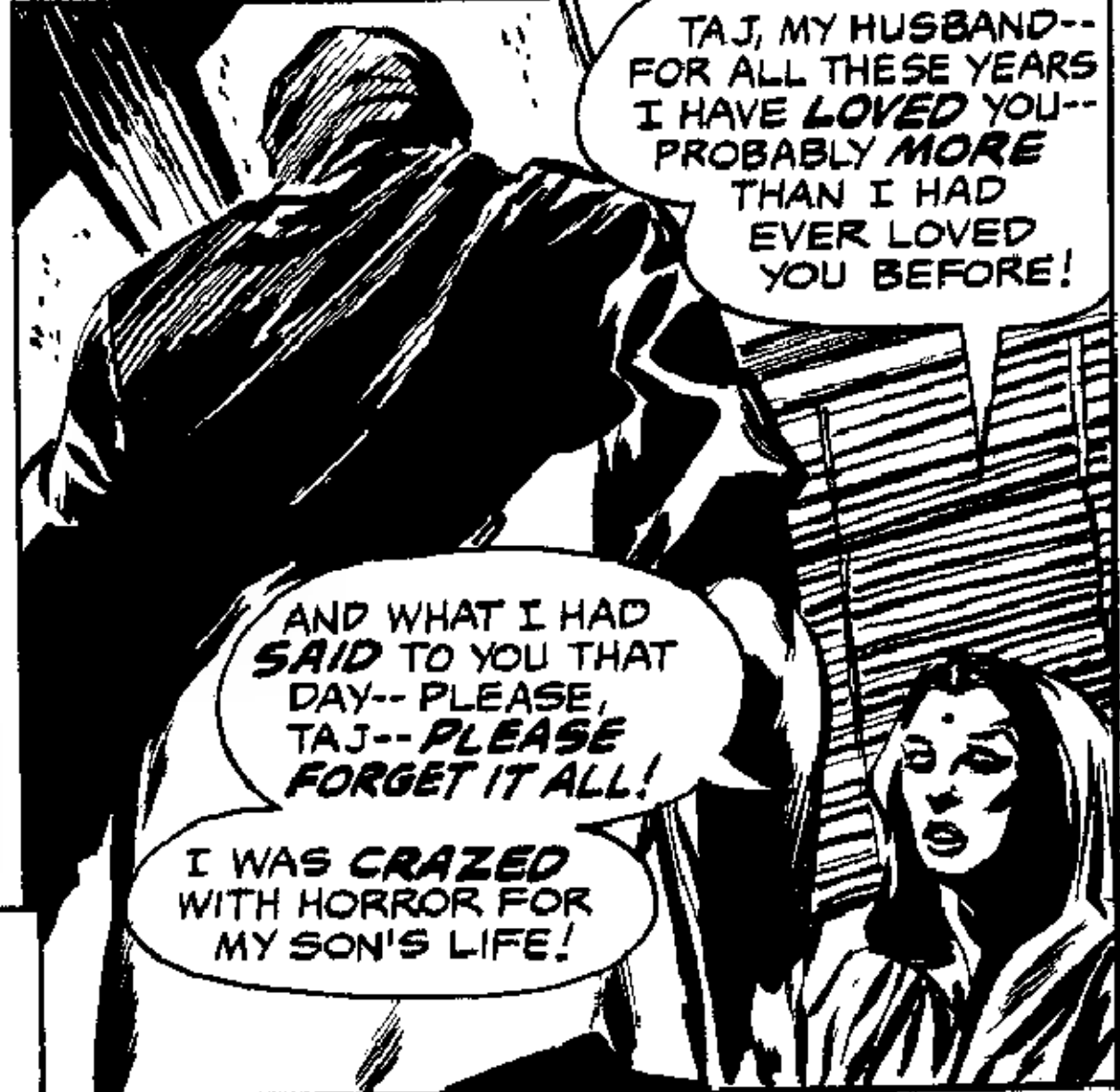




YOU STAND BEFORE SHE-- WHO-IS-YOUR-WIFE, TAJ NITALL, AND YOU SEE THE WEARINESS IN HER HEART-- THE SADNESS IN HER SOUL--

AND YOU MOURN THE FIVE YEARS YOU WERE APART FROM HER--

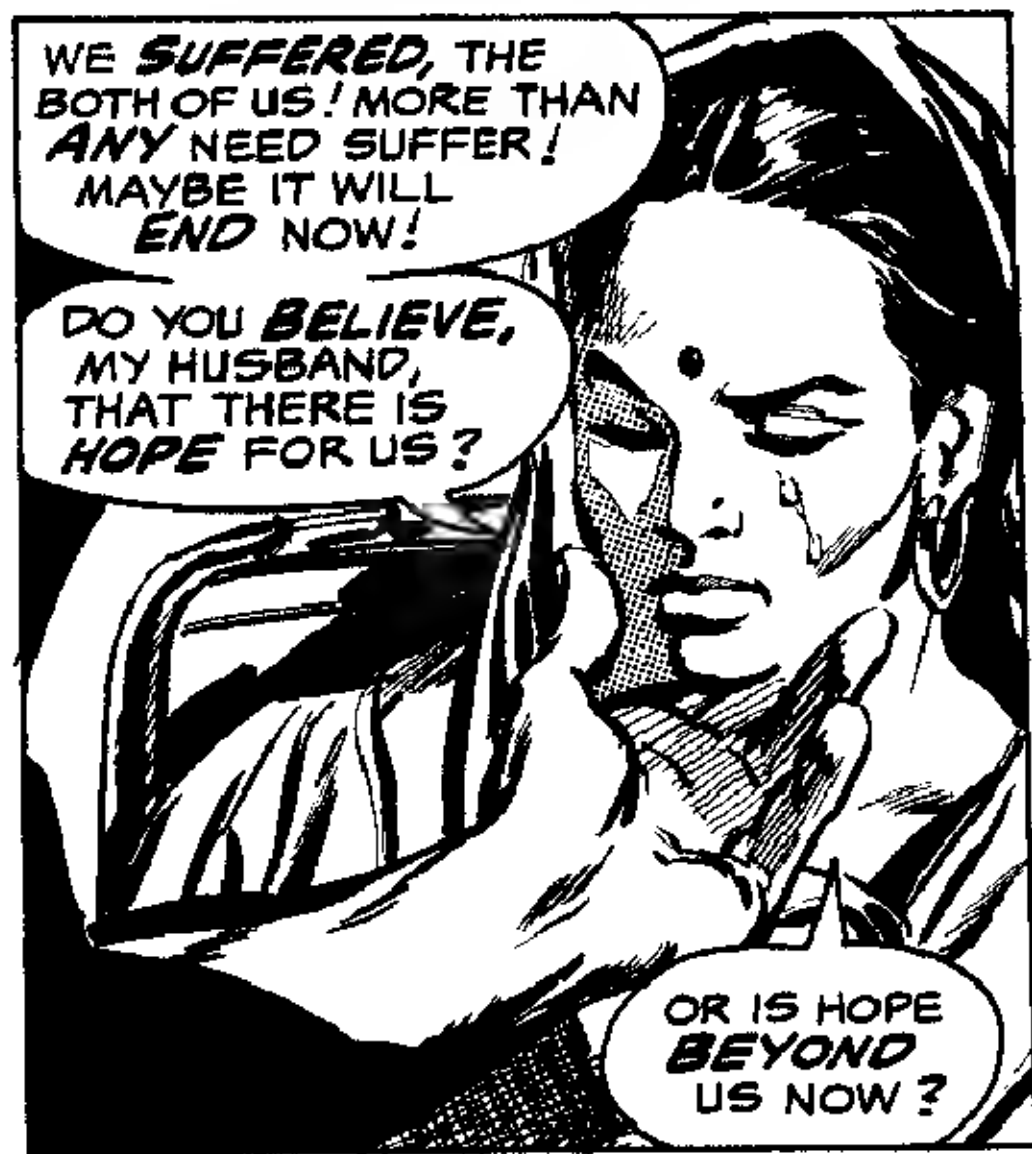
SHE IS A GOOD WOMAN! WHY COULD YOU NOT SEE THAT BEFORE YOU ABANDONED HER?



TAJ, MY HUSBAND-- FOR ALL THESE YEARS I HAVE LOVED YOU-- PROBABLY MORE THAN I HAD EVER LOVED YOU BEFORE!

AND WHAT I HAD SAID TO YOU THAT DAY-- PLEASE, TAJ-- PLEASE FORGET IT ALL!

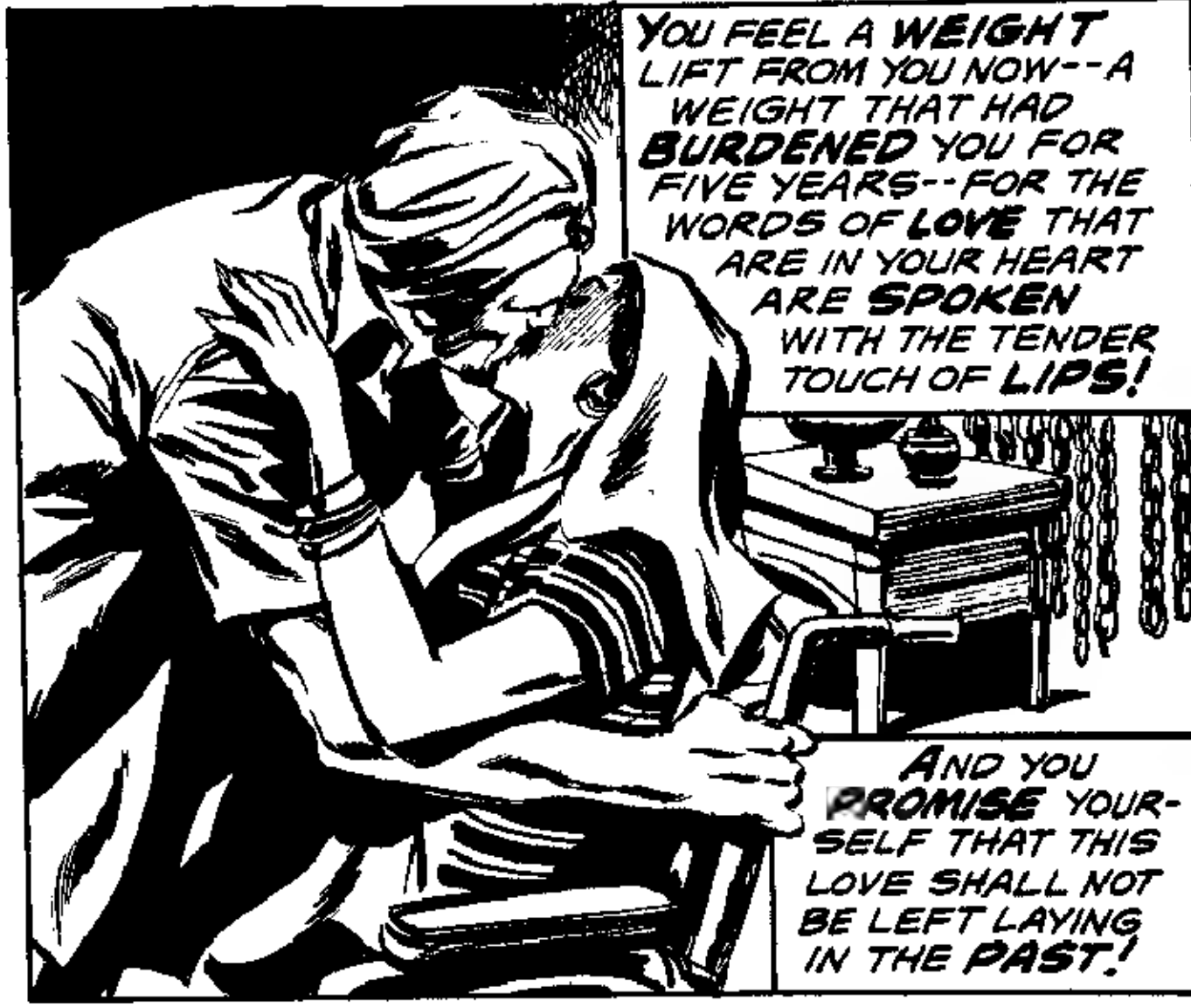
I WAS CRAZED WITH HORROR FOR MY SON'S LIFE!



WE **SUFFERED**, THE BOTH OF US! MORE THAN ANY NEED SUFFER! MAYBE IT WILL END NOW!

DO YOU **BELIEVE**, MY HUSBAND, THAT THERE IS **HOPE** FOR US?

OR IS HOPE **BEYOND** US NOW?



YOU FEEL A **WEIGHT** LIFT FROM YOU NOW-- A WEIGHT THAT HAD **BURDENED** YOU FOR FIVE YEARS-- FOR THE WORDS OF LOVE THAT ARE IN YOUR HEART ARE **SPOKEN** WITH THE TENDER TOUCH OF LIPS!

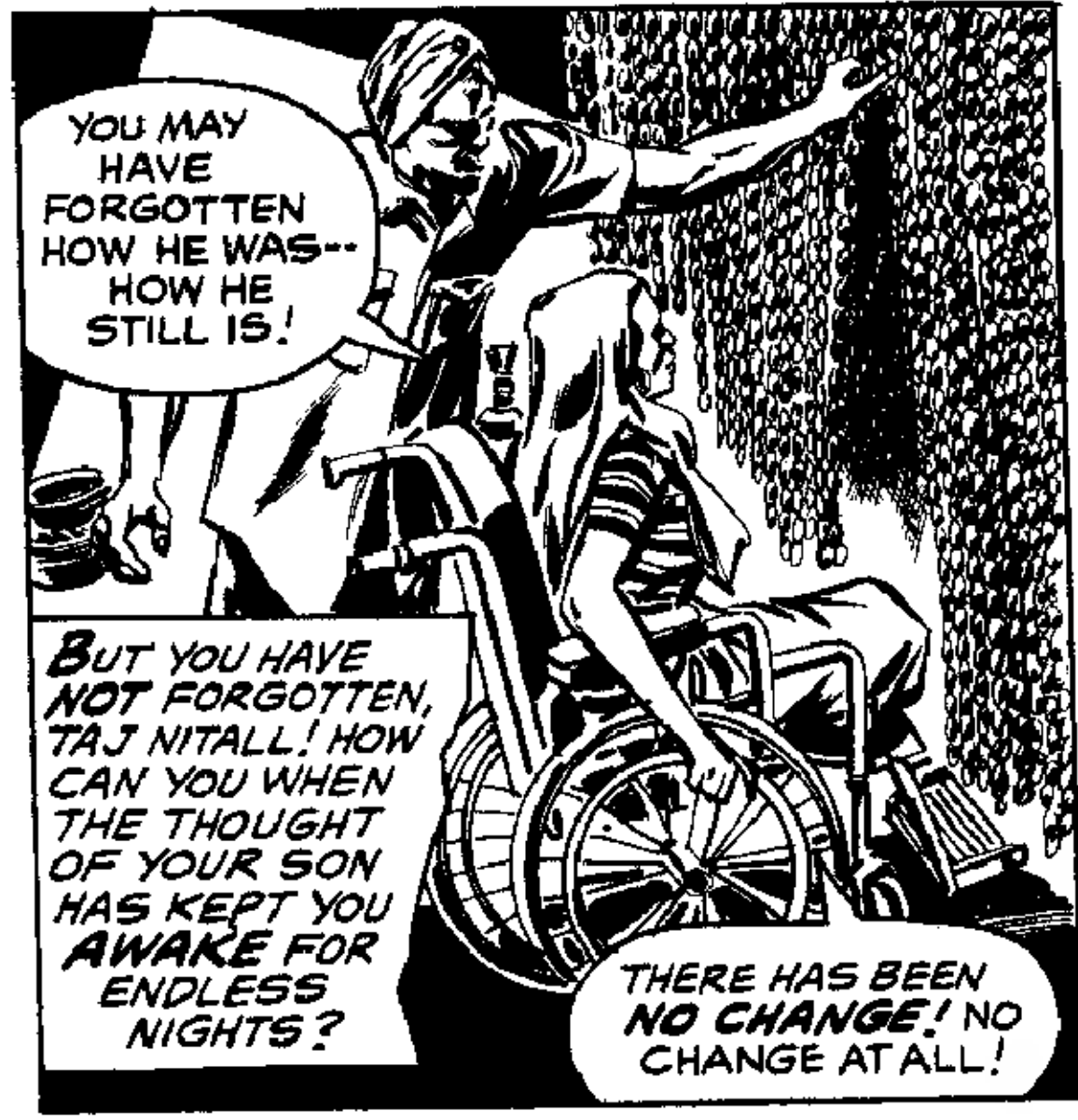
AND YOU **PROMISE** YOURSELF THAT THIS LOVE SHALL NOT BE LEFT LAYING IN THE PAST!



TAJ--

PLEASE-- NO MORE, MY LOVE!

OUR SON-- OUR SON!



YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW HE WAS-- HOW HE STILL IS!

BUT YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN, TAJ NITALL! HOW CAN YOU WHEN THE THOUGHT OF YOUR SON HAS KEPT YOU AWAKE FOR ENDLESS NIGHTS?

THERE HAS BEEN NO CHANGE! NO CHANGE AT ALL!

YOU ARE **UNCERTAIN** OF THE MEANING IN YOUR WIFE'S WORDS AS YOU STARE THROUGH THE BAMBOO CURTAIN-- BUT YOU ARE NOT **UNSURE** OF WHAT YOU SEE, AND THAT MAKES YOU **SICK**!



YOUR SON LAYS THERE, **BOUND** BY CLOVES OF GARLIC! CANISTERS OF **BLOOD** PUMP LIFE THROUGH HIS HALF-DEAD VEINS WHILE **CRUCIFIXES** OF A RELIGION YOU DO NOT BELIEVE IN HANG ON MUD-CAKED WALLS, PROTECTING AN OUTSIDE WORLD FROM THE **HELLISH WRATH** THAT IS IN YOUR CHILD!

HE MOANS, THIS BOY OF YOURS. HIS VOICE IS **HEAVY**, GUTTERAL, AND LADEN WITH **VENOMOUS BILE**, AND YOU BACK AWAY FROM THE YOUTH YOU HELPED GIVE **BIRTH** TO!



NAUSEA WELLS WITHIN YOUR THROAT, AND YOU FIGHT TO KEEP IT DOWN, FOR THIS SON OF YOURS IS A **VAMPIRE**--

--AND YOU KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE TO HIM WHEN MORNING COMES!

YOU CAN **SMELL** HIS **YELLOWED** **DECOMPOSING FLESH**, AND YOU **ARE SICK** NOW! YOU TURN TO RELIEVE YOURSELF BEFORE FACING THE CHILD AGAIN!



TAJ, THE VILLAGERS ARE **AFRAID** OF HIM NOW! THEY FEAR ONE DAY HE'LL BREAK **FREE** OF HIS RESTRAINING BONDS--

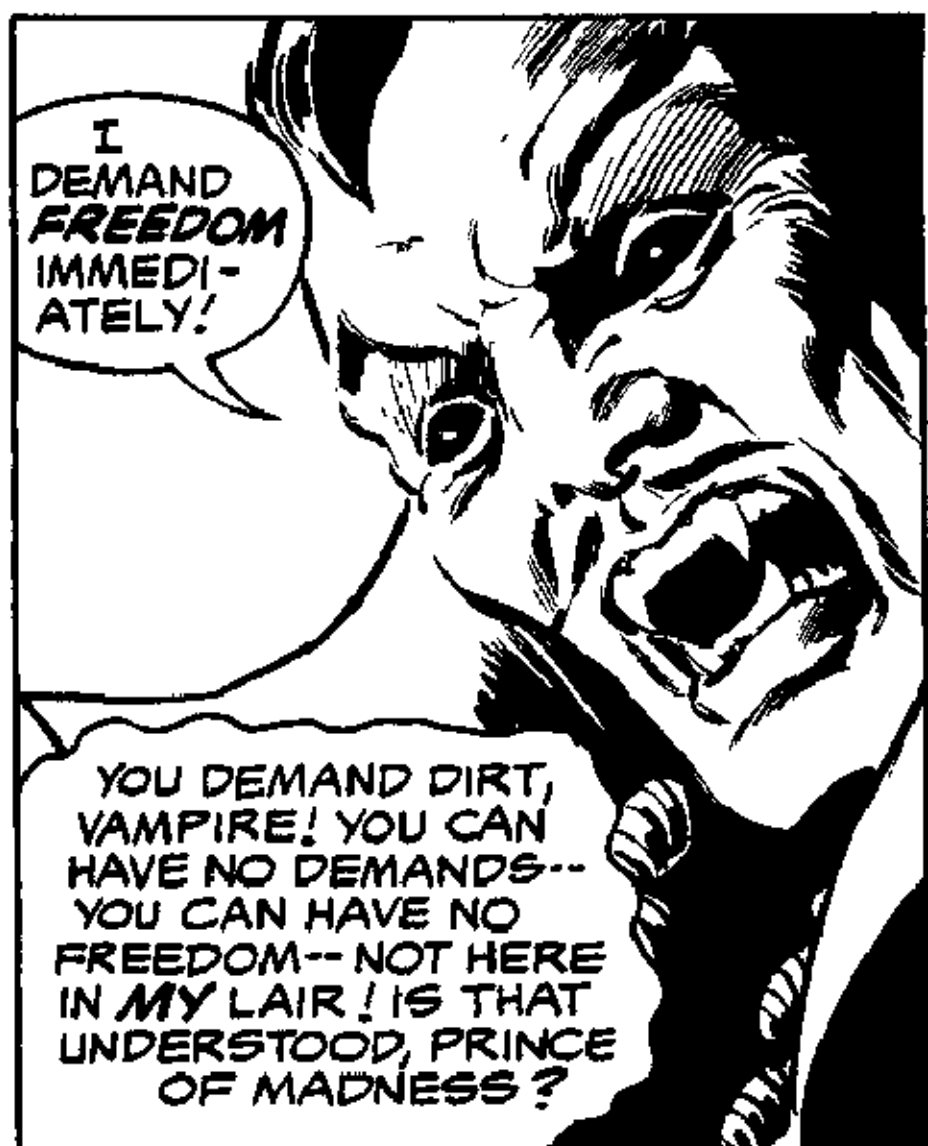
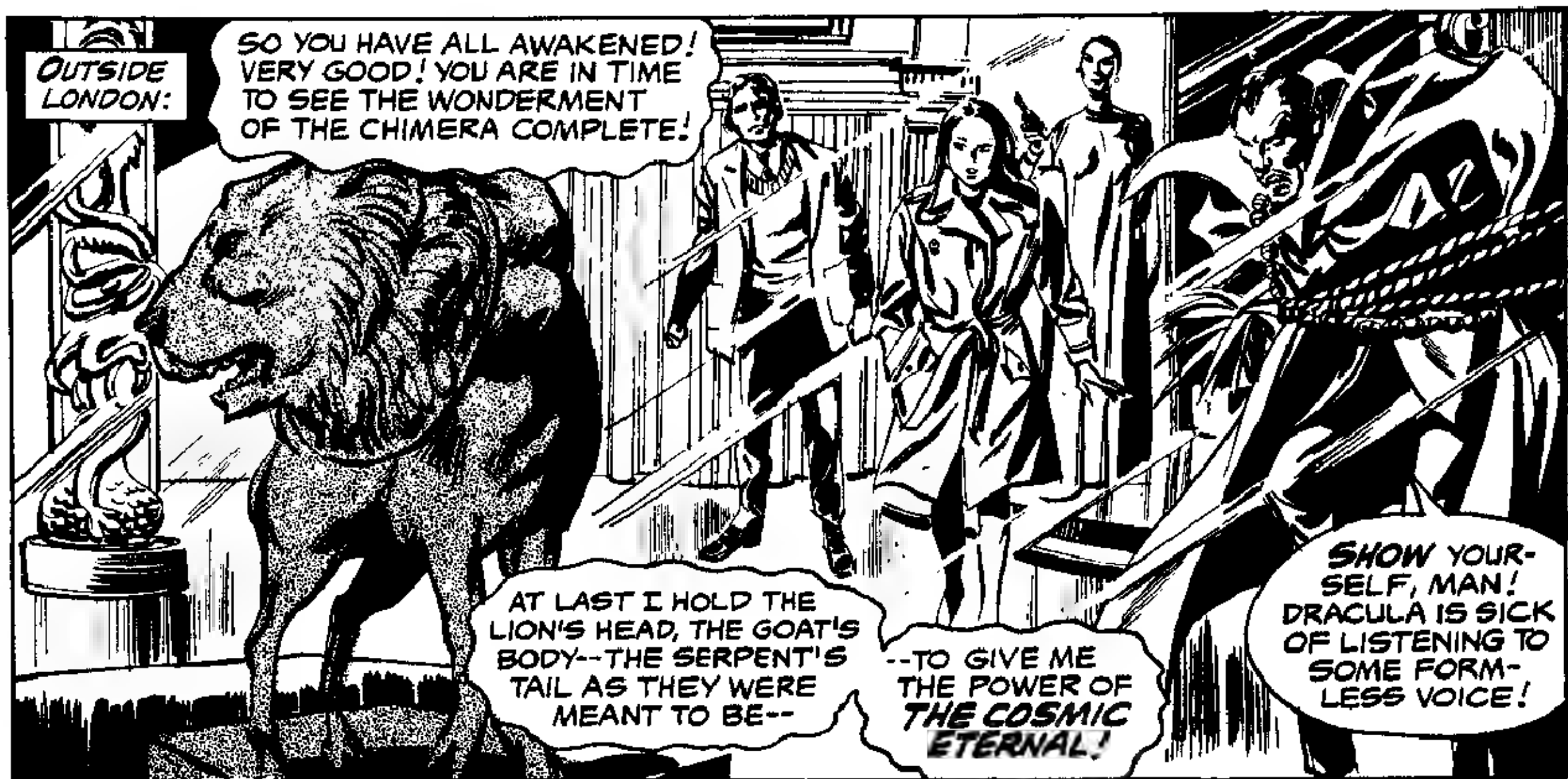
AND THEY NOW **REFUSE** TO GIVE HIM THE **BLOOD** HE NEEDS TO LIVE! THEY WANT HIM **DEAD**!



TAJ, MY HUSBAND, MY LOVE-- IN THE **MORNING** THEY WANT TO **KILL** HIM--TO **BURN** HIS BODY TO **ASH**--

TO MY GOD, TAJ-- HE IS MY SON-- **HE IS MY SON**!

PLEASE DON'T LET THEM TAKE HIM!



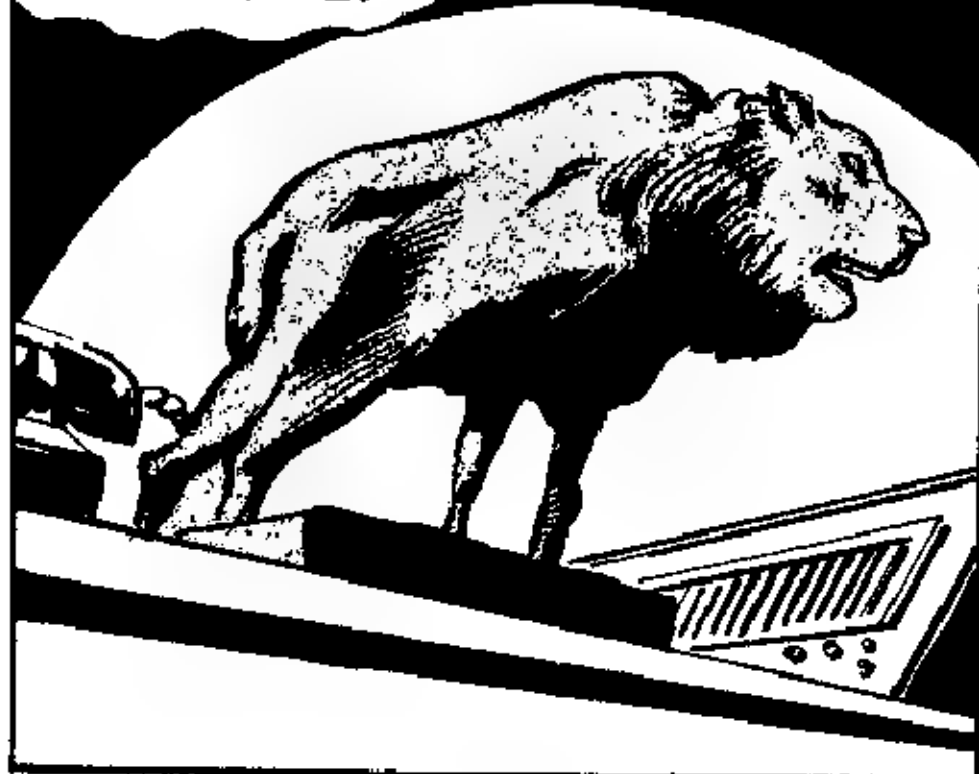
DAVID ESHCOL-- YOU SEEK THE CHIMERA TO AVENGE YOUR FATHER'S DEATH! **I** WAS HIS MURDERER, YET YOU SHALL **NEVER** CLAIM THAT VENGEANCE!

SHIELA WHITTIER --YOU HOPE TO TOUCH THE CHIMERA FOR JUST A MOMENT! WHAT UNSPOKEN DESIRES POSSESS YOU?

THE VAMPIRE AND MYSELF SEEK THIS STATUE FOR REASONS FAR MORE BASE! WE DEMAND **POWER!** FORGED MORE THAN THIRTY THOUSAND YEARS AGO ON THE ISLAND ATLANTIS BY THE WIZARD C'THUNDA, THE CHIMERA HAS THE POWERS OF THE GODS THEMSELVES BREATHED INTO IT!

A DEMONSTRATION, PERHAPS? OBSERVE THEN A MOST INSIGNIFICANT DISPLAY OF POWER--

--AS IT CAN BE USED TO TAMPER WITH HUMAN EMOTIONS!



I HATE YOU, DAVID! I HATE YOU!

I WANT YOU DEAD!

DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DAVID? **I WANT YOU DEAD!**

FOR GOD'S SAKE, SHIELA -- STOP!

CAN'T YOU **SEE** WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOURSELF?

LET GO OF ME! I WANT TO **KILL** YOU!

DAMN YOU! I WANT TO **KILL** YOU!

THAT WON'T DO YOU ANY GOOD, GIRL!

WHO--?

FATHER?!?

BUT YOU'RE **DEAD!** I SAW THEM **KILL** YOU!

IF I WERE DEAD, MY SON, COULD I **STAND** HERE? COULD I **PROTECT** YOU FROM THIS MADDENED GIRL?

NO, MY SON! I AM **ALIVE!** AS ALIVE AS **ANY** CAN BE!





ALIVE?
BUT--

DID I
TEACH
YOU TO
QUESTION
ME, DAVID?



NO! I TAUGHT
YOU THE WAYS
OF GOD-- THE
WAYS OF YOUR
ANCESTORS!

AND WHAT HAVE
YOU DONE WITH MY
TEACHINGS,
MY SON?

YOU
BELIEVED
THEM!



YOU FOOL-- YOU
IDIOT! YOU
BELIEVED THAT
PACK OF LIES
I SPREAD!

THERE IS NO
GOD, YOU YOUNG
FOOL! THERE IS
NO SUPREME
BEING! I
LIED! LIED!

HA
HA
HA



STOP IT!
YOU'RE NOT MY
FATHER! YOU
CAN'T BE HIM!

TELL
ME
WHO YOU
ARE OR
I'LL--

WHAT CAN YOU
HOPE TO DO TO
SOMEONE YOU
CAN NOT EVEN
GRASP, IDIOT?



HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA



BUT WATCH AS I TOUCH
YOU-- AS I WRENCH AWAY
THE LAST FRAGMENTS
OF YOUR FAITH!

AS EASILY
AS I FED
YOU THOSE
LIES FOR
YOUR WHOLE
LIFE!

NO!



TRY STOPPING ME,
FOOL! TRY PREVENTING
ME FROM DESTROYING
YOUR FAITH WITH
THE FLAME FROM
DEEPEST HELL!

NO!



NO!



PLEASE, LORD--
DON'T LET THIS
BE TRUE!
**PLEASE
DON'T LET
THIS BE
TRUE!**

IT NEEDN'T
BE, DAVID!
NOT IF YOU
**FOLLOW
ME!**



I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY OF THIS MADNESS--

MADNESS SLEEPS
WITH ALL OF US,
DAVID!
ONLY SOME
**ACCEPT
IT! OTHERS
DO NOT!**

COME WITH
ME AND ALL
SHALL BE
EXPLAINED!



BUT WHAT ABOUT
SHIELA? I CAN'T
LEAVE HER HERE
WITH THAT MANIAC!

DOES SHE
TRULY
MATTER?

SHE **BETRAYED** YOU!
SHE LED YOU TO THAT
INHUMAN MASTER
OF HERS FOR HIM
TO **DESTROY** YOU!

JUST FOLLOW ME,
DAVID--AND **TRUST**
ME--**TRUST ME!**

"HOLD FAST TO DISCIPLINE, NEVER LET HER GO,
KEEP YOUR EYES ON HER, SHE IS YOUR LIFE!
NEVER SET FOOT ON THE PATH OF THE WICKED,
DO NOT WALK THE WAY EVIL GO!!"



**SAGE ADVICE-- IF
ONLY IT WERE
HEEDED!**

THIS IS
AS FAR AS
YOU GO,
DAVID!

WHAT?



THE
NEXT
STEP--

oooooooooooo



HA HA HA
HA HA HA
HA HA HA

--WILL BE
YOUR **FINAL**
ONE!



HUHH?
WHERE
AM I--?

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO ME?
WHAT?!

HOW DID I GET INTO THESE CLOTHI--

I HAVE SURELY SEEN THE AFFLICTION OF THY MIND, AND I HAVE SUMMONED THEE HERE TO HEAR THE WORDS OF GOD!

I AM SATAN, DAVID ESHCOL-- SATAN CARESSING YOU IN THE FLAMING HANDS OF HELL ITSELF!

DAVID ESHCOL! I AM THE GOD OF THY FATHER, THE GOD OF ABRAHAM, THE GOD OF ISAAC, AND THE GOD OF JACOB!

NO! THIS CAN'T BE-- IT MUSN'T BE!

I AM NOT YOUR GOD, DAVID ESHCOL! THERE IS NO GOD! THERE IS NOTHING! NOTHING!

HA!
HA!
HA!
HA!

NOOOOOO!!!

NOOOO!!!

DAVID! THERE'S NO ONE HERE! STOP CRYING! STOP IT!

WHAT?!? BUT IT WAS SO REAL! SO BLASTED REAL!

YOU SEEK TO CIDDLE CHILDREN, MY DEAR?

IS NOT A MAN OF MY STATURE MORE YOUR LIKING?

VLAD?!? BUT I THOUGHT--?

LOVE--?

TUSH TUSH! YOU ARE TOO DELICATE A CREATURE TO WASTE TIME WITH MERE THINKING, MY DARLING!

COME WITH ME AND LET THE GRACE AND HOSPITALITY OF DRACULA SERVE YOU!

AND SHOWER YOU WITH A BANQUET MOST LAVISH-- A LOVE MOST UNENDING!



AYE, MY DEAR! LOVE--
UNRELENTING LOVE WHICH
I HAVE **HARBORED** FOR
YOU SINCE THE
MOMENT OUR EYES
FIRST MET!

I'VE **WAITED** SO LONG
TO HE! & YOU SAY THAT,
DRACULA--SO LONG I
ALMOST **GAVE UP**
HOPING!

IT IS NOT TOO
LATE TO **CHANGE**
MY WAYS, MY
DARLING!

I **RENOUNCE**
WHAT I AM--
FORFEIT ALL
MY MAD
DREAMS--



--FOR ALL I
WISH IS
YOUR
LOVE--

AND AN
ETERNITY
TO SPEND
WITH YOU!

I LOVE
YOU, VLAD!
I LOVE YOU
SO VERY
MUCH--



OOOHHHHHH!!

SHIELA--?

LOOK AT ME
MY LOVE--
LOOK AT ME!



WHAT?
OH NO!
NOOOOOO!!!!

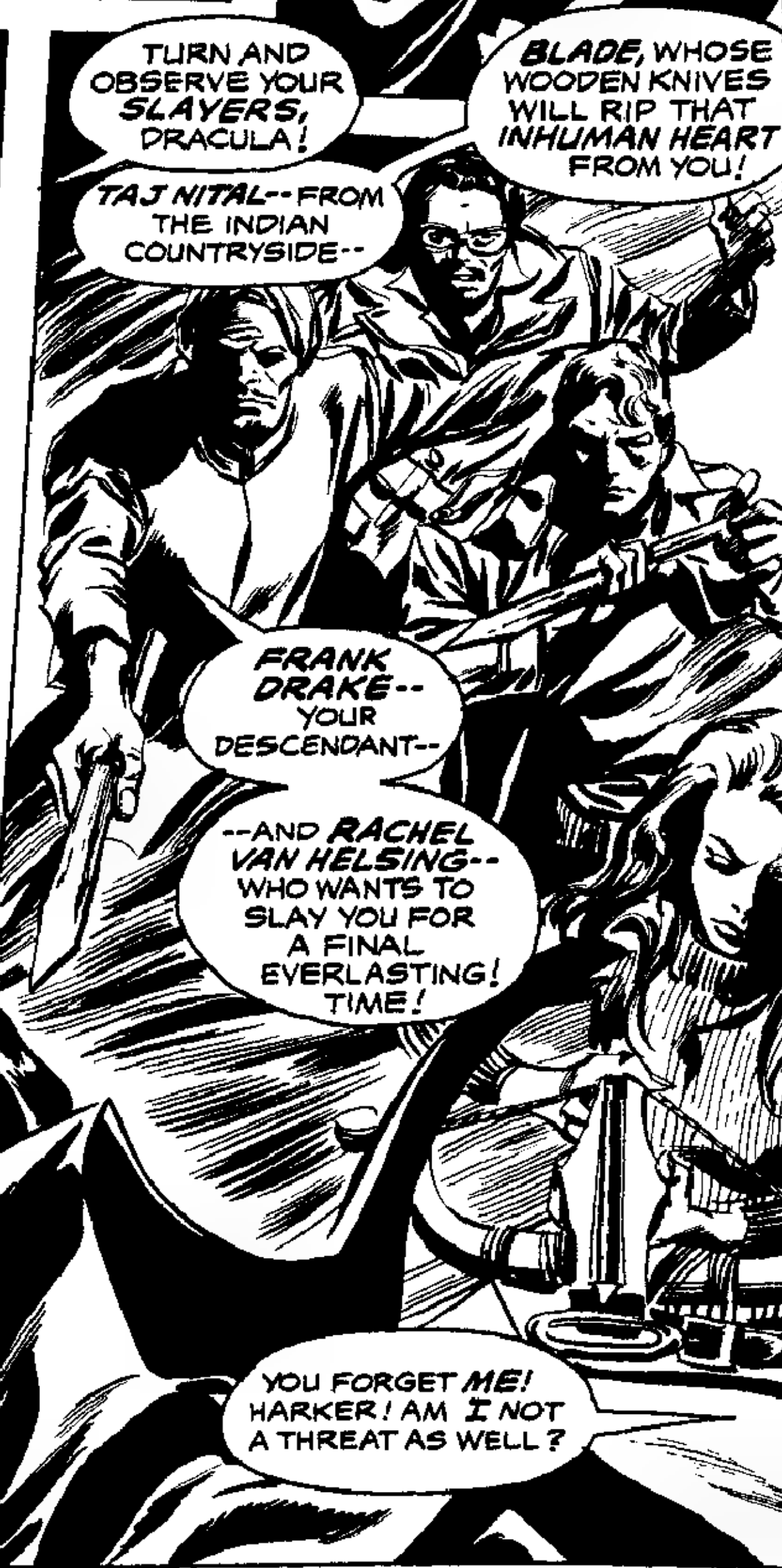


HA!
HA!

HA!

HA!

HA!





LILITH? MY DAUGHTER?!?

AND YOUR MURDERER, DEAR, DEAR FATHER!

YOU ARE MY ONLY OBSTACLE IN THE WAY OF MY BECOMING QUEEN OF VAMPIRES!

AND I MEAN TO DO AWAY WITH YOU NOW!



SORRY, BABE--BUT IF YOUR OLD MAN'S GOTTA GO, IT'LL BE BLADE'S WOODEN KNIFE--

--THAT TAKES HIM TO THE HAPPY FANGING GROUNDS!



NEVER, FOOL! YOU SHALL NOT BE PERMITTED TOUCH ME AGAIN WITH THOSE ACCURSED KNIVES OF YOURS!

I SHALL NEVER DIE AGAIN! NEVER!



THAT'S OKAY WITH US, DRACULA-- AS LONG AS ONE OF US GETS YOU!

WHAT?!? THE VAN HELSING ARROW?

YOU'VE LAUGHED AT MY CHOICE OF WEAPONS FOR THE LAST TIME, DRACULA!



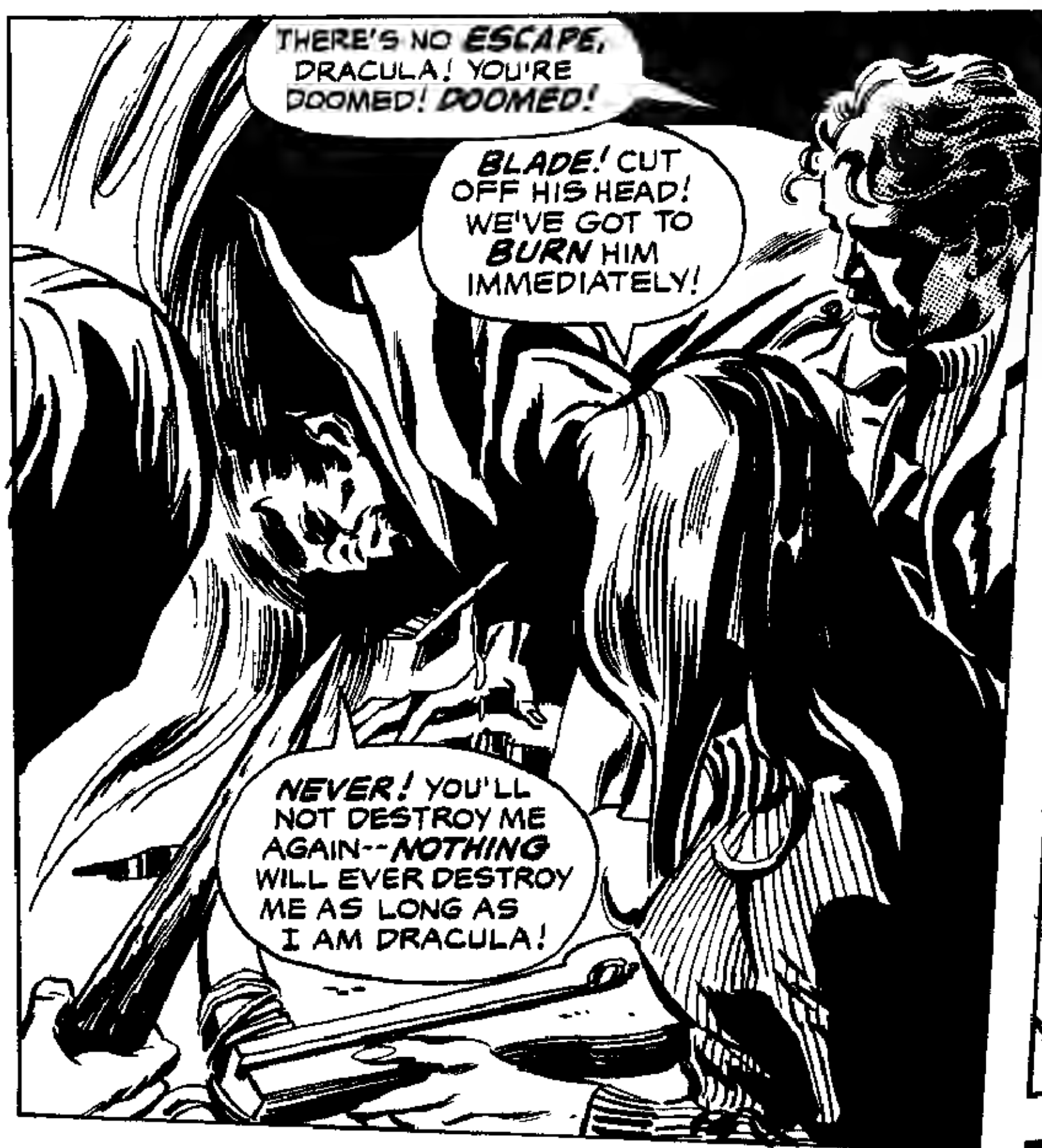
LET ME HAVE MY CHANCE, RACHEL-- I HAVE MY OWN GRIPEs WITH MY ANCESTOR HERE!

NO! TOO MANY OF YOU-- COMING FROM TOO MANY SIDES!



SORRY, ANCESTOR-- BUT YOU'VE JUST BLOWN IT FOR THE LAST TIME!

YOU'RE DEAD, YOU CURSED MADMAN-- DEAD!



THERE'S NO **ESCAPE**,
DRACULA! YOU'RE
DOOMED! **DOOMED!**

BLADE! CUT
OFF HIS HEAD!
WE'VE GOT TO
BURN HIM
IMMEDIATELY!

NEVER! YOU'LL
NOT DESTROY ME
AGAIN--**NOTHING**
WILL EVER DESTROY
ME AS LONG AS
I AM DRACULA!



SORRY TO
DISILLUSION
YOU, ANCESTOR-
MINE-- BUT
YOU'RE **NOT**
GOING TO **BE**
DRACULA MUCH
LONGER!

FACT IS,
YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO
BE MUCH OF
ANYTHING
EXCEPT
KINDLING!

TAJ--
DO WHAT
YOU MUST!



I HAVE WAITED
LONG FOR THIS
MOMENT, VAMPIRE--
SO VERY LONG!

YOU TALK? BUT
THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!**
YOU'RE **MUTE--**
TOTALLY MUTE!



HARKER CANNOT WALK,
YET NOW HE DOES!
DRAKE IS NO LONGER
IN ENGLAND, AND THIS
INDIAN **SPEAKS** WHEN
THAT IS PLAINLY
IMPOSSIBLE!

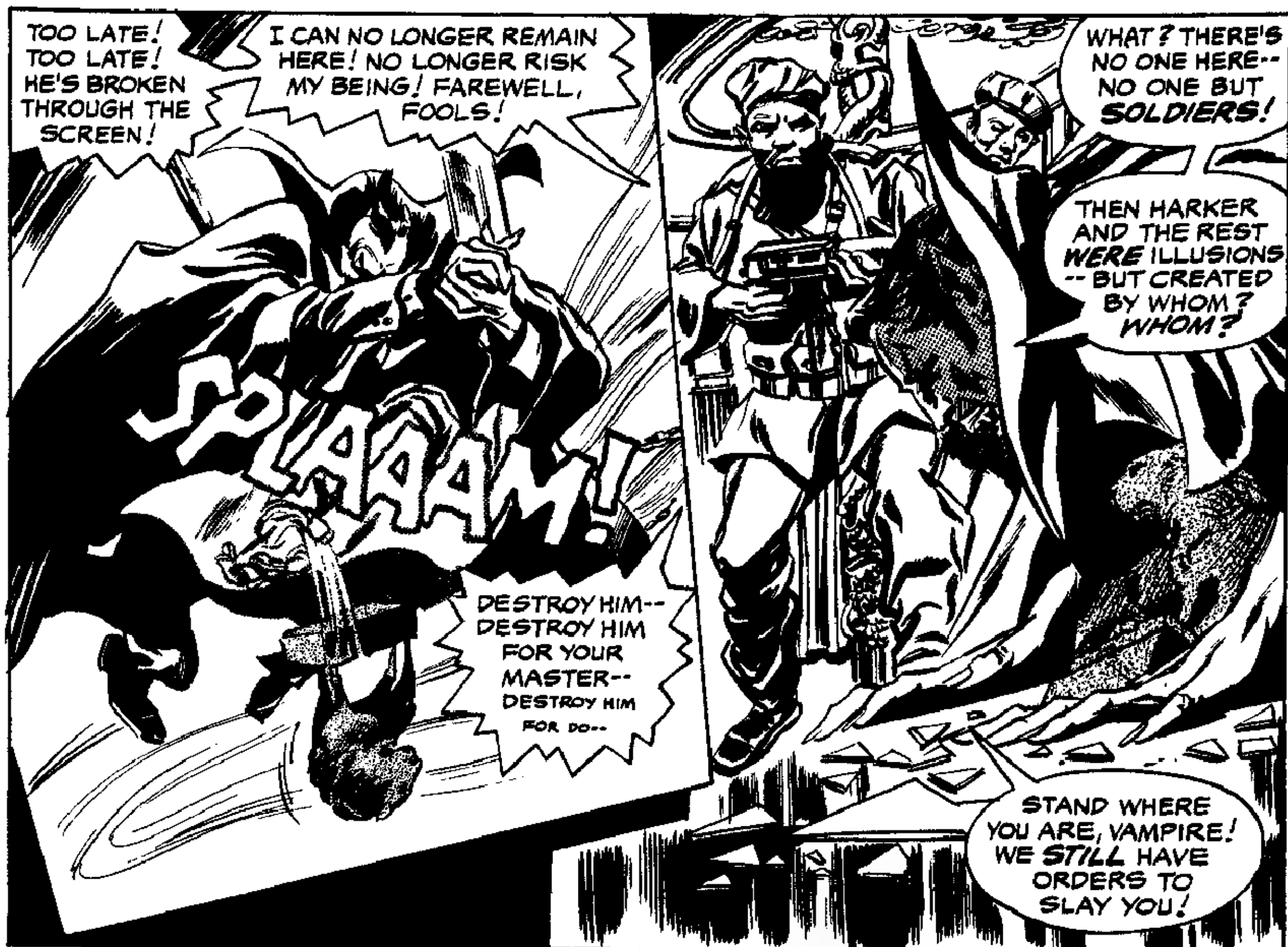
SOMEONE IS
PLAYING ME FOR
A **FOOL--** BUT NO
MORE!

OUT OF MY WAY,
YOU DAMNABLE
ILLUSIONS-- I SEEK THE
BOTTOM OF THIS **SHAM--**



--AND I
SEEK IT
NOW!





TOO LATE!
TOO LATE!
HE'S BROKEN
THROUGH THE
SCREEN!

I CAN NO LONGER REMAIN
HERE! NO LONGER RISK
MY BEING! FAREWELL,
FOOLS!

WHAT? THERE'S
NO ONE HERE--
NO ONE BUT
SOLDIERS!

THEN HARKER
AND THE REST
WERE ILLUSIONS
-- BUT CREATED
BY WHOM?
WHOM?

DESTROY HIM--
DESTROY HIM
FOR YOUR
MASTER--
DESTROY HIM
FOR DO--

STAND WHERE
YOU ARE, VAMPIRE!
WE **STILL** HAVE
ORDERS TO
SLAY YOU!



NO--DON'T BE AN
IDIOT--THE MASTER'S
FLED--HE'S LEFT
US HERE TO DIE!

YOU **DON'T**
WANT TO DIE,
DO YOU?

COWARD! WE
PLEGED
OURSELVES
TO THE
MASTER!

AND HE **LEFT**
US HERE--
DO WE OWE
ALLEGIANCE
TO A MASTER
SUCH AS THAT?



YOU ARE
ALL FOOLS!
ALL COWARDS!

YES, OUR
MASTER **FLED**--
HIS LIFE IS OF
UTMOST
IMPORTANCE.

BUT I AM
STILL HIS
FAITHFUL
SERVANT!

WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



HE WANTED
YOU THREE
DEAD--AS
MUCH AS HE
WANTED THE
CHIMERA
ITSELF!

BUT I GIVE YOU A
NEW ALTERNA-
TIVE, VAMPIRE--
THE **LIFE** OF
THIS GIRL WHO
MEANS SO MUCH
TO YOU--

--FOR THE
STATUE--FOR
THE POWER YOU
HOLD IN YOUR
HANDS!

DECIDE, VAMPIRE--
YOU HAVE TEN
SECONDS!



INDEED,
THERE IS
INSANITY
RAMPANT
HERE! YOU
TRULY EXPECT
ME TO GIVE
YOU THE
**ULTIMATE
POWER**
FOR THE
LIFE OF A
MERE
MORTAL?

EVEN ONE
I DO **CARE**
SOMEWHAT
FOR?

NO, GIRL--
THREATS WILL
NOT WORK
WITH ME--



--ESPECIALLY AS LONG AS
I HOLD THIS **CHIMERA**
IN MY HANDS!

BUT NOW,
WOMAN--YOU
MUST BE
PUNISHED--



AND WHAT'S MORE
DELIGHTFUL THAN
TO GIVE YOU THE
DEATH YOU SO
READILY WOULD
GIVE TO ANOTHER!

GAZE INTO MY
EYES, FEMALE--



SEE YOUR OWN HELL--
WITNESS YOUR OWN
PATH OF DAMNATION--



NOW, DO WHAT YOU
KNOW YOU MUST--



NOW!
DO IT
NOW!



HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

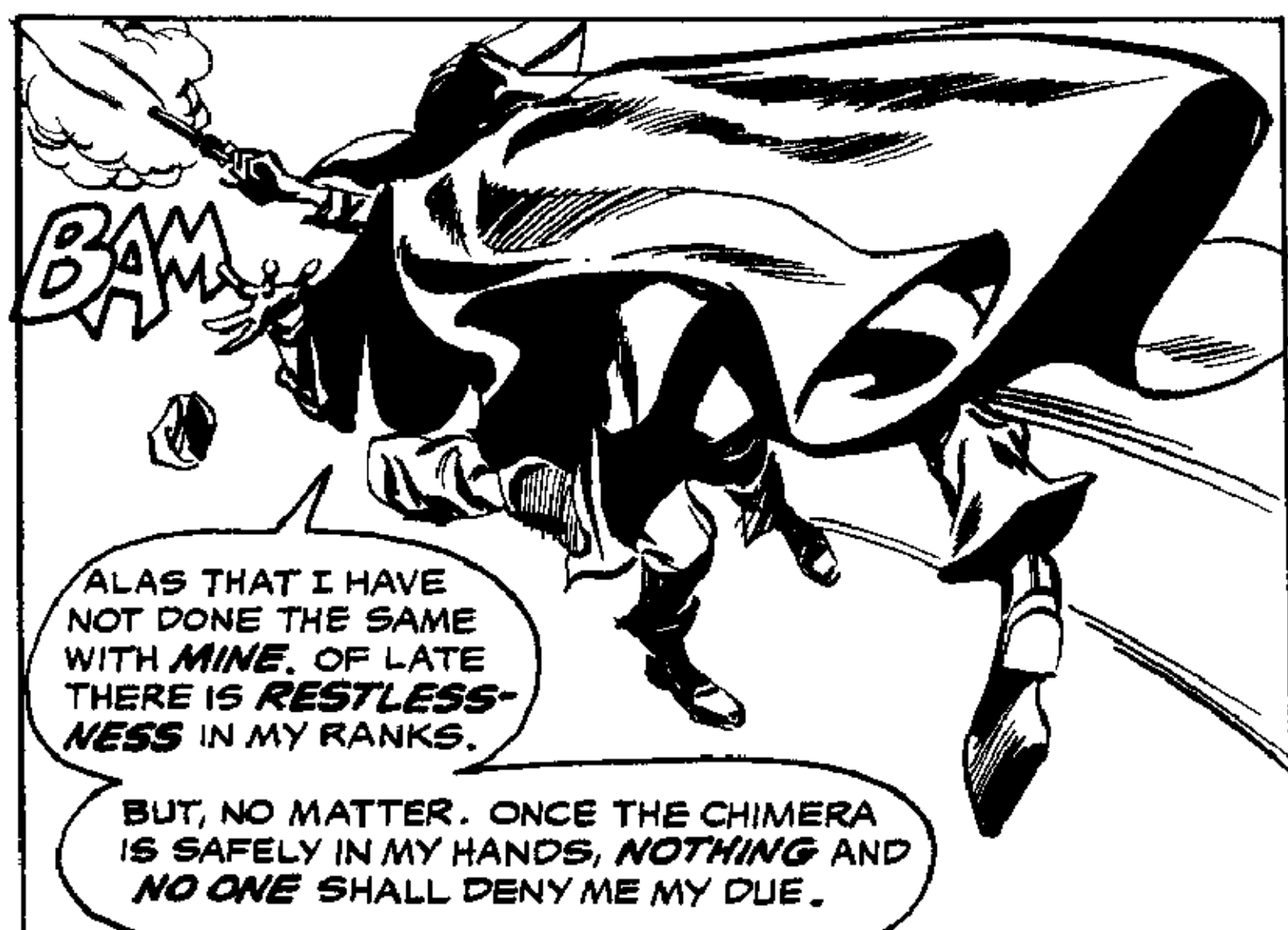


SO ENDS
IT ALL.

NOT SO, VAMPIRE.
YOU MUST **NOT** BE
ALLOWED TO LIVE
AFTER ALL THIS
HAS BEEN **DONE**.

WHAT? YOU
DARE SEEK BATTLE
WITH ME AFTER
ALL YOU HAVE
SEEN?

YOUR MASTER
TRAINS HIS
LACKEYS
WELL.



BAM

ALAS THAT I HAVE
NOT DONE THE SAME
WITH *MINE*. OF LATE
THERE IS **RESTLESS-**
NESS IN MY RANKS.

BUT, NO MATTER. ONCE THE CHIMERA
IS SAFELY IN MY HANDS, **NOTHING** AND
NO ONE SHALL DENY ME MY DUE.



FAREWELL,
FOOL--

--AND WHEN YOU **AWAKEN**
NEXT, I URGE YOU TO HAVE
SUCH MINDLESS **LOYALTY** TO
YOUR **NEW MASTER!**

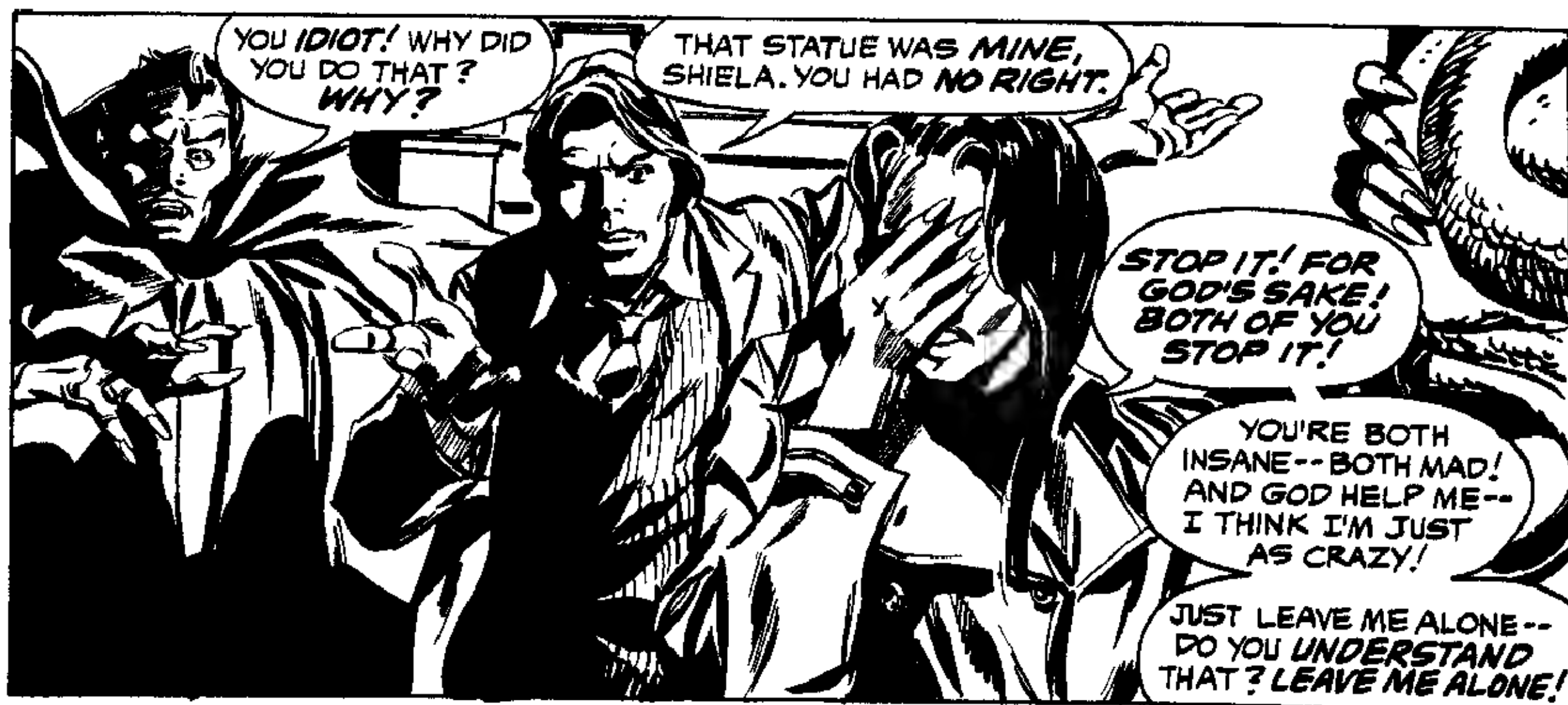


NOW THERE IS **NONE** TO DEFEY
ME. SAD-- THE FIGHT
WAS BEGINNING
TO BECOME
ENJOYABLE.

AH WELL, SUCH IS
THE WAY THINGS MUST
BE, I GUESS, WHEN
YOU POSSESS THE
POWER ABSOLUTE.



IT IS TIME TO
LEAVE NOW, SHIELA.
COME-- TOGETHER
WE SHALL PREPARE
FOR MY INCOMING
VICTORY.





YOU'RE MY **SERVANT**, WOMAN. I DEMAND AN **EXPLANATION**.

I'M **NOT** YOUR SERVANT, OR ANYONE ELSE--AND I **PITY** YOU FOR THINKING THAT I AM.

I WANT NO **PITY**, FEMALE--JUST **EXPLANATIONS**.

I DID WHAT I **HAD** TO--THE STATUE WAS TOO POWERFUL--TOO BLASTED POWERFUL FOR **ANYONE**.

FOR DAVID--AND **ESPECIALLY** FOR YOU!



I **THOUGHT** I LOVED YOU, VLAD. MAYBE BECAUSE YOU SAVED ME--WERE BESIDE ME WHEN I MOST NEEDED **SOMEONE** THERE.

BUT I WAS **BLIND** NOT TO SEE WHAT YOU TRULY WERE, AND TO **IGNORE** WHAT I **DID** SEE.

DAVID--?



GOODBYE, VLAD. KEEP CASTLE DUNWICK--DO WHAT YOU **WISH** WITH IT. IT'S **YOURS** NOW. I NO LONGER NEED IT.

GOODBYE, MY **ALMOST**-LOVE. I **PITY** YOU--TRULY I DO.

WHO **NEEDS** YOUR DAMNABLE **PITY**, WOMAN?

JUST **RETURN** TO ME AT ONCE. I **DEMAND** YOU RETURN TO ME.



DID YOU **HEAR** ME, WOMAN? I'M YOUR MASTER--YOUR **MASTER**!



YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME UNLESS I TELL YOU TO. YOU CAN'T LEAVE YOUR **MASTER**--



--YOU CAN'T--YOU CAN'T--

NEXT: 'VENGEANCE IS MINE,' SAYETH the VAMPIRE!

GIANT-SIZE
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



3

DEC
02916

50¢

©

68 BIG PAGES

GIANT-SIZE DRACULA™

NEW! A TALE OF VENGEANCE--AFTER 400 YEARS!
**SLOW DEATH ON THE
KILLING GROUND!**



Hidden in the *shadows* where legend and reality merge, there are *tales* of a being who has lived *more than five hundred years*. They say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of *Hell* itself; they say he thrives upon the *blood* of innocents, that he is the king of darkness...the prince of evil and that even the *bravest* man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

CURSE OF DRACULA! TM

CHRIS CLAREMONT • DON HECK • F. SPRINGER • R. HOLLOWAY • L. LESSMANN • ROY THOMAS
SCRIPT PENCILS INKS LETTERS COLORS EDITS





**THE BLIND WOMAN
SLIPS ONCE ON THE
RAIN-SLICK ROCK!**

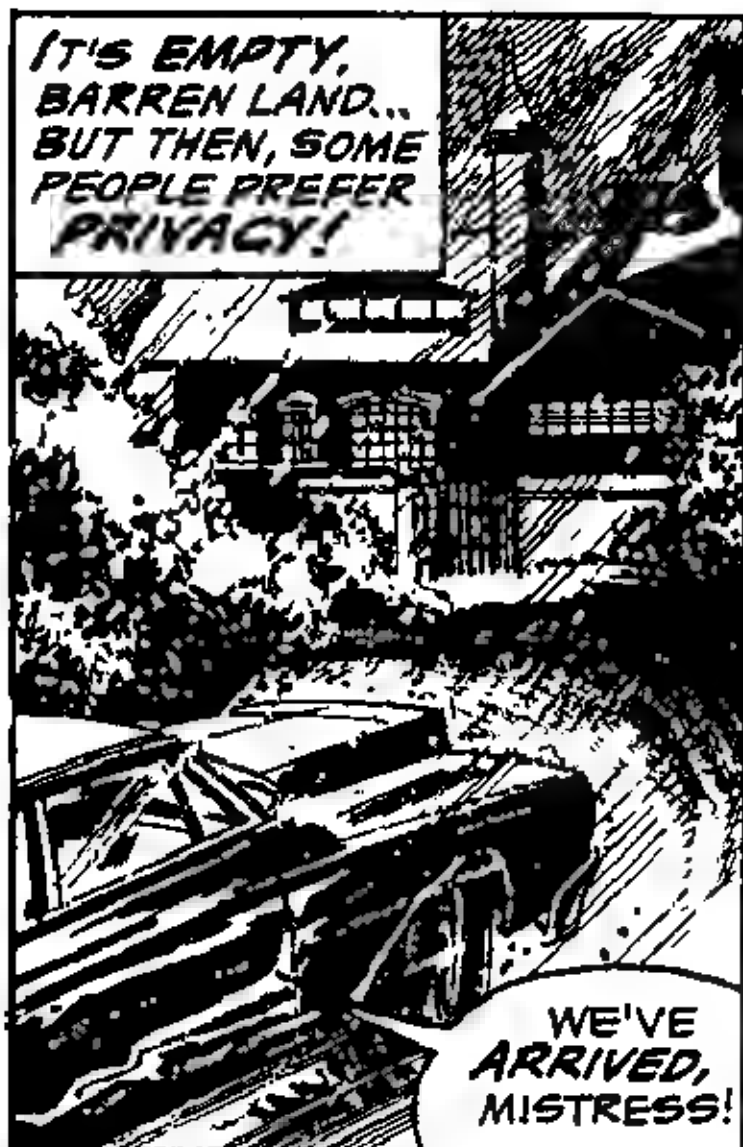


**STEFAN NEITHER
LOOKS BACK NOR
OFFERS HELP! SHE
WOULD KILL HIM
IF HE DID!**

**HER MEN ARE MERCENARY COMMANDOS!
PROFESSIONALS--THE BEST MONEY CAN
BUY--EFFICIENT, DEADLY, MERCILESS
KILLERS! MUCH LIKE HER!**



**THE CONVOY MOVES QUICKLY,
RECKLESSLY, OVER ROUGH
HIGHLAND TRACKS MEANT
MORE FOR HORSECARTS
THAN LIMOUSINES!**





**SURROUND
THE HOUSE,
STEFAN!**

**KILL
ANYONE
WHO TRIES
TO LEAVE!**



**I BEG YOUR PAR...
WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU
WANT HERE?**

**DEAL
WITH HIM,
STEFAN!**



**WITH PLEASURE,
MISTRESS!**

KNNUNG!



**THERE IS A MOMENT OF STUNNED SILENCE
AS THE ARMED MEN POUR INTO THE HOUSE--
AFTER ALL, THIS IS ENGLAND--SUCH THINGS
SIMPLY DO NOT HAPPEN HERE!**

**BUT THEN
AGAIN...**

**OH MY LORD...
TERRORISTS!**

**ALL RIGHT,
NOBODY MOVES
AN' NOBODY DIES!
GOT THAT?**

**EVERYONE
JUST RELAX AN'
YOU'LL BE OKAY!**



**MR. HARKER,
YOU'RE COMIN'
WITH US!**

**I
AM
NOT!**



**I SAID, NOBODY
MOVES, FELLA!**

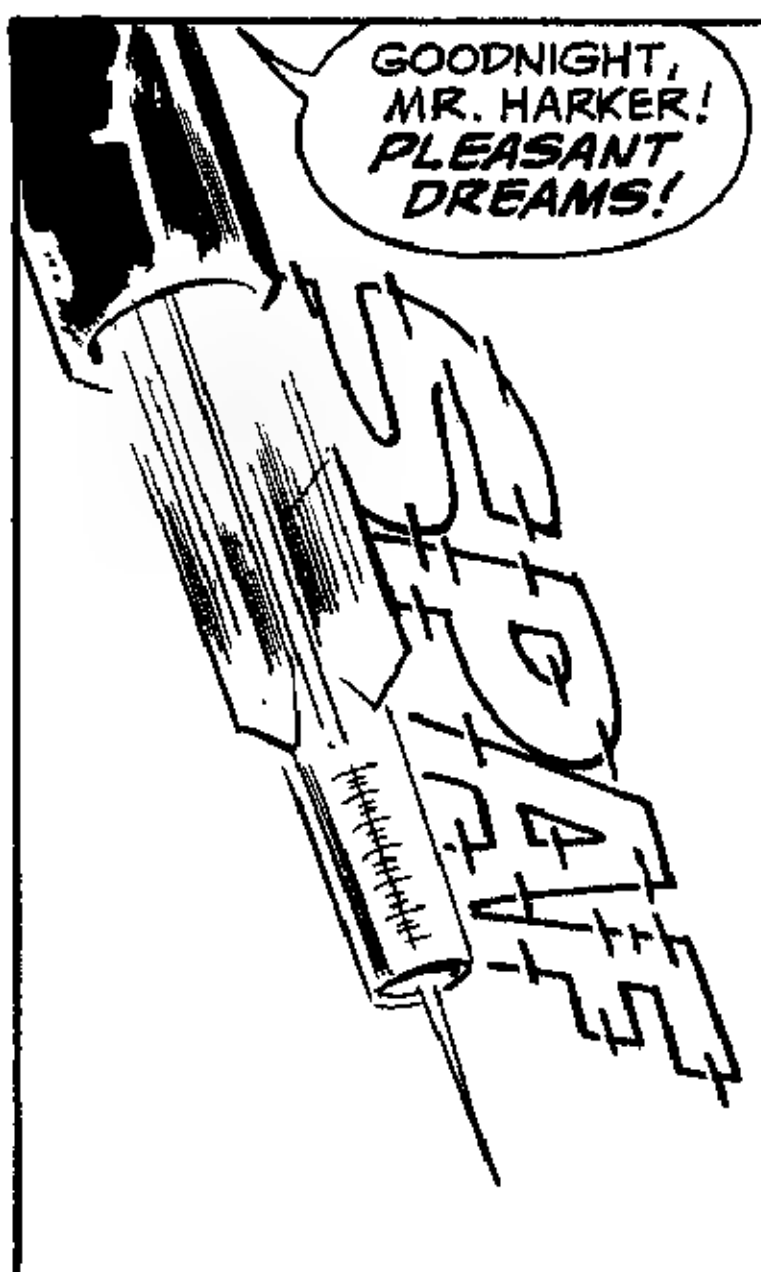
AARGH!

**YOU...YOU
KILLED
HIM...**



**YOU HAVE A CHOICE,
HARKER: COME
PEACEFULLY, OR
MY MEN WILL KILL
EVERYONE HERE!**

**THEN... I REALLY
HAVE NO CHOICE,
DO I?**



SO! I HAVE **HARKER!**
AND, WITH **HARKER**, THE
MONTESI FORMULA...

AND WITH THAT
FORMULA, **DRACULA**,
YOUR LIFE IS **MINE**
FOR THE **TAKING...**

**YOUR DEATH
IS MINE!**

***THE MONTESI FORMULA--
SIMPLY-- IS AN ARCAINE
SPELL THAT DISINTEGRATES
VAMPIRES! SEE DRACULA
LIVES #6-- ROY!**

**HEAR ME,
FATHER!**

IT DOESN'T
MATTER WHAT
HELL YOU'RE
ROASTING
IN, HEAR ME--
**DRACULA WILL
DIE! AND YOU
WILL BE
AVENGED!**
THEN WILL
YOU LET ME
FREE!

IT HAS BEEN
SO LONG!

"I WAS FREE ONCE."

**"I WAS
YOUNGER
THEN."**

**"...I WAS
EVEN IN
LOVE!"**

**"IN THAT FALL
OF 1459..."**

**"HIS NAME WAS
ARON, AND HE
HAD A GENTLE
LAUGH..."**

**MARRY ME,
ELIANNE--
RIGHT NOW!**

IN THE
RAIN? IN SIGHT
OF MY **FATHER'S**
KEEP WITH A
HELLISH STORM
ABOUT TO BREAK?
YOU HAVE A **MAD**
SENSE OF TIME
AND PLACE, MY
LORD **ARON!**

WHY NOT MAD, MY LOVE?
WE'RE BOTH **POETS**, AREN'T
WE--MY LADY **TURAC**-- HEIRS
TO THE 'LEGACY OF **OMAR
KHAY-YAM**' OR SO THE
SULTAN SAYS--

WHAT'S THE
MATTER?

THE
CASTLE,
LOOK!

MY **FATHER'S** BACK FROM
THE **BALKAN WARS**-- THE
RAISED FLAG MEANS HE'S
IN **RESIDENCE**-- YET
NO ONE MANS THE
BATTLEMENTS...

THERE'S
A **STORM**,
REMEMBER?

IF LORD **TURAC**
IS HOME, THE WALLS
ARE MANNED, **WHAT-
EVER** THE WEATHER.
SOMETHING'S **WRONG!**



"WRONG? AYE, SOMETHING WAS WRONG! WE KNEW THAT THE MOMENT WE RODE INTO THE FORECOURT!"

ALLAH!

LORD IN HEAVEN! THEY'RE ALL DEAD!

"THEY WERE ALL DEAD, A DOZEN IN THE FORECOURT ALONE--TWELVE OF MY FATHER'S FINEST JANISARRIES--THEIR BODIES BRUTALLY SAVAGED BY SOME MONSTROUS BEAST!"



IF I BELIEVED IN DJINNS AND AFRITS, MY LOVE, I'D SAY YOU HADN'T MADE THE PROPER SACRIFICES LATELY!



HAVE YOU NOTICED, ELIANNE? THE BODIES ARE RIPPED APART... BUT THERE'S NO BLOOD...



I SAW! ARON, WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED..?



ELIANNE, WAIT! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE FACING...

...WE SHOULD GO FOR HELP!



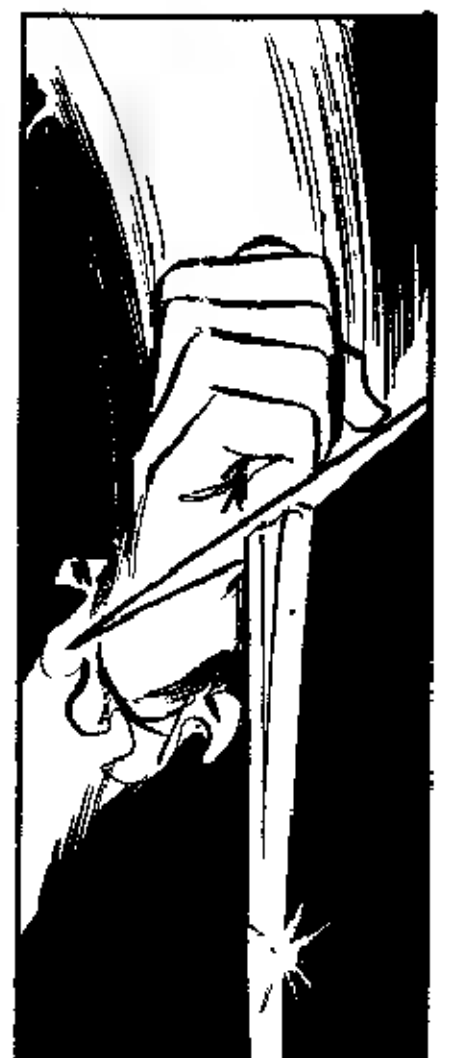
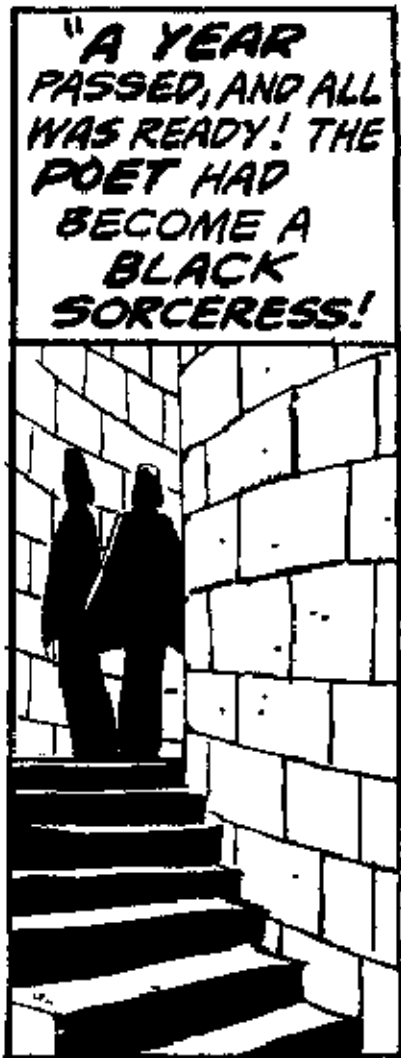
YOU GO FOR HELP! I'M GOING INSIDE!



BLAST YOU, WOMAN! I'M A POET, NOT A WARRIOR!

AH, WHAT'S THE USE... WAIT A MOMENT, WILL YOU? I'M COMING!





SUNDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER 1974!

LONDON. HOME OF THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS, AND SEAT OF EMPIRE! MOST OF THE GLORY--AND ALL THE EMPIRE--IS GONE NOW, REPLACED BY HARD TIMES.

AND YET, IN THE COOL, AUTUMNAL RAIN, THE CITY REGAINS ITS OLD, UNIQUE, STODGY MAGIC FOR AN INSTANT...

A MAGIC SOME PEOPLE STILL RESPOND TO...

RUN FOR IT, THE RAIN'S STARTIN' UP AGAIN!

THE MAN'S NAME IS THOMAS HARE, AND HE'S BEEN OUT OF WORK EIGHT MONTHS... TONIGHT, HE COULDN'T CARE LESS!

AHHH, TOO LATE, TOO LATE... I'LL BET MY HAIR IS A SIGHT...

YOUR HAIR!

C'MON, JAN LUV, GIVE US A KISS!

JUST A KISS?

FOR NOW...

WHA'THE... WHO ARE... HEY!

I HAVE FED WELL THIS NIGHT! THE HUMANS HERE ARE EASY PREY!

RACHEL VAN HELSING: THINK ME DEAD FOR ONE YEAR MORE AND I'LL RULE LONDON WITH A VAMPIRIC HOST!

AND, PERHAPS, RULE WITH A VAMPIRIC VAN HELSING AT MY SIDE...

HA! VAN HELSING WILL CURSE GOD HIMSELF THE NIGHT I TAKE HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER!

I WILL ENJOY THAT.

CITY of LONDON
GOLLADAY
MEWS
N.W.4



THE DRAGON LORD LAUGHS ONCE MORE, AS LIGHTNING RIPS JAGGEDLY ACROSS THE EVENING SKY AND THE STORM ITSELF SEEMS TO GO MAD!



LIGHTNING... I CAN FEEL IT... AND SMELL THE OZONE! IS THE STORM WORSE?



JA! MUCH WORSE.

DRACULA MUST BE HUNTING! HUNT WELL, VAMPIRE... YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME LEFT!

SPEAKING OF TIME... REUGER, YOU'VE HAD HARKER TWO DAYS NOW. WHERE IS THE MONTESI FORMULA?



I... AH... DON'T HAVE IT YET.

OH? YOU SWORE YOU COULD BREAK HIM IN THIRTY HOURS--YOU'VE HAD NEARLY FIFTY!

I CAN BREAK HIM, MADAME TURAC. I WILL BREAK HIM!



THE OLD MAN WAS STRONGER THAN I HAD ANTICIPATED... HIS WILL POWER IS PHENOMENAL...

BUT I CAN BREAK EVEN HIS WILL. JUST GIVE ME TIME...



YOU'VE HAD TIME, REUGER! AND YOUR PRECIOUS TOYS HAVE FAILED YOU!



THE MONTESI FORMULA! WHERE IS IT!?

HARKER SAYS... HE... DOES NOT HAVE IT!



TAKE THE OLD MAN DOWN AND PUT HIM IN MY CAR. I WANT HIM AT MY COUNTRY ESTATE BY MORNING.

IF SCIENCE CANNOT BREAK HIM, MY SORCERY CAN!



DO YOU THINK THAT'S WISE?

IT'S NONE OF YOUR CONCERN WHETHER IT'S WISE OR NOT.

REUGER, GET OUT OF HERE!



LOOK... I... DON'T LIKE ANY OF THIS **MAGIC** STUFF! IF YOU WANT THIS DRACULA DUDE **DEAD**, LEMME TAKE A FIRE TEAM OUT AN' **DUST** HIM...

YOU
'DUST' DRACULA?
OH, ALLAH...



DON'T LAUGH AT ME, WOMAN! I'VE WORKED FOR YOU **TOO LONG**-- I DESERVE **BETTER** THAN THAT.



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!



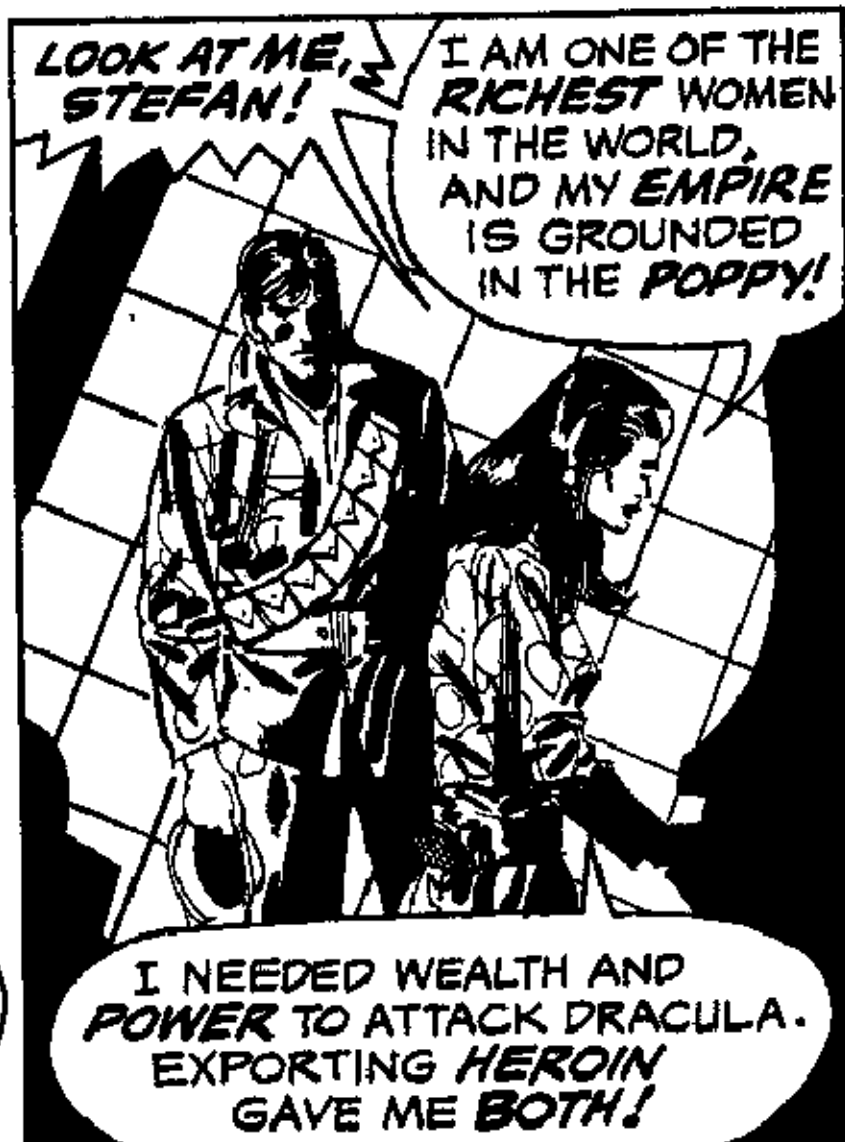
SO YOU WOULD KILL DRACULA, WOULD YOU? LITTLE, **MORTAL** MAN, YOU ARE **NOTHING** TO HIM...

YOU CALL YOURSELF **RUTHLESS**, STEFAN? A **KILLER**?



I HAVE WAITED **FIVE HUNDRED YEARS** TO SLAY THAT **DEMON**...

...I HAVE **FOUGHT** AND **KILLED** AND **SCHEMED** AND **CORRUPTED** AND **DESTROYED** TO GET WHERE I AM TODAY!



LOOK AT ME, STEFAN!

I AM ONE OF THE **RICHEST** WOMEN IN THE WORLD, AND MY **EMPIRE** IS GROUNDED IN THE **POPPY**!

I NEEDED WEALTH AND **POWER** TO ATTACK DRACULA. EXPORTING **HEROIN** GAVE ME **BOTH**!



I HAVE **DAMNED** MYSELF A **HUNDRED TIMES** OVER TO KILL THAT **HELLSPAWN**...

I'VE BECOME AS... **EVIL**... AS HE IS...

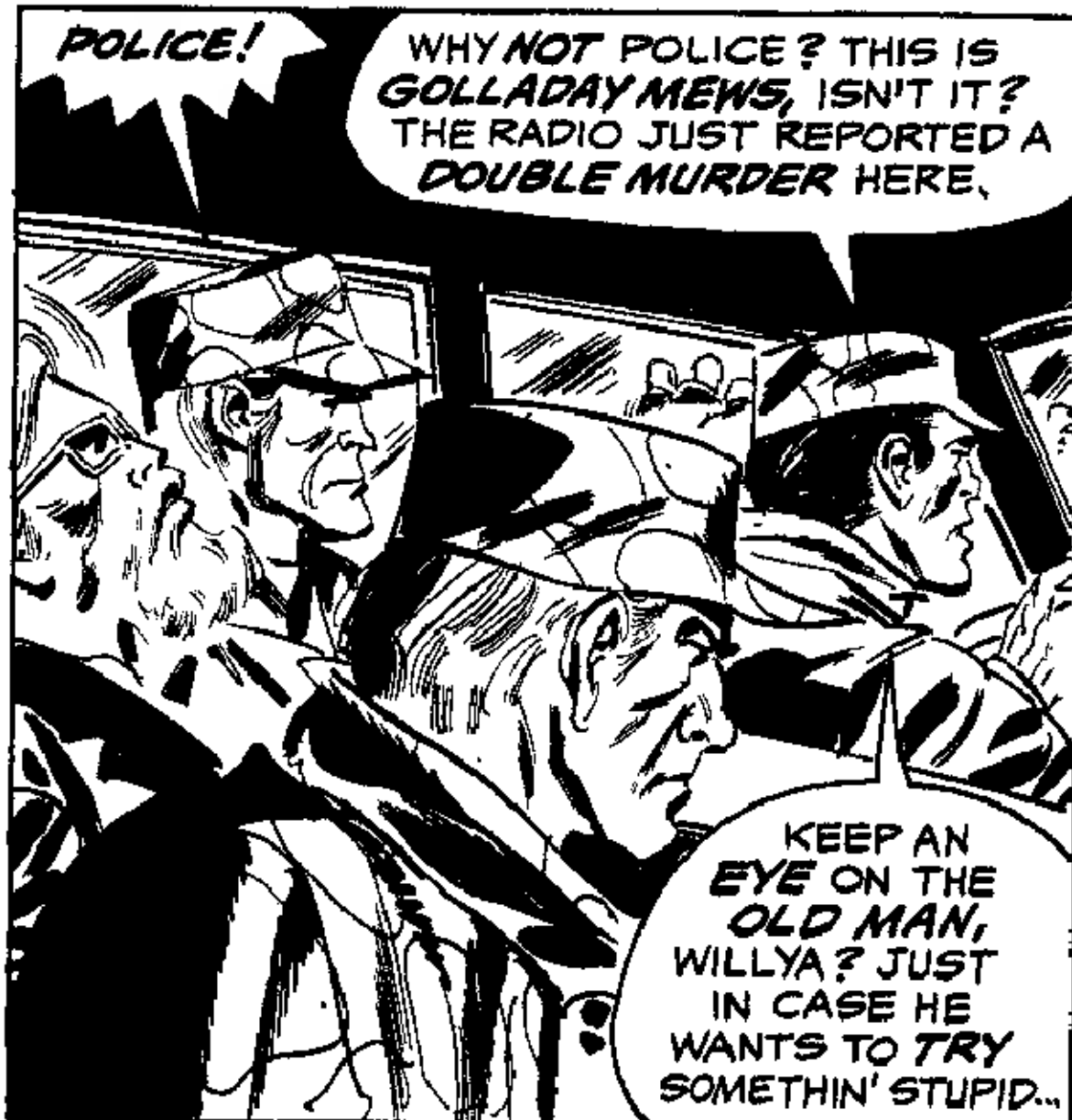


IS THAT NOT THE SUPREME **IRONY**, STEFAN?

OH, ARON, WHAT HAVE I DONE... ALLAH FORGIVE ME, WHAT HAVE I DONE...

ELIANNE...







AAAH, MY
CHEST... FEEL
ALL **BROKEN**
INSIDE...

**NO! MUSTN'T
GIVE UP... NEVER
GIVE UP... GOT TO
PULL FREE...**

YOU!
**THEY'RE
DEAD,
OLD
MAN! MY
BUDDIES
ARE DEAD--
AN' YOU
KILLED
'EM!**



THEY WERE **GOOD**
MEN-- THEY DESERVED
A **BETTER** END
THAN **THIS**.



I'M GONNA KILL
YOU, HARKER... FOR
THEM! I DON'T
CARE **WHAT THE
BOSS SAID--** I'M
GONNA KILL YOU!



YOU WILL KILL
NO ONE, MORTAL.

HEY!



**WHAT'S
HAPPENING?**

OIL IN MY
**EYES... CAN'T
SEE... MY MIND
...GROGGY...
CANT...**

I AM A...
FRIEND...
QUINCY
HARKER.

YOU WILL
DO AS I
COMMAND--
AS MY
**POWERS
FORCE YOU!**



LISTEN TO THE **HYPNOTIC
ORDERS I GIVE YOU AND
SPEAK!**

**WHY DID THAT
MAN WISH TO
KILL YOU?**

YOUR...
QUESTION?
YES... WANTED...
**MONTESI
FORMULA...**
WANTED TO **DESTROY
A VAMPIRE...**



WHO WANTED, HARKER?

**WO-WOMAN...
SARACEN
ASSOCIATES...
EMBANKMENT...
I... I...**

**SO! SOMEONE ELSE
WANTS MONTESI'S
SPELL! THIS WOMAN
MUST BE DEALT WITH.
BUT FIRST, OLD ENEMY,
YOUR DEATH WILL END
OUR BLOOD FEUD ONCE
AND FOR ALL!**



YOU WILL MAKE
A **GOOD**
VAMPIRE,
HAR...

WHAT!

HOLD IT!
POLICE!



YOU BY
THE OLD
MAN! STAY
WHERE
YOU ARE!



STAY WHERE
I AM?

MORTAL
FOOL!
DRACULA
IS NO
COMMONER
TO BE ORDERED
ABOUT BY THE
LIKES OF YOU!



BUT NO-- THERE
ARE TOO MANY OF
THEM. I MIGHT BE
RECOGNIZED!

FAREWELL, HARKER!
IT SEEMS **LUCK**
SIDES WITH YOU
YET ANOTHER
TIME!



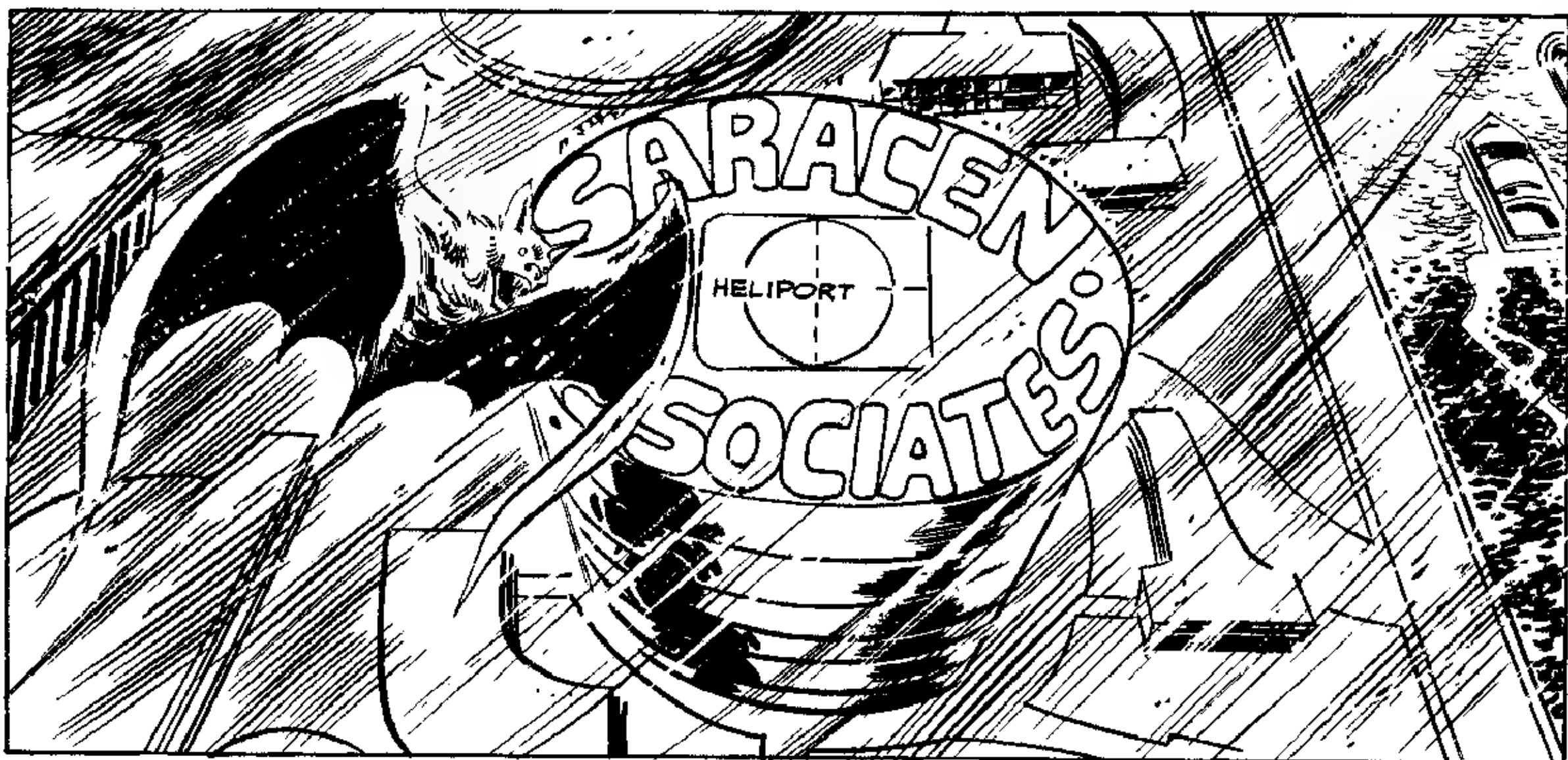
BLAST!

THE
VAMPIRE'S
GOT AWAY!

ANYONE GET
A GOOD LOOK
AT HIM?

'FRAID NOT,
INSPECTOR!

GREAT --
JUST GREAT!



CRIKEY, WHAT A NIGHT. WORST SEPTEMBER STORM IN TWENTY YEARS! FLOODS-- DOWNED LINES-- BROWNOUTS-- BLACKOUTS-- THE LOT!

IT'LL BE SO NICE TO CRAWL INTO A REAL BED-- FIRST TIME IN A WEEK, TOO.

WHY, OH WHY, DID I EVER WANT TO BE A POWER ENGINEER?

WHAT'S THAT?

EASY, RUTH, TAKE IT EASY! THERE'S NOTHING THERE.

STILL...IT'S BLOODY STRANGE, THIS FEELING I'VE HAD OF BEING FOLLOWED EVER SINCE I LEFT...

WOMAN! DRACULA HAS NEED OF YOU!

YOU STILL LIVE, RUTH CAULDERON, BUT YOUR WILL--YOUR SOUL-- IS MINE! YOU WILL OBEY ME IN ALL THINGS!

I... WILL... OBEY...

GOOD.

THE SARACEN KNOWS OF MONTESI-- THAT MAKES HER AS DANGEROUS AS HARKER OR VAN HELSING.

WORSE, I MUST FIGHT HER ON HER HOME GROUND, ON HER TERMS! ONLY A FOOL WOULD WALK BLINDLY INTO THAT KIND OF TRAP.

AND DRACULA IS NO FOOL!

GO, WOMAN. DO AS I HAVE BIDDEN!

YOU ARE A PAWN ON THIS NIGHT'S CHESS-BOARD-- BUT PAWNS HAVE WON BATTLES BEFORE...

GO!

FOR IF THIS BE WAR, LET IT BEGIN NOW!

CHAPTER 2:

IS THIS THE NIGHT THE VAMPIRE DIES?

SARACEN
ASSOCIATES

IT LOOKS PEACEFUL
AT FIRST GLANCE--THE
GREAT SKYSCRAPER,
DARK EXCEPT FOR A
FEW SCATTERED
SQUARES OF LIGHT THAT
MARK PEOPLE WORKING
THRU THE WEEKEND--
ALMOST TOO PEACEFUL,
THIS MONOLITH THAT
IS ALL GLASS AND
STEEL AND STERILE
AND DEAD...

DRACULA DOES
NOT LIKE THIS
PLACE!

290974/2341:20.4:
ALERT! ALERT! VAMPIRIC
INTRUDER NOW ENTERING
PLAZA SECURITY AREA...

...ALL KILL
SYSTEMS
OPERATIONAL
IN TRACKING
MODE...
AWAITING
FURTHER
INSTRUC-
TIONS.

REUGER, WHAT'S
HAPPENING? WHY
DID THE ALARM
GO OFF?

WE HAVE AN
INTRUDER IN THE
PLAZA--A VAMPIRE!
MY SCANNERS ARE
TRACKING HIM NOW.

DRACULA!

I MAY BE BLIND, REUGER,
BUT I KNOW WHEN MY BLOOD-
ENEMY STANDS BEFORE MY
GATES. IT IS DRACULA!

POSSIBLY.
BUT THE
COMPUTERS...

ELIANNE--
GIVE IT UP...
PLEASE!

I CAN'T, STEFAN.
IT'S TOO LATE!

MY LOVE, I SWORE AN
OATH! EITHER DRACULA
DIES THIS NIGHT...OR I DO!

YESSIR, CAN I
'ELP YOU?

I HAVE
BUSINESS
WITH... SARACEN
ASSOCIATES!

FINE, SIR.
OUR WORKIN'
WEEK
BEGINS AT
9 AM
TOMORROW
MORNING.

MY BUSINESS
CANNOT WAIT.

WELL, SIR, IF
IT'S THAT
URGENT, I
BETTER
CHECK W/!
UPSTAIRS...

WON'T
YOU COME
IN, SIR.

"HE IS IN THE
LOBBY!"

"END IT QUICKLY,
REUGER, KILL HIM
NOW!"



"IT IS DONE,
MADAME!"

WHA...THOSE
LIGHTS!
THE CROSS--
THE CURSED
CROSS!



WHAT THE
BLEEDIN'...

EVERYWHERE I TURN--
WALLS, CEILING, FLOOR--
EVERYWHERE I SEE
THE CROSS... SKIN...
MIND... BURNING!

BUT
WAIT...



MOTHER
O' MERCY,
NO!

SILENCE,
MORTAL.
DRACULA
HAS NEED
OF YOUR
FOOLISH
LIFE...



THE CROSS WAS A
BRILLIANT PLOY!
IT SEEMS I
FACE A
WORTHY
ADVER-
SARY!

BUT WHO?
THIS FOOL
TOLD ME
NOTHING
BEFORE I
KILLED
HIM...WHO?



GAS!
A MIXTURE OF
GARLIC AND
HOLY INCENSE!

ENOUGH TO
PARALYZE ANY
VAMPIRE--
ENOUGH TO
KILL!

THE STORM HAS WORSENERED, BUT RUTH CAULDERON BARELY NOTICES AS SHE RETRACES HER STEPS ACROSS LONDON...

SHE WALKS QUICKLY... PAST DARK OFFICES...

...PAST HOSPITALS...

McCORMACK AVILION

LISTEN TO ME, KELLY. TWO NIGHTS AGO, FIFTY-EIGHT PEOPLE WERE MURDERED--BUTCHERED-- IN SCOTLAND! AND QUINCY HARKER IS OUR ONLY LEAD!

CAN'T IT WAIT 'TIL MORNING?

NOT IF A VAMPIRE'S INVOLVED!

KATE, TWO HOURS AGO, HE WAS IN A MAJOR CAR CRASH! HE'S GOT THIRD-DEGREE BURNS, A POSSIBLE CONCUSSION, INTERNAL HEMORRHAGING, THE WORKS.

YOU WAKE HIM UP NOW, YOU'LL KILL HIM!

BUT THEN AGAIN... IF YOU DON'T CARE...

BACK OFF, DOCTOR! I CARE--BELIEVE ME, I CARE! MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW...

WAKE HIM UP, KELLY! I WANT HIM CONSCIOUS WITHIN THE HOUR!

LIFT... LIFT... HAS STOPPED...

...MUST GET OUT... BUT GAS... SO THICK... ARMS ...BODY LIKE ...LEAD...

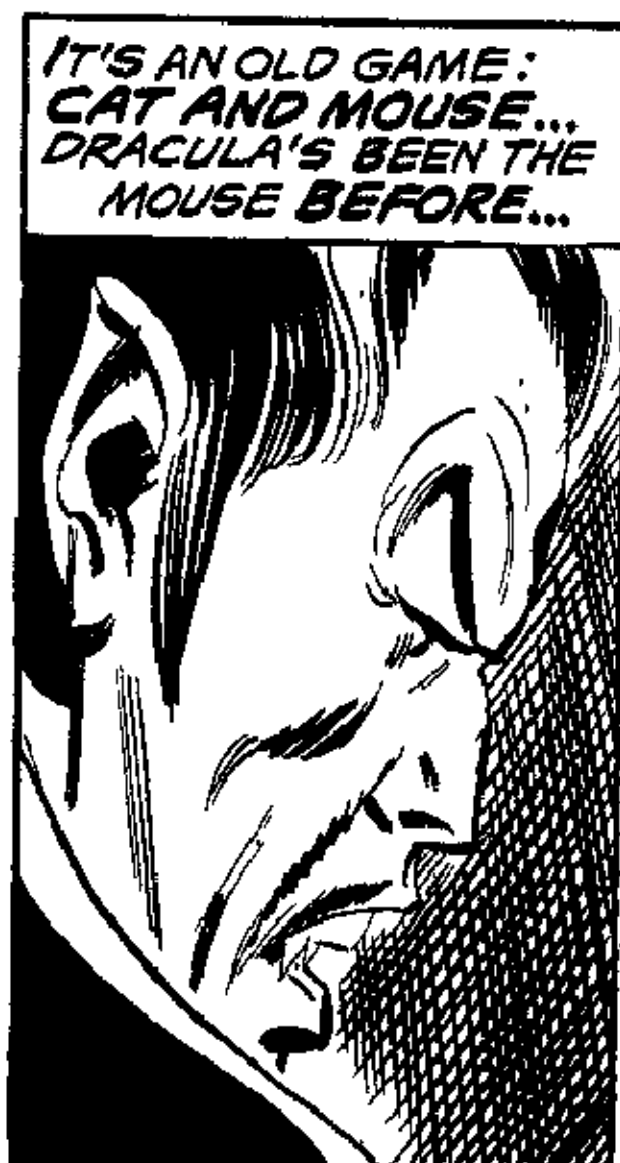
GIVE IN... SO EASY TO... GIVE IN...

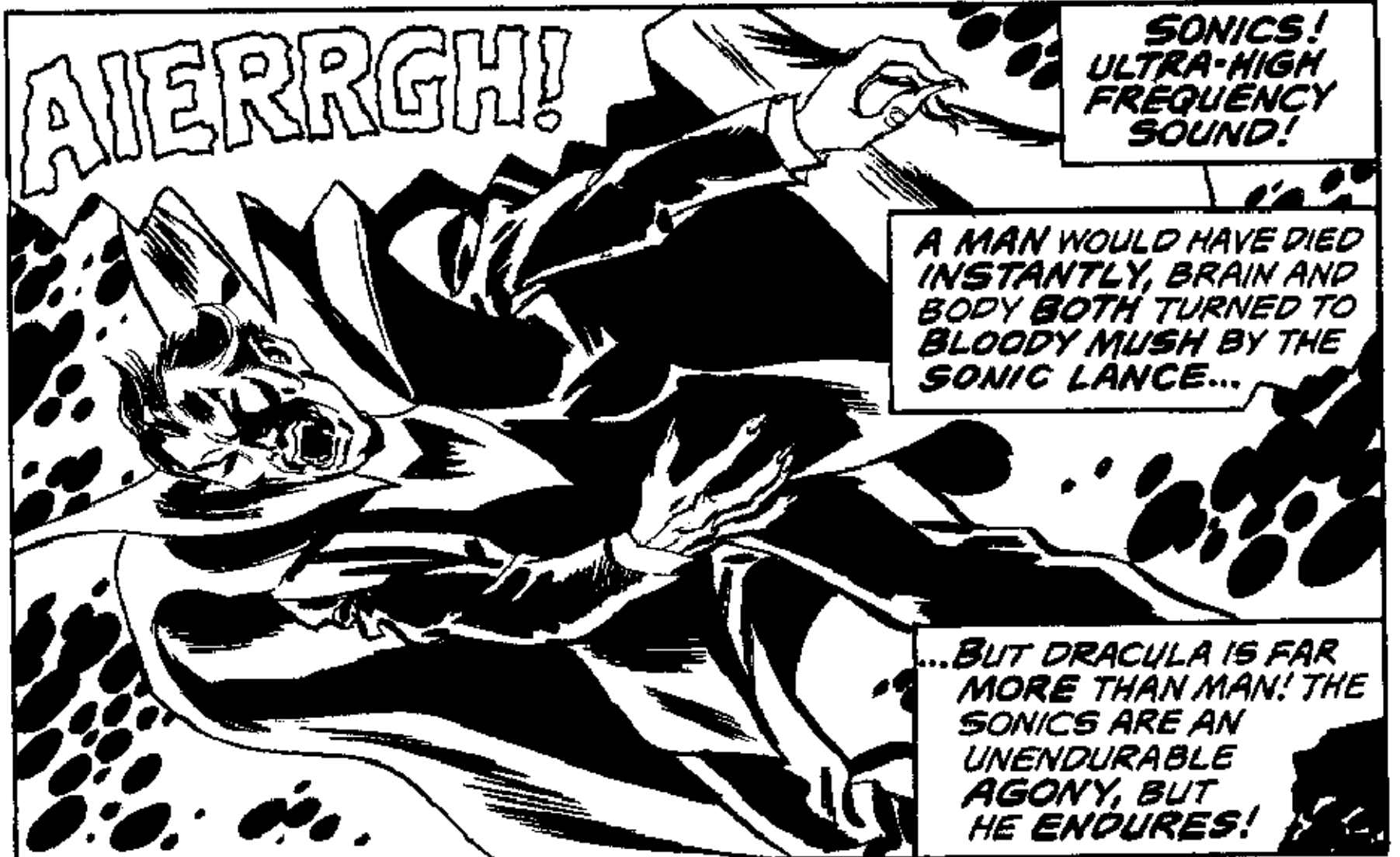
NO!

I AM DRACULA!

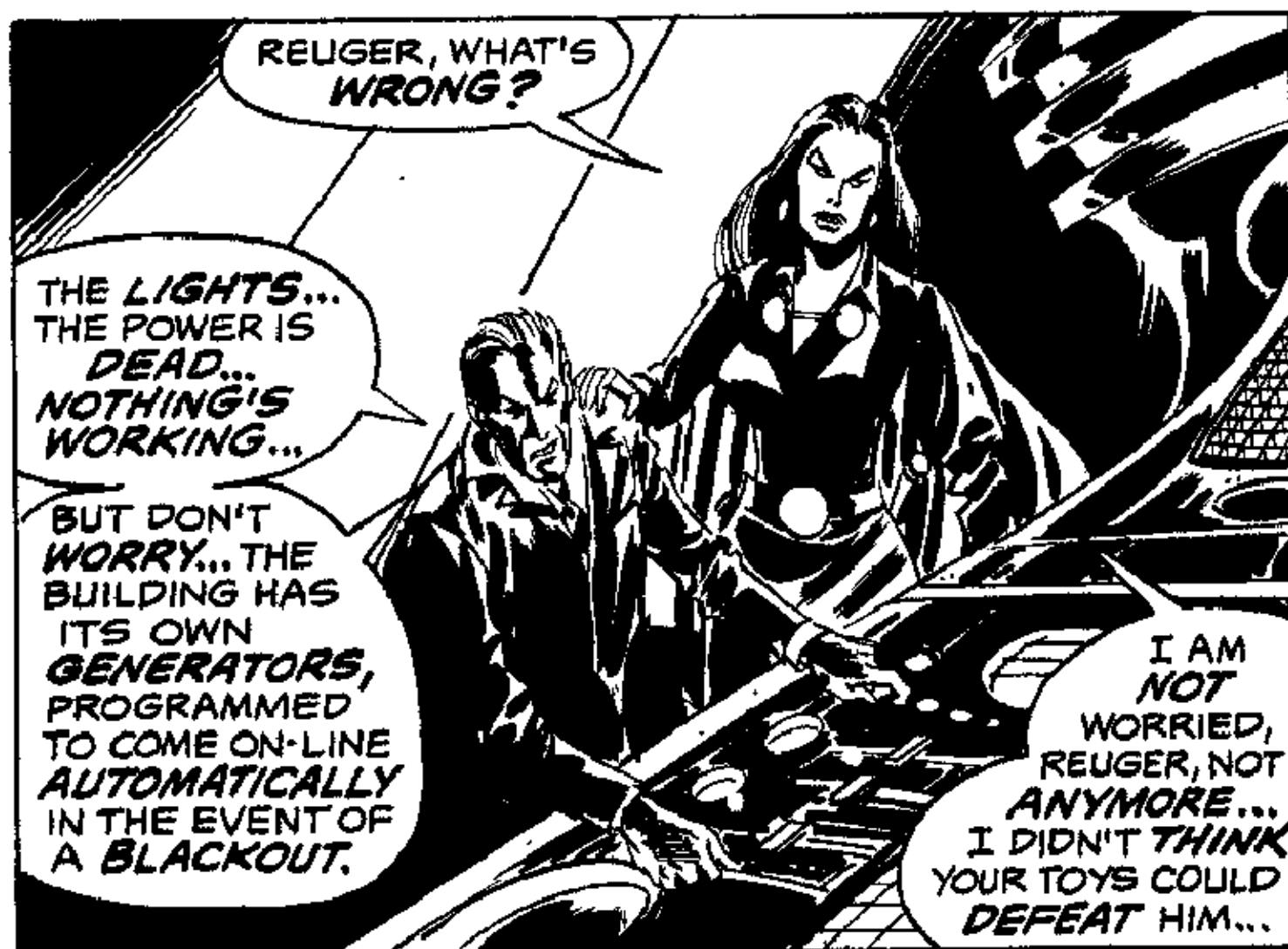
IF I DIE, IT WILL BE IN BATTLE, UNDER MY ENEMY'S SWORD-- NOT IN A BOX, WHIMPERING LIKE SOME WHIPPED CUR.

HE IS FREE! BUT EVEN DRACULA'S STRENGTH HAS ITS LIMITS-- HE HAS SURVIVED A DOSE OF INCENSE THAT WOULD HAVE SLAIN A HUNDRED LIKE HIM, AND NOW HE MUST PAY THE PRICE...









REUGER, WHAT'S **WRONG?**

THE **LIGHTS...**
THE **POWER IS DEAD...**
NOTHING'S WORKING...

BUT DON'T **WORRY...** THE **BUILDING HAS ITS OWN GENERATORS,** PROGRAMMED TO COME ON-LINE **AUTOMATICALLY** IN THE EVENT OF A **BLACKOUT.**

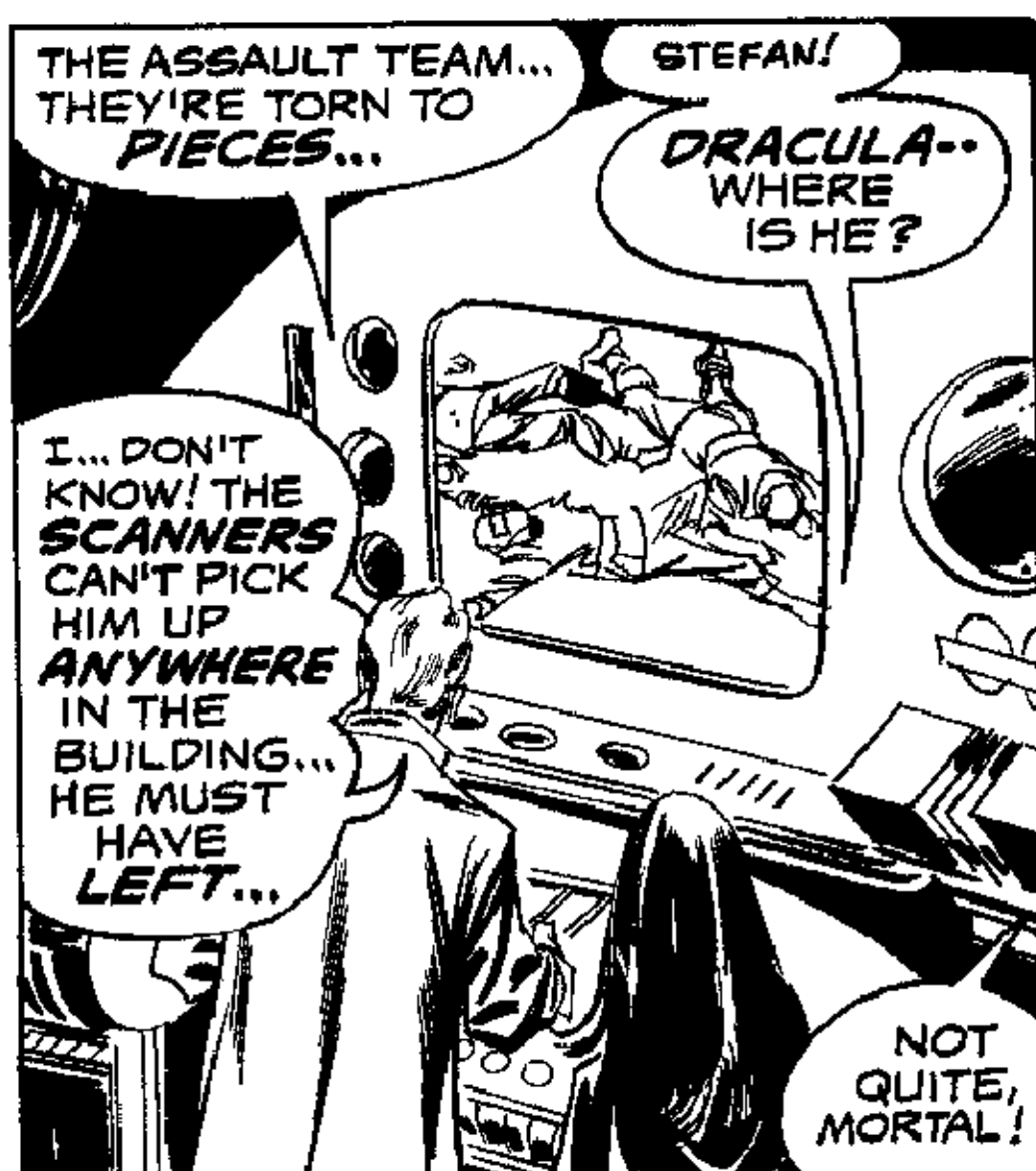
I AM **NOT** WORRIED, REUGER, NOT **ANYMORE...** I DIDN'T **THINK** YOUR TOYS COULD **DEFEAT HIM...**



YOU DON'T KNOW THAT!
THERE'S STILL A CHANCE...

... OH MY **LORD!**

THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!**
NOBODY IS THAT **STRONG,** THAT **RESILIENT...**



THE **ASSAULT TEAM...**
THEY'RE TORN TO **PIECES...**

STEFAN!

DRACULA..
WHERE IS HE?

I... DON'T **KNOW!** THE **SCANNERS** CAN'T PICK HIM UP **ANYWHERE** IN THE **BUILDING...** HE MUST HAVE **LEFT...**

NOT **QUITE,** **MORTAL!**



I AM **HERE!**



AS THESE **MACHINES** ARE **YOURS,** REUGER, LET THEM HAVE THE **HONOR** OF **KILLING YOU!**

NO--PLEASE!
NO! MERCY!

AIEYARRGH!



WE **MEET** AT LAST. **WOMAN,** YOU HAVE BEEN **MORE** THAN A **NUISANCE** TO ME; FOR **THAT,** YOU MUST **DIE!**

ONE OF US MUST, AT ANY **RATE!**

YOU **SHOW** MORE **COURAGE** THAN YOUR **SERVANTS,** I'LL GIVE YOU THAT-- BUT **WHY** HAVE YOU **SOUGHT** MY **HEAD?** I HAVE **NEVER** HARMED YOU OR **YOURS...**



NEVER? YOU'VE A
POOR MEMORY
THEN, HELLSPAWN!

I AM
ELIANNE
TURAC,
FIRSTBORN
OF THE
HOUSE OF
TURAC
YOU...
KNEW...
MY
FATHER!

AYE.



AFTER FIVE HUNDRED
YEARS, THE JACKAL'S
WHELP...

HOLD
YOUR
TONGUE,
MAGYAR
PIG!

YOU'RE
NOT EVEN
FIT TO
LICK MY
FATHER'S
BOOTS!



I CHALLENGE YOU,
"LORD" DRACULA! A
TRIAL BY COMBAT--
TO THE DEATH!



I ACCEPT, CHILD.
IF YOUR FATHER
DID AS I
COMMANDED,
YOU ARE THE
LAST OF YOUR
LINE...

KILLING YOU
WILL BE A
RARE
PLEASURE!

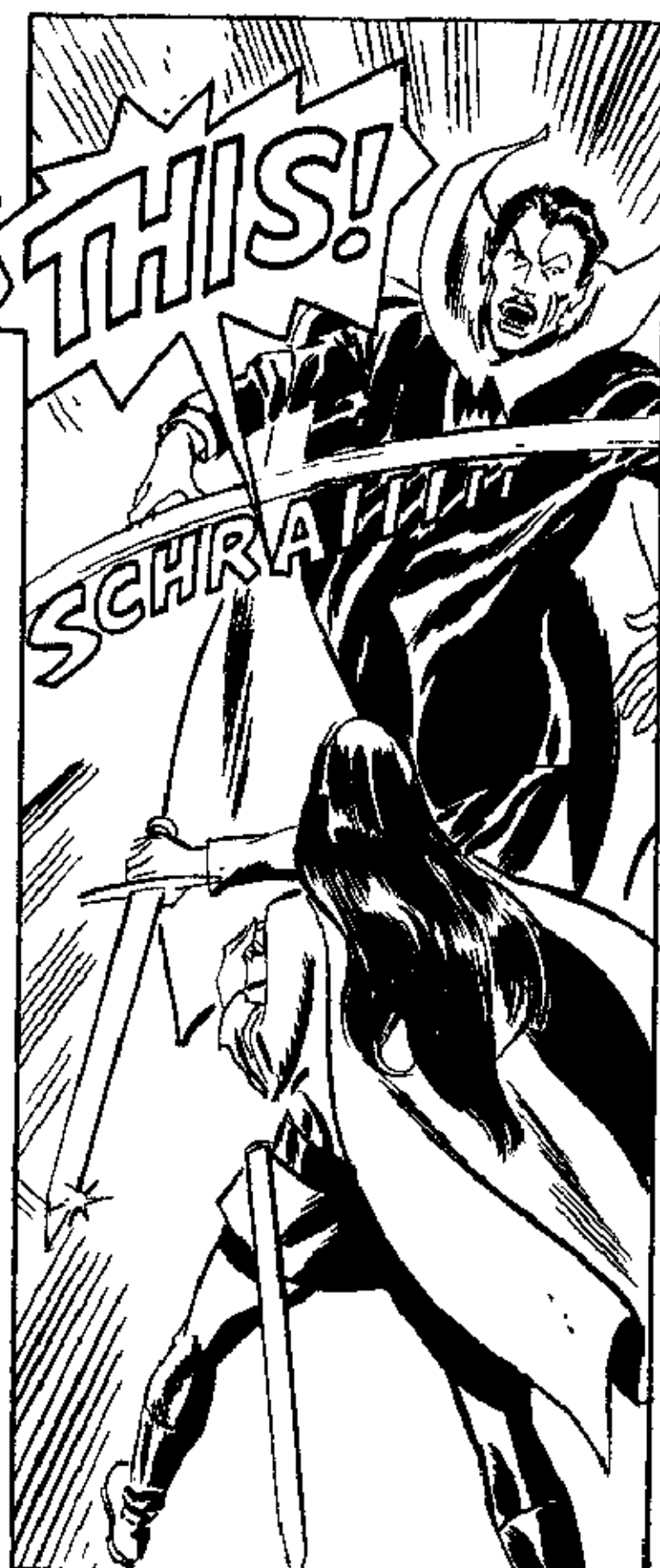
THE PLEASURE
IS ALL MINE,
VAMPIRE--I WILL
NOT BE THE ONE
TO DIE TONIGHT!



HA!

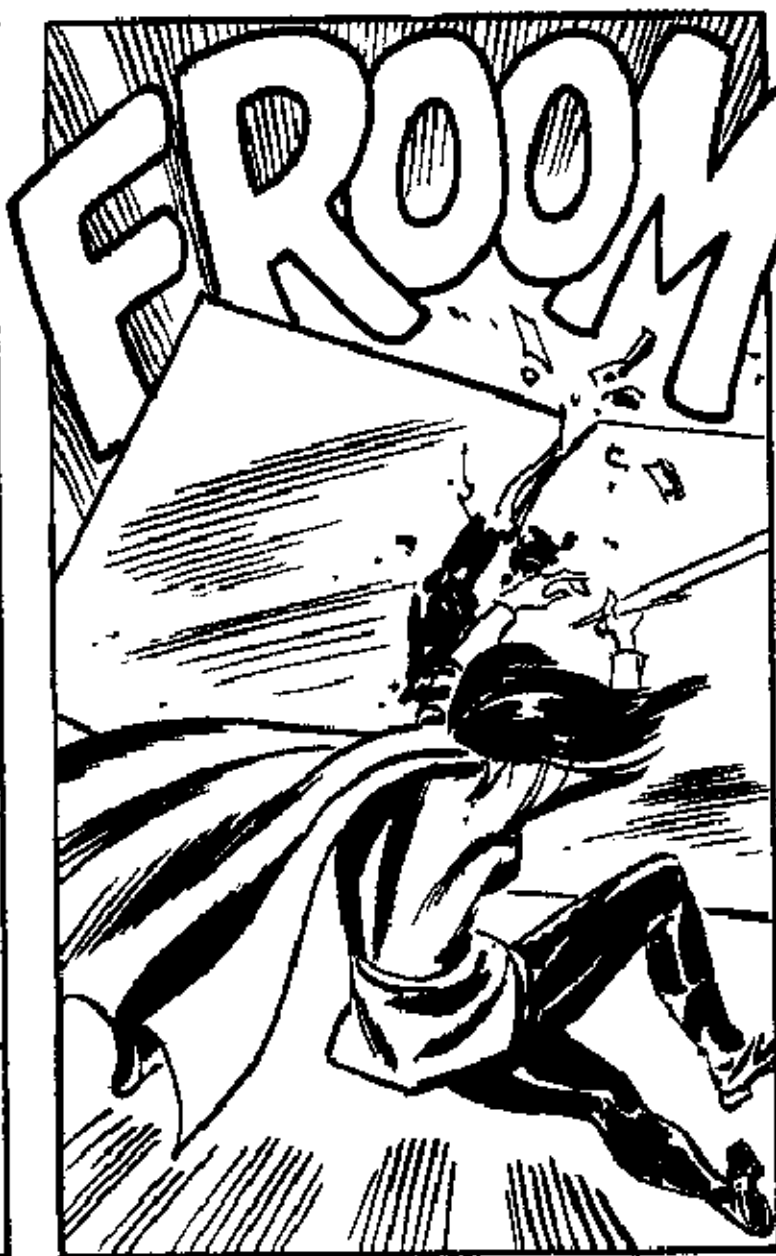
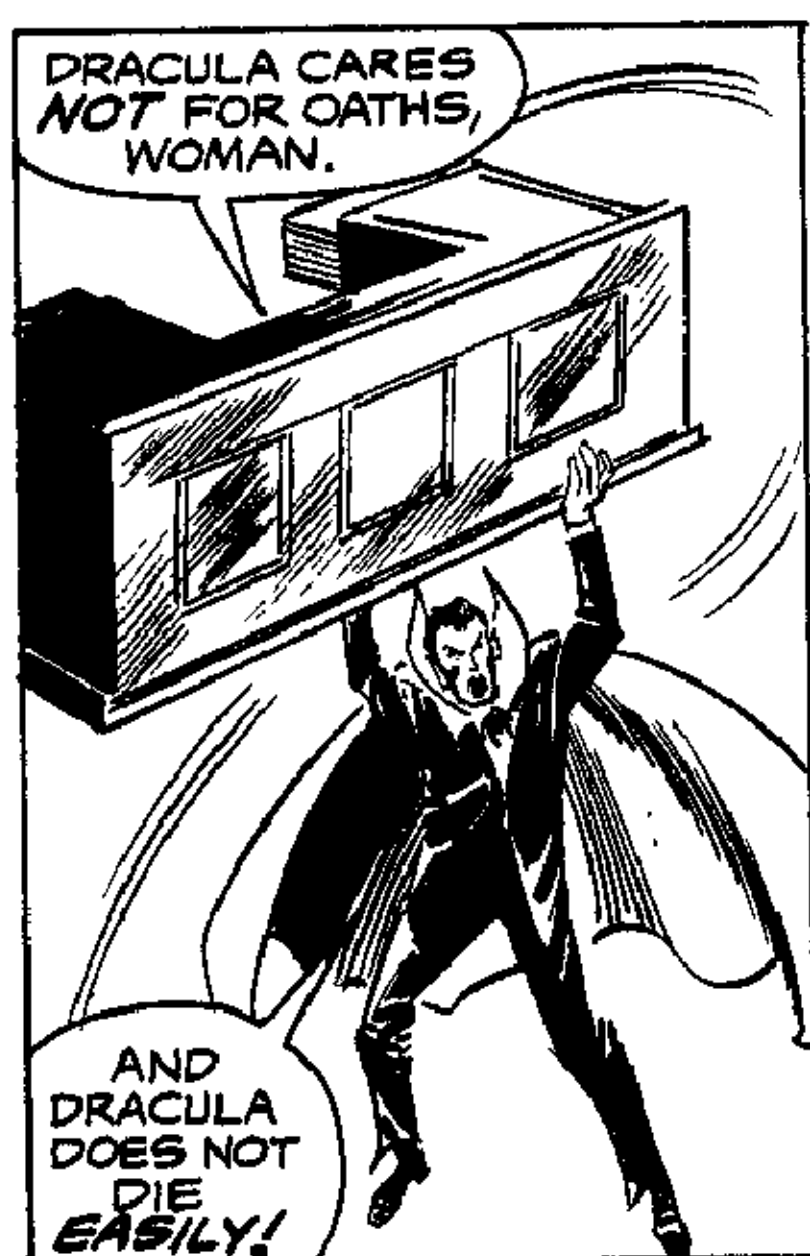
YOU ARE BLIND
ELIANNE TURAC.

WHAT HAS
DRACULA TO FEAR
FROM A BLIND
WOMAN?

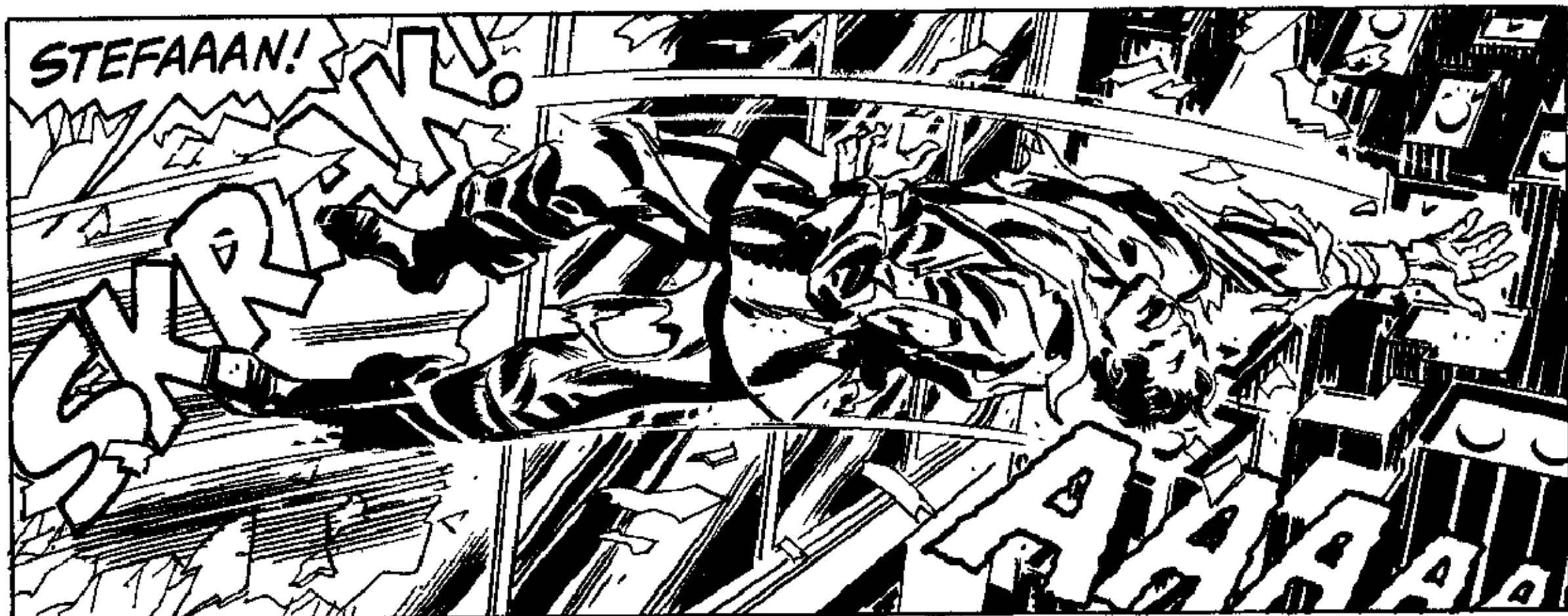


THIS!

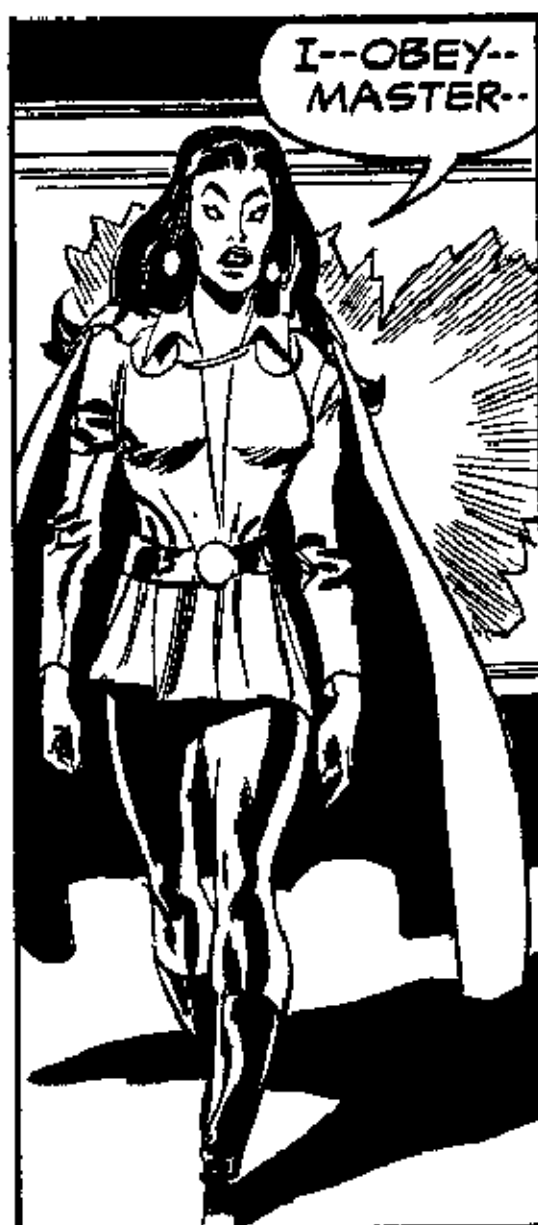
SCHRAFFT



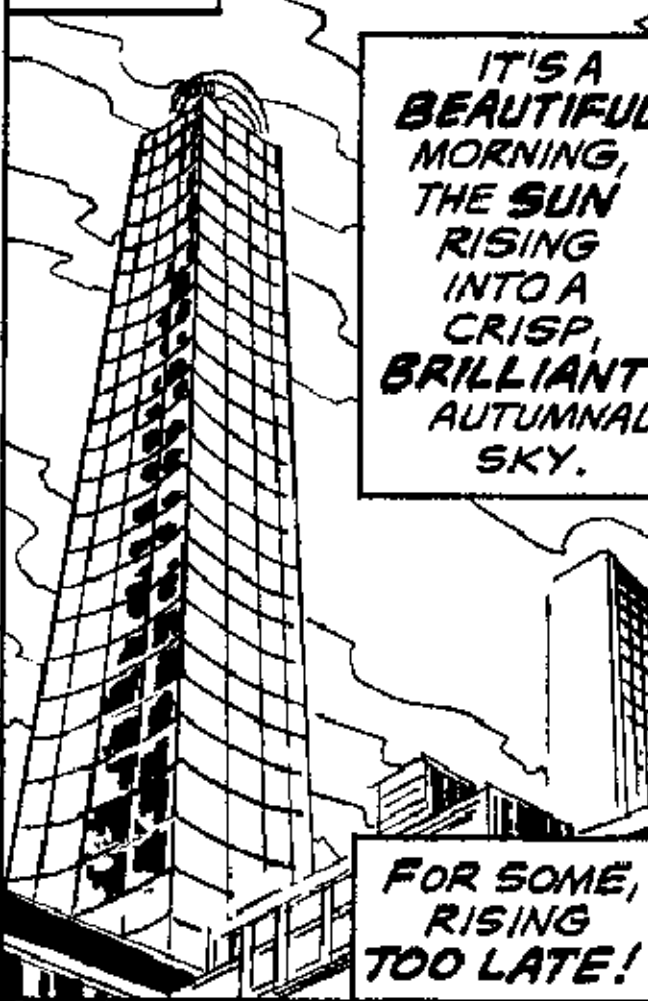








MONDAY, 30 SEPTEMBER 1974.



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL MORNING, THE SUN RISING INTO A CRISP, BRILLIANT AUTUMNAL SKY.

FOR SOME, RISING TOO LATE!

WHAT A MESS! LOOKS LIKE WORLD WAR III STARTED IN HERE!



HOW'S QUINCY?

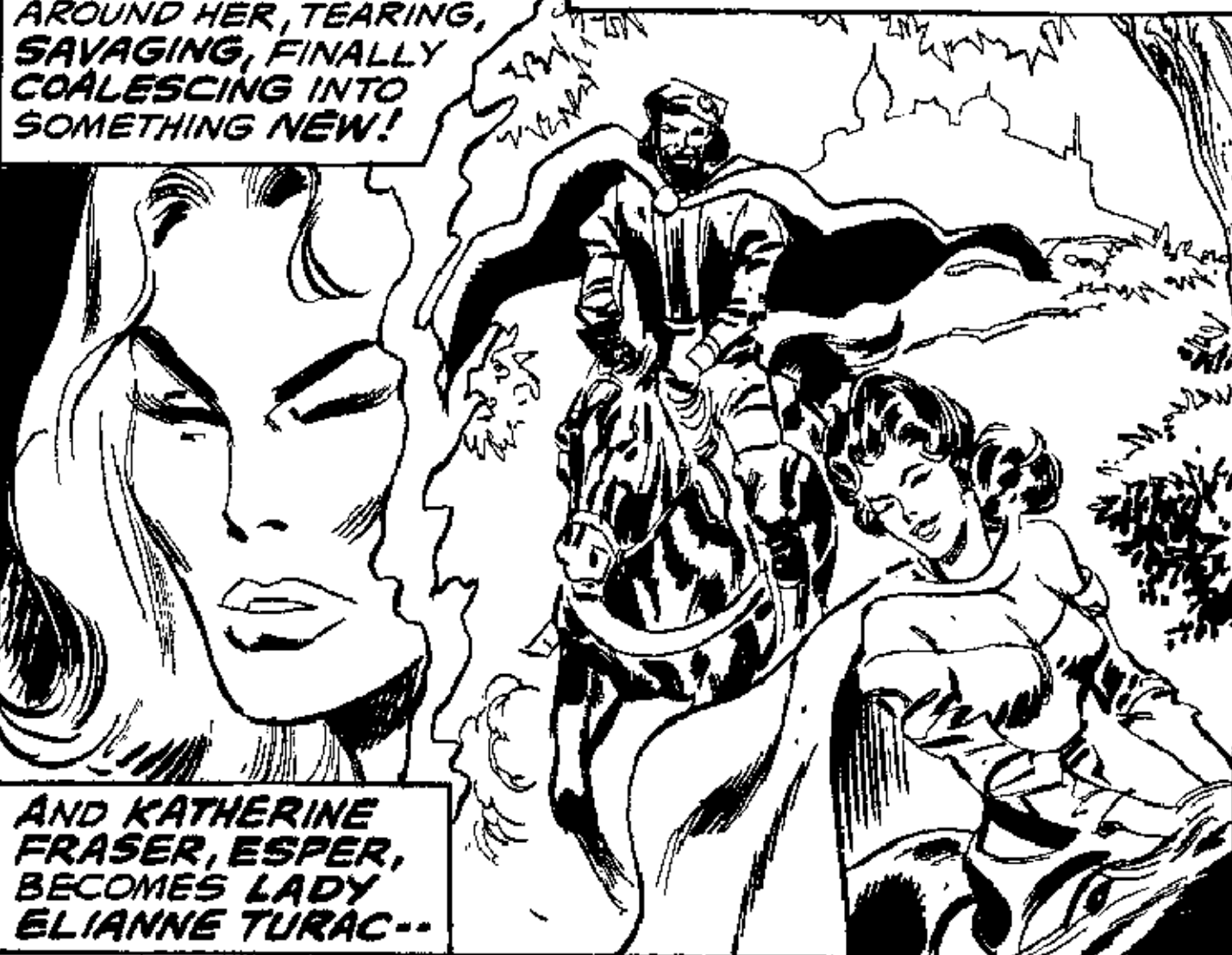
FINE... RESTING COMFORTABLY WITH NO COMPLICATIONS! HE'S A TOUGH OLD COOT IS OUR QUINCY.

WELL, I SUPPOSE IF WE'RE EVER TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED HERE, I'D BETTER GET INSIDE HER MIND!



REALITY TWISTS APART AROUND HER, TEARING, SAVAGING, FINALLY COALESCING INTO SOMETHING NEW!

--THE WOMAN ELIANNE WAS...



AND KATHERINE FRASER, ESPER, BECOMES LADY ELIANNE TURAC--

...THE WOMAN ELIANNE BECAME...



...THE WOMAN THAT DIED!



"ELIANNE--GIVE IT UP! PLEASE!"

CHELM, GET ME A MALLET AND A STAKE, WILL YOU, PLEASE?



"I CAN'T-- I SWORE AN OATH!"

REST IN PEACE, LITTLE ONE, YOU'VE EARNED IT!



NEXT ISSUE: A NEW WRITER AND-- BLOODFEUD AT DEVILS LAKE!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



25¢
©

29
FEB
02143

THE TOMB

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A
VAMPIRE
GOES MAD!

YOU
MUST READ--
**RAMPAGE
OF
BLOOD**



Hidden in the *shadows* where legend and reality merge, there are *tales* of a being who has lived *more than five hundred years*; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of *Hell* itself; they say he thrives upon the *blood* of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the *bravest* man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!™

MARV WOLFGMAN / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / JOHN COSTANZA / TOM PALMER / ROY THOMAS.
WRITER ARTISTS letterer colorist EDITOR

YOUR NAME IS DRACULA, AND THERE IS HATRED COURISING THROUGH YOUR HEART THIS NIGHT: HATRED FOR THE THOUSAND WRONGS DONE TO YOU, HATRED FOR THE SHE-HUMAN WHO SPURNED YOU, HATRED FOR THE WHIMPERING WHELP WHO STOLE YOUR WOMAN-SLAVE FROM YOU, AND ABOVE ALL, HATRED FOR YOURSELF. IT IS THIS HATRED YOU DESPISE THE MOST, AND SO, TO BANISH IT, YOU BEGIN YOUR MINDLESS RAMPAGE OF BLOOD!

YOUR NAME IS BEVERLY GABLE, AND YOU ARE RETURNING HOME AFTER AN EVENING OF BABY-SITTING. FOR THREE AND ONE-HALF HOURS YOU WATCHED THE FLICKERING IMAGES PLAYING ON A TELEVISION SET, OBLIVIOUS TO THE DESPERATE CRIES OF THE CHILD IN THE OTHER ROOM... CRIES WHICH SUBSIDED ONCE YOUNG PETER HANCOCK THE THIRD GREW TIRED WAITING FOR YOU AND FELL ASLEEP. WHEN MR. AND MRS. HANCOCK RETURNED HOME FROM THEIR PARTY AND PAID YOU FOR YOUR SERVICES, THEY ASKED IF YOU WISHED A RIDE TO YOUR HOME. YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THEIR OFFER.

VENGEANCE IS MINE!

SAYETH THE VAMPIRE!





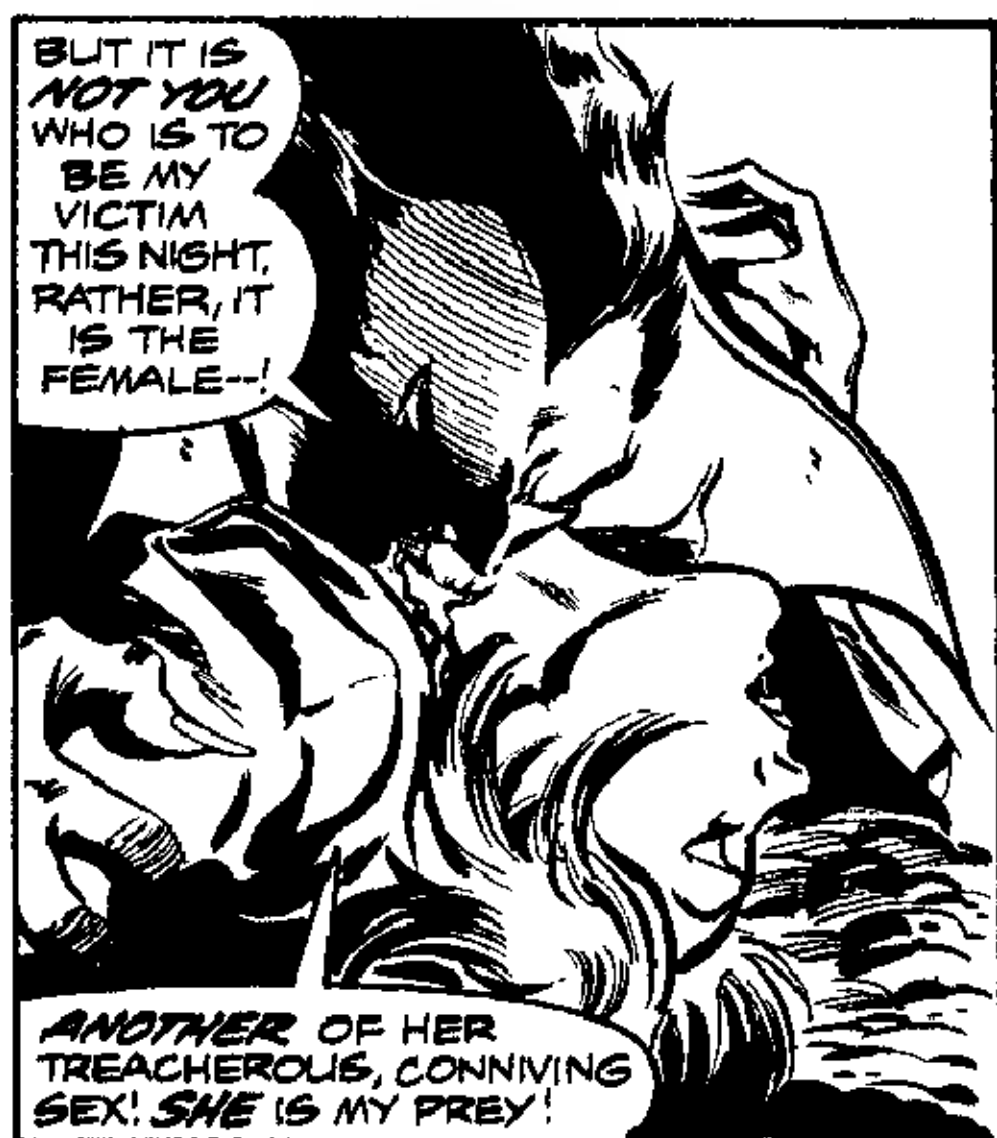
CRUSHING YOU?
DON'T MAKE
ME LAUGH,
FOOL!

BEFORE I AM
DONE WITH YOU,
YOUR FLESH AND
BONE SHALL BE
PULP OOOZING
FROM MY
FINGERS.

STOP IT!
PLEASE, YOU'RE
KILLING ME!
KILLING ME!



WHAT IS SO
WRONG WITH
THAT, SCUM?
IS YOUR LIFE
WORTH *ANY-
THING* TO
ANY BUT
YOURSELF?



BUT IT IS
NOT YOU
WHO IS TO
BE MY
VICTIM
THIS NIGHT,
RATHER, IT
IS THE
FEMALE--!

ANOTHER OF HER
TREACHEROUS, CONNING
SEX! *SHE* IS MY PREY!



IT IS NO GOOD,
THIS GIRL'S
BLOOD
SATISFIES
ME NOT.



NO! ONLY THE
BLOOD OF THAT
CURSED FEMALE
TRAITOR CAN
SOOTHE THE
ANGER GROWING
IN ME NOW.

HEY, YOU,
MAN--HALT!



WHO--?

I SAID
HALT,
MAN.

I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'VE *DONE*
HERE, BUT I'M
PLACING YOU
UNDER ARREST!



ARREST?
ARE YOU
INSANE,
FOOL?

CONSIDER
YOURSELF *LUCKY*
THAT I HAVE NOT
THE TIME TO
REND YOU LIMB
FROM LIMB.

ARREST?

HAHAHAHA

WHAT DO YOU DO NOW,
DRACULA? WHO DO YOU
STRIKE NOW THAT YOUR
HUNGER STILL IS NOT
SATIATED?

YOU PONDER THAT QUESTION
EVEN AS DAWN SLOWLY RISES
OVER THE MOUNTAINS FAR TO
THE EAST, WHILE YOU FLEE
BACK TO THE SANCTUARY YOU
NOW CALL CASTLE
DRACULA.

CASTLE DRACULA? HAH! ONCE IT WAS
MERELY CASTLE DUNWICK... ONCE IT WAS
OWNED BY THE GIRL YOU ONCE CARED
FOR, BUT NOW YOU DESPISE!

GIRL YOU ONCE CARED FOR? DO
THOSE WORDS SOUND BIZARRE?
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT A DEMON LIKE
YOURSELF COULD ACTUALLY CARE
FOR A HUMAN?

PERHAPS THIS ENIGMA
IS WHAT MAKES YOUR
HEART RAGE EVEN MORE.

ENOUGH!
TOMORROW
SHALL BE
MY NIGHT!

AND FOR
YOU, SHIELA
WHITTIER...
I FEEL
SORROW
FOR WHAT
I MUST
DO.

WE SPOKE OF *FUTURES*,
THOUGH I *KNEW* THERE
COULD BE *NO* FUTURE
FOR US. YET THERE WAS
PLEASURE IN THE
TALKING.

NOW THERE
CAN BE *NO*
TIME FOR
IDLE TALK.

FOR, I MUST
NEVER FORGET
WHO I AM...
WHAT I AM!



I AM *UNDEAD*.
YOU ARE *ALIVE*.
THERE WAS *NEVER*
ANY HOPES OR
FUTURES FOR US.

NOW YOUR
ACTIONS HAVE
LEFT ME ONLY
ONE RECOURSE--



--AND THOUGH I
DREAD ITS *OUT-*
COME, THERE IS
NOTHING WHICH
EITHER OF US
CAN DO TO PRE-
VENT IT.

IN THIS WE ARE
MERE *PUPPETS*
PLAYING OUT OUR
FINAL ACT... THE
FINAL CURTAIN ON
LIFE... AND ON
DEATH!





THE FOLLOWING NOON...

DAVID? CAN WE... TALK?

I KNEW WE'D HAVE TO, SOONER OR LATER, SHIELA. THERE WERE MANY THINGS I'VE WANTED TO ASK YOU, BUT, GOD HELP ME, I KNEW I COULDN'T.

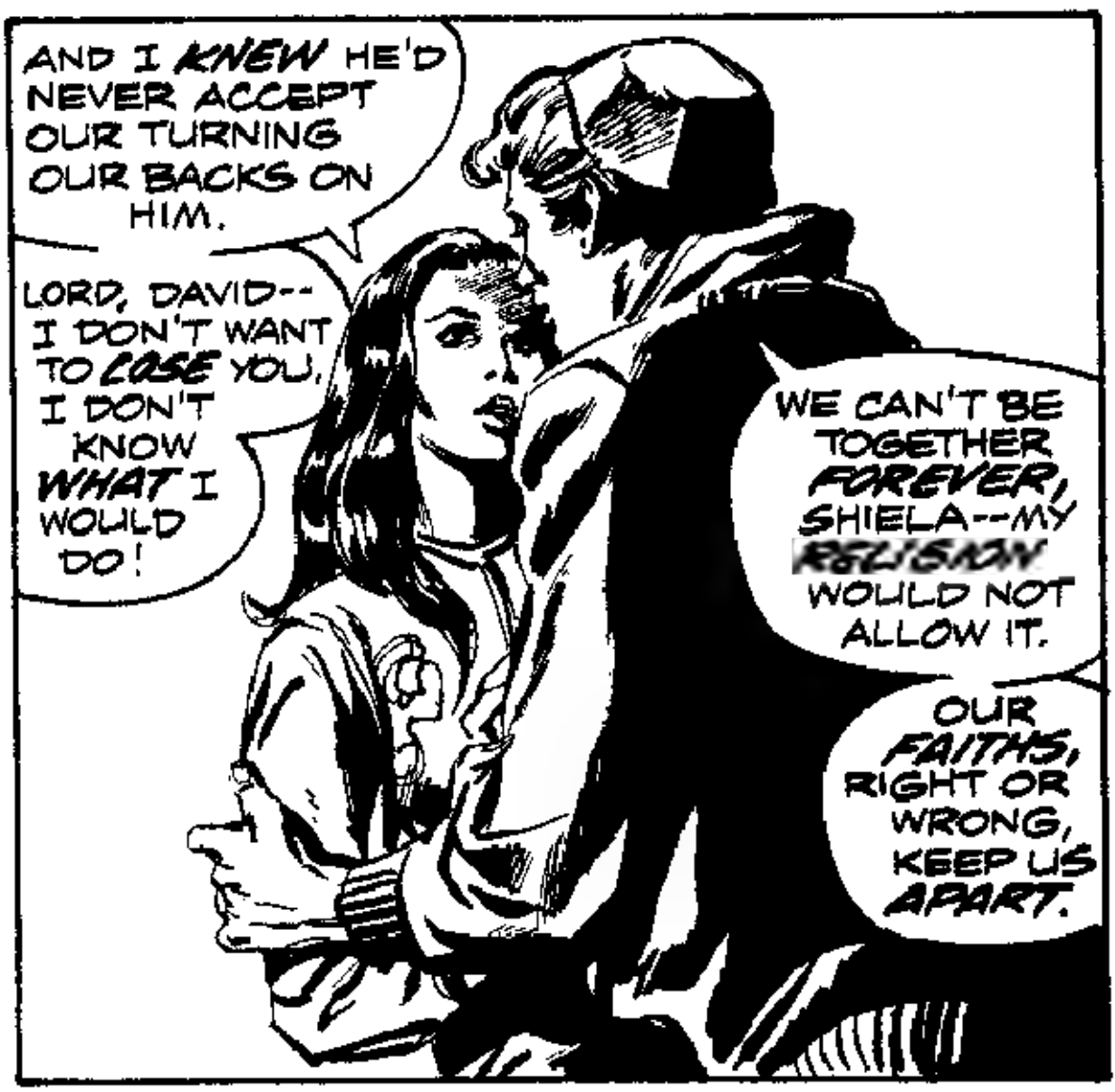
BUT MAYBE NOW... MAYBE NOW.



I'M **WORRIED**, DAVID... ABOUT THE **TWO** OF US... ABOUT DRACULA. HE WAS **FURIOUS** WHEN WE WALKED OFF TOGETHER.*

HE WOULDN'T THINK TWICE ABOUT KILLING YOU, DAVID. HE'S A **PROUD** MAN... A **VAIN** MAN.

* AS SHOWN LAST ISSUE.--ROY.



AND I **KNEW** HE'D NEVER ACCEPT OUR TURNING OUR BACKS ON HIM.

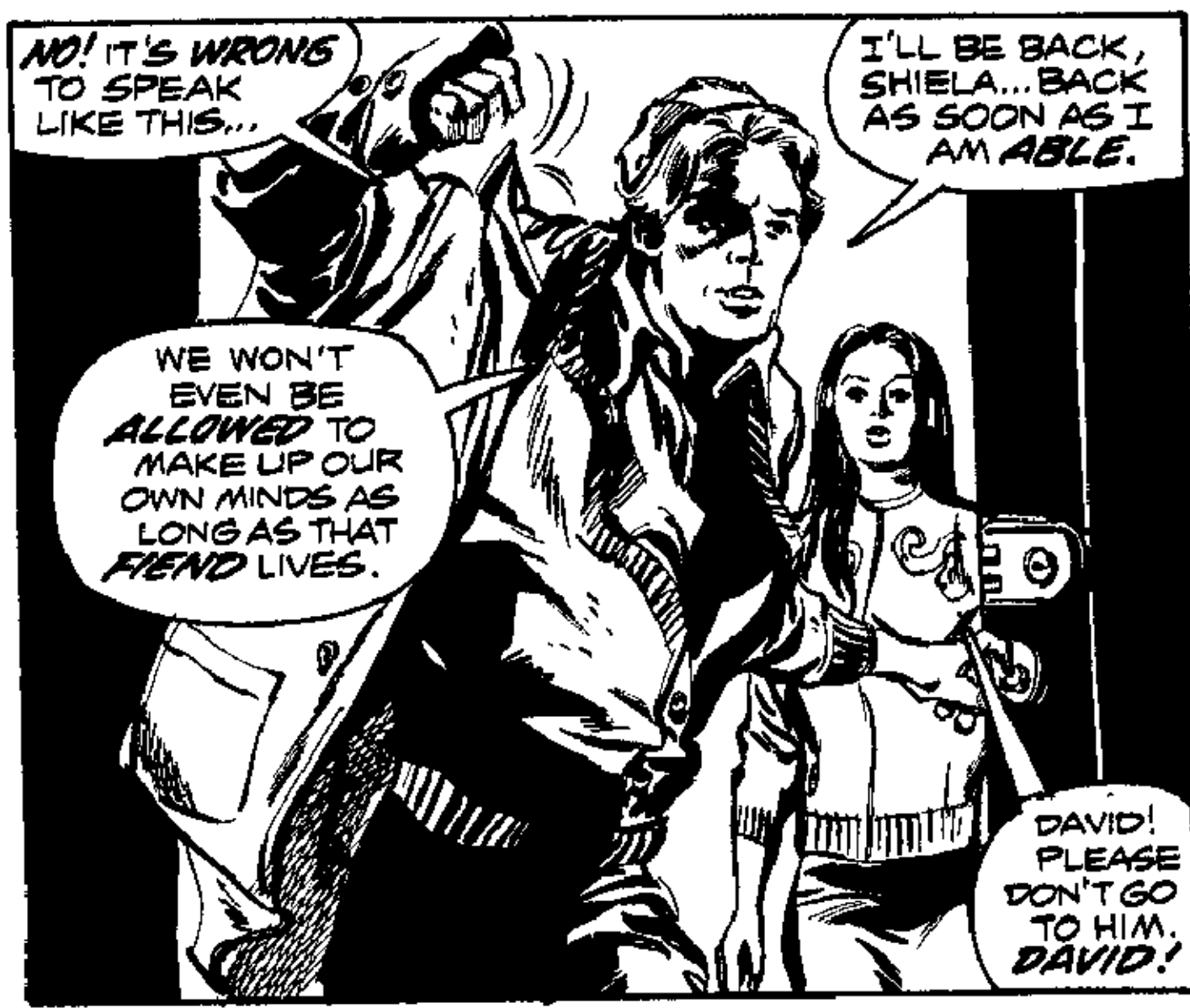
LORD, DAVID-- I DON'T WANT TO **LOSE** YOU, I DON'T KNOW **WHAT** I WOULD DO!

WE CAN'T BE TOGETHER **FOREVER**, SHIELA--MY **RELIGION** WOULD NOT ALLOW IT.

OUR **FAITHS**, RIGHT OR WRONG, KEEP US **APART**.



BUT THEY DON'T STOP US FROM BEING **FRIENDS**.



NO! IT'S **WRONG** TO SPEAK LIKE THIS...

WE WON'T EVEN BE **ALLOWED** TO MAKE UP OUR OWN MINDS AS LONG AS THAT **FIEND** LIVES.

I'LL BE BACK, SHIELA... BACK AS SOON AS I AM **ABLE**.

DAVID! PLEASE DON'T GO TO HIM. **DAVID!**



BUT THE QUIET
YESHIVA STUDENT
DOESN'T LISTEN.
INSTEAD...

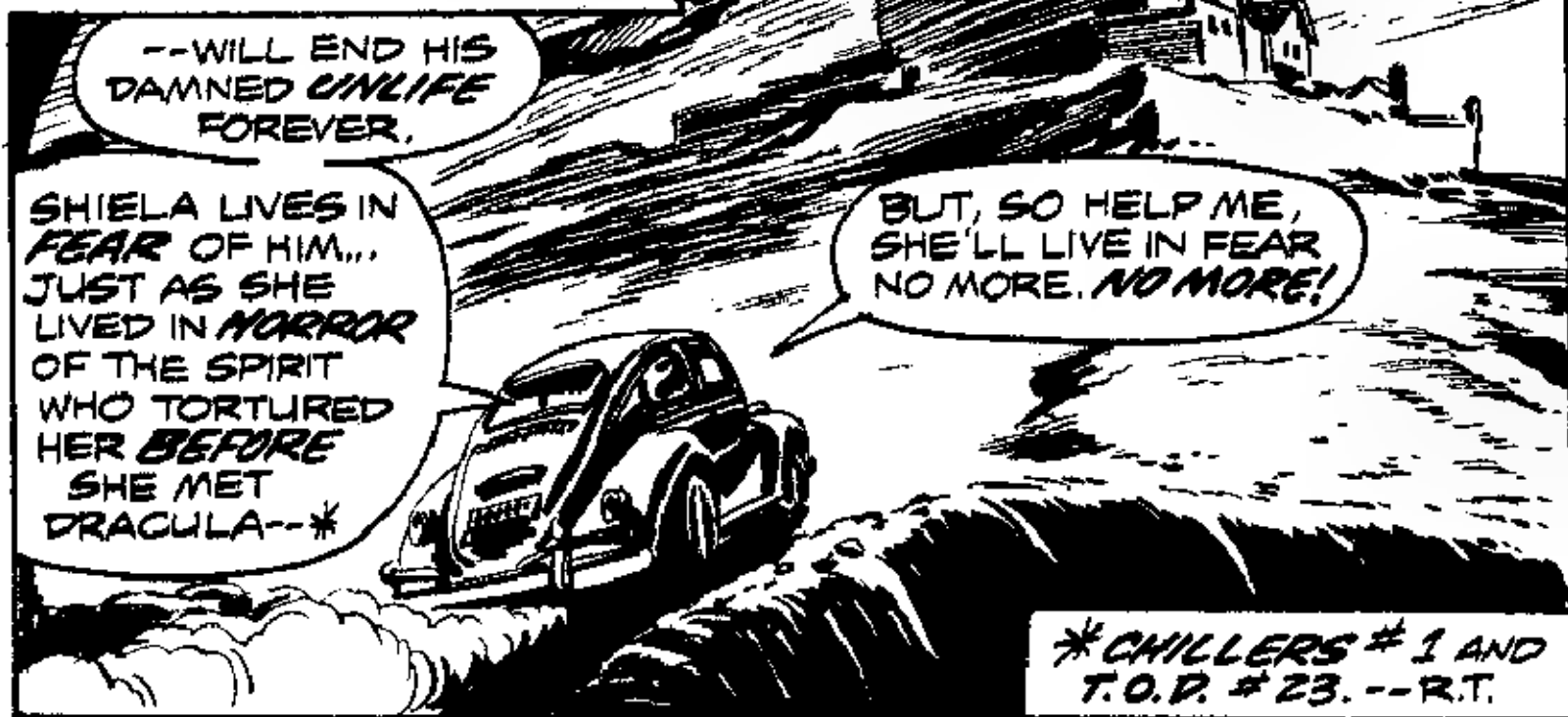


THERE CAN BE *NOTHING*
BETWEEN US UNTIL THAT
DEMON IS DEAD...

...AND IF
GOD IS WITH
ME, EITHER
MY *STAR OF*
DAVID--



--OR THIS
SHARPENED
STAKE--



--WILL END HIS
DAMNED *UNLIFE*
FOREVER.

SHIELA LIVES IN
FEAR OF HIM...
JUST AS SHE
LIVED IN *HORROR*
OF THE SPIRIT
WHO TORTURED
HER *BEFORE*
SHE MET
DRACULA--*

BUT, SO HELP ME,
SHE'LL LIVE IN *FEAR*
NO MORE. *NO MORE!*

*CHILLERS #1 AND
T.O.P. #23. --R.T.



JAJPUR,
INDIA:

YOU *CRY* FOR YOUR
SON, MY HUSBAND
TAJ--

--BUT *TEARS* WILL
NOT SAVE HIS LIFE
TOMORROW, WHEN THE
VILLAGERS COME TO SLAY ADRI.



AND, WHAT IS *WORSE*,
I CANNOT *BLAME*
THEM FOR WHAT
THEY WISH TO DO.

THEY STILL
REMEMBER HOW
MANY DIED WHEN
THE VAMPIRES *CAME*
TO JAJPUR.

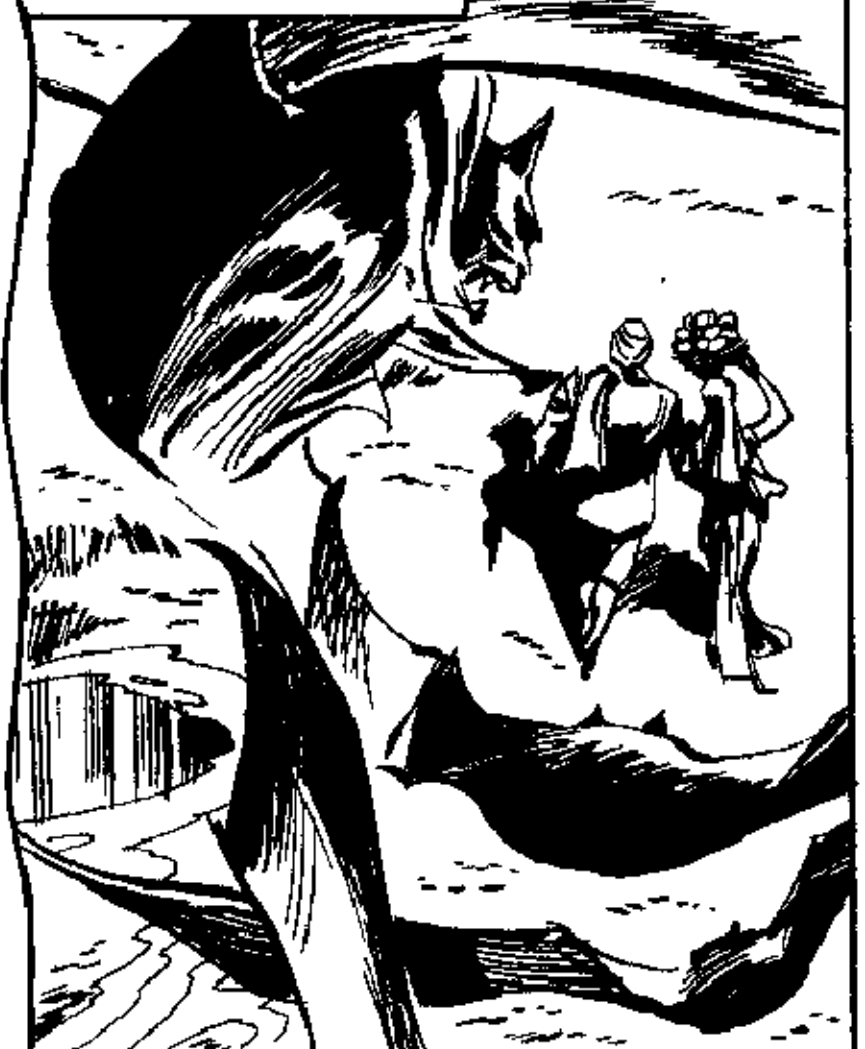


REMEMBER THAT
DAY, TAJ, MY DEAR-
EST-- REMEMBER
HOW IT BEGAN... AND
HOW, ALLAH SAVE
ME-- IT ENDED?

"ADRI WAS SO SWEET AS WE WALKED HOME FROM THE SHOPPING PLAZA. I HELD HIM TIGHTLY IN MY ARMS, THINKING OF HOW HE WOULD LOOK WHEN HE WAS ALL GROWN UP."

"ONLY THEN I DID NOT KNOW THIS WAS TO BE HIS LAST DAY ALIVE!"

"REMEMBER WHAT WE TALKED ABOUT, TAJ? THE MINDLESS GOSSIP, THE ENDLESS CHATTER. FUNNY, I STILL REMEMBER IT TO THIS DAY."



"BUT WE DID NOT SUSPECT ANYTHING THEN, DID WE, MY HUSBAND?"

"THE OTHERS ATTACKED ADRI AND I--"

"NOT UNTIL THEY STRUCK DID WE REALIZE WE HAD BEEN WATCHED... AND WE HAD BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH."

"THERE WERE THREE OF THEM--THEIR LEADER HAD YOU PICKED OUT AS ITS VICTIM."



"BUT YOU SAW THEM CLAW AT ME, TAJ--"



"-- AND YOU FOUGHT YOUR ATTACKER OFF TO HELP ME."

"THERE WAS FEAR IN THEIR EYES AS YOU TORE THEM AWAY FROM US--"

"BUT YOU COULD NOT DEFEAT THEM ALL, MY LOVE, FOR THERE WAS THEIR LEADER--"

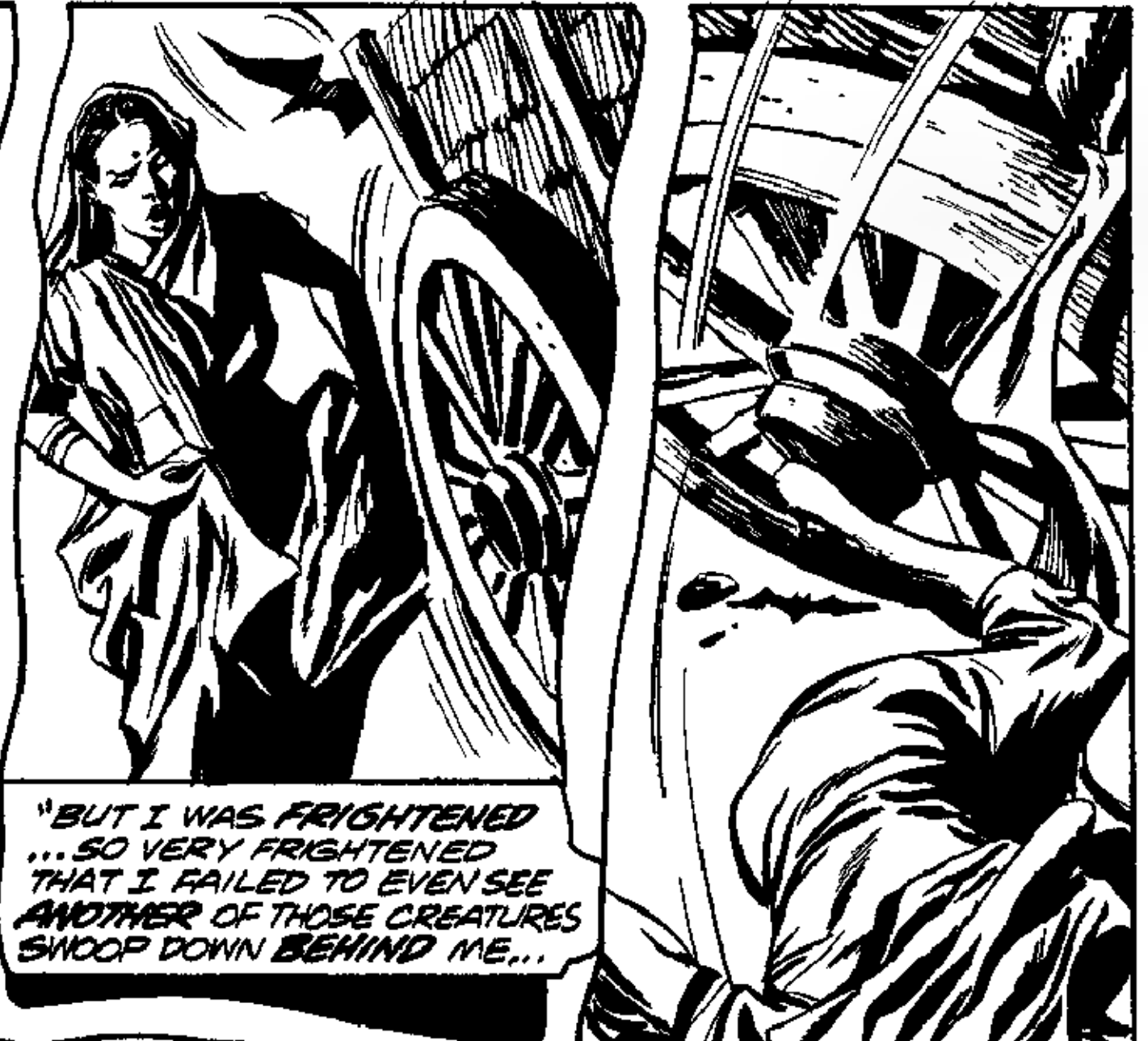
"--AND THEIR FEAR WAS DOUBLED BY THE LOOK OF MINDLESS HATRED THAT SHONE IN YOUR EYES, TAJ."

"-- AND HIS EYES WERE EMBLAZONED WITH A COLD, CRUEL POWER I COULD NOT BELIEVE YOU WOULD EVER ESCAPE FROM."

"I SAW THE HORROR AS THE BEAST'S LONG FINGERS GOUGED INTO YOUR THROAT-- BUT I TURNED AWAY FROM YOU, TAJ-- AND RAN..."



"...I FLED... I LEFT YOU AND ADRI TO FEND FOR YOURSELVES, AND I HATED MYSELF. PERHAPS THAT IS WHY I SAID THOSE THINGS TO YOU."



"BUT I WAS FRIGHTENED ... SO VERY FRIGHTENED THAT I FAILED TO EVEN SEE ANOTHER OF THOSE CREATURES SNEAK DOWN BEHIND ME..."



"--CRUSHING MY LEGS BENEATH ITS MASSIVE WEIGHT."

"I SCREAMED AS MY LEGS BURST UNDER THE IMPACT!"



"HELPLESS, I WATCHED THE THING DRAW CLOSER, AS ITS SALIVATING MOUTH PULLED BACK IN LUSTFUL ANTICIPATION."



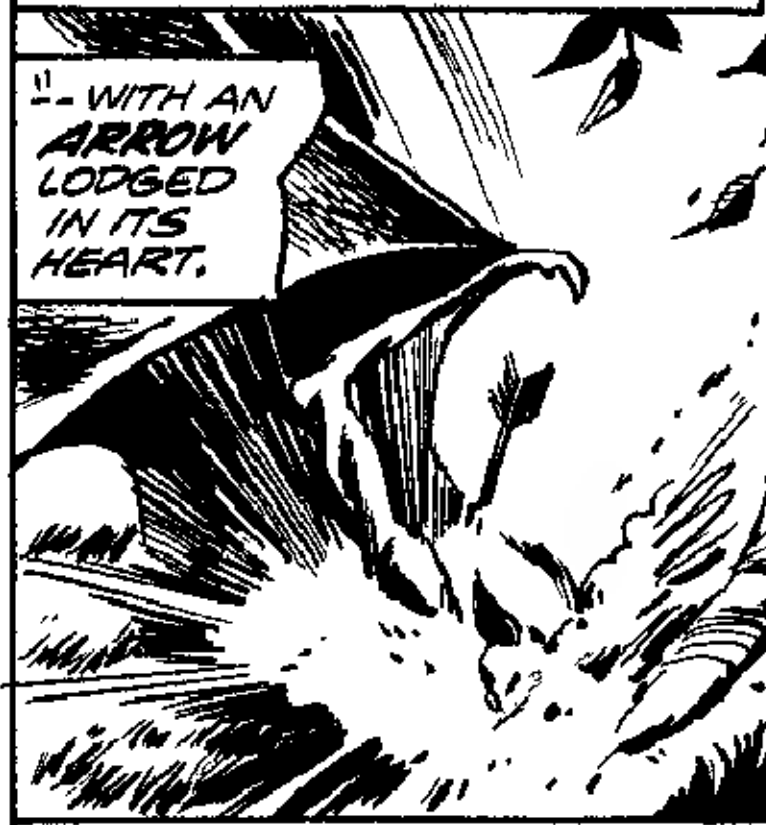
"--CRASHING A HEAVY WOOD-EN WAGON ON ITS SIDE--"

"I CLOSED MY EYES, WAITING FOR IT TO STRIKE..."

"...BUT IT NEVER DID."

"FOR, EVEN AS IT DESCENDED, IT WAS SLAIN!"

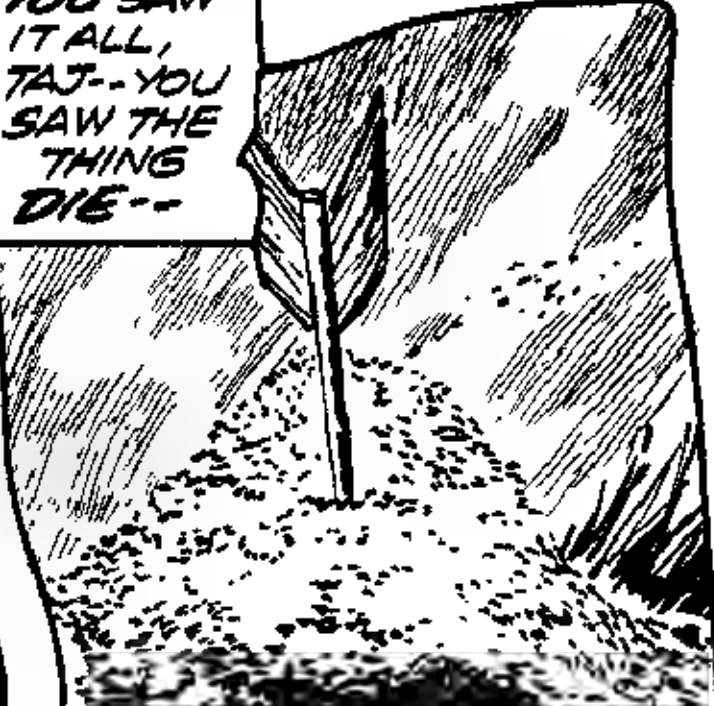
"SHRIEKING IN ENDLESS PAIN, THE BEAST COLLAPSED TO THE GROUND--"



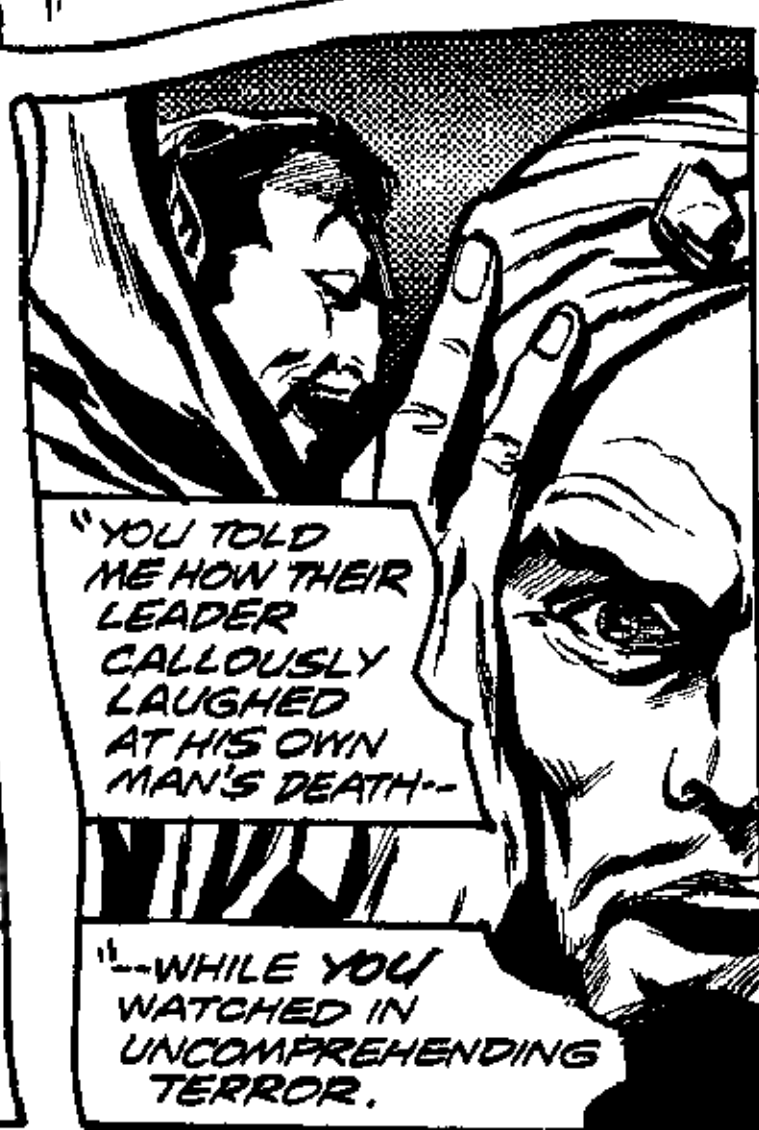
"-- WITH AN ARROW LODGED IN ITS HEART."

"I SAW NONE OF THAT-- MY PAIN HAD ALREADY TAKEN ITS TOLL AND I WAS MERCIFULLY UNCONSCIOUS..."

"-- BUT YOU SAW IT ALL, TAJ-- YOU SAW THE THING DIE--"



"--YOU SAW THE BEAST TURN TO ASH, AND THE WIND CARRY AWAY ITS FINAL REMAINS."



"YOU TOLD ME HOW THEIR LEADER CALLOUSLY LAUGHED AT HIS OWN MAN'S DEATH--"

"--WHILE YOU WATCHED IN UNCOMPREHENDING TERROR."



"THEN YOU SAW ONE OF THE MONSTERS GRAB ADRI, AND ITS TONGUE FLICKERED HUNGRILY AT OUR CHILD."



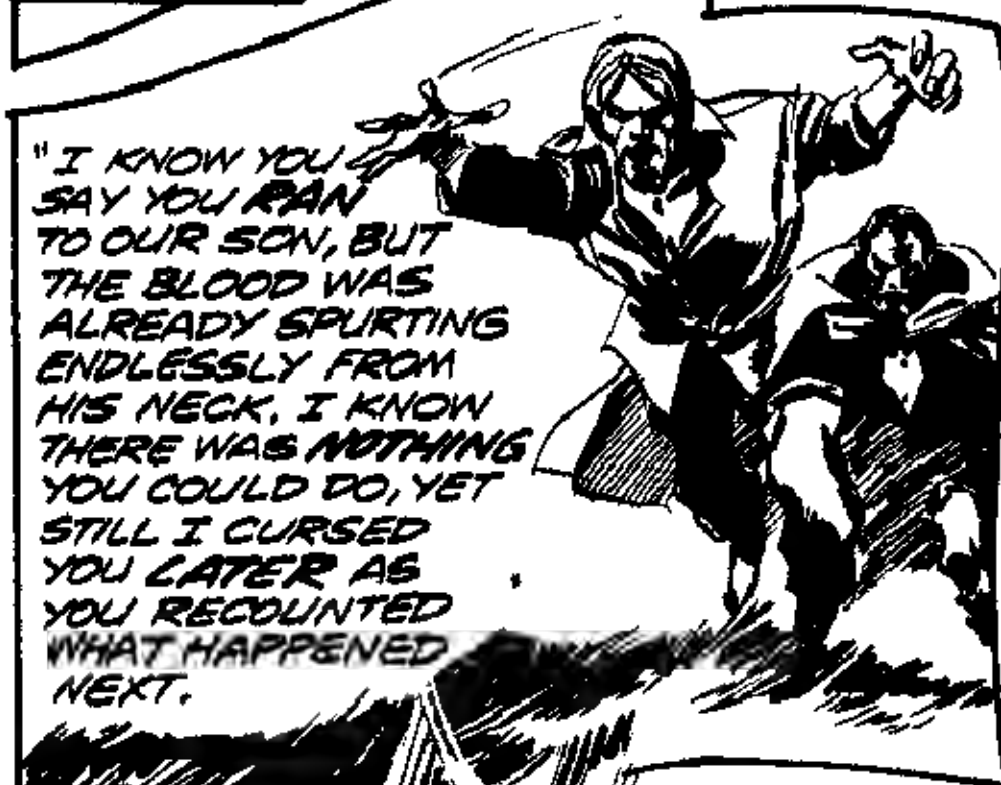
"YOU SAID YOU TRIED TO FREE YOURSELF FROM THEIR LEADER'S GRASP--"



"...BUT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE --FOR THE CREATURE DRANK YOUR SON'S BLOOD BEFORE YOUR HELPLESS EYES..."



"...AND THEN IT DIED-- AS A WOODEN ARROW DUG DEEP INTO ITS HEART."



"I KNOW YOU SAY YOU RAN TO OUR SON, BUT THE BLOOD WAS ALREADY SPURTING ENDLESSLY FROM HIS NECK. I KNOW THERE WAS NOTHING YOU COULD DO, YET STILL I CURSED YOU LATER AS YOU RECOUNTED WHAT HAPPENED NEXT."



"...AND EVEN AS YOU WRITHED MADDENINGLY TO FREE YOURSELF, THE VAMPIRE RIPPED AT YOUR THROAT--"

"YOU RAN... AND YOU WERE TRIPPED..."



"--UNTIL IT, TOO, WAS STOPPED!"

YOU WON'T GET ANOTHER CHANCE AT THAT POOR MAN'S NECK, DRACULA--

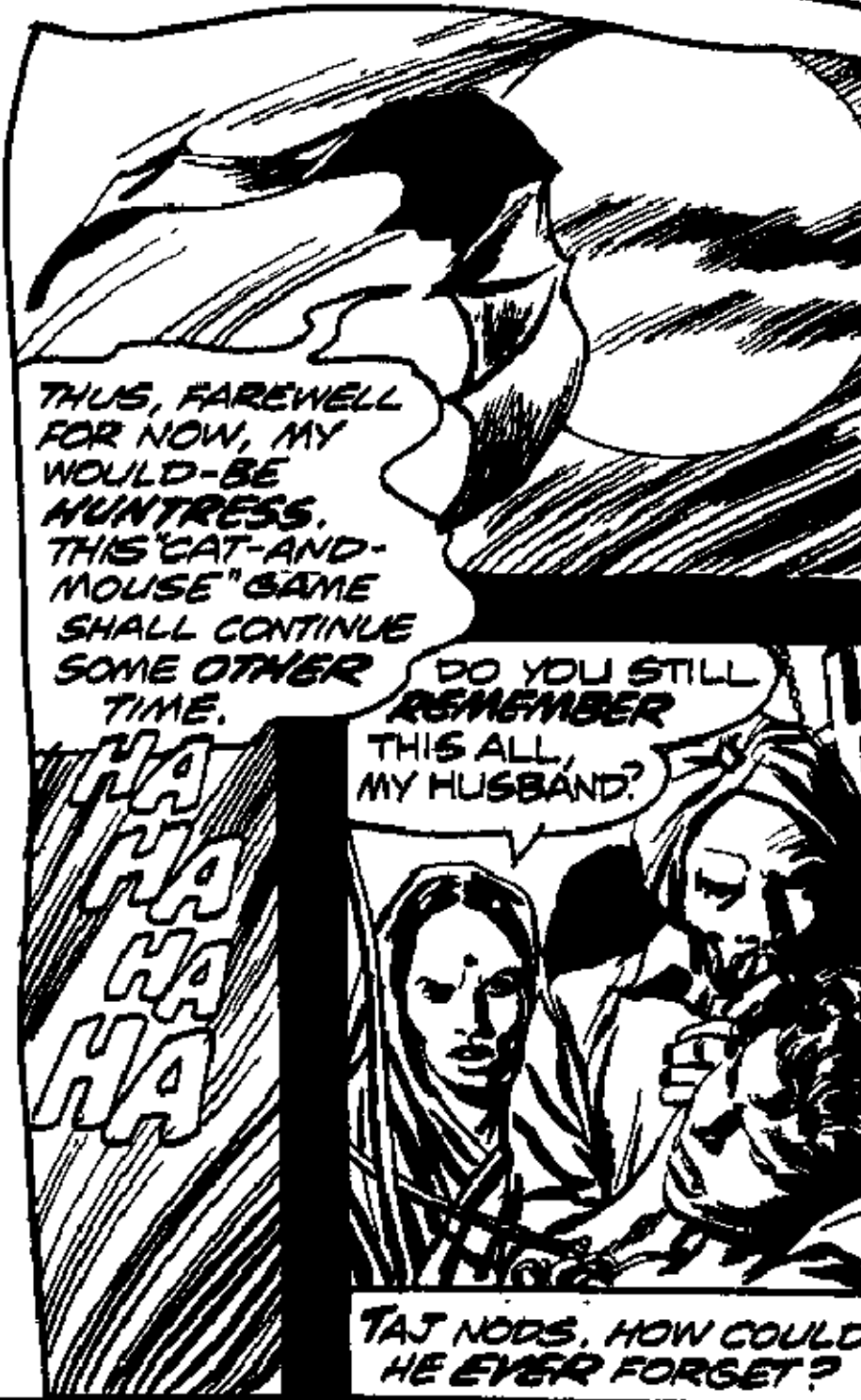
--MY NEXT ARROW WON'T HIT YOUR SHOULDER-- IT WILL SLAY YOU!



VAN HELSING?

I HAD HEARD YOU TRACED ME HERE TO INDIA--

--BUT I DID NOT REALIZE YOU WERE SO CLOSE.



THUS, FAREWELL FOR NOW, MY WOULD-BE HUNTRESS. THIS 'CAT-AND-MOUSE' GAME SHALL CONTINUE SOME OTHER TIME.

DO YOU STILL REMEMBER THIS ALL, MY HUSBAND?

TAT NODS. HOW COULD HE EVER FORGET?



I **CURSED** YOU WHEN I LATER LEARNED OUR SON HAD DIED, BUT YOU SAID **NOTHING**, DID YOU, TAJ?

BUT THEN, WHAT **COULD** YOU HAVE SAID--

--AFTER THE VAMPIRE'S FANGS ENDED YOUR **VOICE** FOREVER.



OH, TAJ.



WE WERE **BOTH** FOOLS, MY HUSBAND, I DROVE YOU AWAY--

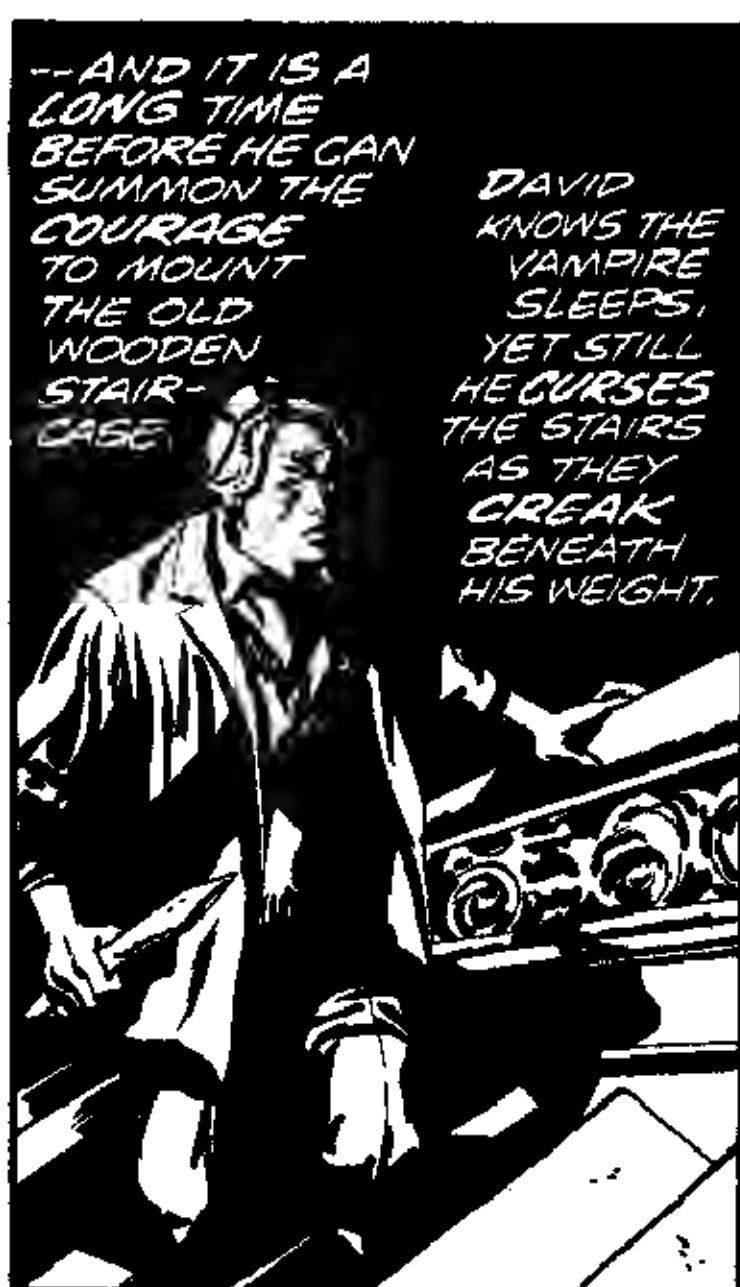
--AND YOU DESPISED ME.

BUT NOW... NOW YOU ARE HERE--



"--AND PLEASE... NEVER-- NEVER LEAVE ME AGAIN,"

DAVID ESHCOL STANDS UNCOMFORTABLY IN THE SHADOWS OF CASTLE DRACULA--



--AND IT IS A LONG TIME BEFORE HE CAN SUMMON THE **COURAGE** TO MOUNT THE OLD WOODEN STAIRCASE

DAVID KNOWS THE VAMPIRE SLEEPS, YET STILL HE **CURSES** THE STAIRS AS THEY **CREAK** BENEATH HIS WEIGHT.



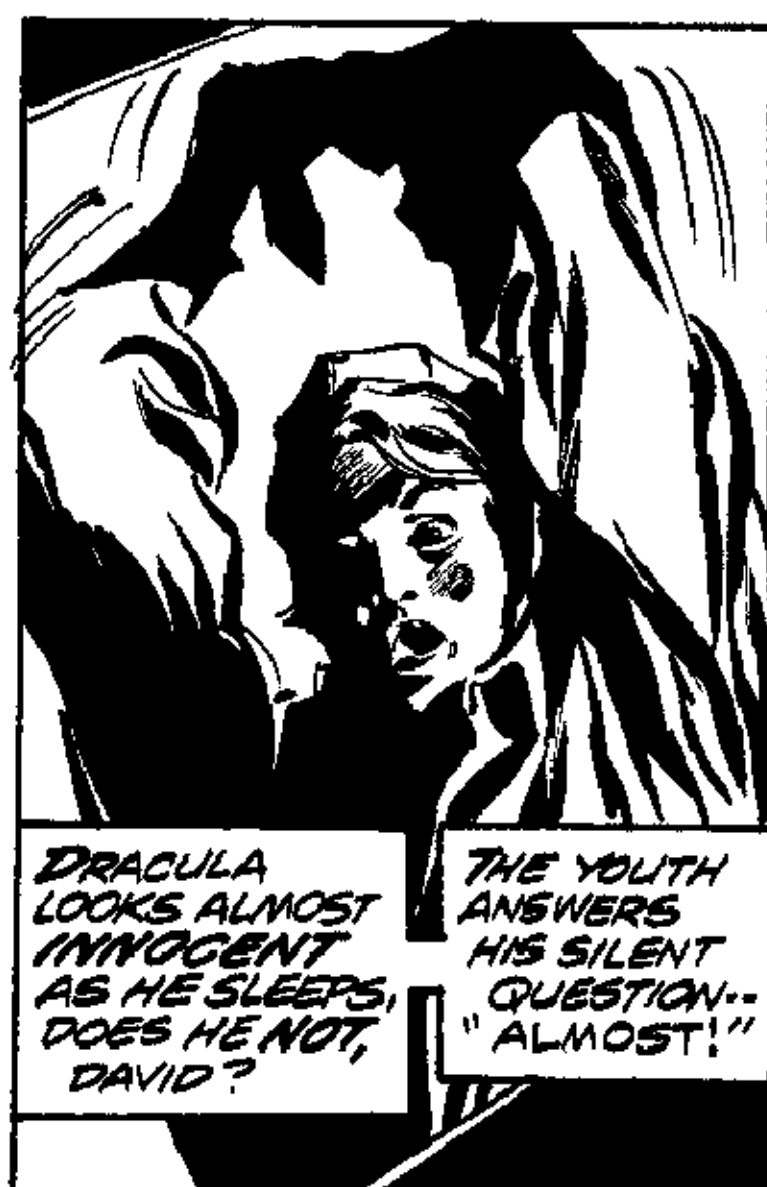
FOR A FULL FIFTEEN MINUTES DAVID STARES AT THE SOLEMN COFFIN RESTING QUIETLY IN THE COB-WEBBED ROOM...

...BEFORE HE DECIDES TO ACT.



THE COFFIN LID OPENS EASILY--

--AND THE YOUTH **SHUDDERS** AS HE STARES AT THE REPOSING FORM WITHIN.



DRACULA LOOKS ALMOST **INNOCENT** AS HE SLEEPS, DOES HE NOT, DAVID?

THE YOUTH ANSWERS HIS SILENT QUESTION-- "ALMOST!"



THEN--

WHAA--?

ARE YOU TRYING TO SLAY ME, BOY--?

IF SO, YOU'VE MADE A GRIEVOUS MISTAKE.

--EVEN AS HE IS HURLED THROUGH THE ANCIENT DOORWAY HE CANNOT SCREAM.



AND, GOD HELP HIM, HE PRAYS HE COULD-- IF ONLY TO RELEASE THE TERROR THAT IS SUDDENLY HIS.



YOU WAITED TOO LONG TO STRIKE-- THE SUN HAS SET-- MY SLEEP HAS ENDED.

BUT I AM PLEASED YOU ARE HERE, YOUTH-- YOU SAVE ME THE EFFORT OF SEARCHING YOU OUT--

--AND OF SLAYING YOU FOR STEALING THE FEMALE FROM ME.

DAVID TRIES TO SCREAM-- TRULY HE DOES. BUT HE CANNOT--



SHIELA WHITTIER IS MINE, BOY-- AND WHAT IS MINE CANNOT BE LIGHTLY TAKEN FROM ME.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, SCUM-- DO YOU?

PERHAPS IT IS FEAR WHICH CONSUMES HIM, BUT DAVID'S HAND DARTS OUT--



--AND HIS TREMBLING FINGERS CATCH THE CORNER OF THE AGING WOODEN BANISTER--

--AND THEY HOLD...THEY HOLD FOR DEAR LIFE.

DAVID PULLS HIMSELF TO SAFETY AND THEN RUNS AS IF HELL ITSELF WAS CHASING HIM...



AND IT IS--HELL IS CHASING HIM TO CLAIM HIS SOUL!



FOR, WAS NOT DAVID TAUGHT THAT "LIKE THE ROARING OF A LION THE FURY OF A KING; WHOEVER PROVOKES HIS ANGER WRONGS HIS OWN LIFE"?

IF THAT IS TRUE WITH GOD, CAN IT BE ANY LESS TRUE WITH THE DEVIL?

THE YOUTH RUNS, THOUGH HIS FATHER HAD TAUGHT HIM NOT TO RUN FROM EVIL, BUT TO FACE IT--TO IGNORE IT.

"THE EYES OF GOD ARE EVERYWHERE: OBSERVING THE EVIL AND THE GOOD." DAVID WAS TOLD THIS.

"GOD DOES NOT LEAVE THE VIRTUOUS MAN HUNGRY, BUT HE THWARTS THE GREED OF THE WICKED," DAVID WAS TAUGHT.

AND THOUGH IT MAY BE TRUE THAT GOD DOES HONOR THE VIRTUOUS... PERHAPS HE DOES DESTROY THE WICKED...

...TONIGHT HE DOES NOT.

AND AT LAST, DAVID SCREAMS.



EVEN BEFORE SHIELA WHITTIER'S PEACE IS BROKEN BY THE ANNOYING **BUZZ** OF THE DOORBELL, SHE WHIRLS HER HEAD SUDDENLY...

...AS SHE FEELS THE COLD, NERVOUS SHUDDERING OF ANTICIPATION...

BUZZ

WH-WHO IS IT? IS IT YOU DAVID?



ONCE BEFORE SHE TREPIDATIONOUSLY APPROACHED A DOORWAY, EXPECTING DEATH TO BE WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE...

BOTH TIMES SHE FOUND IT.

OH GOD--

THE DOOR IS OPENED; A DEATH STANDS IN THE SHADOWS--

-- ITS EYES STARING AIMLESSLY INTO A WORLD SHIELA CANNOT POSSIBLY SEE...

...YET!

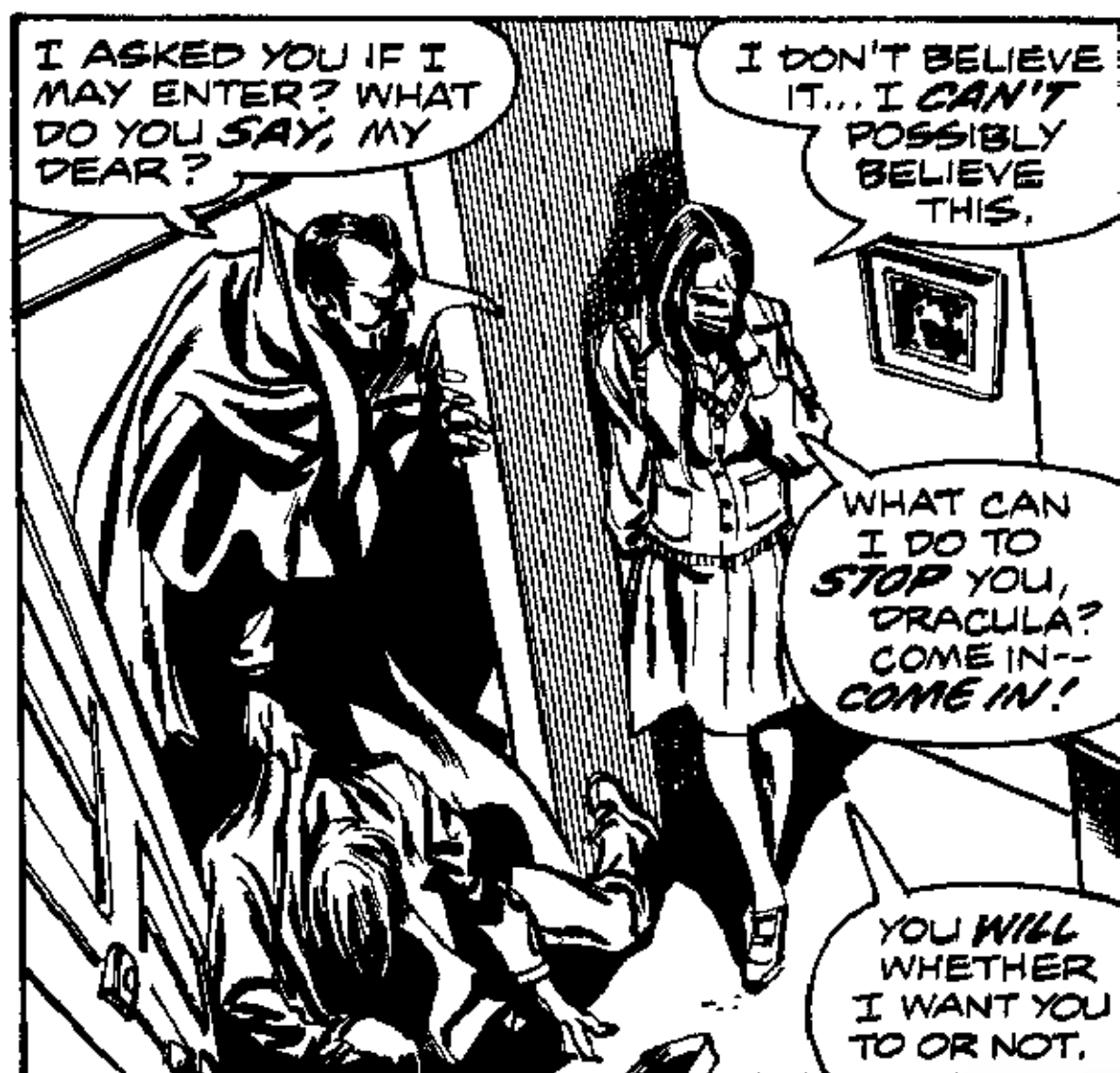
OH, MY LOVING GOD!

NO!

GOOD EVENING, MY DEAR. YOU LOOK AS RAVISHING AS EVER.

I HAVE COME TO TAKE YOU BACK HOME WITH ME.

MONTHS BEFORE, DRACULA'S FIRST WORDS TO THIS FRIGHTENED GIRL WERE: "I AM NOT ONE OF YOUR TORMENTORS." THE LORD OF DARKNESS LIED.





I PLAYED NO **GAMES** WITH YOU, GIRL. I WAS MERELY **PROTECTING** WHAT IS MINE.

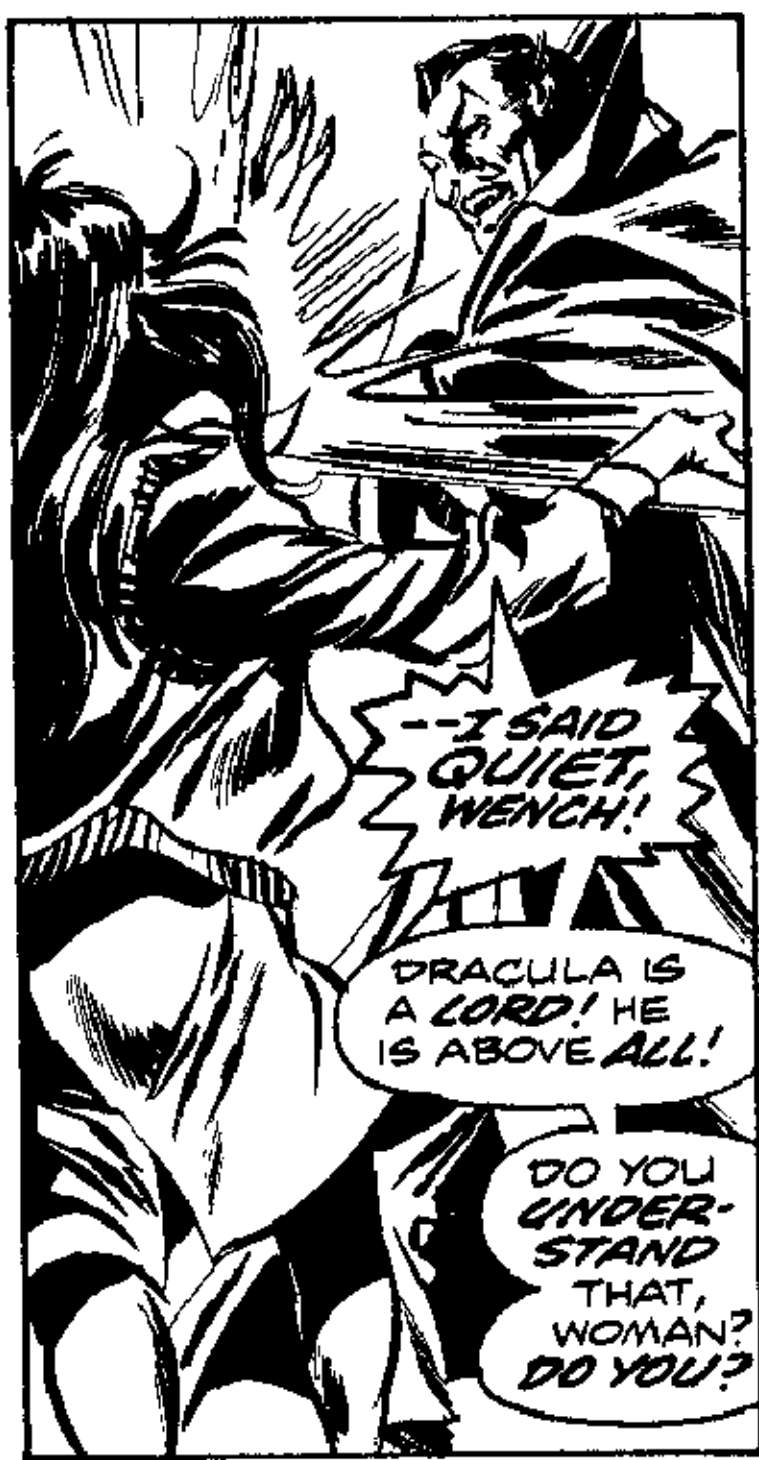


I DON'T **BELONG** TO YOU! YOU CAN'T **OWN** ANOTHER PERSON.

BUT YOU NEVER LISTEN, I DON'T THINK YOU'RE EVEN **CAPABLE** OF LISTENING ANY MORE.

YOU'RE TOO FAR **LOST** IN YOUR OWN MADNESS TO SEE **ANYTHING** CLEARLY, AREN'T YOU?

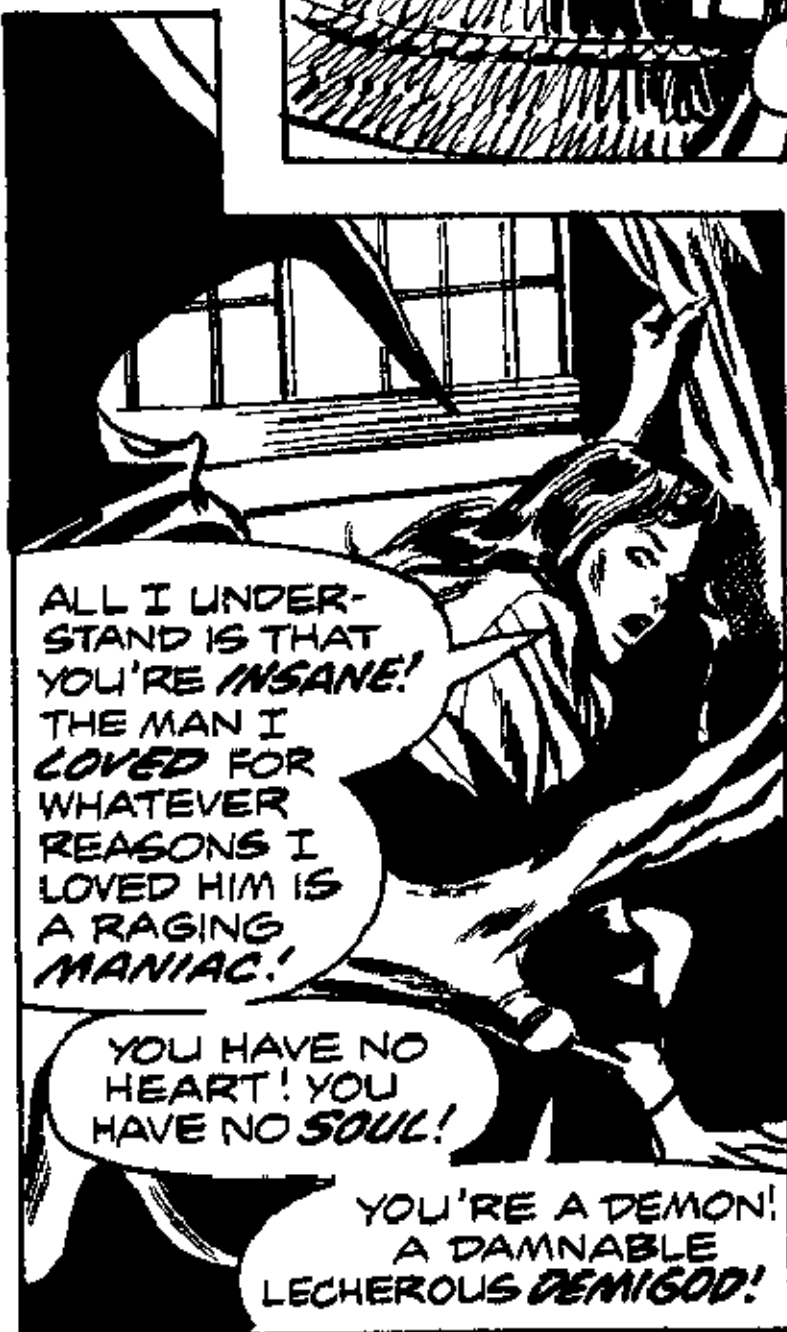
SILENCE, WOMAN--



--I SAID **QUIET**, WENCH!

DRACULA IS A **LORD**! HE IS ABOVE **ALL**!

DO YOU **UNDERSTAND** THAT, WOMAN? DO YOU?



ALL I UNDERSTAND IS THAT YOU'RE **INSANE**! THE MAN I **LOVED** FOR WHATEVER REASONS I LOVED HIM IS A RAGING **MANIAC**!

YOU HAVE NO HEART! YOU HAVE NO **SOUL**!

YOU'RE A DEMON! A DAMNABLE **LECHEROUS DEMIGOD**!



SHOW ME WHAT KIND OF MAN YOU ARE, DRACULA. BEAT ME! **BEAT ME** FOR MY **HATING** YOU! BEAT ME FOR MY **ONCE** LOVING YOU!

I... CAN... NOT... **BEAT**... YOU.

I... CARE...



YOU ARE **WRONG**, SHIELA. PERHAPS WE BOTH--

GET **AWAY** FROM ME, DRACULA! IF I WAS **EVER** YOURS BEFORE--

--I WON'T BE ANYMORE! **NEVER** ANY MORE!

YOU CARE ONLY FOR YOURSELF! I WAS JUST A **CONVENIENCE**.

SUDDENLY...



SHIELA-- NO!



NEXT

**A DEADLY TURNABOUT FOR DRACULA...
"HOW MANY TIMES CAN A VAMPIRE DIE?"
and DRACULA'S JOURNAL.**

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



25¢

30
MAR
02143

THE TOMB

OF DRACULA™

ASSAULT ON A
VAMPIRE!

YOU'RE
FINISHED,
NIGHT-STALKER--
AS OF
NOW--

OR MY
NAME ISN'T
BLADE!



Hidden in the *shadows* where legend and reality merge, there are *tales* of a being who has lived *more than Five hundred years*, they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of *Hell* itself, they say he thrives upon the *blood* of innocents, that he is the king of darkness...the prince of evil and that even the *bravest* man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!™

THERE WAS NO WAY FOR EITHER OF US TO PREVENT THIS, MY DEAR. IT HAD TO HAPPEN.

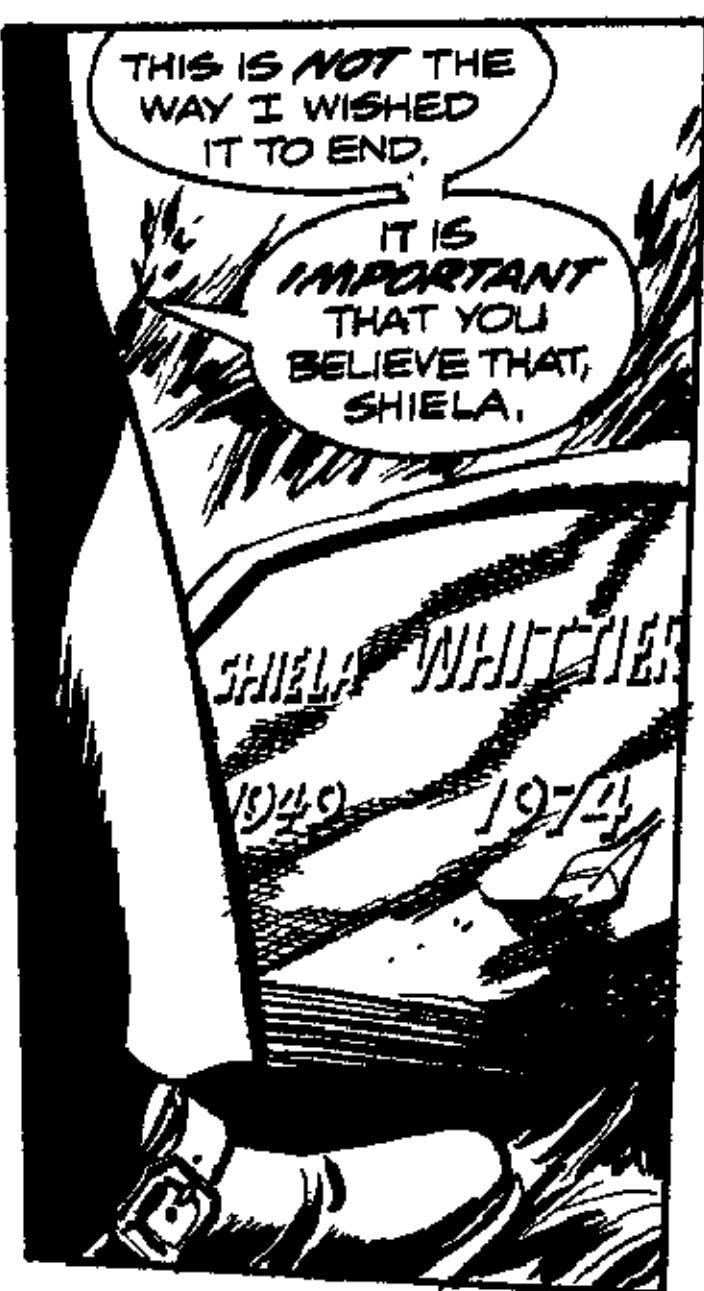
I KNOW THAT NOW.

AND THOUGH I WISH IT HADN'T, YOU ARE DEAD, AND I--I AM UNDEAD.

AND NEVER SHALL OUR SPIRITS TOUCH AGAIN.

MARV WOLFGAN
WRITER
GENE COLAN
and
TOM PALMER
ARTISTS
JOHN COSTANZA, letterer
TOM PALMER, colorist
LEN WEIN, EDITOR

MEMORIES ON A MOURNING'S NIGHT!



THIS IS *NOT* THE WAY I WISHED IT TO END.

IT IS *IMPORTANT* THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT, SHIELA.



BUT YOU COULD *NOT* ACCEPT ME FOR WHAT I AM... WHAT I MUST EVER BE. COULD YOU, MY DEAR?

YET I--I ACCEPTED YOU--AND NEVER ONCE DID I *DRAPE* YOU IN ILLUSION.



HAD YOU HELD ME DEAR FOR WHAT I AM, PERHAPS THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN A *TOMORROW*--

--INSTEAD OF A TIMELESS, ENDLESS *NOTHINGNESS*.

FAREWELL, SHIELA WHITTIER--REST IN THE PEACE YOU *NEVER* HAD IN LIFE.

EVEN FOR ONE WHO HAS SEEN *MANY* DEATHS ACROSS THE SPAN OF *FIVE* CENTURIES, THIS MOMENT IS NOT TAKEN LIGHTLY.



THERE IS *MOURNING* IN THE HEART OF THIS MAN WHO SOME SAY HAS *NO* HEART. THERE IS *SADNESS* STIRRING IN THE SOUL OF THIS MAN WHO HAD *LOST* HIS SOUL THE FIRST EVE HIS LIPS TOUCHED THE RED WINE OF LIFE.

AND, FOR A MAN WHO HAS WALKED *ALONE* FOR MORE THAN TWENTY FIVE GENERATIONS, THERE IS *LONELINESS*.

HE ENTERS THIS ENGLISH
MANOR HE NOW CALLS
CASTLE DRACULA, AND
THE ANCIENT WALLS
SHUDDER BENEATH
THE BEATING OF
HIS LEATHERY
WINGS.

THEY HAVE
BEEN WAITING
FOR DEATH,
AND NOW, AT
LONG LAST,
IT IS HERE.

AND THE WALLS
CAN ONLY SHUDDER
ONCE MORE.

I HAVE NO *THIRST*
FOR THE HUNT TONIGHT--

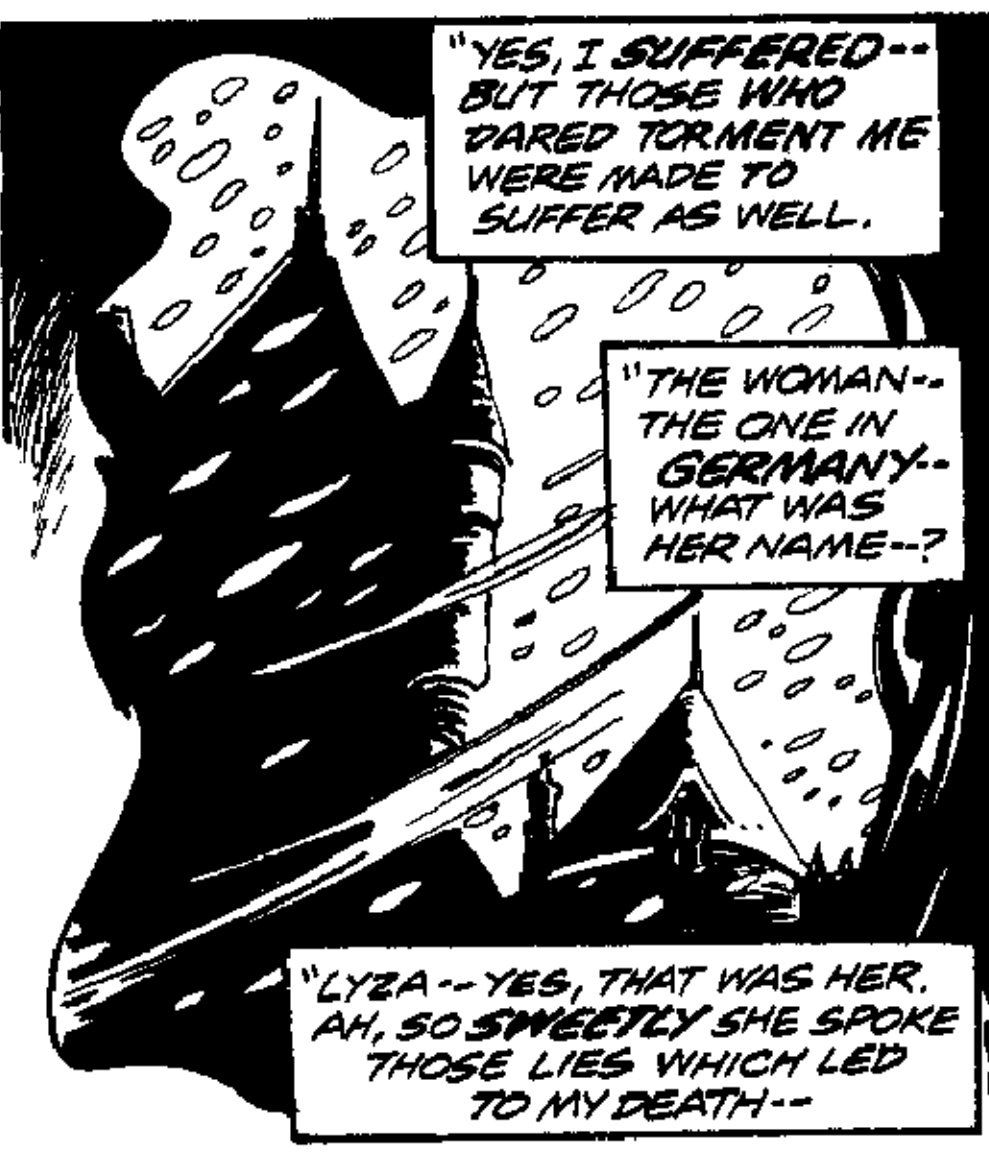
--PERHAPS
IT IS ONLY TIME
FOR REFLECTIONS
...FOR MEMORIES...

...FOR
SCRIBING
WHAT I
FEEL
WITHIN
ME.

INTERESTING HOW
THIS *DIARY* IS A
COMFORT IN
TIMES OF STRAIN--

--AS IF THE
WRITING OF
PREVIOUS PAINS
SOOTHES THE
ONES MOST
CURRENT.

"I AM DRACULA," IT BEGINS.
"AND TO BE DRACULA IS TO
BE AS NO OTHER CREATURE BORN
OF GOD OR SATAN. TOO OFTEN
HAVE I FORGOTTEN THAT, AND
ALL TOO OFTEN HAVE I SUFFERED.



"YES, I SUFFERED--
BUT THOSE WHO
DARED TORTURE ME
WERE MADE TO
SUFFER AS WELL.

"THE WOMAN--
THE ONE IN
GERMANY--
WHAT WAS
HER NAME--?"


"LYZA--YES, THAT WAS HER.
AH, SO SWEETLY SHE SPOKE
THOSE LIES WHICH LED
TO MY DEATH--"



--AND TO MINE,
IF I DO RECALL...


LYZA
STRANG--
YOU
SUMMONED
ME?

DRACULA?
I'VE BEEN
WAITING.
COME IN...
PLEASE,
COME IN.



YOU SENT *COURIERS* TO MY
CASTLE IN TRANSYLVANIA.
THE *EXPENSE* OF SUCH A
SUMMONS INDICATES
IMPORTANCE.

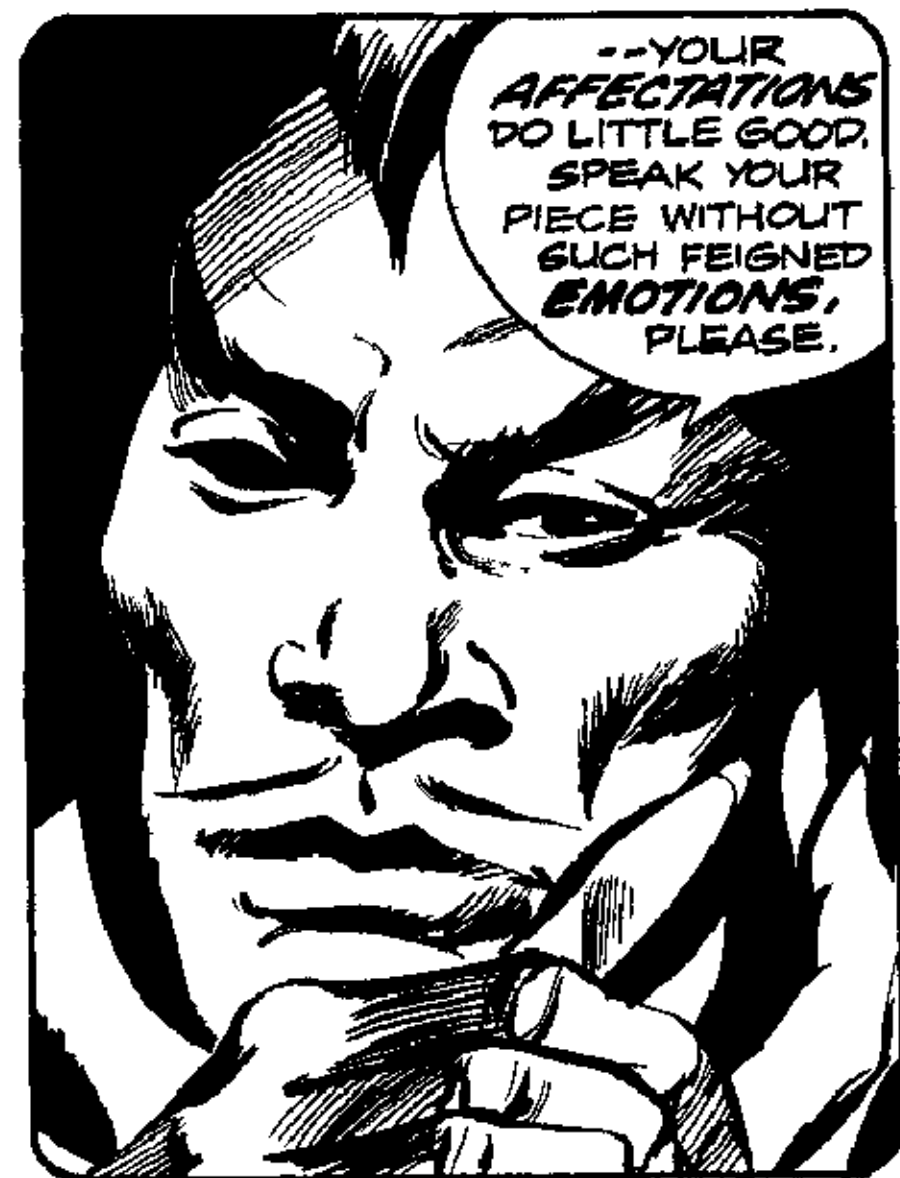
IMPORTANCE,
MY DEAR COUNT?
YES, VERY IM-
PORTANT--FOR *BOTH*
OF US, I DARE
SAY.




WE ARE MUCH *ALIKE*,
DEAR ONE, FROM THE
MANY *TALES* I'VE
HEARD, YOU SEEK
POWER.

AS I
DO.

WOMAN--



--YOUR
AFFECTATIONS
DO LITTLE GOOD.
SPEAK YOUR
PIECE WITHOUT
SUCH FEIGNED
EMOTIONS,
PLEASE.



BUT I AM
EMOTIONAL, MY
COUNT.

AND I DO
NOT *LIE*
CONCERNING
WHAT IS AT
STAKE
HERE.



I *KNOW* YOU WOULD NOT WANT ME TO *COUGH* MY WORDS, MY DEAR.

HERE THEN--
I WISH MY
HUSBAND
DEAD!



THERE ARE *MANY* WHO WISH THEIR SPOUSE DEAD FOR ONE *STUPID* REASON OR ANOTHER.

BUT YOU HAVE YET TO EXPLAIN *WHY* YOU SUMMONED ME THIS LONG DISTANCE.



I SAID WE WERE *ALIKE*, MY DARLING-- WE BOTH WISH POWER.

WELL, MY HUSBAND *CRAVES* IT, TOO--

--AND SHOULD HE POSSESS IT, HE WILL *SLAY* US BOTH.



PLEASE... DO AS I ASK, IT IS SUCH A *SIMPLE* TASK--

--FOR ONE SUCH AS *YOU*.



"HER LONG, SLENDER FINGERS PLAYED UPON MY FACE AS SHE *KISSED* ME AGAIN AND AGAIN. BUT I WAS *WARY*: WHAT MANNER OF FEMALE COULD IGNORE THE ODOR OF MY LONG-DEAD FLESH WHEN NOT ONCE DID I COMMAND HER TO?"



ENOUGH OF THESE MINDLESS CARESSES, WOMAN. SPEAK NOW-- I GROW *IMPATIENT*.

THEN LISTEN WELL, MY DEAR. MY *HUSBAND* SEEKS TO BECOME *MINISTER PRESIDENT* OF THE GERMAN STATES --AND WITH THAT *POWER*, HE WILL DECLARE WAR ON *ROMANIA*--

--LEVELING THE COUNTRYSIDE TO THE GROUND, AND TAKING WITH IT YOUR *CASTLE* AND YOUR *FIEF*.



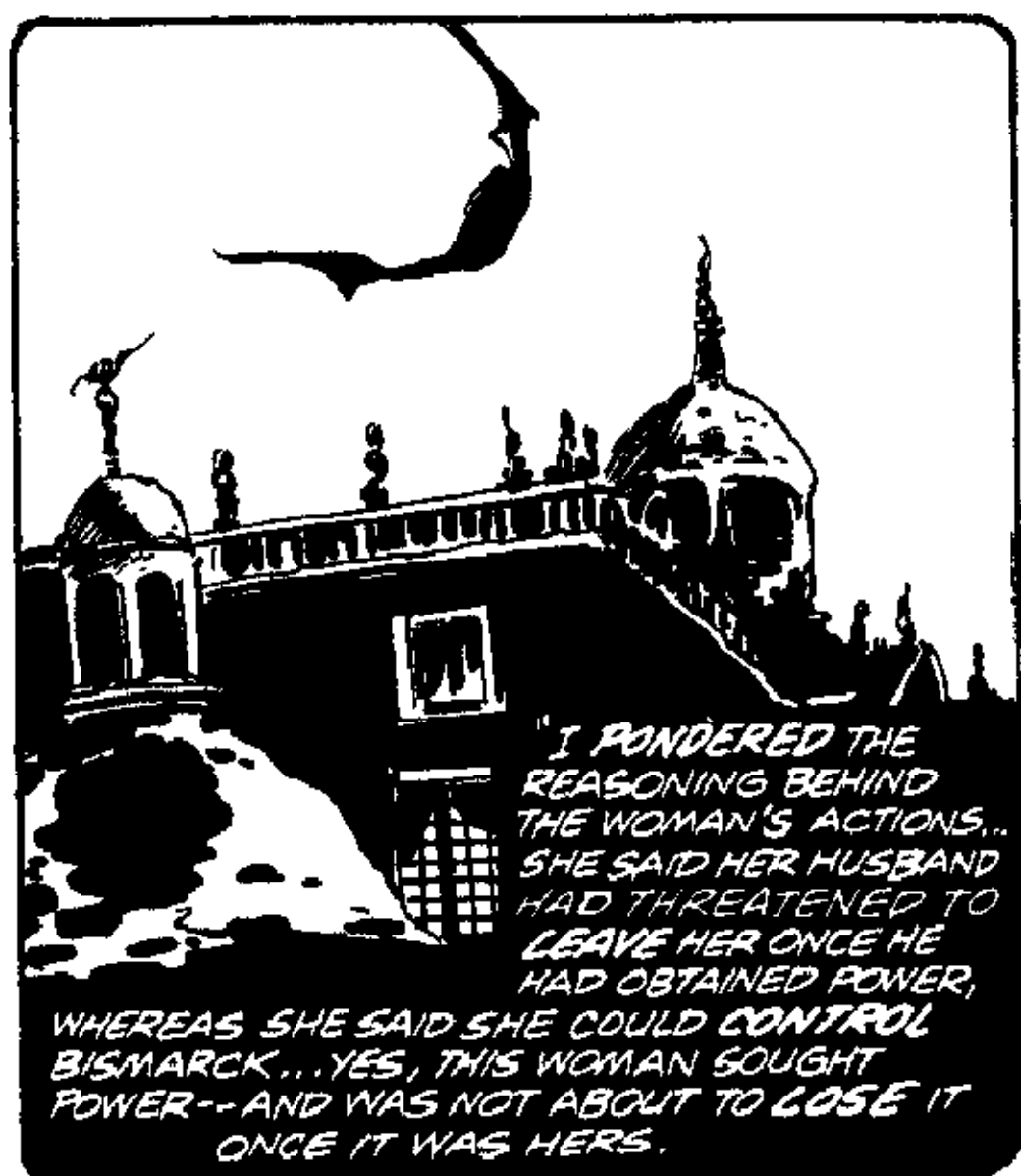
BUT ARCHIBALD FEARS *ANOTHER* MAY BE TITLED BY KING WILLIAM--

--HIS NAME IS BISMARCK--
OTTO VON BISMARCK.

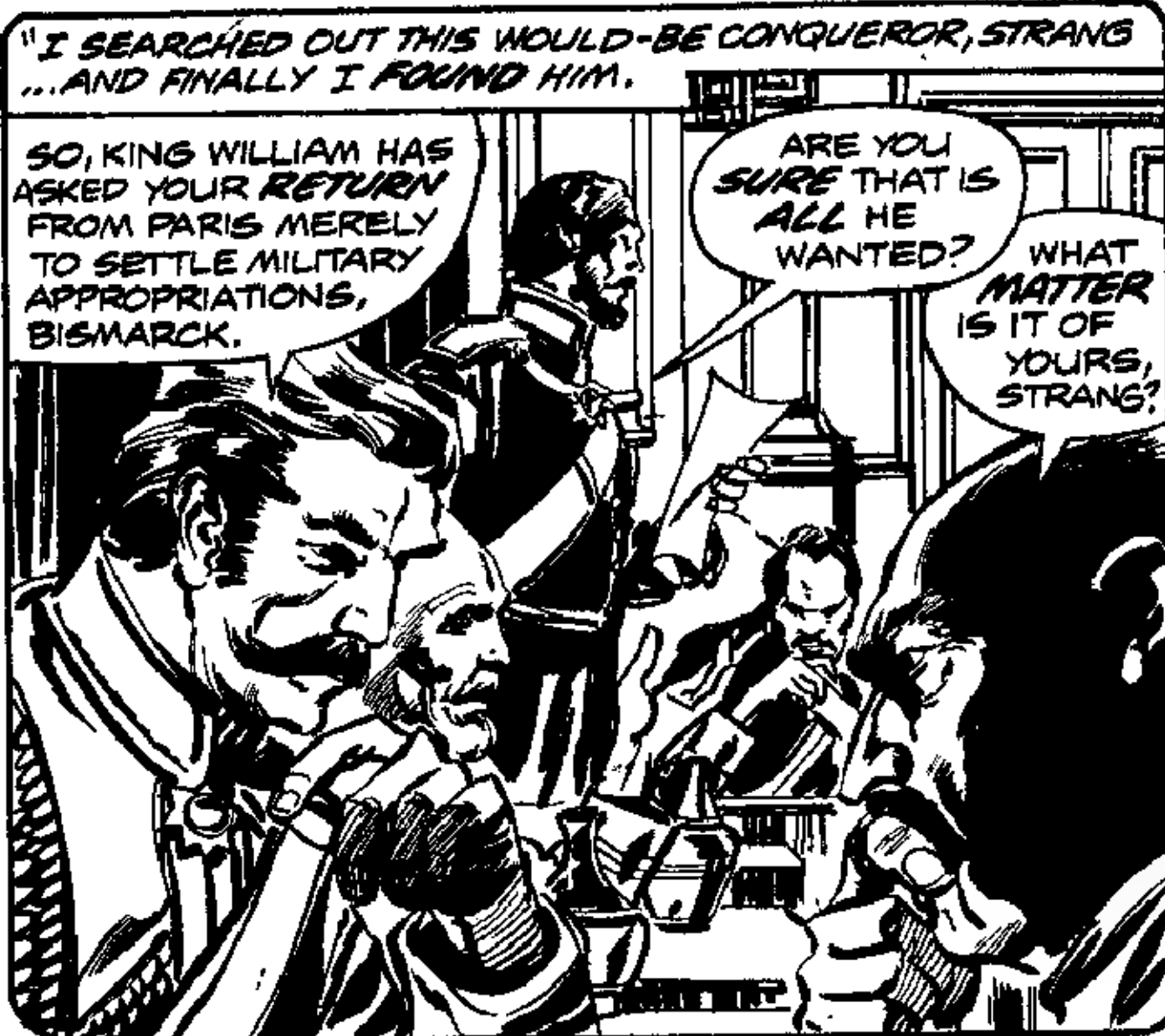


BISMARCK BELIEVES IN *PEACE*, MY LOVE --AND WITH HIM IN COMMAND, BOTH OF US SHALL LIVE WELL AND PROSPER.

"HER WORDS WERE *TWISTED*, YET OFF I WENT. BISMARCK WOULD BE MADE *MINISTER*--OVER THE DEAD BODY OF ARCHIBALD STRANG.



"I PONDERED THE REASONING BEHIND THE WOMAN'S ACTIONS... SHE SAID HER HUSBAND HAD THREATENED TO LEAVE HER ONCE HE HAD OBTAINED POWER, WHEREAS SHE SAID SHE COULD CONTROL BISMARCK... YES, THIS WOMAN SOUGHT POWER-- AND WAS NOT ABOUT TO LOSE IT ONCE IT WAS HERS.



"I SEARCHED OUT THIS WOULD-BE CONQUEROR, STRANG... AND FINALLY I FOUND HIM.

SO, KING WILLIAM HAS ASKED YOUR RETURN FROM PARIS MERELY TO SETTLE MILITARY APPROPRIATIONS, BISMARCK.

ARE YOU SURE THAT IS ALL HE WANTED?

WHAT MATTER IS IT OF YOURS, STRANG?



LET US NOT FOOL ONE ANOTHER, OTTO. WE BOTH SEEK THE POSITION OF THE MINISTER PRESIDENT,

ONLY I DESERVE IT.

YOU DESERVE NOTHING, STRANG. AND THAT IS WHAT YOU SHALL GET.

GOOD DAY, THEN, BISMARCK. AND WE SHALL SEE WHO SURVIVES THIS FIGHT.



"YES, WE SHALL ALL SEE WHO SURVIVES, STRANG... WE SHALL ALL SEE.



ARCHIBALD STRANG--DRACULA SENTENCES YOU TO DEATH!

WHAT?!

"SOME MAY CALL ME A SADIST, BUT THERE IS ALWAYS A BURGE OF PLEASURE IN MY HEART WHEN I WATCH THE FACE OF MY VICTIM CONTORT FROM SURPRISE...



"...INTO
HORROR!"

"HE SCREAMED AS MY HANDS GRASP-
ED HIS THROAT AND STRANGLLED THE
LIFE FROM HIS WRITHING BODY...
IN THIRTY SECONDS HE WAS DEAD.



"THEN I WENT
FOR HIS BLOOD,
FOR TO DO THAT
BEFORE HE
WAS DEAD
WOULD MEAN
HE WOULD
RETURN
FROM THE
GRAVE--

"--AND I DID NOT
WISH THAT
BLESSING
TO BE HIS.

WHAT?

LOOK!
LOOK!
THAT MAN
MURDERED
YOUR
HUSBAND!



SLAY
HIM!
--KILL HIM
QUICKLY!

I MUST BE
AVENGED!



"IT HAD ALL
BEEN A TRAP--
BUT BEFORE
I COULD TURN
TO ESCAPE,
MY ATTACKERS
WERE UPON ME--

-- AND I FELL
LIKE WHEAT BENEATH
THE SCYTHE.



I LEFT PART
OF MY SPEAR
IN HIM AS
YOU SAID,
LYZA-- BUT
WHAT NOW?

DUMP HIM IN THE
RIVER, FRENZ AND
MAKE SURE THE
CURRENT WASHES
HIM AWAY.

I MUST
LEAVE AND
MAKE ARRANGE-
MENTS FOR
MOURNING.



SHE WAS A WITCH, THAT
ONE-- AND WERE IT NOT I
WHO WAS HER UNWILLING
VICTIM, SHE COULD HAVE
BEEN ONE TO ADMIRE
FOR HER TREACHERY.

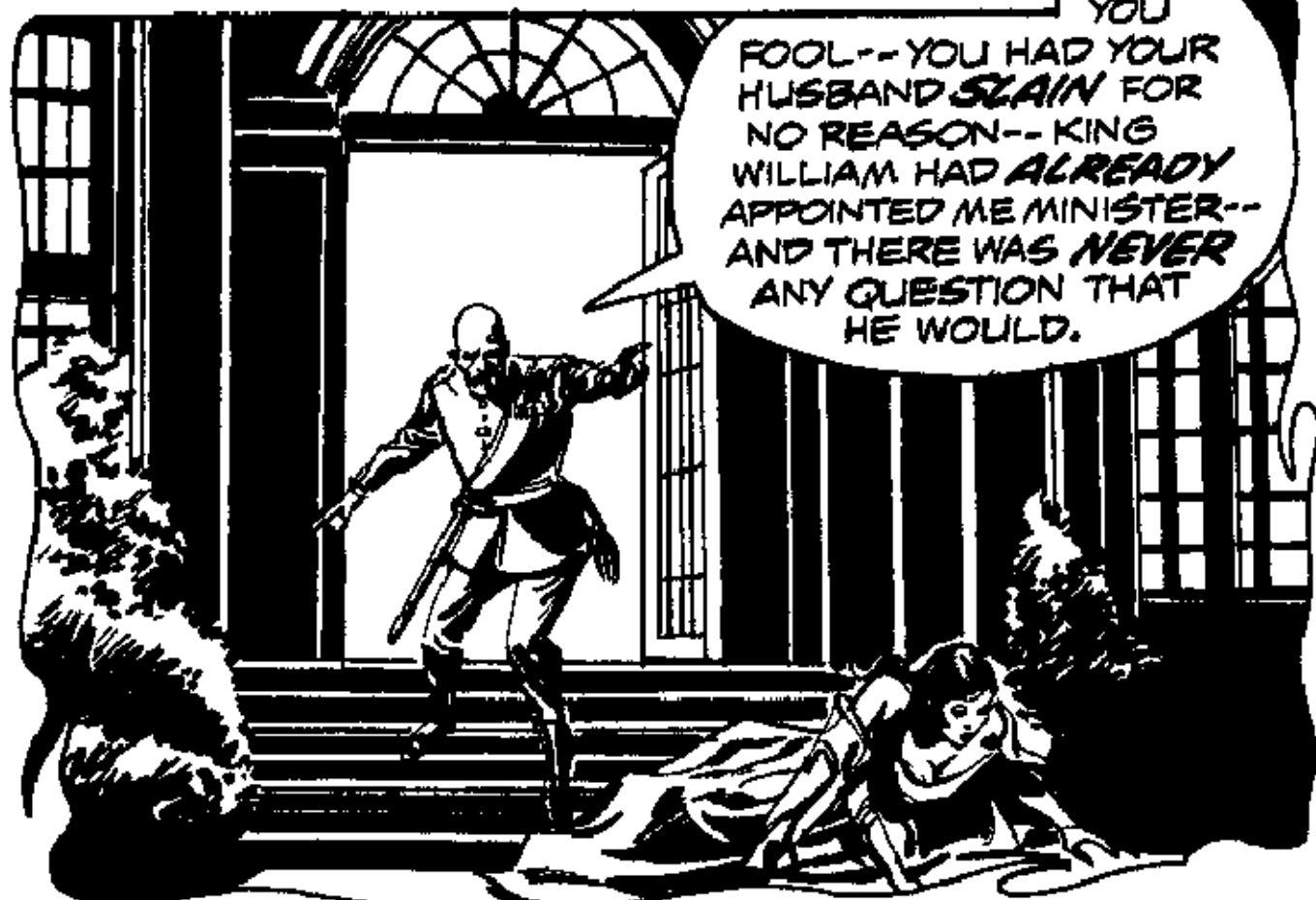
HER HUSBAND WAS DEAD,
AND THERE WAS NOTHING
TO LINK HER TO THE DEED--

--FOR I WAS
TAKEN TO BE CAST
TO MY FINAL
DEATH,

ALAS, THAT
WAS HER GRAVE
MISTAKE.

"I LATER LEARNED WHAT NEXT TRANSPIRED. LYZA STRANG WENT TO BISMARCK AND TOLD HIM WHAT SHE HAD DONE, AND BESEECHED HIM TO TAKE HER AS HIS, BUT BISMARCK CARED NOT A WHIT FOR THE SCHEMING SLUT.

YOU FOOL-- YOU HAD YOUR HUSBAND **SLAIN** FOR NO REASON-- KING WILLIAM HAD **ALREADY** APPOINTED ME MINISTER-- AND THERE WAS **NEVER** ANY QUESTION THAT HE WOULD.



BUT I **LOVED** YOU... I THOUGHT...

YOU LOVED NO ONE SAVE **YOURSELF**, WOMAN. WHILE I HAVE **ALWAYS** LOVED MY WIFE, JOHANNA. NO ONE ELSE.



LEAST OF ALL ONE WHO WOULD KILL HER HUSBAND IN HOPE OF GAINING SOME PALTRY **POWER**.



NOW GO-- **LEAVE** THIS **CITY** TONIGHT-- **BEFORE** I TURN YOU IN FOR MURDER,

AND NEVER RETURN SHOULD YOU WISH TO SAVE YOUR **OWN** LIFE.



"LYZA STRANG RAN; HER PLANS HAD BEEN **DASHED**, HER HUSBAND WAS **DEAD**-- AND ALL SHE PLOTTED SO CAREFULLY FOR HERSELF WAS **LOST**.



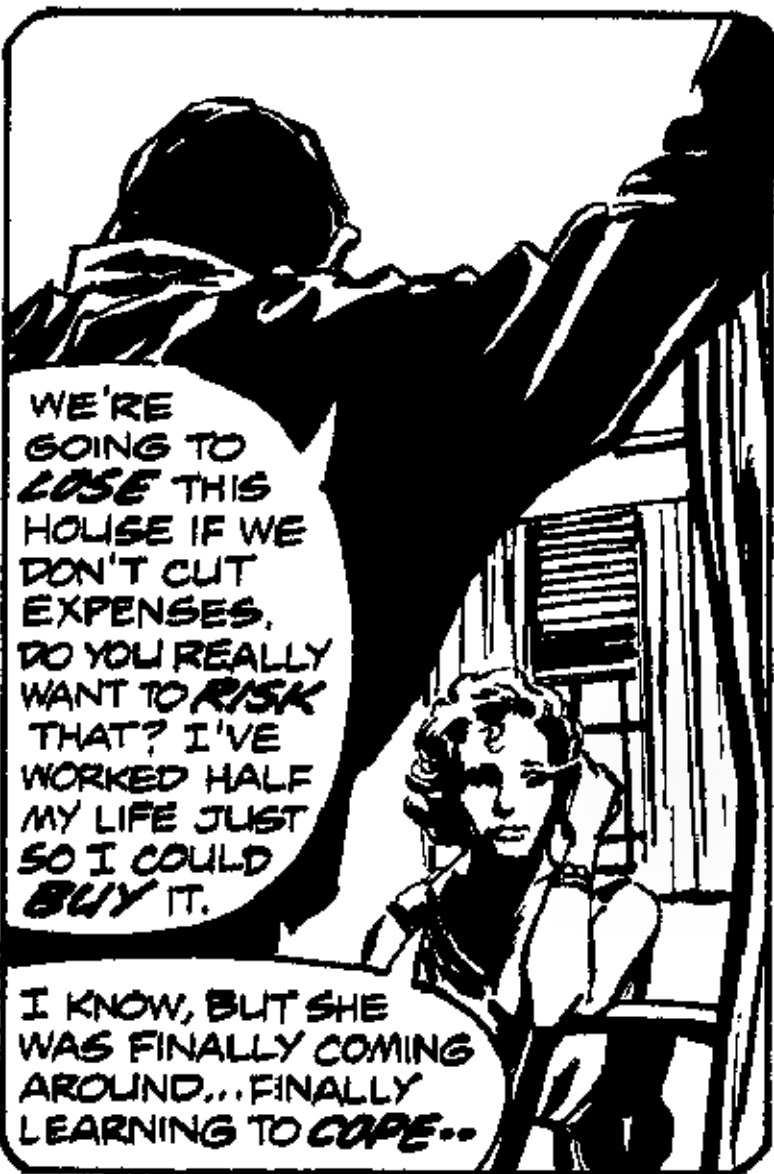
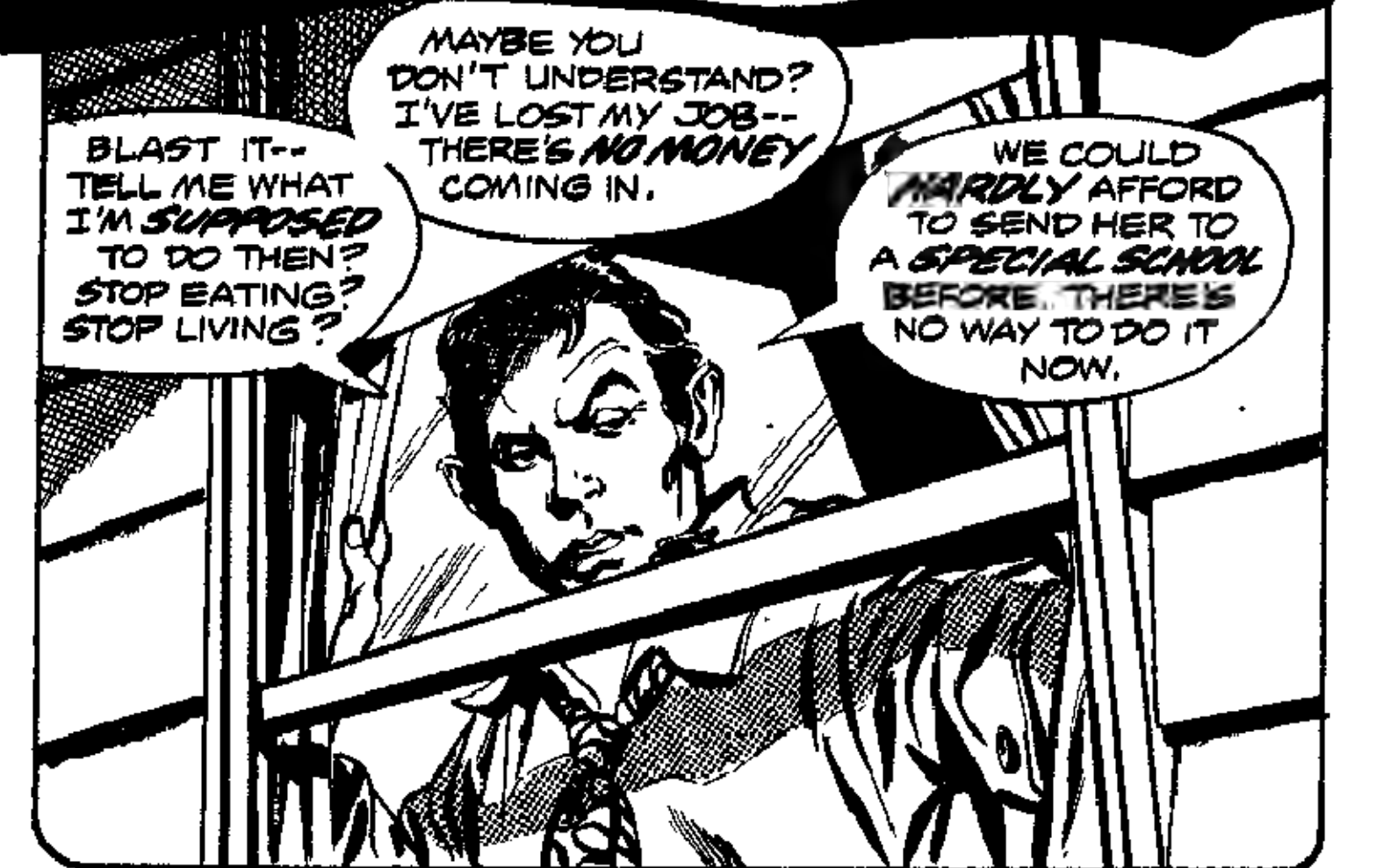
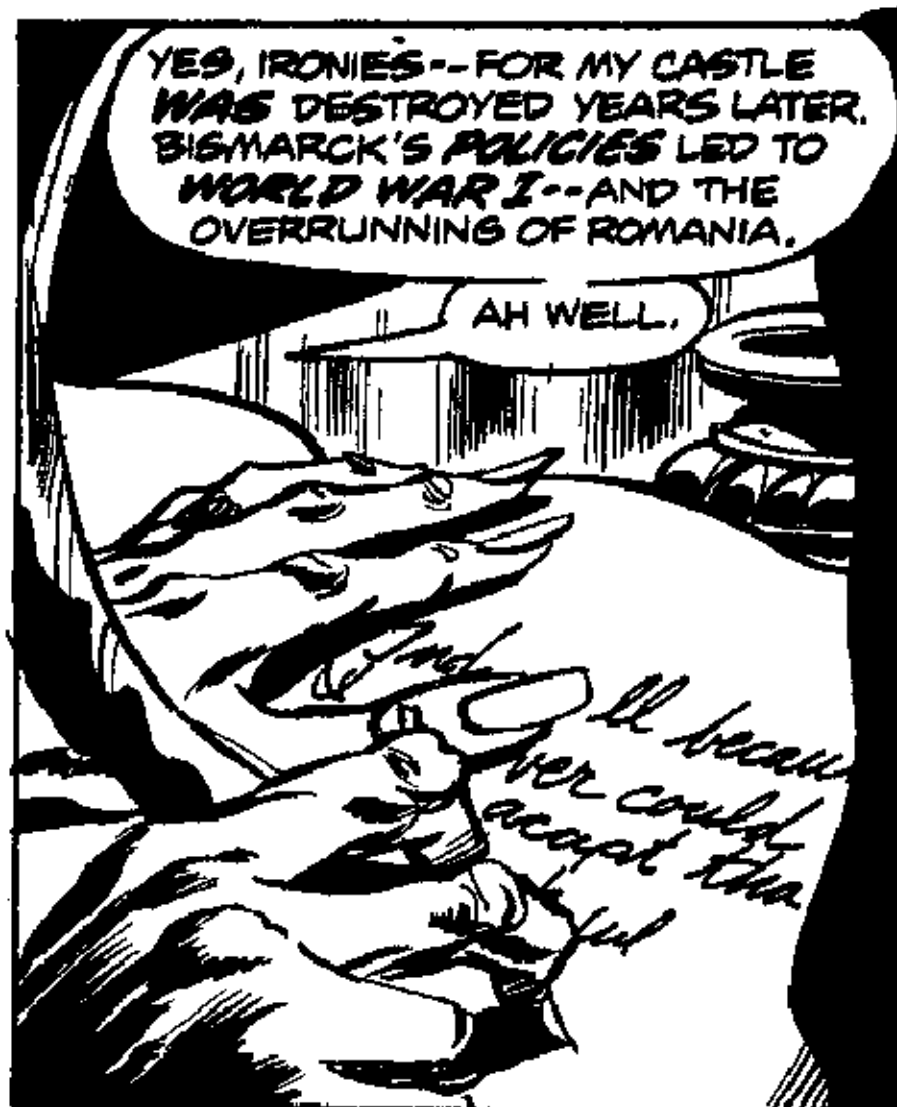
"INDEED, ALL WAS **LOST**!"



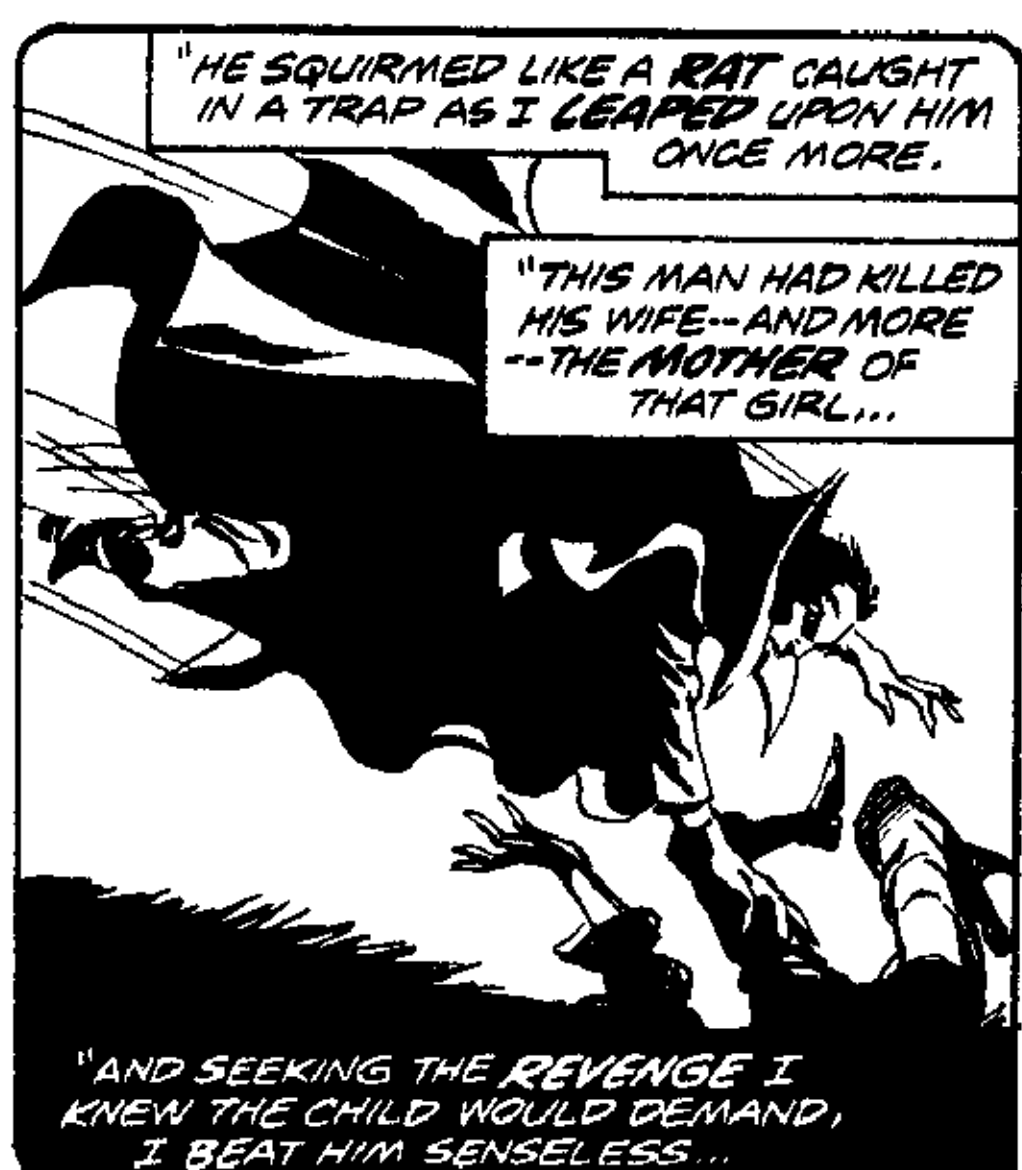
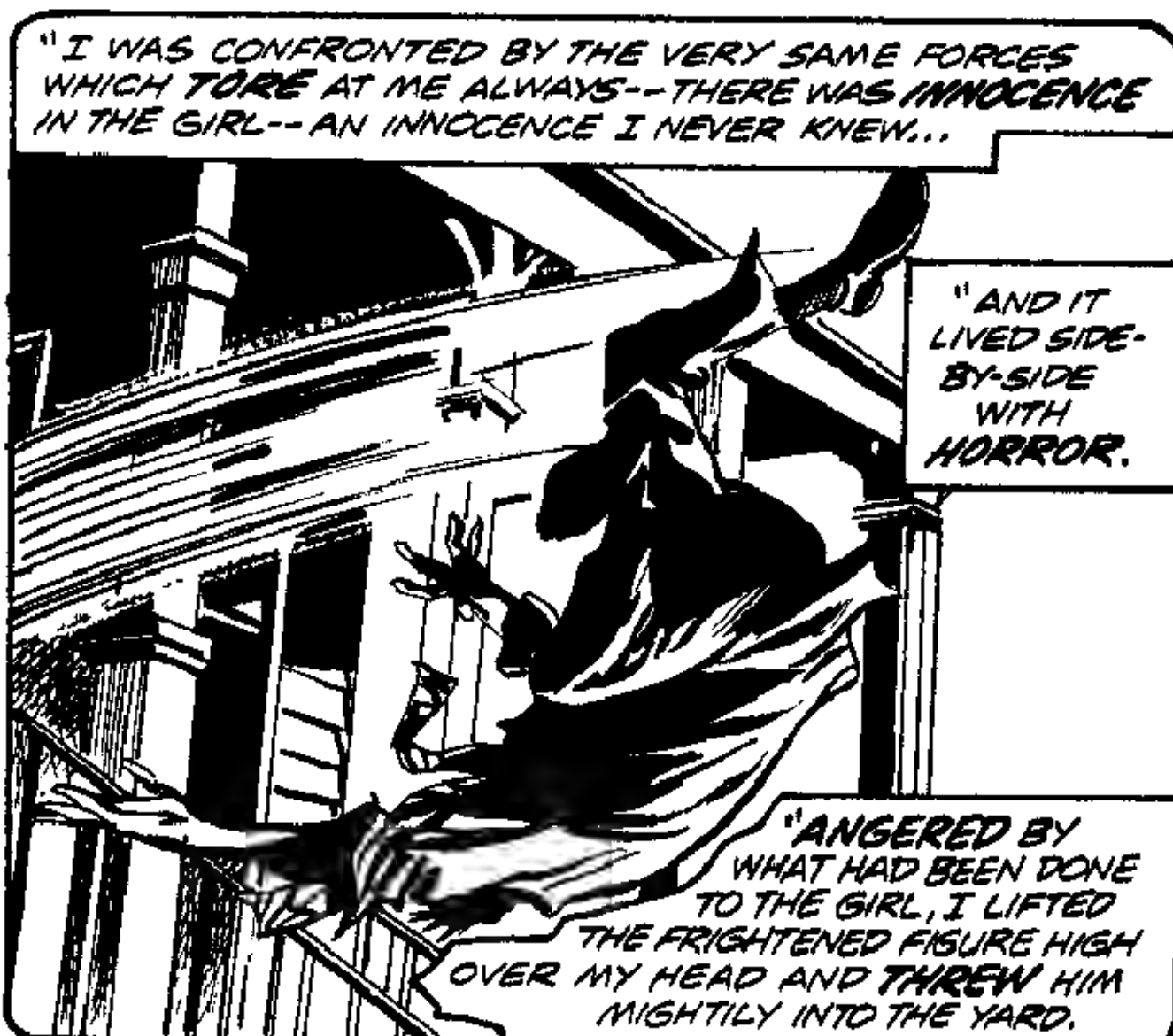
SHE DIED **TWICE** THAT YEAR-- ONCE AT MY HANDS, AND THEN AGAIN BENEATH THE **STAKE** OF ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, MY ARCH-FOE FOR SO MANY YEARS.

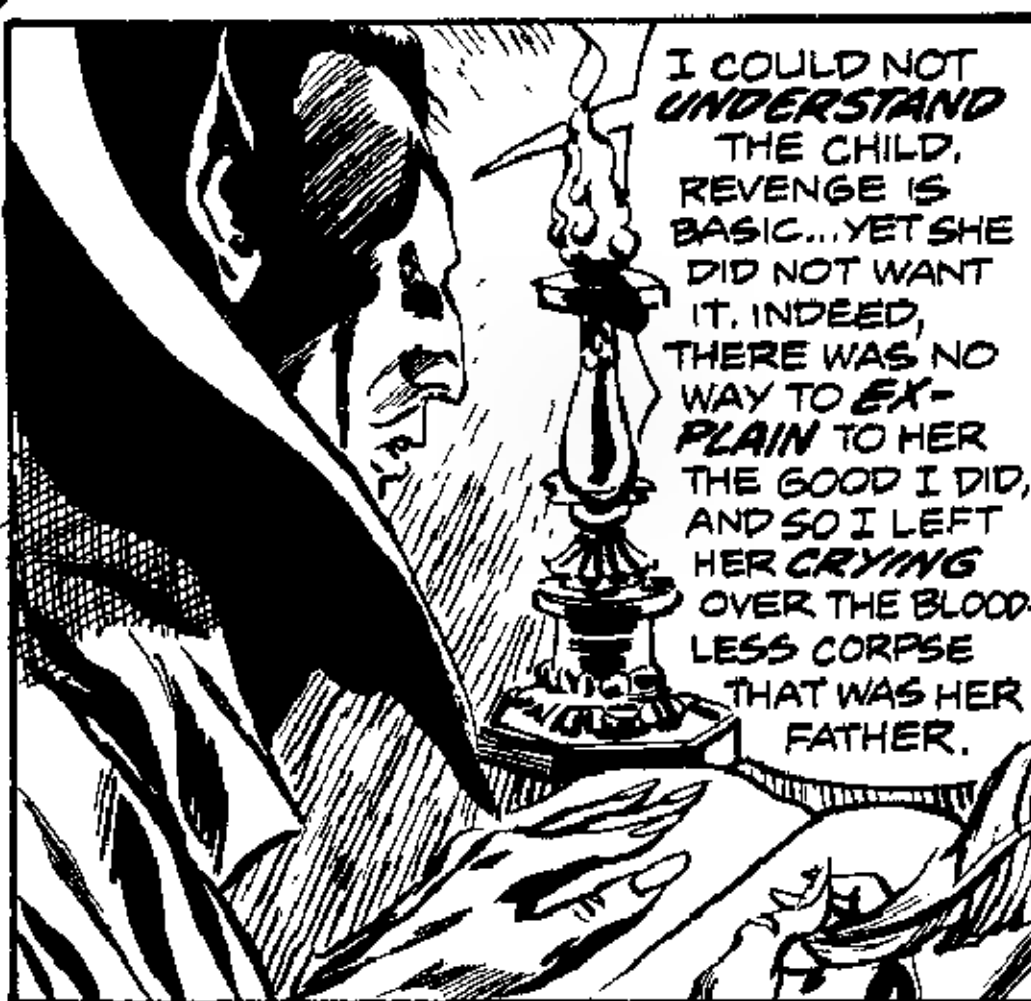
AH, THE **IRONIES**... THE INFINITE IRONIES...













IT SEEMS THIS EVE HAS
BECOME ONE OF **SELF-
DEBASEMENT**.

PERHAPS IT IS FOR THE
BEST. THE PURGING
OF MY PAST IS GOOD--

--FOR IN THE
PAST LAY THE
CORNERSTONES
FOR ALL FUTURE
FAILURES--

--AND
FUTURE
DEATHS
AS WELL.

YES, I HAVE HAD
MANY DEATHS... AND
MANY FAILURES, IF
TRUTH BE TOLD--
THAT TIME IN **CHINA**
--IN LATE 1968...

"...THAT STILL REMAINS
AS MY **GREATEST** DEFEAT
IN MODERN TIMES... AND
ONE WHICH I **STILL** RUE...
I **STILL** CURSE.

MASTER,
THERE IS A
MAN TO SEE
YOU.



HE SAYS IT
IS **URGENT**.

SEND HIM IN
THEN, KUAH HUA.
TONIGHT IS **QUIET**.
I COULD USE
CONVERSATION.



DRACULA? MAN, I'VE BEEN
SEARCHING **MONTHS**
FOR YOU.

THE
NAME'S
BLADE.

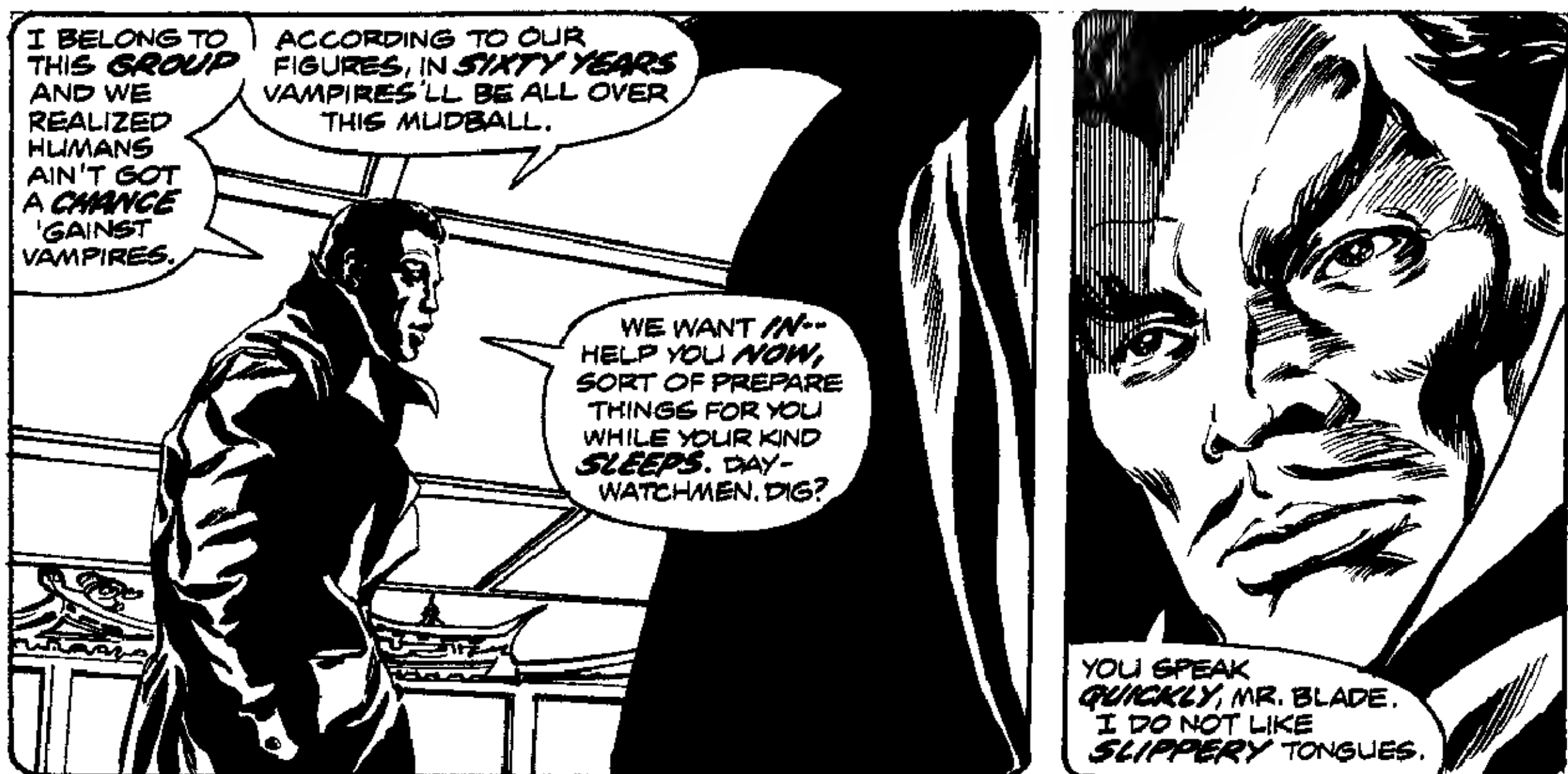


HAD I
REALIZED
IT WAS A
SAVAGE
WHO WISH-
ED TO
SPEAK
WITH
ME--*

AH WELL.
YOU ARE
HERE.
SPEAK, **BLADE**
--WHY DO YOU
SEEK ME?



I WANT
TO **OFFER**
YOU THE
WORLD,
I MEAN
IT, MAN--
THE
WHOLE
BLASTED
WORLD!



I BELONG TO THIS **GROUP** AND WE REALIZED HUMANS AIN'T GOT A **CHANCE** 'GAINST VAMPIRES.

ACCORDING TO OUR FIGURES, IN **SIXTY YEARS** VAMPIRES'LL BE ALL OVER THIS MUDBALL.

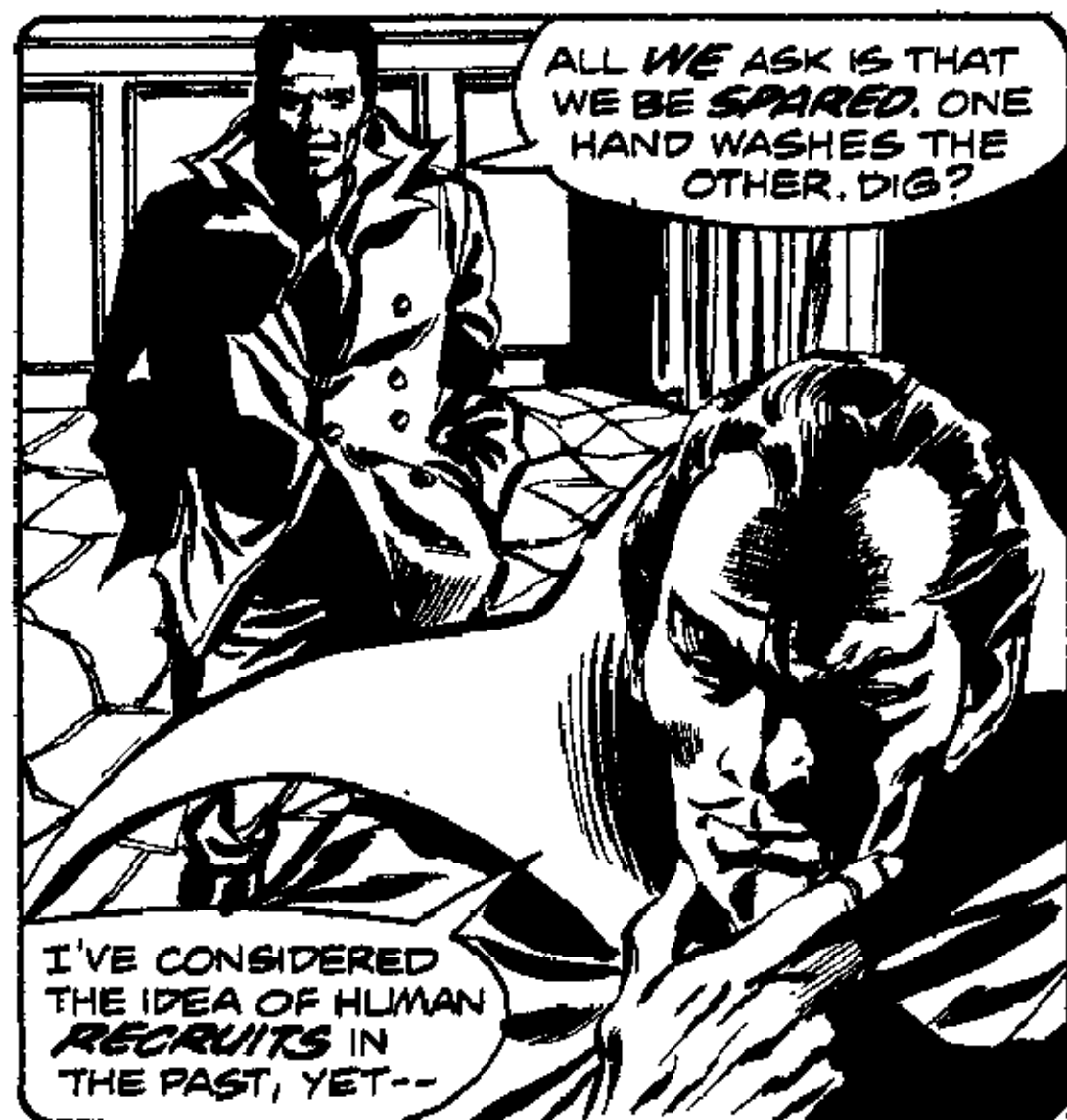
WE WANT **IN--** HELP YOU **NOW**, SORT OF PREPARE THINGS FOR YOU WHILE YOUR KIND **SLEEPS**. DAY-WATCHMEN. DIG?

YOU SPEAK **QUICKLY**, MR. BLADE. I DO NOT LIKE **SLIPPERY** TONGUES.



HEY, COOL IT, MAN. I'M **STRAIGHT**!

LOOK, MAN, WITH WORKERS LIKE **US** HELPIN' YA, YOU COULD CUT **DOWN** YOUR TIME SCHEDULE TO **TEN YEARS**.



ALL **WE** ASK IS THAT WE BE **SPARED**. ONE HAND WASHES THE OTHER. DIG?

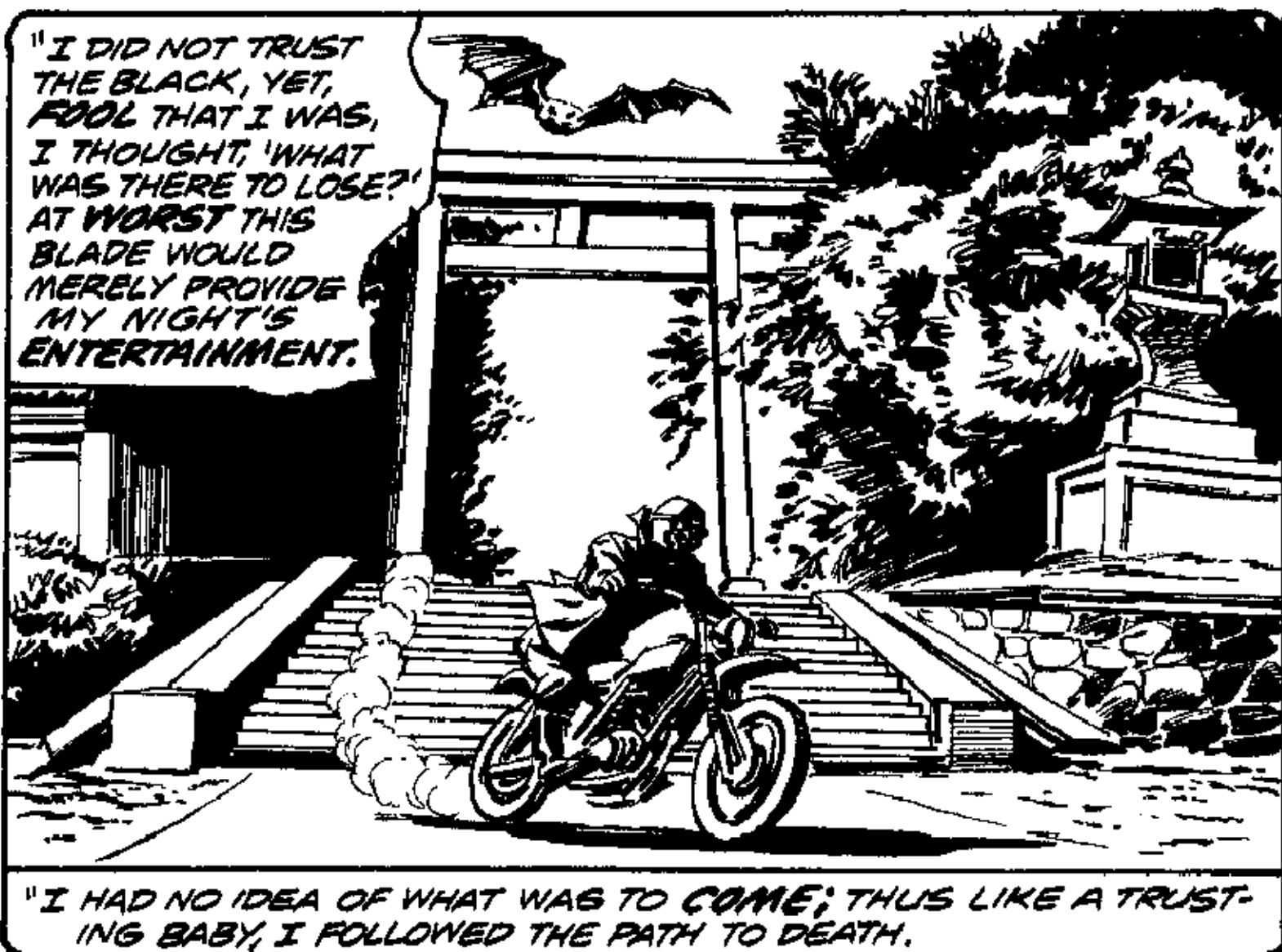
I'VE CONSIDERED THE IDEA OF HUMAN **RECRUITS** IN THE PAST, YET--



NEVER MIND. LET ME HEAR **MORE**. IF I **AGREE** TO IT, YOU SHALL **RETAIN** YOUR LIFE.

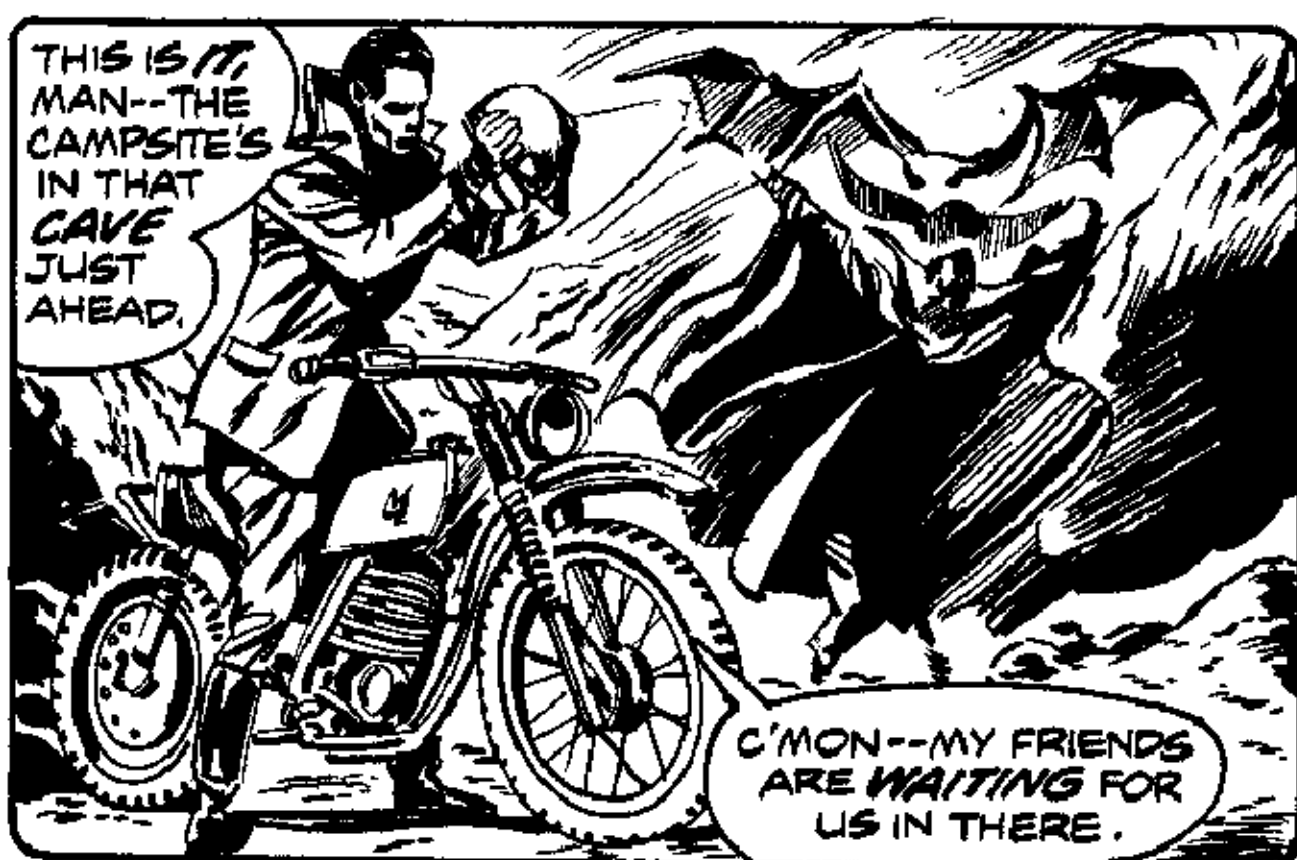
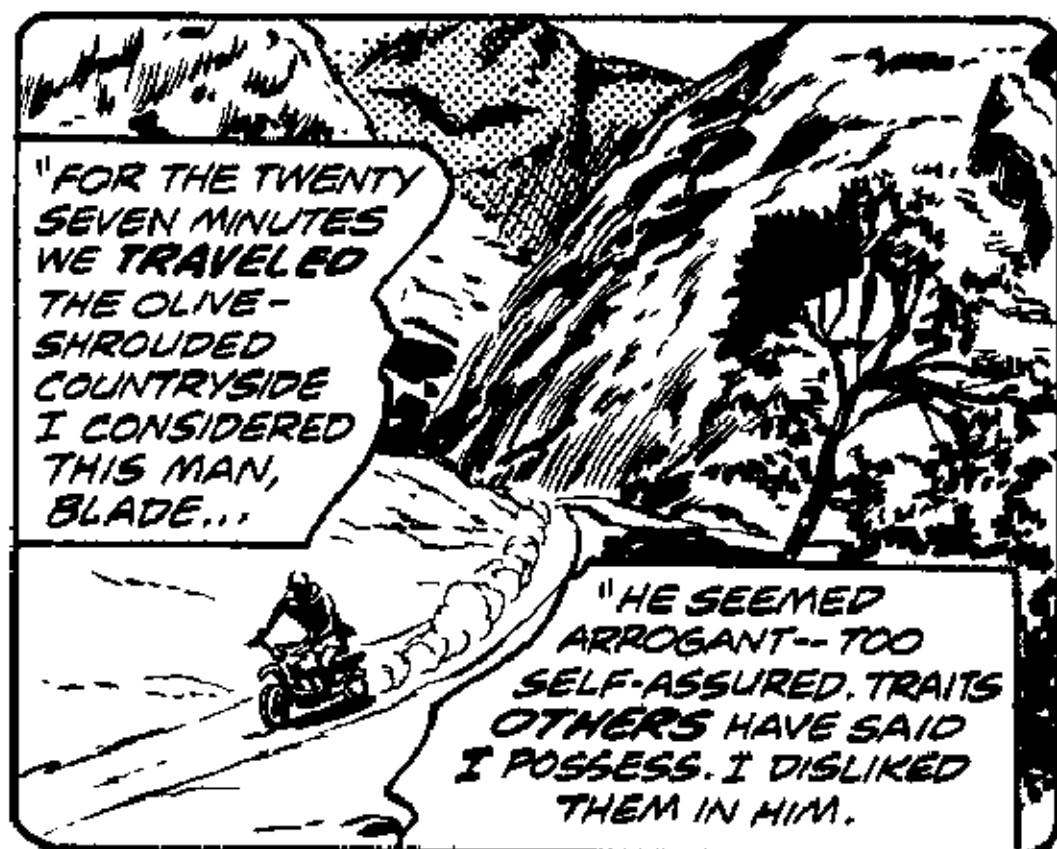
IF NOT, THEN YOU SHALL **STILL** HELP ME REACH MY GOAL-- AS A **VAMPIRE**.

FAIR ENOUGH, MAN. NOW, FOLLOW ME-- I'LL **TAKE** YA TO THE GROUP.



"I DID NOT TRUST THE **BLACK**, YET, **FOOL** THAT I WAS, I THOUGHT, 'WHAT WAS THERE TO LOSE?' AT **WORST** THIS **BLADE** WOULD MERELY PROVIDE MY NIGHT'S **ENTERTAINMENT**.

"I HAD NO IDEA OF WHAT WAS TO **COME**; THUS LIKE A **TRUSTING** BABY, I FOLLOWED THE PATH TO DEATH.







KNIVES
WORK LIKE
A CHARM,
ORJI.

I'VE BEEN TELLIN' YOU THAT, MUSENDA.
FACT, ALL A' YOU SHOULD TRY 'EM.

THINK I'LL TAKE YOU
UP ON THAT, ORJI-- SOON'S
WE GET OUTTA HERE.

"THEY LEFT THE CAVE
TO PREPARE A GRAVE
FOR ME, BUT WHILE
THEY WERE GONE...



"...MY SERVANT, KUI HUA AND
HER HAND MAIDENS, ANSWERED
MY FINAL COMMANDS... H.T."

I WAITED IN THAT
DARKLING CAVE FOR
THOSE WOULD-BE
FIGHTERS TO RETURN,
AND BEFORE THE NIGHT
WAS DONE, TWO OF
THEM WERE DEAD.

BUT BLADE
LIVED-- THAT
DAMNABLE
BLADE
LIVED!



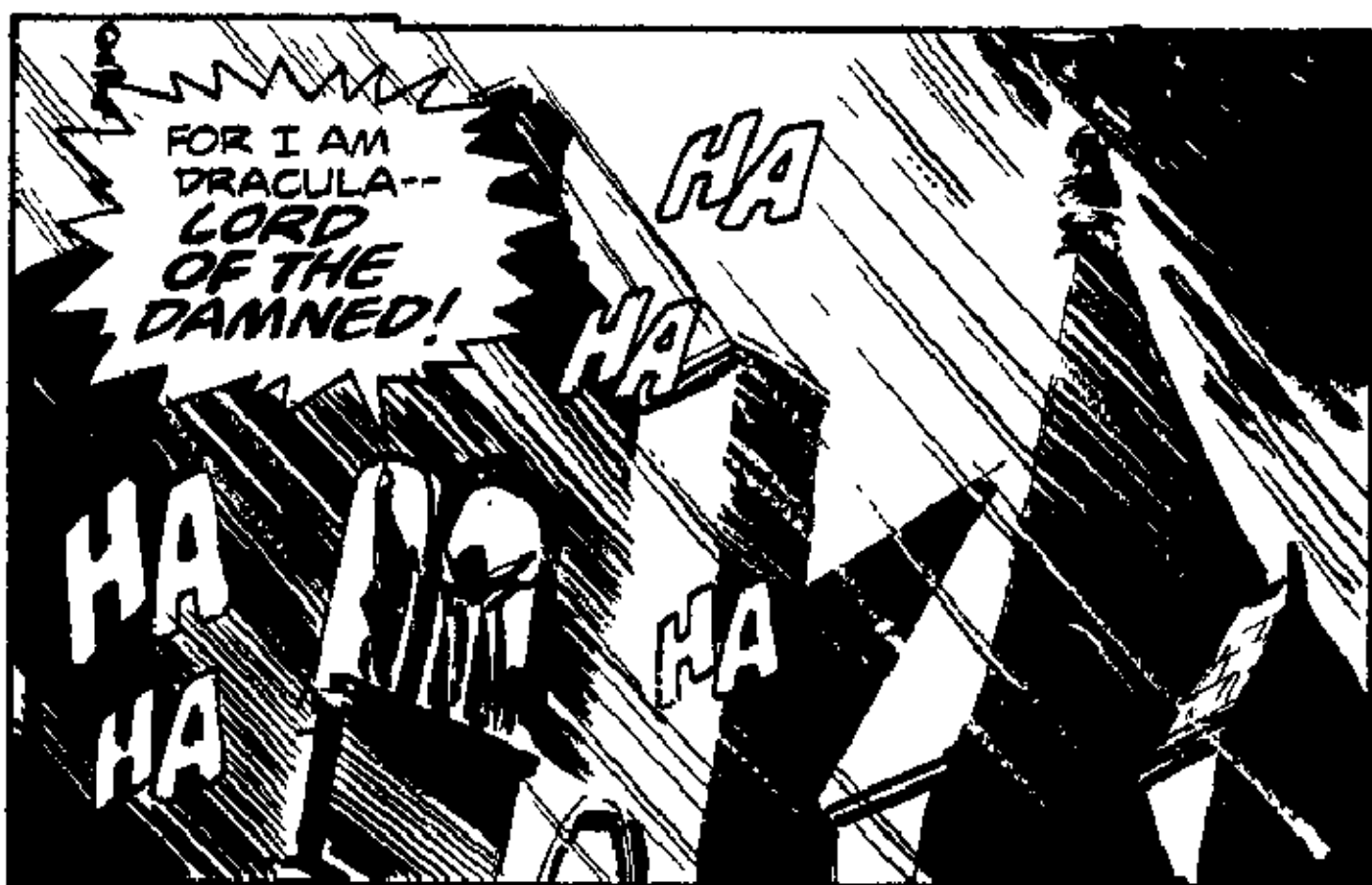
TODAY THREE OF
THAT GROUP ARE
DEAD, BUT I
STILL THRIVE
BECAUSE OF
WHAT I AM--
WHO I AM.

AND I MUST
NEVER
FORGET THAT
AGAIN.



I SHALL ALWAYS
LIVE... ALWAYS BATTLE...
ALWAYS CONQUER!

FOR I AM
DRACULA--
LORD
OF THE
DAMNED!



NEXT: HOUSE OF LORDS! HOUSE OF DEAD!

GIANT-SIZE
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



4 1975
02916

50¢
€

68 BIG PAGES

GIANT-SIZE DRACULA™

NEW! THE VAMPIRE-LORD IN
IMMORTAL COMBAT WITH...
**THE DEMON OF
DEVIL'S LAKE!**



Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality merge, there are tales of a being who has lived more than five hundred years; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of Hell itself; they say he thrives upon the blood of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the bravest man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

CURSE OF DRACULA!™

THE BROODING BLACK ENTITY THAT IS THE OCEAN FADES INTO OPAQUE NIGHT-MIST AROUND THE LONELY REALITY OF THIS PASSENGER LINER, AND SHREDS OF PERVERSE FOG FILTER ACROSS THE MOON, OBSCURING THE CLARITY OF ITS LIGHT...

...MUCH AS SECRET FEARS OFTEN DILUTE US, THE INTENSITY OF LIFE ITSELF...

THE PARADOX IS THAT, SOMETIMES--IF WE LAY BACK AND "LET GO"--IT ALL COMES TOGETHER.

THAT IS, PROVIDING NOTHING SO DRASTIC AS VIOLENT DEATH INTERVENES!

DAVID KRAFT + DON HECK
STORY ART
FRANK SPRINGER INKER
ARTIE SIMAK | PETRA G.
LETTERER COLORIST
MARY WOLFMAN CO-PLOTTER
LIVE-IT-UP LEN WEIN, EDITOR

THE MOMENT IS FROZEN IN SILENCE. ETERNITY COMES AND GOES. AND THEN--



MAN OVERBOARD!

THE CHILL, DAMP SEA AIR, THE LATE HOUR, AND CALLOUS CHANCE HAVE CONSPIRED TO CLEAR THE MIDNIGHT DECK FOR UNHERALDED VIOLENCE....!



IF THERE WERE SOME WAY THAT IT COULD BE BOTTLED AND SOLD--

--EXPLOITED--



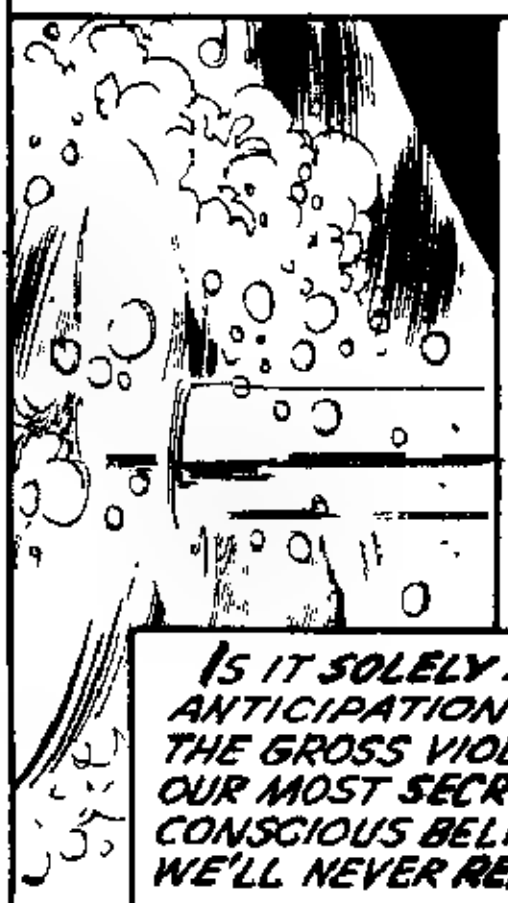
WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM-- IS HE DRUNK?

--VIOLENCE COULD BE A VALUABLE COMMODITY FOR ATTRACTING EVEN THE MOST UNWILLING CONSUMER...



...FOR IT HOLDS FATAL FASCINATION IN ITS REPULSIVENESS!

WHAT IS IT THAT FORCES US TO WATCH, AGAINST OUR OWN WILL, HEART BEATING IN UNNATURAL SPURTS AND BREATH BATED WITH FEAR?



IS IT SOLELY MORBID ANTICIPATION--OR IS IT THE GROSS VIOLATION OF OUR MOST SECRET SUB-CONSCIOUS BELIEF THAT WE'LL NEVER REALLY DIE?



IT'S TOO LATE-- HE'S BEING SWEEPED INTO THE PROPS!



THE EMOTIONAL INTENSITY OF DEATH TRANSFIXES THOSE WHO STRAIN TO PEER THROUGH THE OMNISCIENT FOG.



IT IS A TOUCH OF RAW REALITY THAT SCARS WITH ITS STARK FINALITY...

...AND THIS IS AN AGE OF MUCH LESS-HARDENED SENSIBILITIES THAN OUR OWN!



VERY MUCH LESS.

A PITY, NO?



WHAT?

EXCUSE ME FOR BEING JITTERY, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN A MAN DIE--

--UNTIL NOW, GOD REST HIS SOUL!

HE HAS BEEN THERE, SILENTLY, IN THE SHADOWS --HIS PRESENCE VIRTUALLY UNDETECTABLE.



THERE WILL BE NO REST FOR HIS SOUL.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? THAT'S AN AWFULLY CRUEL THING TO SAY!

I MEANT ONLY THAT, IN SUCH CASES OF...EH... **SUICIDE**, THE SOUL EARNS HELLISH **BOND-AGE** AND ETERNAL **TORMENT**--

"--YET AGONY IS MAN'S ABYSMAL HERITAGE, HIS SCOURGE IN LIFE AND HIS REWARD IN DEATH. HE IS BUT A PAWN IN GAMES BEYOND HIS MISERABLE ABILITY TO COMPREHEND, AND SO HE EXISTS IN NUMBED DESPAIR.

"BUT ENOUGH OF SUCH USELESS TALK--WE HAVE YET TO MAKE OUR **INTRO-DUCTIONS**."

I AM... **JUSTIN DRAKE**, LATE OF EUROPE...AND IF I AM FORCING MY COMPANY ON YOU, DO SAY SO...

NO, NOT AT ALL. MY NAME IS **BEVERLY CARPENTER**, AND AFTER WHAT JUST HAPPENED--

--I NEED SOMEONE TO TALK TO.

ALTHOUGH THAT PESSIMISTIC **PHILOSOPHY** OF YOURS DOESN'T EXACTLY **HELP** WHEN IT COMES TO GETTING OVER SEEING SOMEONE DIE. I'M VERY **UPSET**...

...AND I FEEL SO **VULNERABLE**. I MEAN, INSTEAD OF THAT MAN, IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANY OF US--

--IT COULD HAVE BEEN **ME!**

YES, THAT IS **POSSIBLE**.

DEATH IS ALWAYS A **BREATH** AWAY, WAITING--**PATIENTLY** WAITING-- FOR THE MOST FAVORABLE MOMENT, THE SLIGHTEST **PROVOCATION**...TO **POUNCE**.

REMEMBER THAT, BEVERLY CARPENTER.

THERE IS ONLY THE UNCEASING, **PERVASIVE** OCEAN SONG THAT COLORS THE NIGHT WITH ITS **BLEAKNESS**, AND THE HARSH **MECHANICAL** BEAT OF MAN-MADE ENGINES TO FILL THE VOID OF HUMAN **ALONENESS** THAT ENGULFS BEVERLY CARPENTER... AND SOMEHOW SHE KNOWS THAT NO SOLACE EXISTS FOR HER IN THE UNEASY COMPANY OF HER ENIGMATIC **ESCORT**.

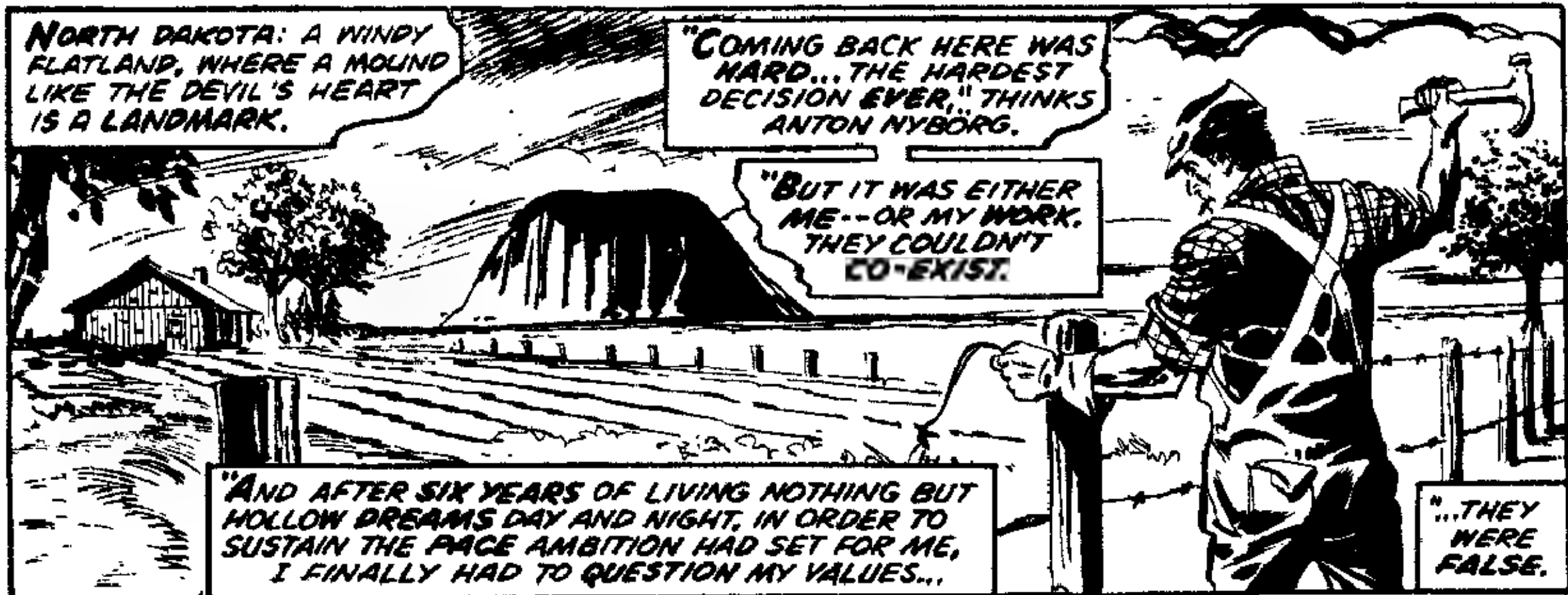
THANKS FOR WALKING ME TO MY CABIN, MR. DRAKE, AND I HOPE YOU HAVE A **GOOD** NIGHT--

--I'M SURE I **WO**N'T.

DO NOT ALLOW THE EVENT YOU SAW THIS EVENING TO **OVERCOME** YOU, MISS CARPENTER.

IT'S NOT **ONLY** THAT. I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO GET ANY **REAL** SLEEP FOR THE PAST **THREE MONTHS**--

--EVER SINCE MY **MOTHER** DIED!



NORTH DAKOTA: A WINDY FLATLAND, WHERE A MOUND LIKE THE DEVIL'S HEART IS A LANDMARK.

"COMING BACK HERE WAS HARD... THE HARDEST DECISION EVER," THINKS ANTON NYBORG.

"BUT IT WAS EITHER ME--OR MY WORK. THEY COULDN'T CO-EXIST."

"AND AFTER SIX YEARS OF LIVING NOTHING BUT HOLLOW DREAMS DAY AND NIGHT, IN ORDER TO SUSTAIN THE PACE AMBITION HAD SET FOR ME, I FINALLY HAD TO QUESTION MY VALUES..."

"...THEY WERE FALSE."



"I ONCE SWORE I'D NEVER RETURN TO NORTH DAKOTA. I REALLY BELIEVED THAT! YET HAD I STAYED WITH THE STUDIO... CONTINUED DOING SCREENPLAYS... THE BRIGHT GOALS OF THE YOUTH WOULD HAVE BECOME THE TARNISHED DEATHSONG OF THE MAN."

"I'M 30 YEARS OLD..."



"...AND UNTIL NOW, I'VE NEVER HAD TIME FOR LIFE--TIME FOR MYSELF."

"NO MORE NERVOUS TURMOIL OVER MY WORK..."



"...NO MORE DEADLINES--"



"--ONLY... LIFE."

"NO!"



"NOT NOW-- PLEASE, GOD, NOT NOW--"

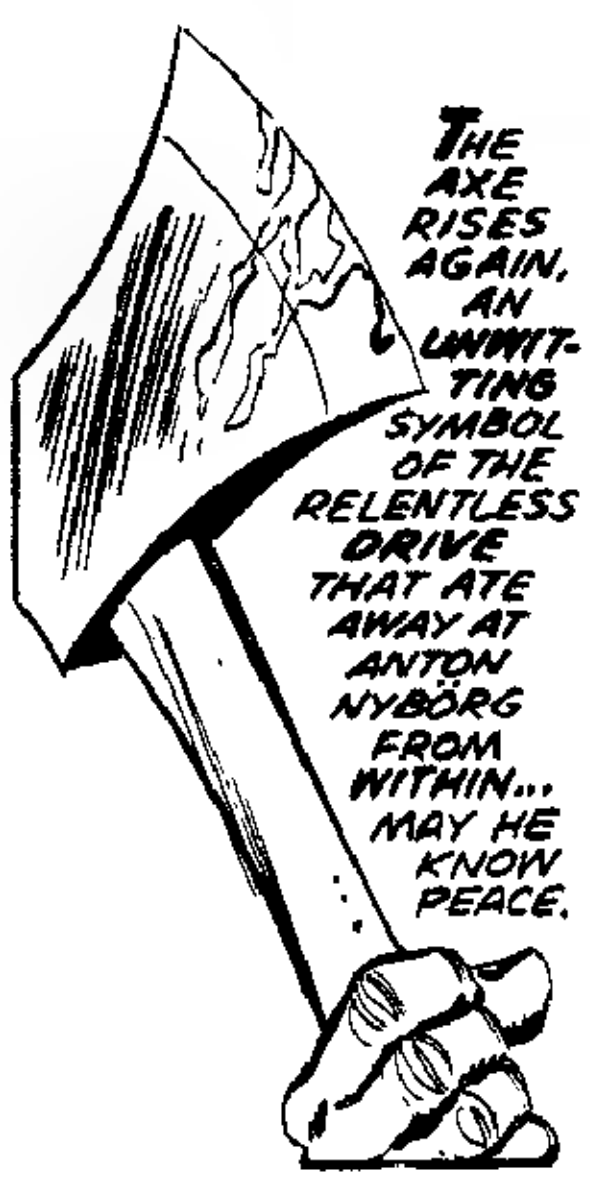
THE CHUNKING SOUND OF A GORY AXE-STROKE--

--THE GENTLE BUBBLING OF BRIGHT RED BLOOD--

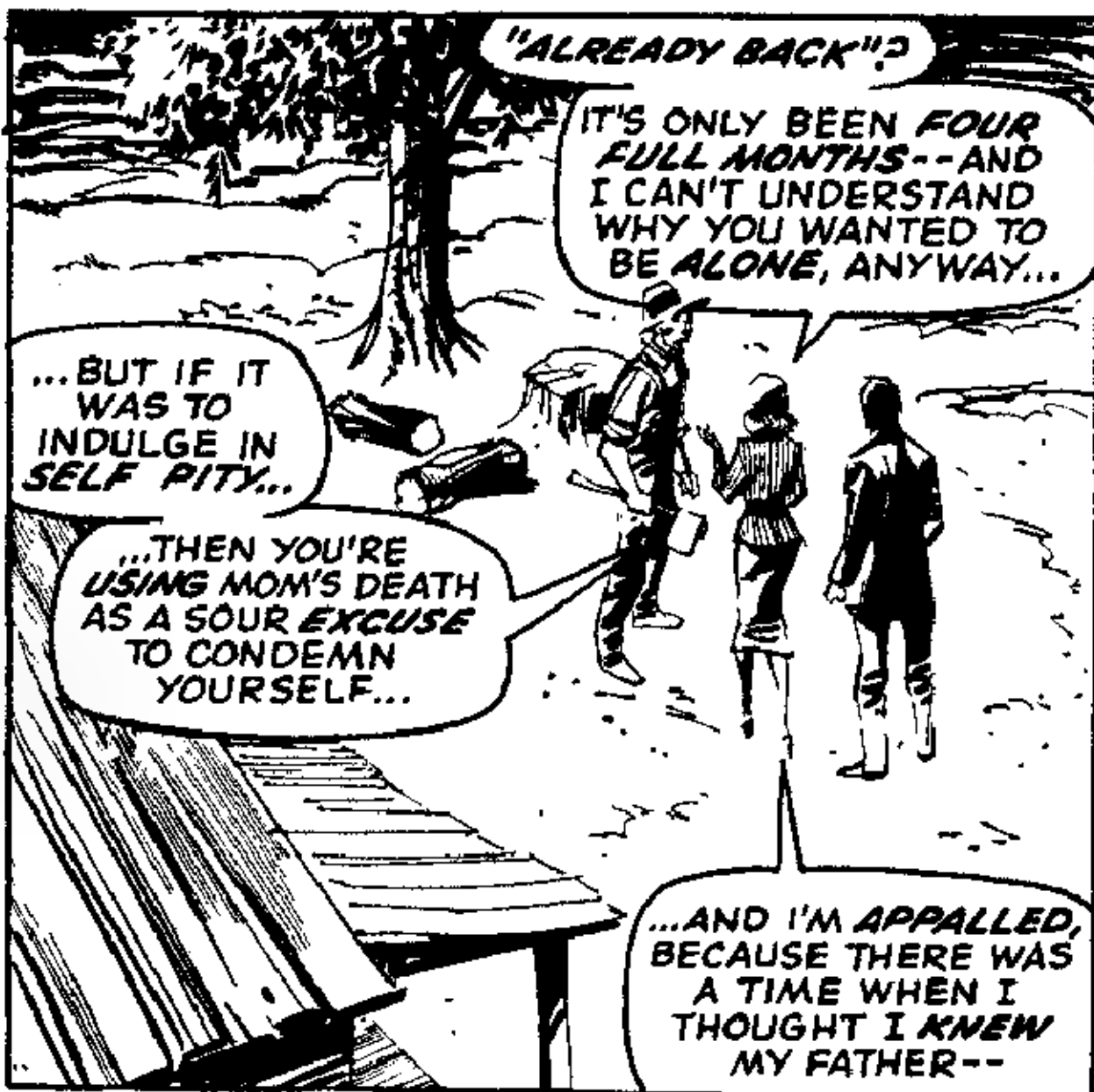
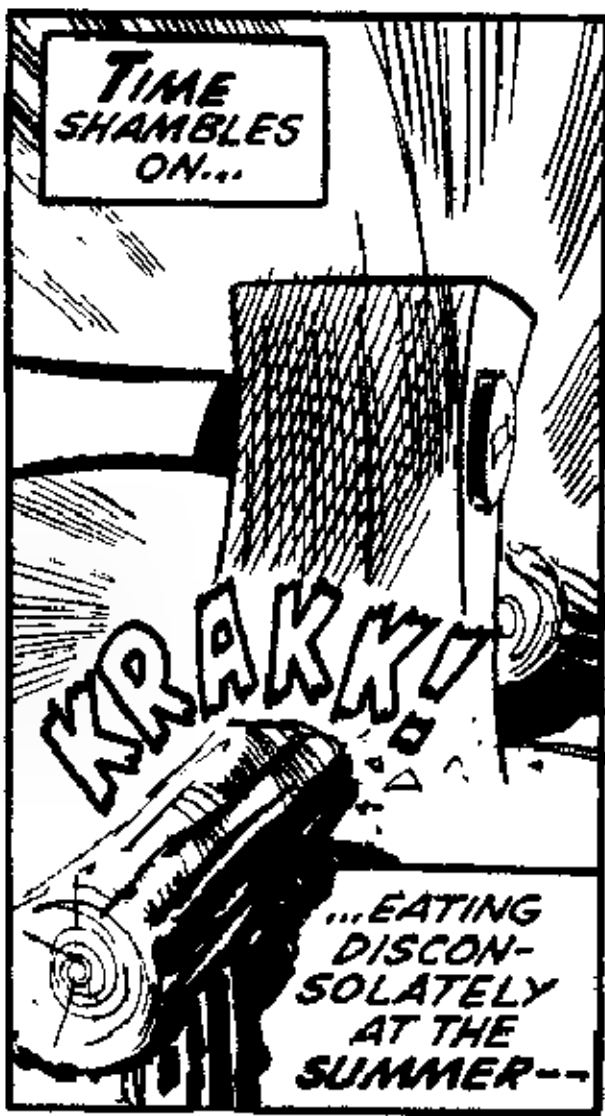


--AND A WORDLESS ANIMAL GRUNT THAT CULMINATES IN A FIT OF LIQUID GAGGING...

...MEASURE THE FINAL BEATS OF ANTON NYBORG'S LIFE.



THE AXE RISES AGAIN, AN UNWITTING SYMBOL OF THE RELENTLESS DRIVE THAT ATE AWAY AT ANTON NYBORG FROM WITHIN... MAY HE KNOW PEACE.



IT IS EARLY EVENING IN DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA, AND THE LAST MUTED TENDRILS OF BURNT SUNLIGHT HAVE SUCCEDED TO THE CONQUERING ADVENT OF THE MOON.

DEVIL'S LAKE SQUATS ON THE DEHYDRATED SHORE OF THE LAKE FOR WHICH IT WAS NAMED... AND IN THESE PARCHED DEPRESSION YEARS, VISITORS ARE NOT COMMON.



TONIGHT, AS THE TRAIN FORGES ITS LONELY WAY ACROSS THE WIND-RAVAGED GREAT PLAINS, A DARK FIGURE DISEMBARKS AT THE WITHERED STATION.

SO--I HAVE REACHED MY DESTINATION. THIS PITIFUL HAMLET HAS DRAWN DRACULA FROM THOUSANDS OF MILES AFAR--



--AND IT SAVORS MOST DISTASTE-FULLY OF THE BACKWARD VILLAGES OF MY OWN COUNTRY...

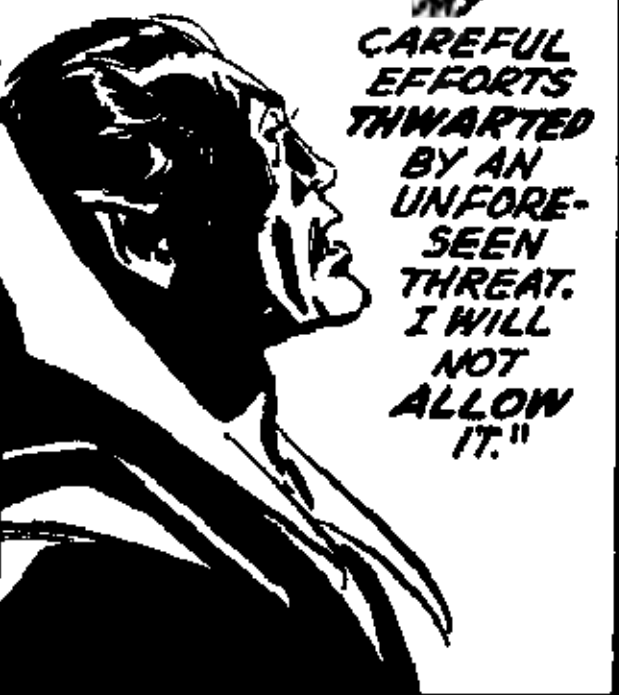


...YET FROM SOMEWHERE IN THIS UNLIKELY AREA ORIGINATES THE MOST PERVERSIVE, SHEERLY MALIGNANT FORCE I HAVE EVER SENSED--



--AND SUCH VAST, POWERFUL MALEVOLENCY CAN ONLY BECOME AN EVENTUAL THREAT TO MY OWN BOLD--AND SOME MIGHT SAY SELF-SERVING--PLANS.

"THEREFORE," MUSES DRACULA, "IT MUST BE CONFRONTED AND DESTROYED, FOR I HAVE NOT WORKED ALMOST 500 YEARS, ONLY TO HAVE MY IMMUTABLE WILL DISRUPTED AND MY CAREFUL EFFORTS THWARTED BY AN UNFORE-SEEN THREAT. I WILL NOT ALLOW IT."



BUT FIRST, DRACULA THIRSTS--AND THE KING OF VAMPIRES MUST SEEK THAT WHICH HE SO DEARLY CRAVES--



--HUMAN BLOOD!





MANY DIFFERENT "SELVES" DWELL IN EACH OF US, NEW ONES BROUGHT OUT BY NEW SITUATIONS...

...WHICH IS WHY THE DEPTH OF HUMAN EMOTION IS SO DIFFICULT TO MEASURE--

--TEMPERED AS IT IS BY CIRCUMSTANCE.



THUS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW FOR SURE JUST HOW MUCH WE CARE FOR ANOTHER...

...UNTIL THAT CARE IS WEIGHED AGAINST OUR OWN SELF-CONCERN...

...AND IT VERY OFTEN TAKES AN EXTRAORDINARY EVENT TO REVEAL THE TRUTH--



--AN EVENT SUCH AS THE EERIE MATERIALIZATION OF DRACULA!

EVIL GIVEN SENTIENT EXISTENCE THERE IN THE PARK...

...LEERING DEATH PERSONIFIED!

IN A SINGLE PANIC-FED MOMENT OF OVER-POWERING FEAR, JACK PREISS STAINS HIS CONSCIENCE WITH THE PERMANENT DYE OF GUILT...



JACK--

...A SOUL-CURLING GUILT HE WILL NEVER AGAIN BE FREE OF.

IT IS YOUR BLOOD I DESIRE, WOMAN. RISE AND KNOW THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS; YEA, RISE AND KNOW THE ECSTASY OF DEATH--



--I COMMAND IT!

MY... BLOOD?

"YES, YOUR BLOOD," HISSES THE MASTER OF THE UNDEAD, EYES ABLAZE. "YOU HAVE NO OBJECTIONS... IS THAT NOT SO?"



SHE DOES NOT REPLY, BUT HER MOTIONS ARE ANSWER ENOUGH.

DRACULA SMILES COLDLY IN ANTICIPATION...

...FOR HE HAS NO SCRUPLES ABOUT INDULGING HIS VILE APPETITES TO THEIR BLACK EXTENT.



THE HOT LIQUID FLOWS INTO HIS MOUTH, AND HE KEEPS SUCKING UNTIL THE BODY IN HIS ARMS GROWS COLD AND THE STARVED HEART FINALLY QUITS PUMPING ITS LIFEBLOOD TO HIM.



...AYE, AND A CHURCH-GOING MAN, TOO--UNTIL SIX MONTHS AGO... WHEN, AFTER A DEVOUT LIFE--TIME, PAUL CARPENTER ABRUPTLY CEASED ATTENDING TWO MONTHS LATER, HIS WIFE DIED; BUT IT HAS TAKEN HIS DAUGHTER'S RETURN TO HERE...



...QUIVERING IN DESPERATE FEAR AND FRANTICALLY SEEKING AID...



...FROM FATHER AINES AT THE RURAL CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL.

THE PRIEST HAS KNOWN MR. CARPENTER AS A MEMBER OF THE PARISH FOR SIX YEARS...

...AND HE SPOKE THE PRAYERS WHEN PAUL'S WIFE WAS LOWERED INTO THE EARTH.

I WONDERED WHEN YOU'D COME BACK.

I NEVER SHOULD HAVE QUIT COMING, FATHER AINES--

--BUT I WAS ...SCARED, AND IT'S NEVER BEEN EASY FOR ME TO ASK FOR HELP, EVEN FROM OUR LORD.

YOU ARE ASKING HIS HELP NOW?

I AM.

Y'SEE, FATHER, I BELIEVE SUICIDE KILLS ANY HOPE OF REDEMPTION, EVER--BUT I'LL DO IT BEFORE I LET ANOTHER PERSON BE MURDERED...



...THE WAY MY WIFE WAS, THE WAY MY DAUGHTER WILL BE!

PAUL...YOUR WIFE WASN'T KILLED--SHE WAS FROZEN TO DEATH IN A BLIZZARD.



BUT WHAT ABOUT ANTON NYBÖRG?

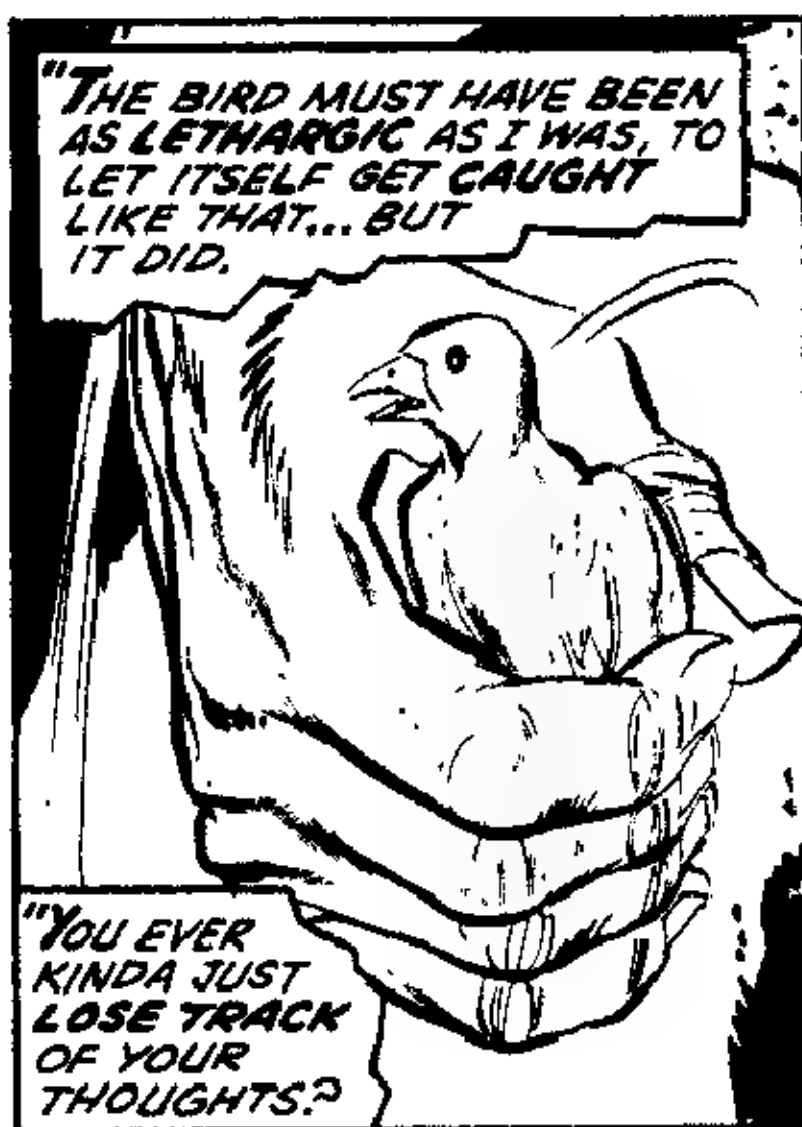
I'M NOT SAYING I WAS THE MURDERER, BUT THEY BOTH DIED BY MY HAND--

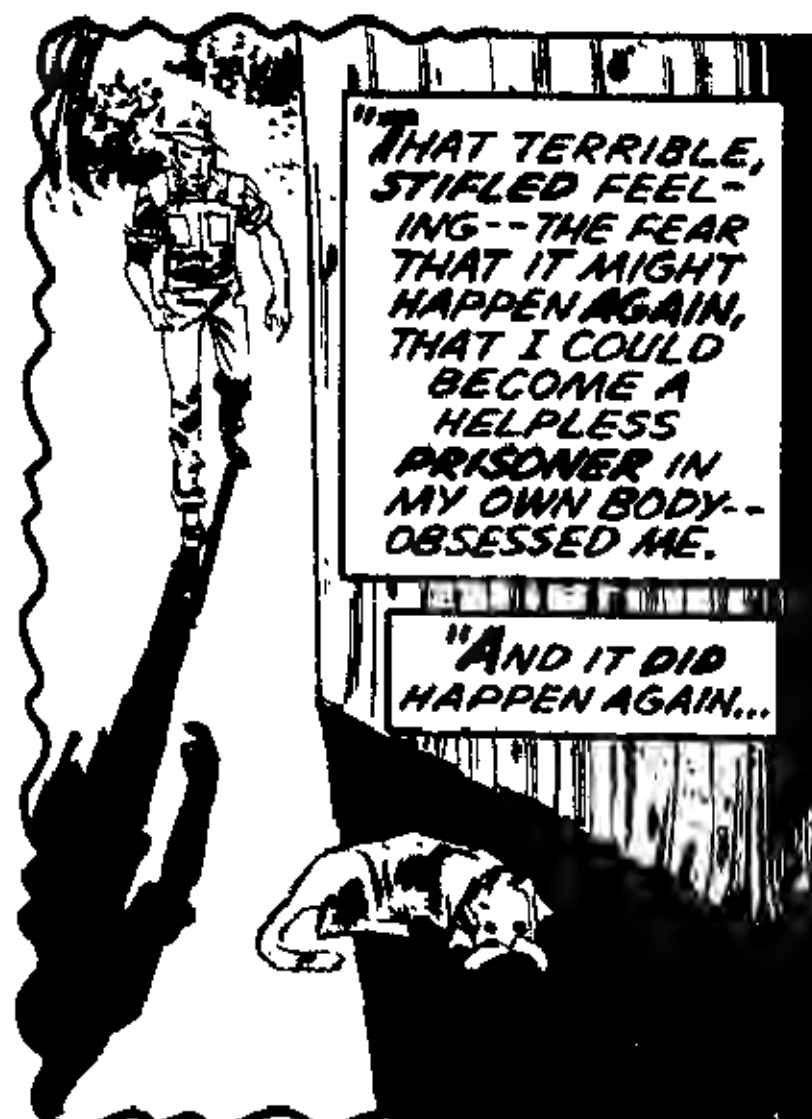
--AND IF THAT'S HARD TO UNDERSTAND...

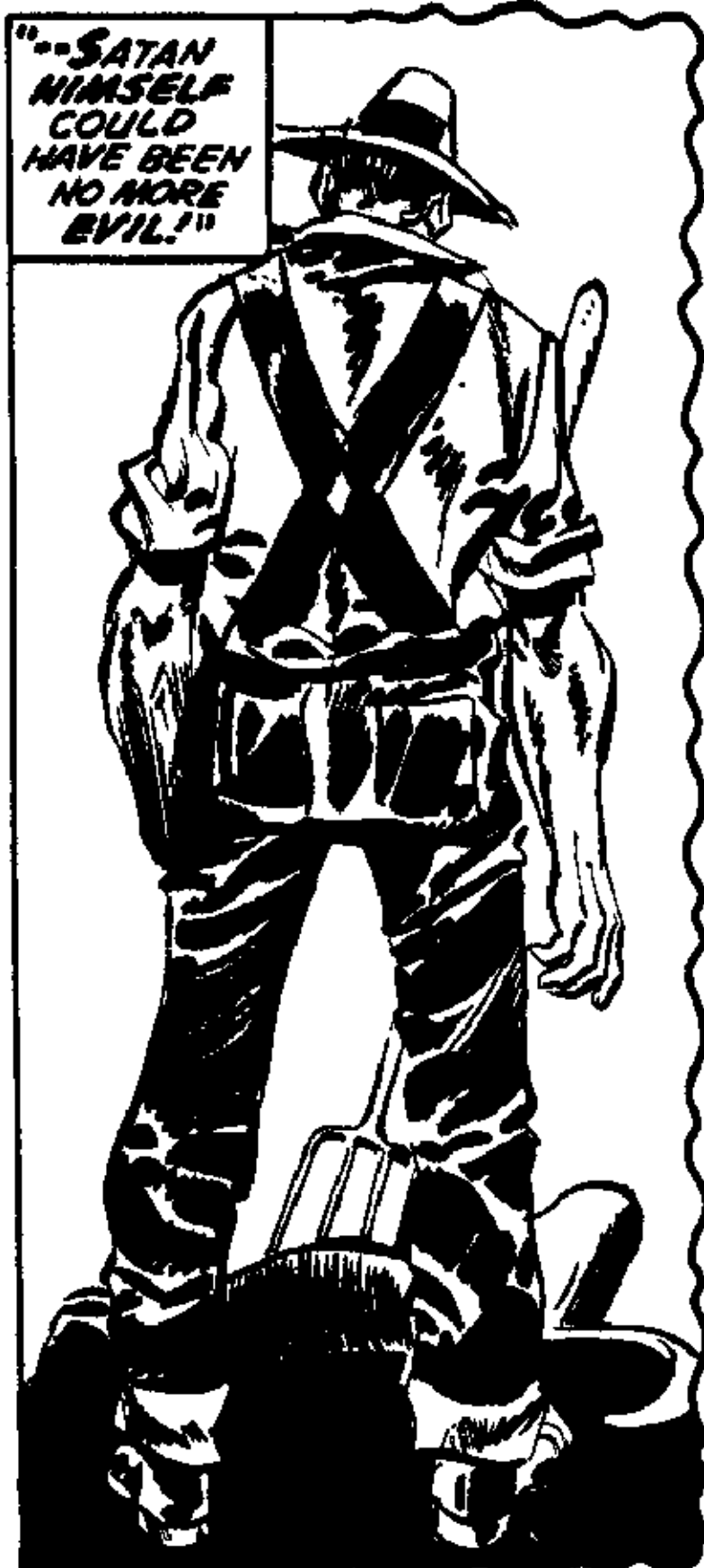


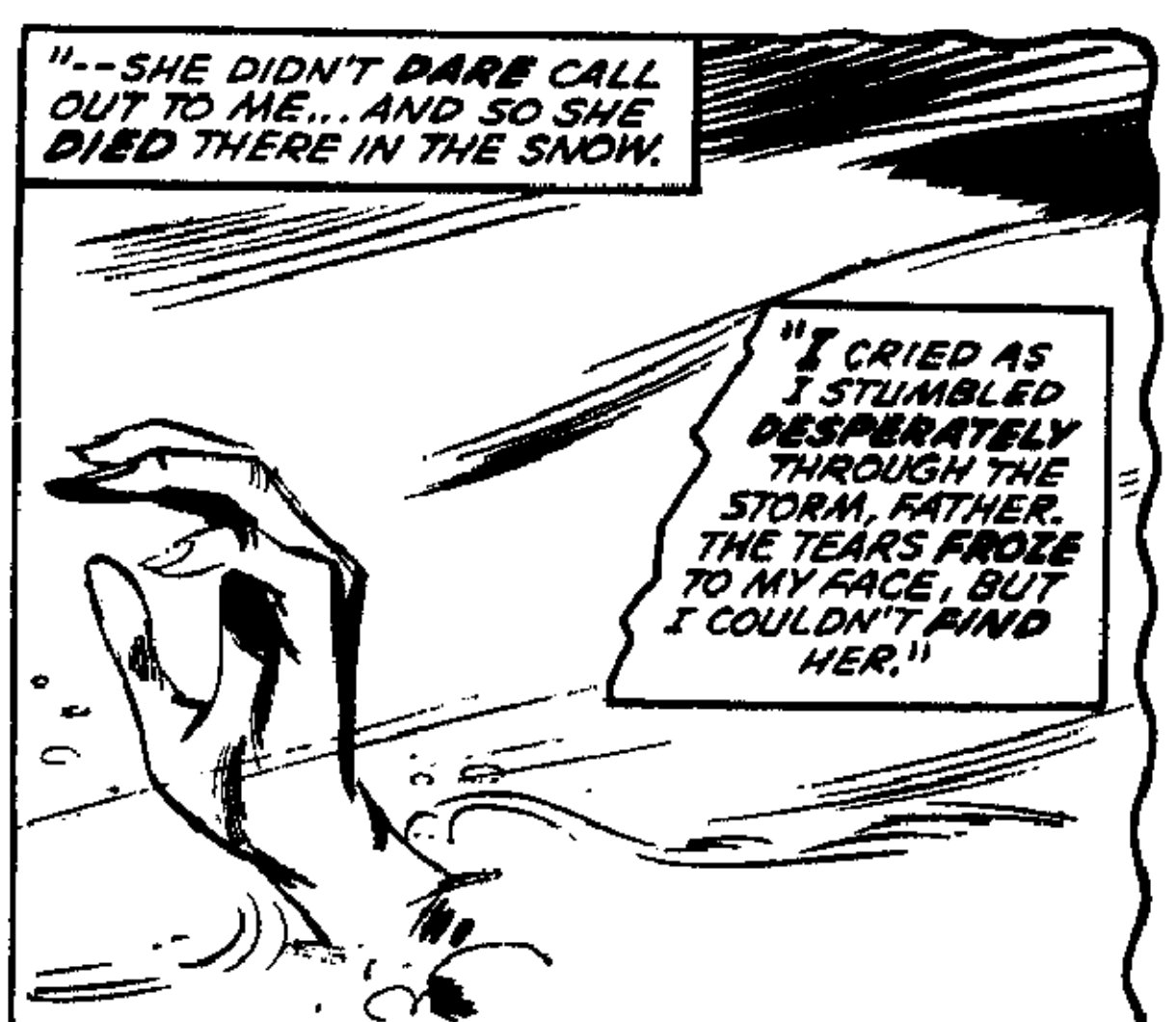
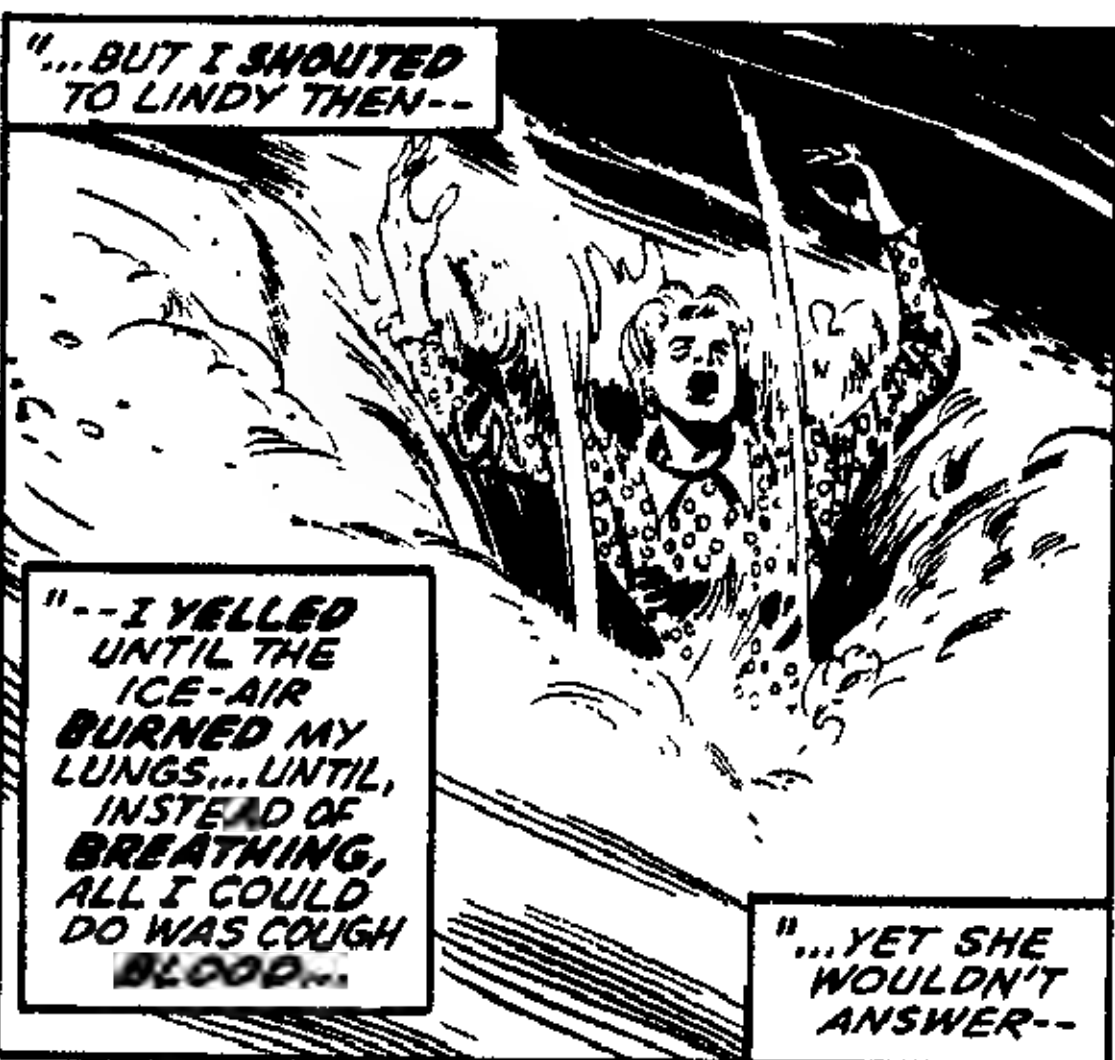
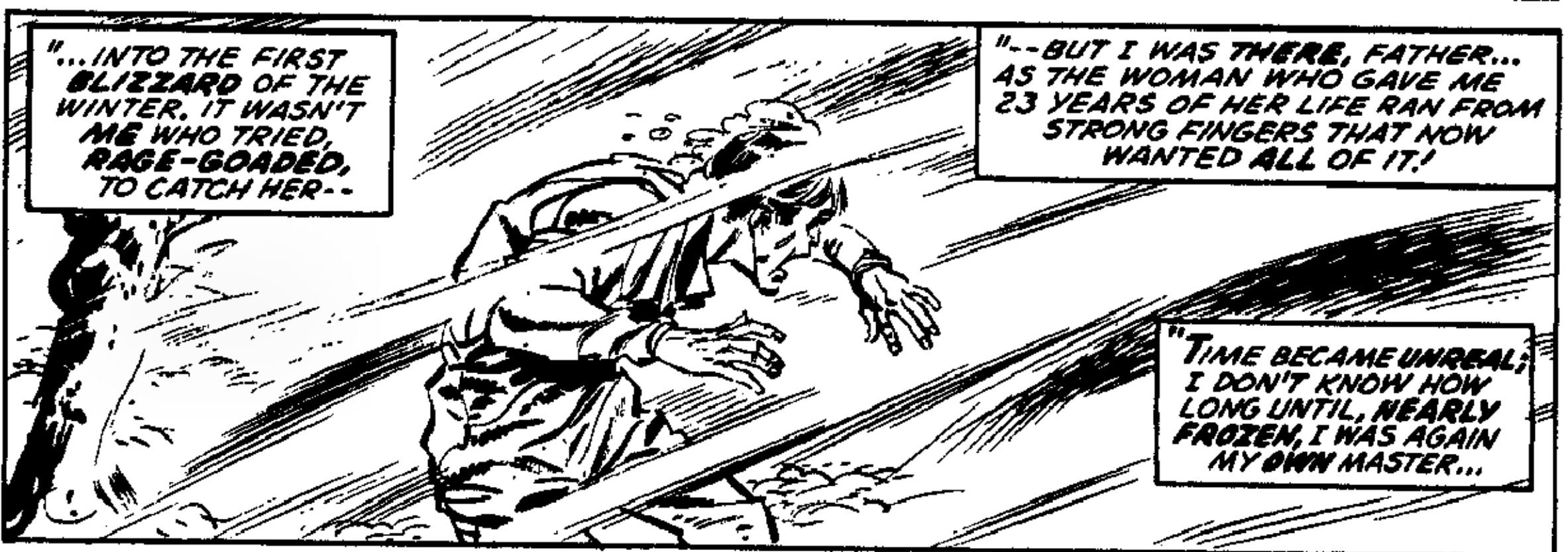
"...THEN I SUPPOSE I HAVE TO UNBURDEN MYSELF.

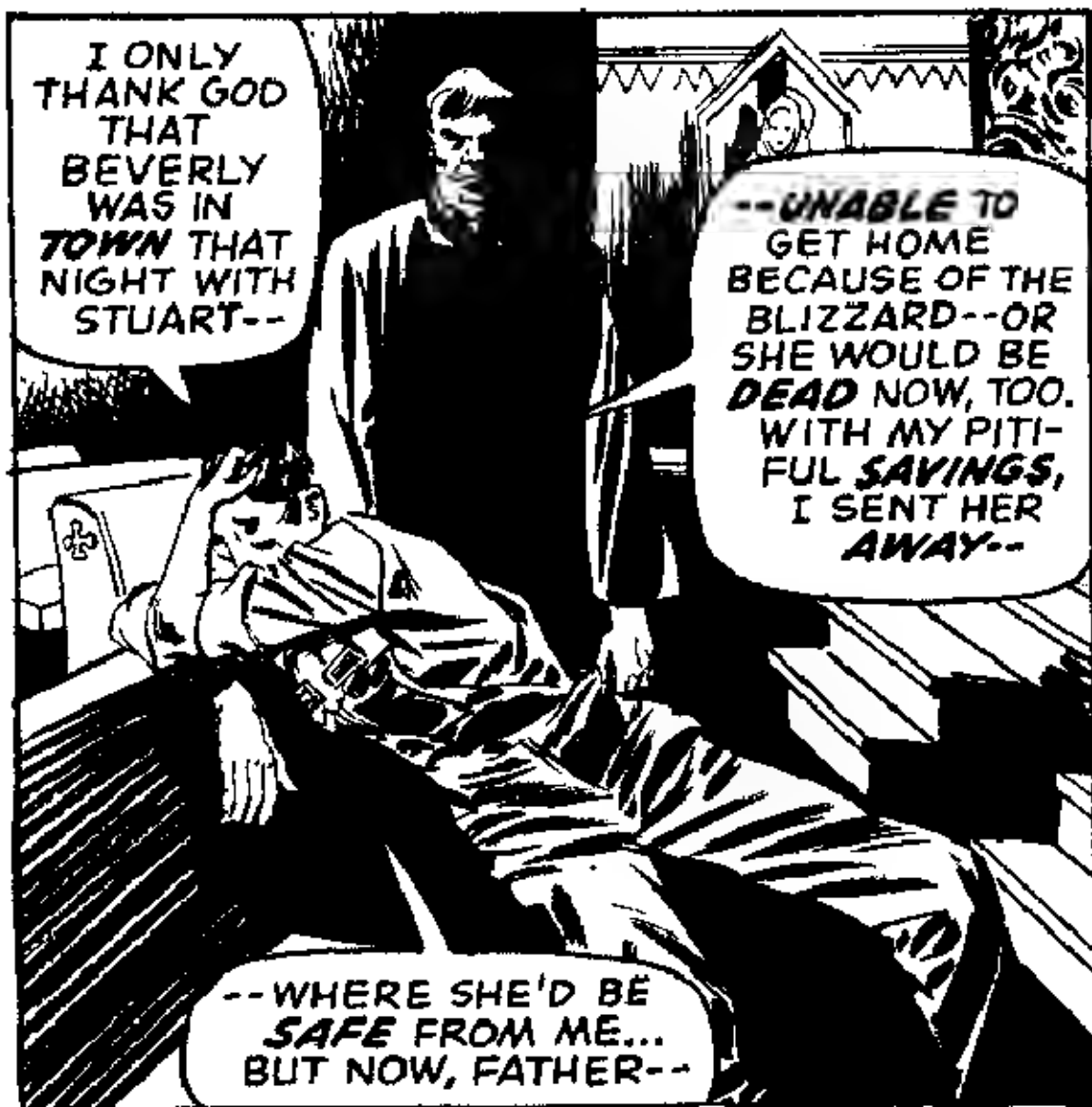
"LAST FALL, I WANDERED UNCOMMONLY NEAR THE BARREN DEVIL'S HEART--











I ONLY
THANK GOD
THAT
BEVERLY
WAS IN
TOWN THAT
NIGHT WITH
STUART--

--UNABLE TO
GET HOME
BECAUSE OF THE
BLIZZARD--OR
SHE WOULD BE
DEAD NOW, TOO.
WITH MY PITI-
FUL SAVINGS,
I SENT HER
AWAY--

--WHERE SHE'D BE
SAFE FROM ME...
BUT NOW, FATHER--



--BEVERLY'S COME **BACK**, AND I **WON'T** LET
HER DIE! I SWEAR TO YOU, I'M **NOT** A KILLER--
BUT **IT'S** STRONG ENOUGH NOW TO CONTROL
ME FOR HOURS AT A TIME --TO USE ME FOR
MURDER. TELL ME WHAT TO **DO**!

FATHER?



IT HAS INDEED GROWN STRONG OVER
THESE MONTHS...

...AND
TONIGHT
IT
ATTEMPTS
A NEW
EXERCISE
IN--

--DEATH.



YOU WANT TO KNOW
WHAT TO DO, PAUL?

I'LL HELP
YOU--



--BY KILLING YOU!



THIS MAN OF PEACE--

--ATTACKS
ABRUPTLY
WITH VIOLENCE
...AND IF FATHER
AIMES DID
DOUBT PAUL
CARPENTER'S
CONFESSION--

--HE NOW
KNOWS THE
TRUTH.



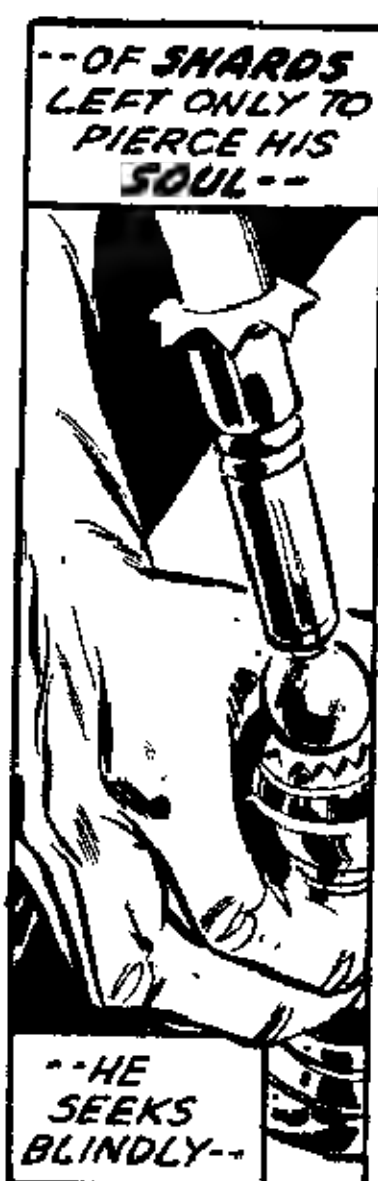
PAUL IS NOT
FLUID IN THE
LANGUAGE OF
DEATH...

...FOR A MOMENT, HE DOES NOT RESIST--



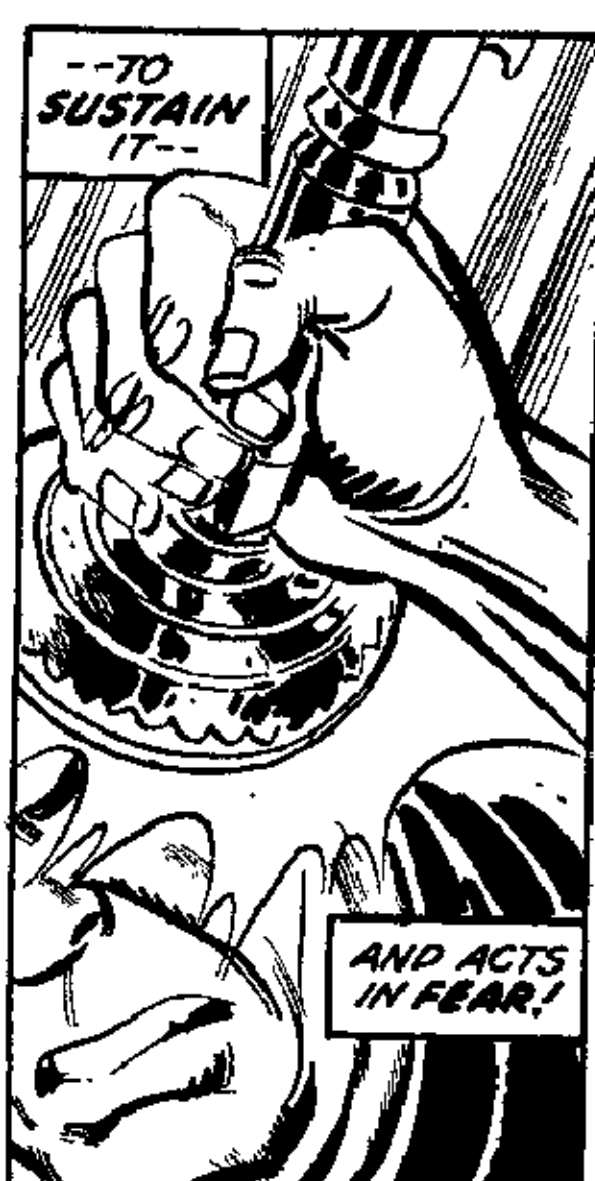
--AND THEN--

--ALTHOUGH HIS LIFE
HAS BECOME A
SHATTERED THING OF
GUILT--



--OF SHARDS
LEFT ONLY TO
PIERCE HIS
SOUL--

--HE
SEEKS
BLINDLY--



--TO
SUSTAIN
IT--

AND ACTS
IN FEAR!



A MAD
KIND OF
FEAR
THAT DIS-
TORTS
HIS
REASON.



I AM A
KILLER.

I HAVE
DAMNED
MYSELF IN
GOD'S
EYES--

--AND IN
MY OWN.

THEN,
ABHORRED
BY HIS SIN,
PAUL CARPEN-
TER FLEES
GOD'S HOUSE--



--INTO THE
VIOLENT
NIGHT!



I GROW IMPATIENT
OF WAITING FOR
YOUR FATHER, MISS
CARPENTER.

HE HAS ME
WORRIED--
IT'S JUST NOT
HIS WAY TO
STAY OUT
LIKE THIS.

HE'LL
BE
BACK--

I'M SURE
HE WILL.



I'M SORRY, MR. DRAKE,
IT'S LATE AND THERE'S
REALLY NO NEED TO
KEEP YOU FROM
BED.

BED? HARDLY. I'VE
OTHER MATTERS
ON MY MIND... SUCH
AS A SOLITARY NIGHT
WALK-- I THRIVE ON
THE NIGHT!



BUT IT'S
START-
ING TO
RAIN...



THERE IS NO
ANSWER; THE
GAUNT BLACK
FORM SIMPLY--

--DEPARTS.



BEVERLY FOLLOWS, EXPECT-
ING TO FIND HIM
WATCHING THE RAIN,
BUT INSTEAD--

MR.
DRAKE?

--HE'S ALREADY
NOWHERE IN
HER SIGHT--



--IMMERSED
IN THE
STORM,
IMBIBED
BY THE
THIRSTY
NIGHT.

DRACULA CAN *WASTE* NO
MORE TIME HUMORING THE
GIRL WHO WILL BE HIS NEXT
VICTIM--



--NOT WHEN
HE HAS
JOURNIED THESE
MANY MILES
TO LOCATE AN
UNKNOWN
SOURCE OF
EVIL--

--AND TO
DESTROY
IT!

"I HAVE SENSED
IT AT IRREGULAR
INTERVALS OVER
THE PAST MONTHS,"
THINKS DRACULA;
"EACH TIME IT
SEEMED
STRONGER,
MORE OF A
THREAT.
TONIGHT ITS
EVIL PULSATING
INTENSITY
SURPASSES
ANYTHING
I HAVE YET
ENCOUN-
TERED--

"--AND TONIGHT DRACULA
SHALL FIND IT--AND PUT
AN END TO IT."

THROUGH THE RAIN-
FLAYED TURBULENCE,
THE LORD OF THE
UNDEAD SENSES
A BROODING
LANDMARK--

--THE DEVIL'S HEART!

AND HE KNOWS THIS IS WHERE
THE EMANATIONS ORIGINATE--



--FOR THE
STORM
COMES
ALIVE AT
HIS APPROACH,
GNAWING AT
HIM VICIOUSLY
WITH ELEMENTAL
TEETH OF RAGE.

SO, MY ANTAGONIST
IS AWARE OF ME,
AND STRIVES THUS
TO DEFEY THE
WILL OF DRACULA!



NONE MAY LONG FIND
SUCCESS IN THAT--SO
SWEARS THE PRINCE
OF EVIL!



AS IF IN INARTICULATE
REPLY, THE SKY SNARLS
WITH REDOUBLED VEHE-
MENCE, AND LICKS OUT--

--HUNGRILY--



--AGAIN AND
AGAIN--

--WITH MYRIAD FLICKER-
ING TONGUES OF DEATH,
ALL OF THEM GREEDY
FOR A TASTE OF
DRACULA'S UNHOLY
ESSENCE--



--AND ALL OF THEM
FULLY AS RELENTLESS--

--AS
DRACULA'S
OWN
INSATIABLE
LUST FOR
BLOOD!





IN SUCH "IMPOSSIBLE" MOMENTS, RATIONALIZATION GIVES WAY TO THE IMMEDIACY OF VIOLENCE; BEVERLY ACTS--



--UNABLE YET TO COMPREHEND WITH HER REASONING MIND WHAT HER FUNCTIONING ONE HAS ALREADY ACCEPTED--



--STUART'S SUDDEN INSANITY!

DAD!

HELP ME AGAINST STU-- HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND!

THE EERIE APPARITION FRAMED IN THE OPEN DOORWAY DOES NOT REPLY; ONLY THE ANGRY SOUNDS OF THE STORM PREVAIL--



--AS THE RAIN-DRENCHED FIGURE OF PAUL CARPENTER SILENTLY APPROACHES THAT OF HIS DAUGHTER... AND THEN-- BRIEFLY--

--HER TERRIBLE SCREAM OBLITERATES ALL ELSE.



PERHAPS IT'S FORTUNATE THAT SHE DOES NOT SEE THE SILENT, AWKWARD FIGURES BEHIND HER FATHER.

THIS IS ONLY THE SECOND RAIN-
FALL HERE OF THE 1934 SUMMER--
A SUMMER ALREADY HALF-EXPIRED.
MANY FEARED A TOTAL DROUGHT,
AND IN AN AGRICULTURAL STATE
LIKE NORTH DAKOTA, THAT MEANS
TERMINAL ECONOMIC DISASTER.
THE FARMERS WILL REJOICE.

--ANTON NYBÖRG WAS
LEARNING TO BE A FARMER,
BEFORE HIS CRUDE DEATH--

PAUL CARPENTER IS A FARMER--

--BUT TONIGHT
NEITHER OF THEM
WILL REJOICE--

--NOR EVEN
PAY HEED
TO THE RAIN
THEY BOTH SO
FERVENTLY
DESIRED.

INSTEAD, THEY
MOVE RESO-
LUTELY THROUGH
THE BLAZING
WICKEDNESS
OF THE NIGHT,
ALONG WITH
STUART AND
THE LATE
FATHER
AIMES--

--AND THE LIMP, UNCONSCIOUS
BURDEN OF THE GIRL, BEVERLY
CARPENTER.

WEIRDLY--

-- AS IF COMPELLED
BY SOME UNRELENTING
AND ALL-POWERFUL
FORCE.



THEY RETURN TO THAT
WELL NEAR THE DEVIL'S
HEART, WHERE PAUL
CARPENTER FIRST SUCCUMBED
TO THE SUBTLE EVIL THAT
NOW DRIVES HIM--

-- AND, TOO--

-- THAT
NOW
ANIMATES
THESE
OTHER
MEN--



-- IN A
DARK-
LING
TASK--

OVER WHICH THEY HAVE
NO SLIGHTEST CONTROL. IT
IS AN OUTRE SCENE WITH
NO PRECEDENT
FOR ANY OF
THEM. IT IS
HELL.



LOCKED IN NOWHERE, WITH
NO EXISTENCE EXCEPT HIS
OWN THOUGHTS--



-- AND MEMORIES--

-- PAUL DESPAIRS--



-- RAGING IMPOTENTLY
AGAINST THE UNKNOWN
VIRULENCE THAT HAS
CONSUMED HIS LIFE...

...AND, FOR AWHILE, HE
LOSES HIS SANITY.

BUT THE SILENT
PROCESSION CON-
TINUES, UNABATED,
TOWARD ITS FINAL
OBSCENE GOAL--

--A GOAL ALSO
BEING SOUGHT,
ANGRILY, FAR
ABOVE GROUND.

SUCH AN **ONSLAUGHT**
OF THE ELEMENTS
CANNOT REPEL--THE
MASTER OF NIGHT!

THE **FURY OF THE**
SLICK-WINGED
BLACK DEMON-
FORM MIRRORS
THE **FURY OF**
THE STORM--

--BUT FAR EXCEEDS
IT IN INTENSITY.

AND AS THE **MALIGN VAMPIRE**
LORD STRAINS TENACIOUSLY
NEARER THE GREAT AND SHADOWY
MOUND, SO TOO DOES THE UN-
NATURAL, TUMULTUOUS RESISTANCE
OF THE RAVENING SKY INCREASE,
UNTIL FINALLY, AFTER A PROLONGED
STRUGGLE, HE PENETRATES
TO A MOONLIGHT-SPLASHED AREA
OF CALM DIRECTLY ABOVE THE
SWOLLEN GROWTH OF--

--THE
DEVIL'S
HEART!

ONCE AGAIN,
DRACULA
TRIUMPHS
OVER
FOOLISH
OPPOSITION--

--AND NOW,
THE FATED
CONFRONTATION
SHALL BE
DEFERRED NO
LONGER!





**ABRUPTLY
THEN,
THE EBON
BAT-THING
DIVES--**

**--PLUNGING
REMORSELESSLY
AT THE
DEVIL'S HEART--**



**--AND
BECOMING
AN
ETHEREAL
MIST--**

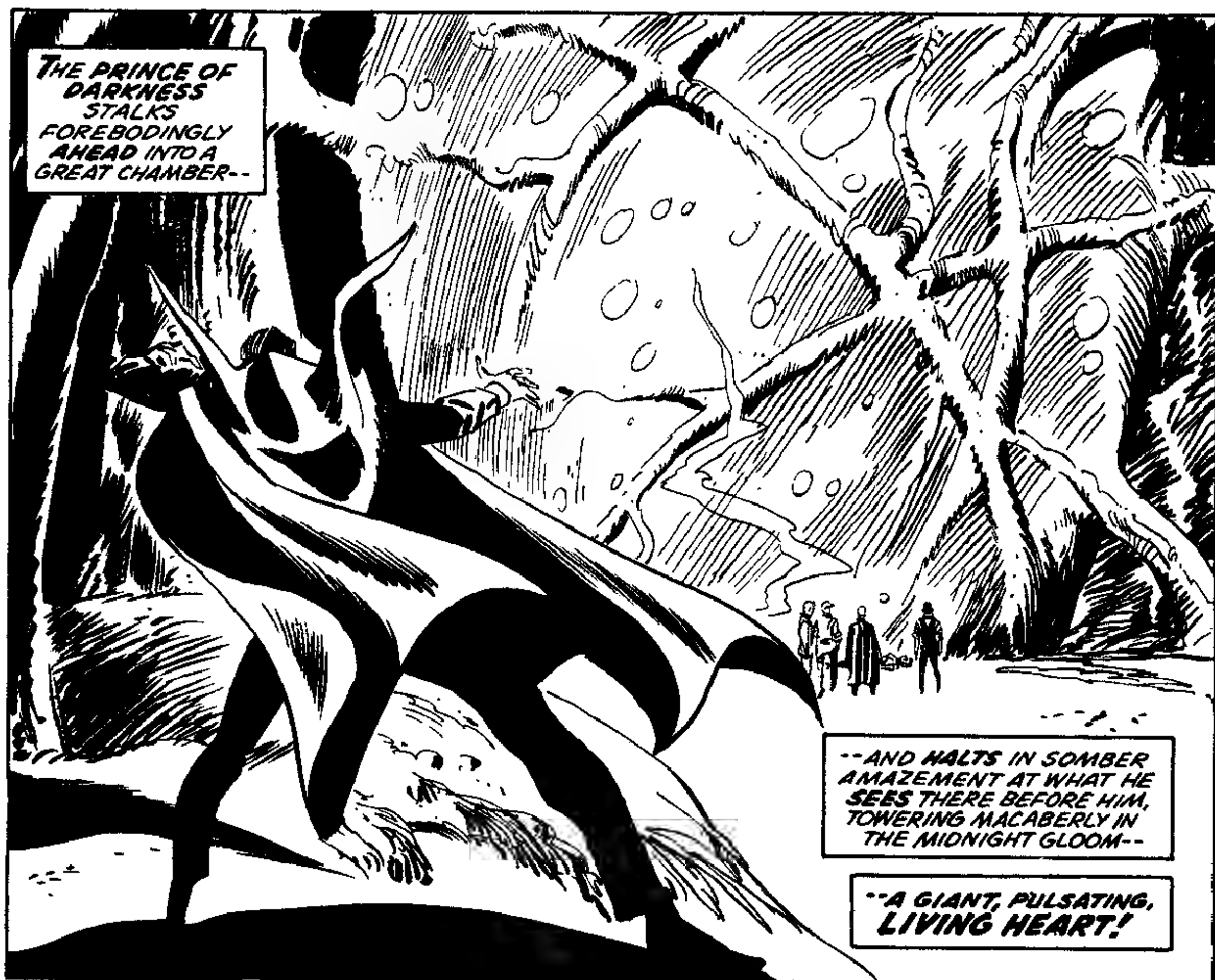
**--TO
PIERCE
ITS
BARREN
SURFACE--**



**--AND THEN, ONCE
WITHIN, RESHAPING
INTO THE NIGHTED
FIGURE OF--
DRACULA.**



**THE SOURCE
OF MY
DISPLEASURE
LIES HERE,
AND NOW
SHALL BE
ERRADICATED!**



**THE PRINCE OF
DARKNESS
STALKS
FOREBODINGLY
AHEAD INTO A
GREAT CHAMBER--**

**--AND HALTS IN SOMBER
AMAZEMENT AT WHAT HE
SEES THERE BEFORE HIM,
TOWERING MACABERLY IN
THE MIDNIGHT GLOOM--**

**--A GIANT, PULSATING,
LIVING HEART!**

AND MORE-- HE SEES BEVERLY CARPENTER, WHO HE HAS MARKED FOR HIS OWN, ABOUT TO BE SACRIFICED BY FOUR LURID MAN-FORMS!

CEASE IMMEDIATELY, HUMANS-- DRACULA COMMANDS YOU. THE GIRL IS MINE!

THE WORDS ECHO MORDANTLY IN THE CAVERN'S VASTNESS--

--AND ARE NOT WITHOUT EFFECT.

KEEP-AWAY-OR-DIE.

I-WILL-BE-FREE.

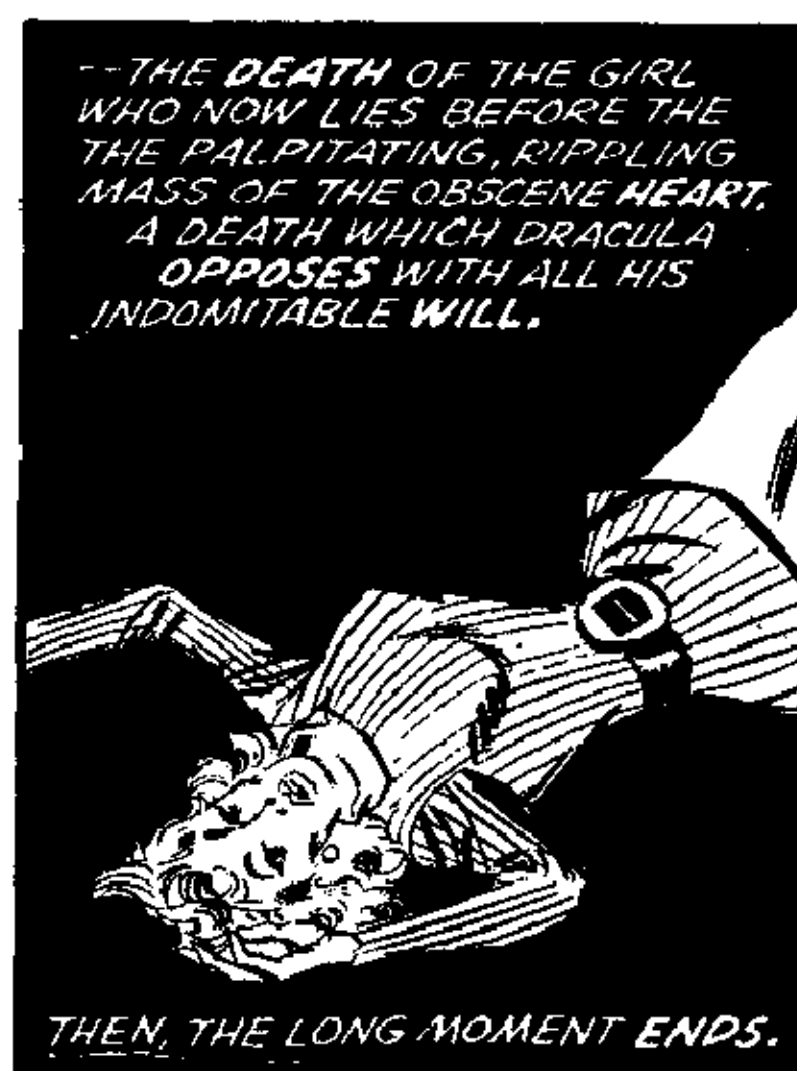
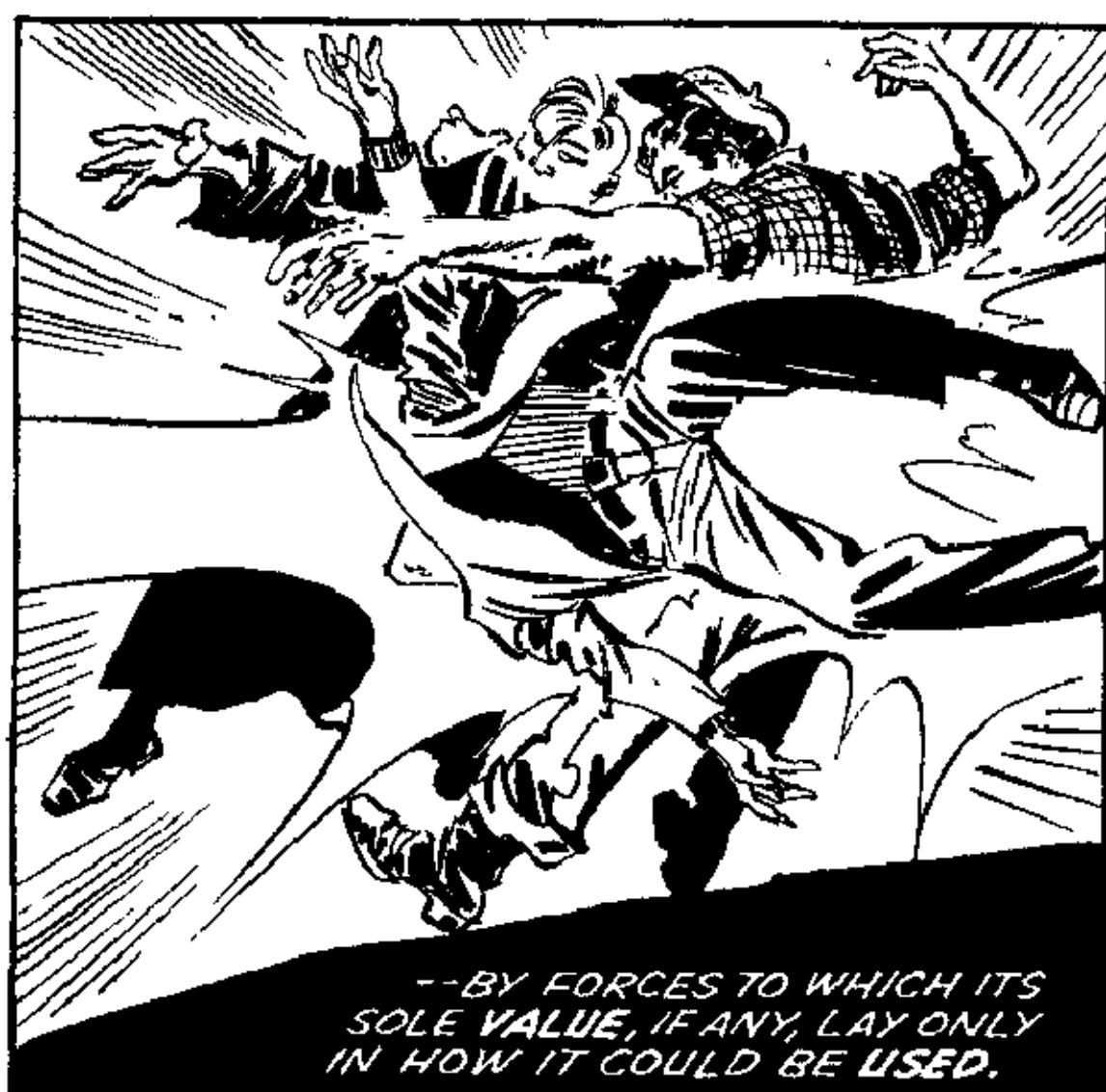
DRACULA HEARS YOUR SENSELESS GIBBERING, MORTAL--

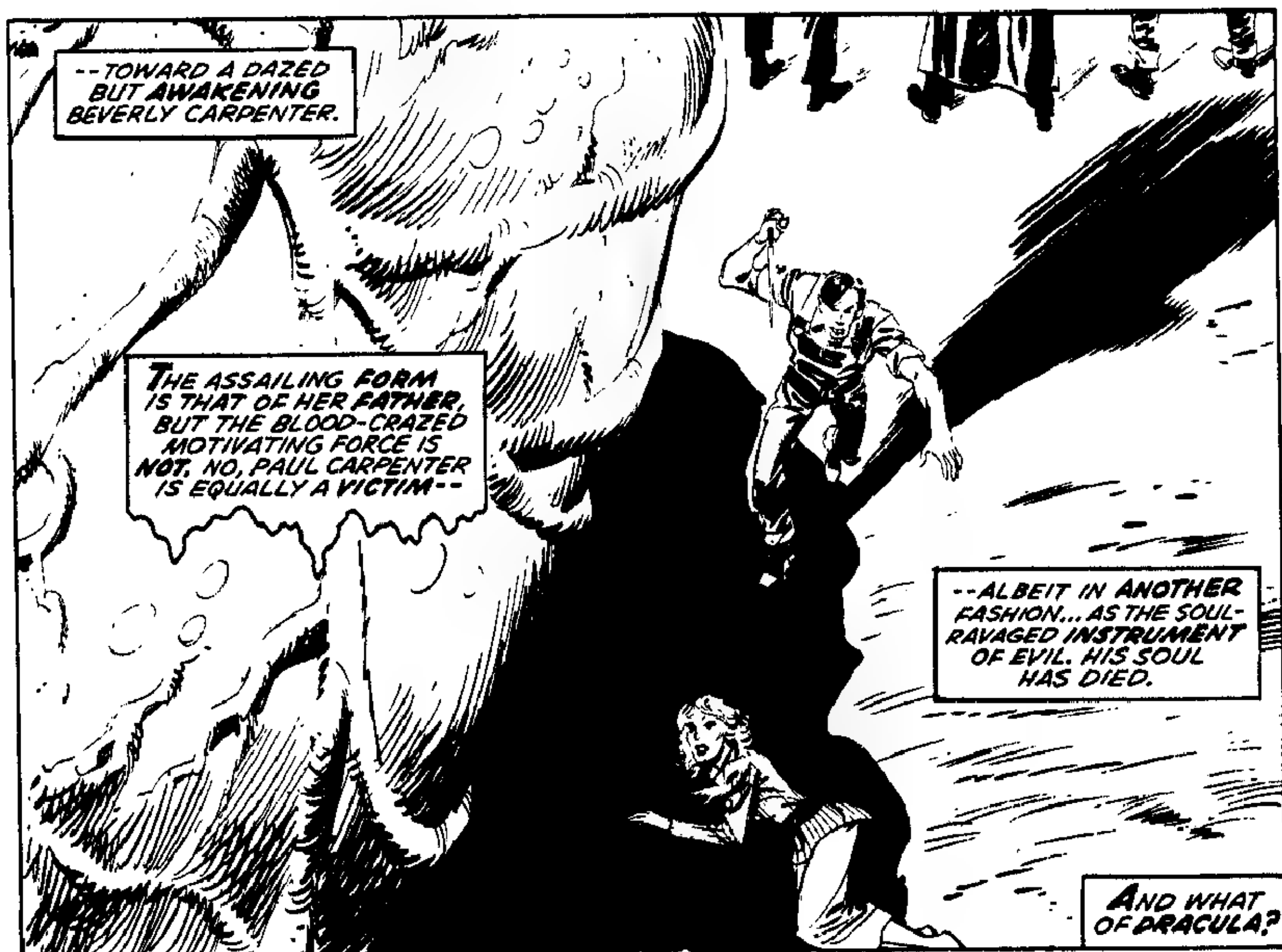
--BUT IF YOU THINK TO DEFEY THE LORD OF EVIL WITH A KNIFE--

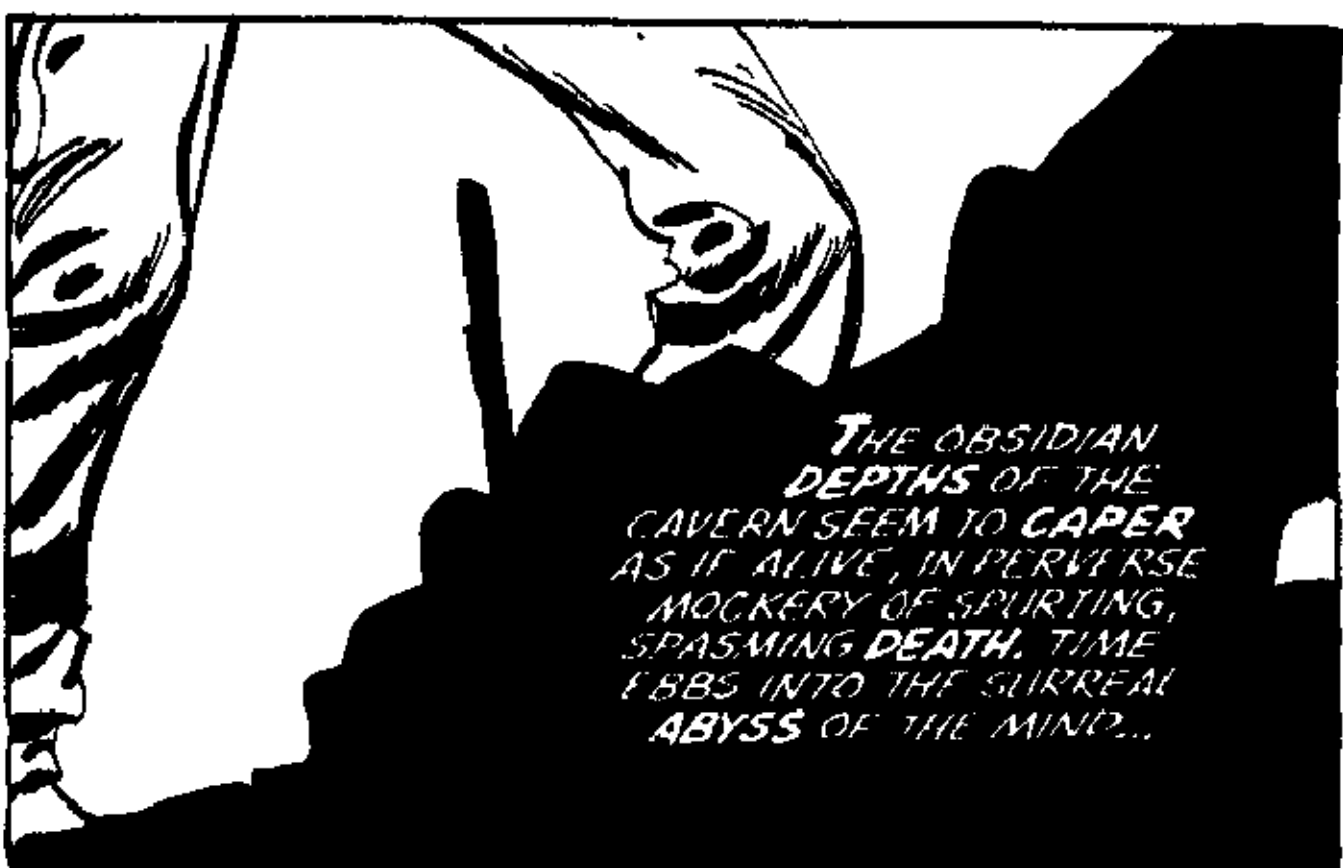
THEN YOU ARE A WITLESS FOOL INDEED!

EVEN AS THE BODY OF PAUL CARPENTER SPRAWLS INANIMATE, HIS THREE NOCTURNAL MATES ADVANCE ON THE DAEMONIC INTRUDER--

--AND FIRST AMONG THEM IS A HATE-NERVED STUART--







...AND THEN--

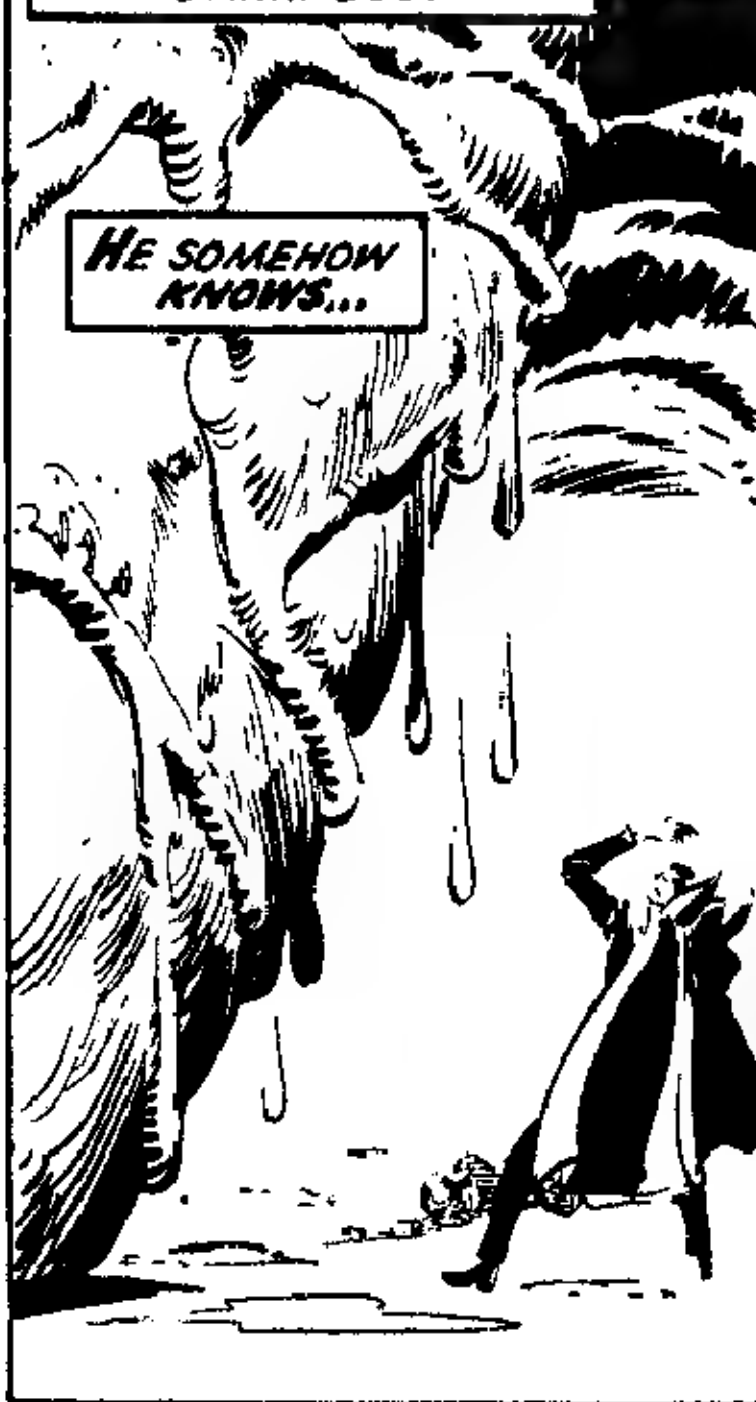
--THE FETID
HEART--

--BLEEDS!!



A PSYCHICAL CONFUSION OF DISSOCIATED IMAGERY SUDDENLY RESOLVES INTO VIVID COMPREHENSION FOR THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS.

HE SOMEHOW KNOWS...



...OF THE SIOUX NECROMANCER WHO TRAFFICKED IN DEATH TO SUSTAIN ABNORMAL LIFE...



...WHO BREACHED COSMIC BALANCE...

...AND VIOLATED TENUOUS BARRIERS SEPARATING THE STRATA OF REALITY...



...UNTIL--AT LENGTH-- HE EFFECTED HIS OWN PIT-BLACK--

--DAMNATION.



HIS BLASPHEMOUS ESSENCE, SHORN OF SANITY, DEPRIVED EVEN OF THE ONYX RELEASE OF OBLIVION--



--WAS MADE TO ATONE, YEAR FOR YEAR, FOR THE LIVES IT HAD STOLEN--

--IN HIDEOUS SUBTERRANEAN EXISTENCE THAT FINALLY TERMINATED, AFTER BROODING CENTURIES, IN ONE LAST MAD BLOOD ORGY.



THERE IS MUCH DRACULA DOES NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT THE GIRL'S SACRIFICE BEFORE THE CLAMMY, SENTIENT HEART HAS TRIGGERED ITS LONG OVERDUE DESTRUCTION...

... AND THIS WAS ALL IT SOUGHT-- AN END TO INSUFFERABLE HELL.



IT WAS NEVER A THREAT TO DRACULA, WHO TOWERS-- SILENT AND ALOOF-- OVER THE NOW-QUIESCENT BODIES OF ONCE-HUMANS WHO LIVE NO MORE.

EXCEPT, THAT IS, FOR ONE--WHO NO LONGER CARES TO LIVE. PAUL CARPENTER STILL BREATHES, THE UNEVEN RASPING OF HIS ALONENESS RECEDING IN HIS EARS LIKE A DYING OCEAN. HE HAS LOST EVERYTHING--A WIFE...A DAUGHTER... AND MOST OF ALL...



...HIS FAITH.

I WANT TO DIE.



PLEASE?

YOU REPULSE ME.



HUMAN EMOTION, LIKE HUMAN LIFE, HAS VALUE OR MEANING ONLY IN HOW IT MAY BE EXPLOITED. MURDER MEANS NOTHING TO DRACULA--

--BUT MY MOTIVE HAS NEVER BEEN...



...MERCY.



AURAL AFTER-IMAGES OF THE SEPULCHRAL VOICE LINGER--



--AND TAKE ON EERIE ASPECTS OF WORDS SPOKEN NOT LONG AGO ABOARD AN OCEAN LINER.



DARKSOME WORDS:



"...AGONY IS MAN'S ABYSMAL HERITAGE, HIS SCOURGE IN LIFE AND HIS REWARD IN--

--DEATH."



THEN, THE THOUGHT PASSES...



...AND, WITH IT, A WINGED BLOOD-GAUNT DISAPPEARS INTO THE DWINDLING NIGHT.

-FIN-

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



25¢
©

31
APR
02143

THE TOMB



NO, TAJ--YOU
MUST NOT
KILL HIM!

THIS
VAMPIRE
IS OUR
SON!

BENEATH A CLOAK
OF DARKNESS, THE
LORD OF THE
UNDEAD STALKS
ONCE MORE!

**CHILD OF
BLOOD!**

Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality merge, there are tales of a being who has lived *more than five hundred years*; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of *Hell* itself; they say he thrives upon the *blood* of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the *bravest* man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

RAY HOLLOWAY
LETTERER

TOM PALMER
COLORIST

LEN WEIN
EDITOR



HURRY. THE PARTY BEGINS IN
HALF AN HOUR--



--AND YOUR DATE'S
ALREADY HERE. HURRY,
MARY-BETH.



AFTER ALL, TONIGHT YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO HAVE THE TIME
OF YOUR LIFE.

WHAT A SHAME IT'LL TURN OUT TO BE
THE TIME OF YOUR DEATH!!



TEN LORDS A DYING!

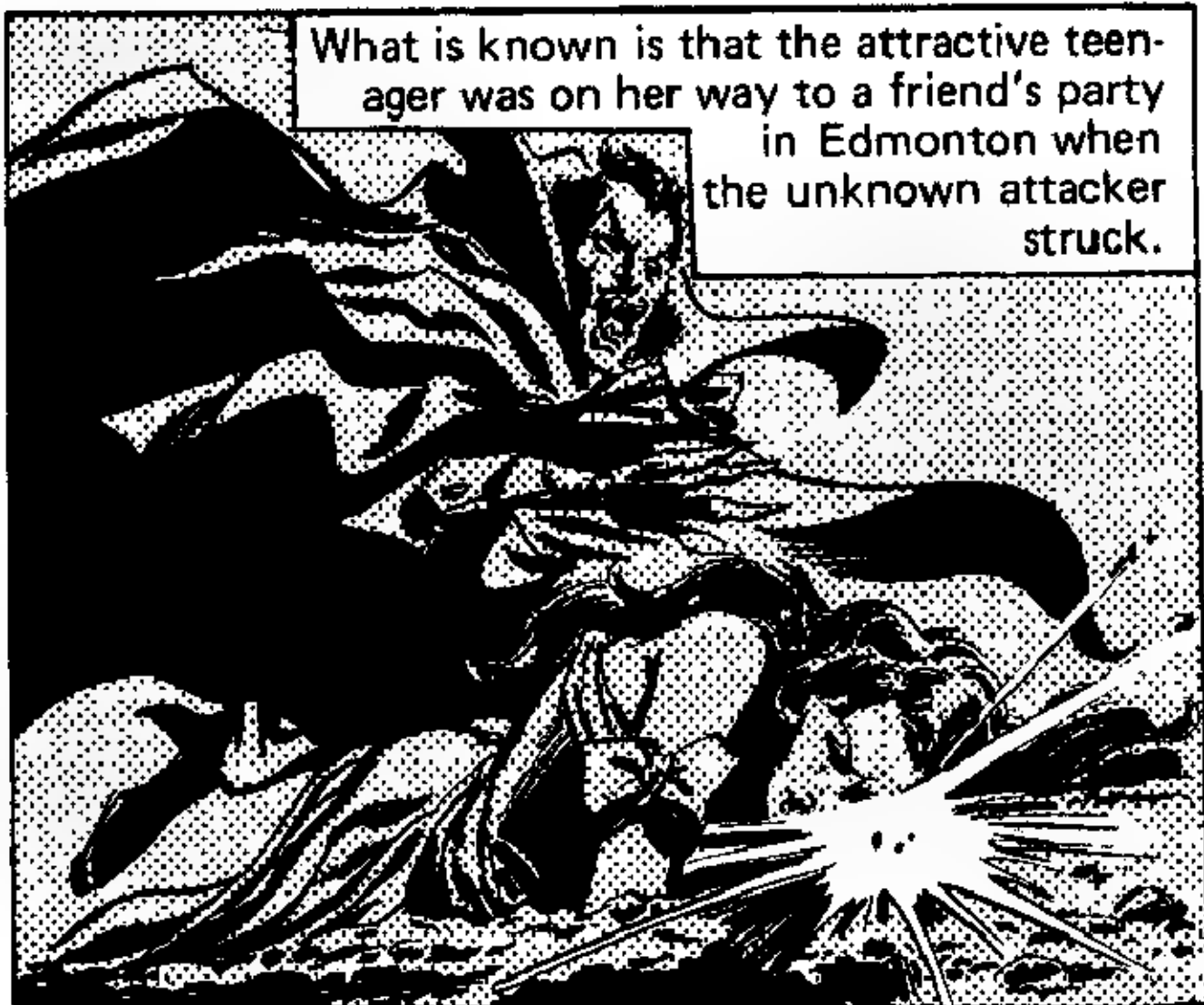
(MPI 16 December-London) Mary-Beth Singleton, aged 19, daughter of Lord Arthur Singleton died last night due to multiple wounds of the face and neck. According to the reports of servants resting in the rear rooms of the Singleton family estate, a shrill scream was heard from the front yard at approximately 9:32pm.



Though no motive was immediately apparent, it is known that Lord Singleton has many enemies due to his unconventional opinions on the problems in northern Ireland.



What is known is that the attractive teenager was on her way to a friend's party in Edmonton when the unknown attacker struck.



From the markings on her face and body, Miss Singleton apparently put up a desperate struggle with her attacker...

...unfortunately in vain.



The girl was discovered by her father, who was returning late from a meeting at Parliament.



YOU MUST
ABANDON
YOUR FIGHT
IN PARLIAMENT
AND HEED THE CALL
OF THE MASTER

Lord Singleton declined to answer reporters' questions concerning the death & discovery of a supposedly important clue left at the scene of the murder.

He did say however, that he had an idea as to the killer's identity, but that he was not at liberty to discuss it with the press.

According to a friend of the Singletons, all servants were told to take a two-week vacation immediately after the mindless attack, leaving the grief-stricken lawyer to himself.

One friend ventured, "Last month his wife Darlene was killed, now this. I only hope Art can handle it."

Nothing more is known at this time.

Police, too, are refusing to answer any questions.

WELL, INSPECTOR CHELM-- DID THE REPORTS COME BACK YET?

YOU WERE RIGHT, LORD ARTHUR-- DEFINITELY RIGHT. HER BLOOD **WAS** DRAINED.

EVERYTHING INDICATES IT **WAS** A VAMPIRE ATTACK.

No speculation about the strange silence can be made at present.

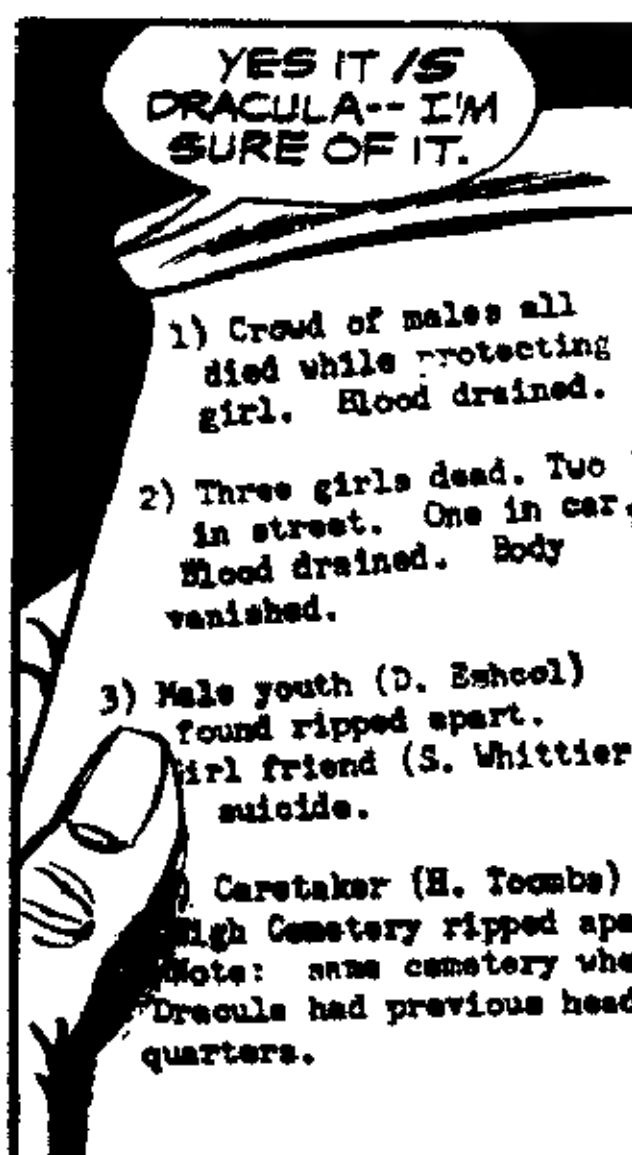
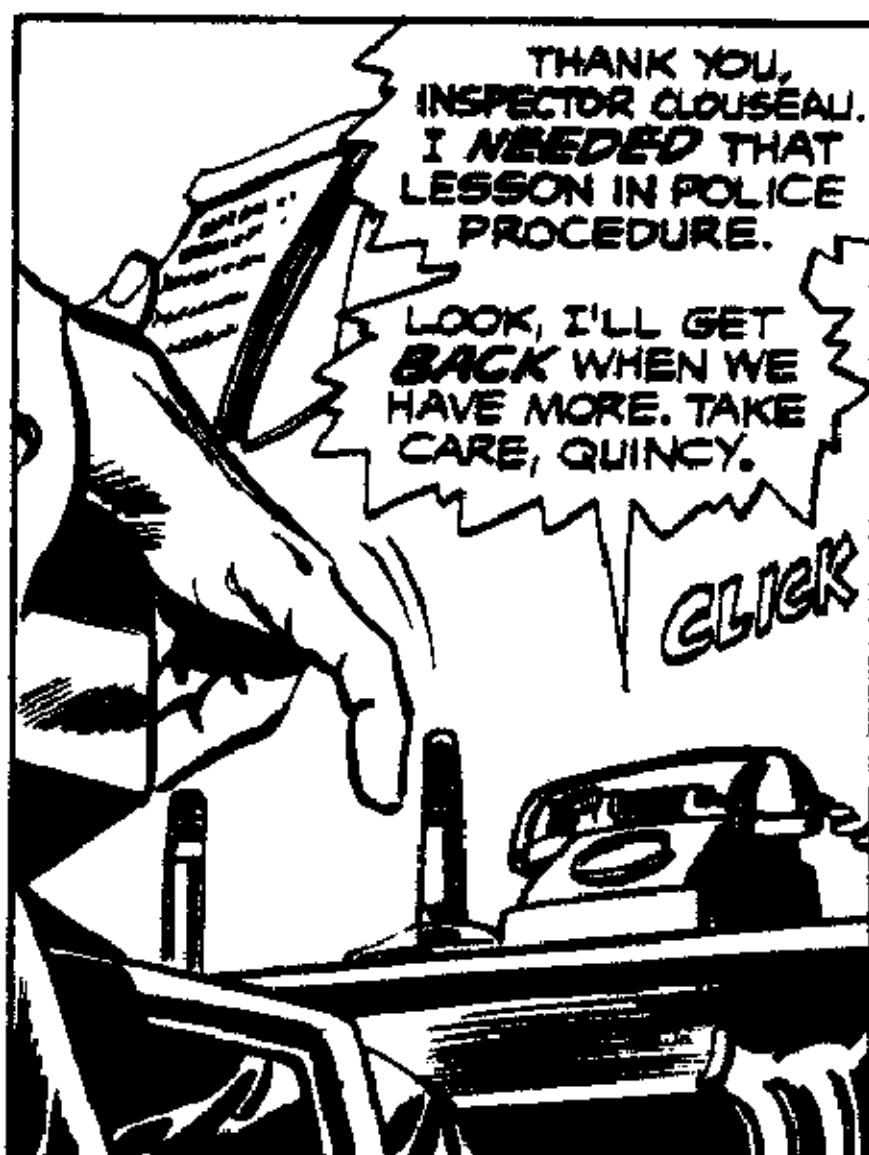
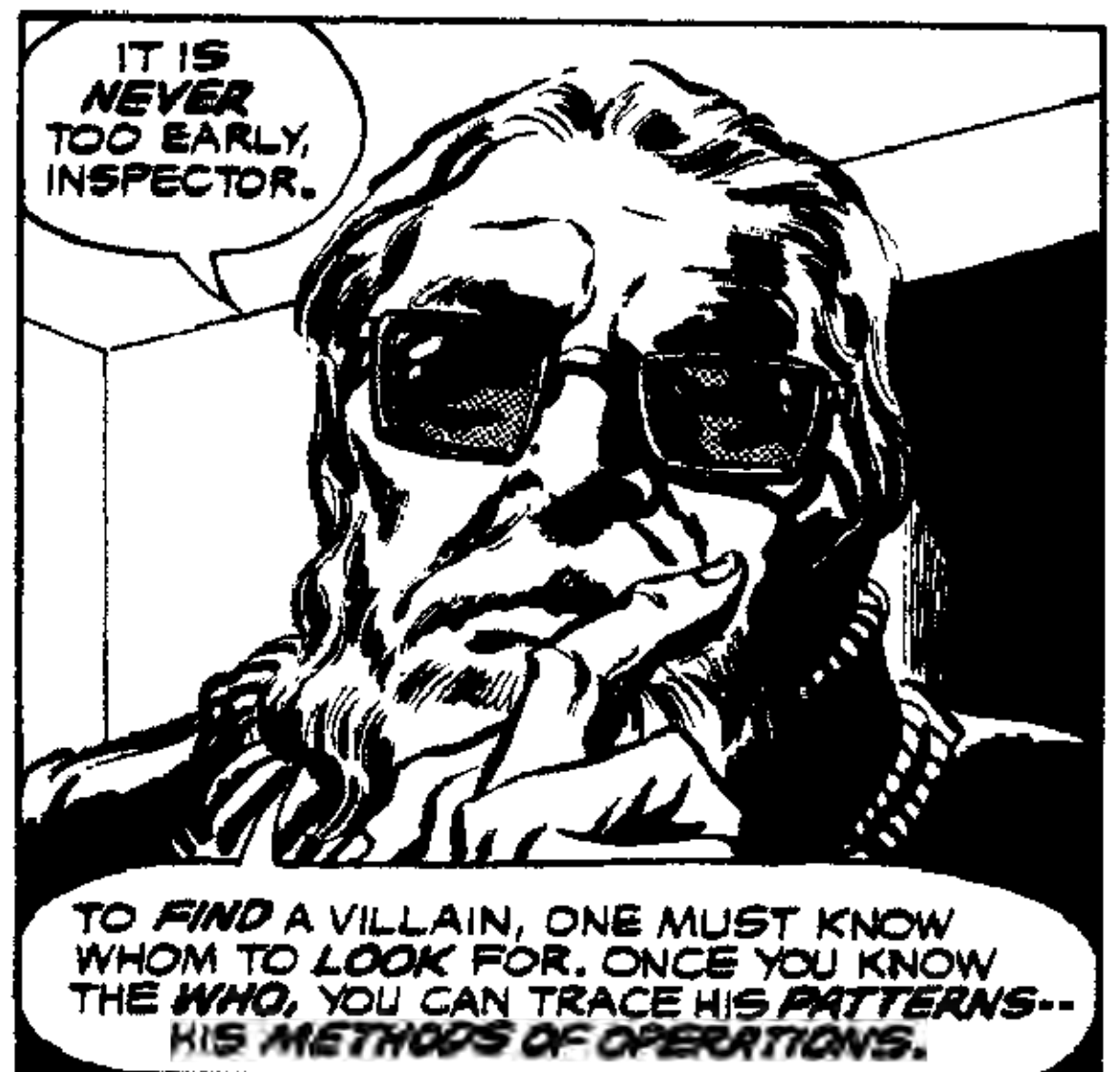
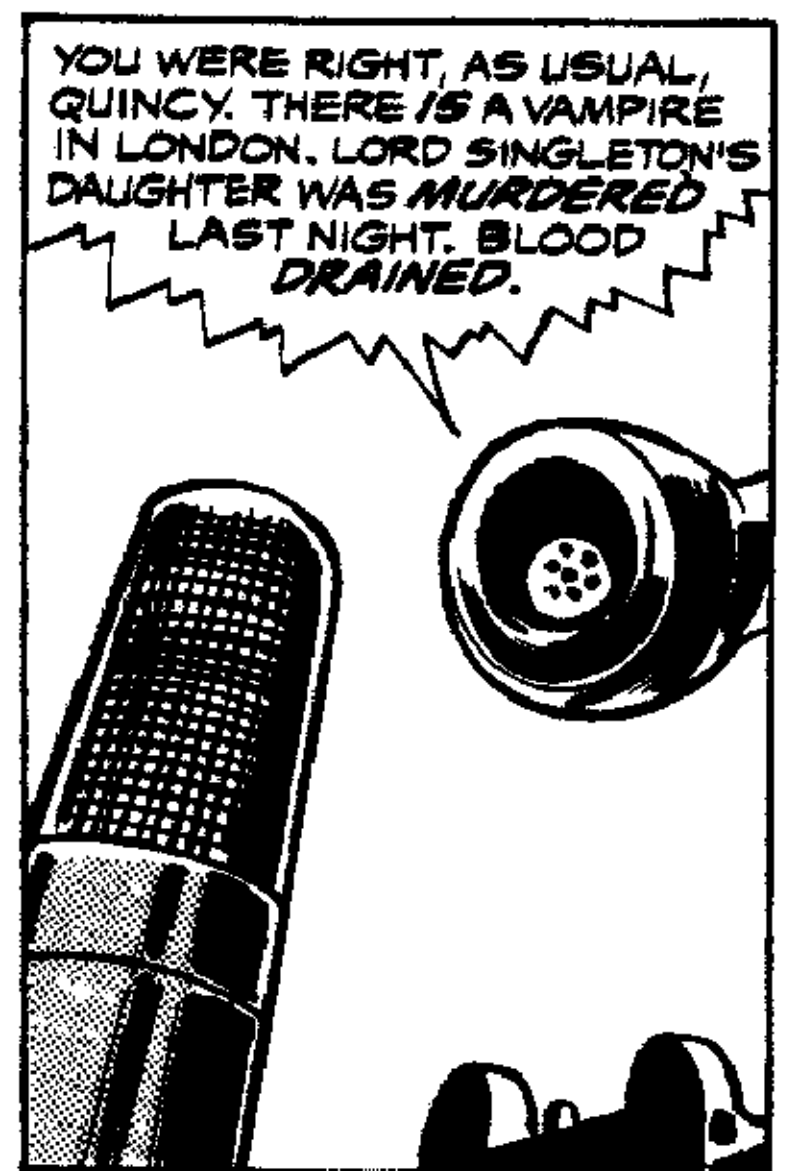
AH WELL, SAINT-- IT WAS TO BE **EXPECTED.**

DO YOU REALIZE I HAVE NEVER FINISHED AN ENTIRE **BOOK** IN THE PAST SIX YEARS WITHOUT AN INTERRUPTION OF **SOME SORT.**

PERHAPS MY NUMBER SHOULD BE **UNLISTED,** OLD FRIEND, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

AH-- YOU'RE **RIGHT...** OF COURSE.

GRRING



LET US LEAVE HARKER ESTATES AND VOYAGE BOTH EAST AND WESTWARDS--

--TO THE MOST
INSIGNIFICANT
VILLAGE OF
JAJPUR, INDIA--

--AND TAJ
NITAL, A VERY
TIRED VAMPIRE
HUNTER
INDEED.

THERE IS NO WAY
TO FIGHT THIS, MY
HUSBAND. I KNOW
THAT ADRI MUST DIE
WHEN THE SUN RISES.

BUT I WANT
YOURS TO BE
THE HAND
WHICH PUTS
OUR SON TO
REST, MY
DEAREST.

THEY WANT TO
KILL HIM FROM
FEAR. YOU CAN
HELP HIM
THROUGH LOVE,
TAJ.

--NOT SOME
NAMELESS
VILLAGER'S.

I HAD HOPED THERE WOULD BE
A CURE FOR OUR SON, BUT THERE
IS NONE-- THERE NEVER WILL
BE ONE.

ALLAH, ADRI MUST DIE--
BUT LET HIM DIE IN
PEACE. PLEASE LET
HIM DIE IN PEACE.

--TO BRAZIL,
AND THE MINING
OPERATION OF
DANNY SUMMERS--

--WHERE
FRANK
DRAKE
BEGINS
A LONG,
WEARISOME
RIDE--

WORKERS'VE
BEEN A BIT
LAZY THESE
DAYS, FRANKY
BOY. NEED YA
TO SHAPE 'EM
UP, DIG?

--INTO
OBLIVION.

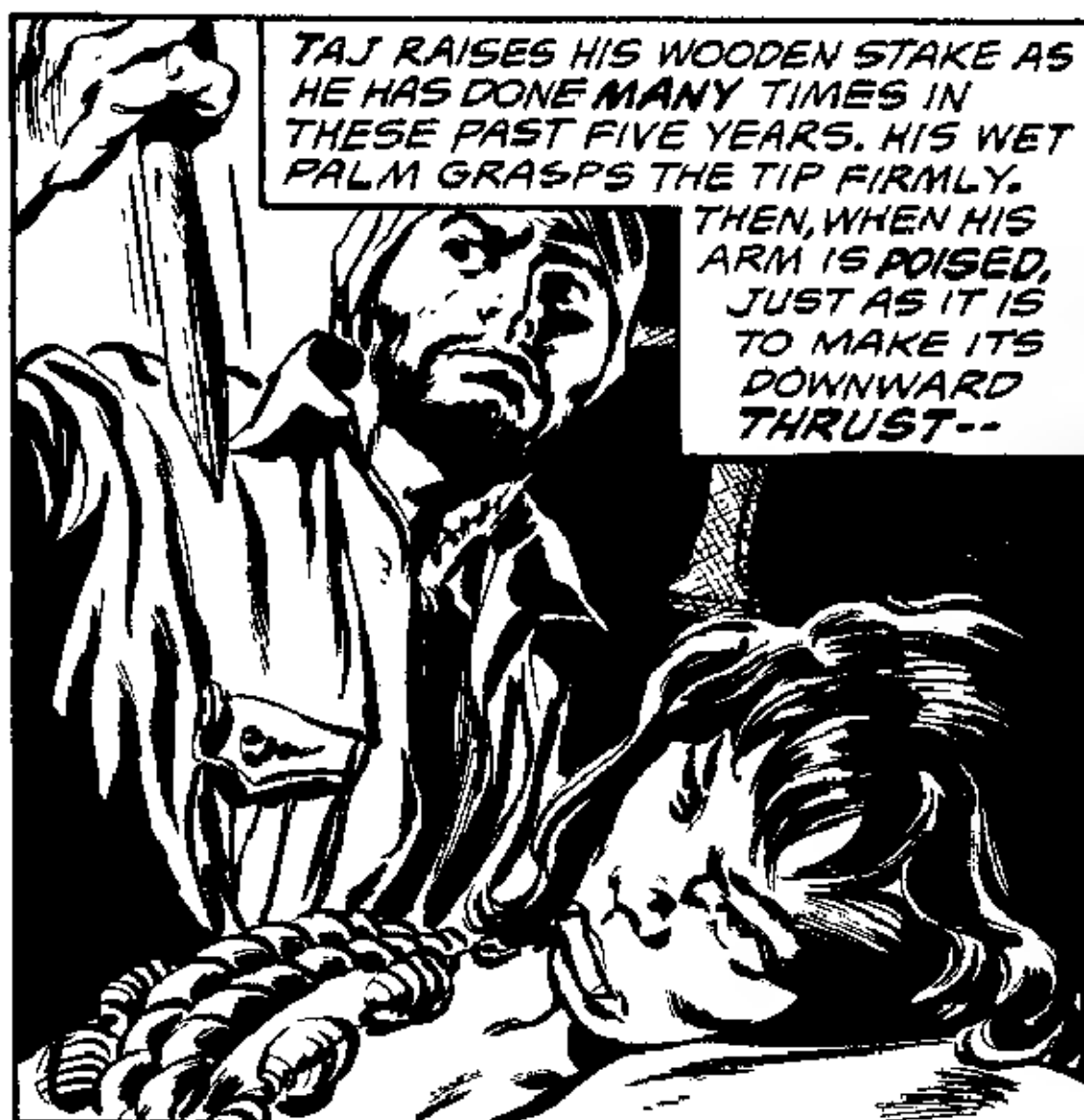
I JUST DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THIS, DANNY. DON'T YOU
THINK I SHOULD BE
BRIEFED MORE?

NAH! I KNOW YOU, FRANKY
BOY-- YOU GOT A WAY WITH
WORDS-- YOU CAN MAKE
THOSE SHIFTLESS DINKS
GET OUT THERE AND WORK.

UNDERSTAND, BUDDY--
WE GOT A GOVERNMENT
CONTRACT-- THE BIG
BABY. WE CAN'T
BLOW THIS ONE--

--OR SUMMERS'
INC. IS DOWN
THE TUBES--
ALL THE
WAY.

YOU GOTTA PULL
ME THROUGH,
FRANKY BOY-- I'M
COUNTIN' ON YA.



TAJ RAISES HIS WOODEN STAKE AS HE HAS DONE MANY TIMES IN THESE PAST FIVE YEARS. HIS WET PALM GRASPS THE TIP FIRMLY.

THEN, WHEN HIS ARM IS POISED, JUST AS IT IS TO MAKE ITS DOWNWARD THRUST--



YOU CAN'T KNOW WHAT THIS MEANS TO ME, DANNY.

I'VE FELT LIKE MY LIFE'S BEEN **USELESS** UNTIL NOW--

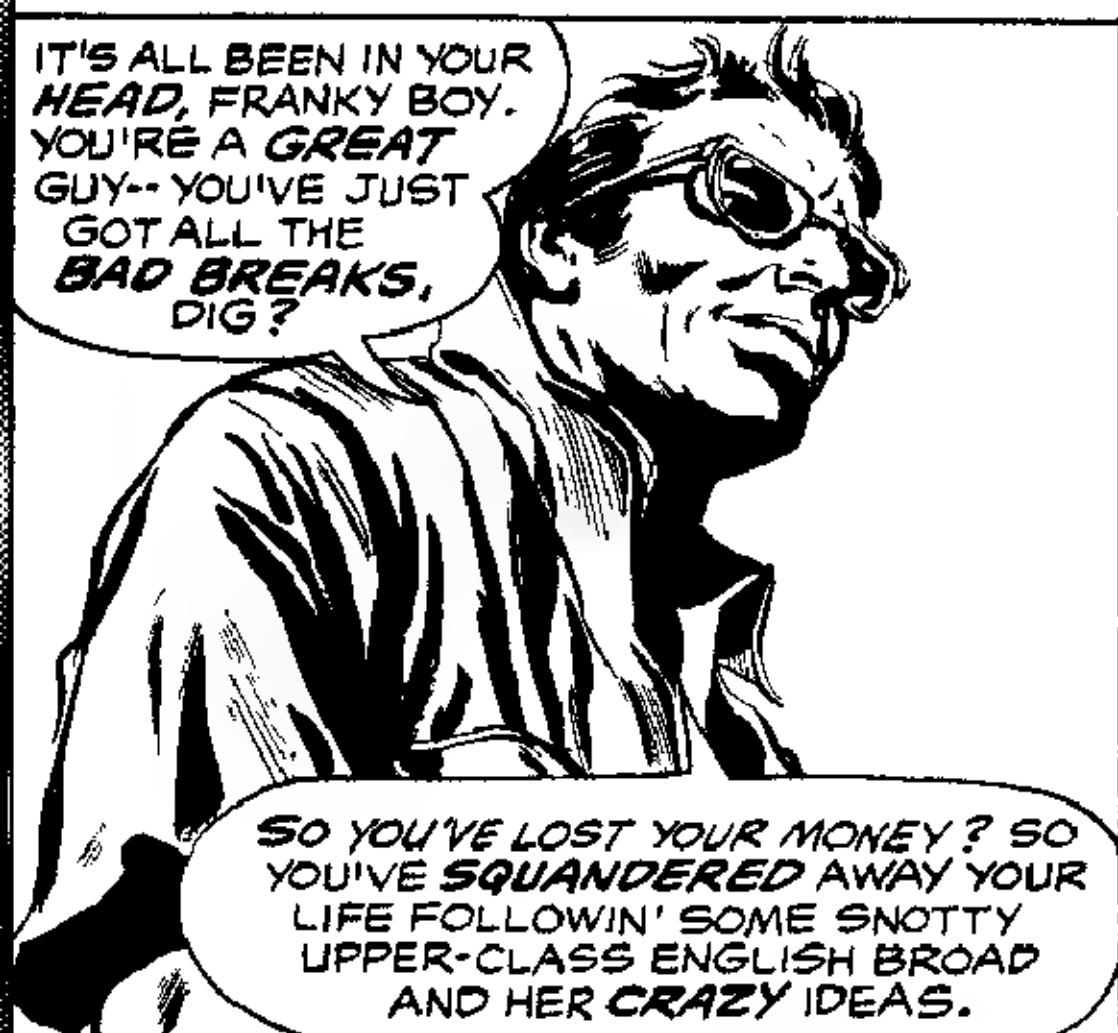
--BUT MAYBE **THIS** IS MY CHANCE TO FINALLY **PROVE** MYSELF.

--THE VAMPIRE HUNTER PAUSES; THIS IS NOT SOME UNKNOWN UNDEAD HE IS ABOUT TO SLAY--



--THIS IS **ADRI**-- THE CHILD HE HELPED GIVE BIRTH TO. THIS IS HIS SON.

AND THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD!



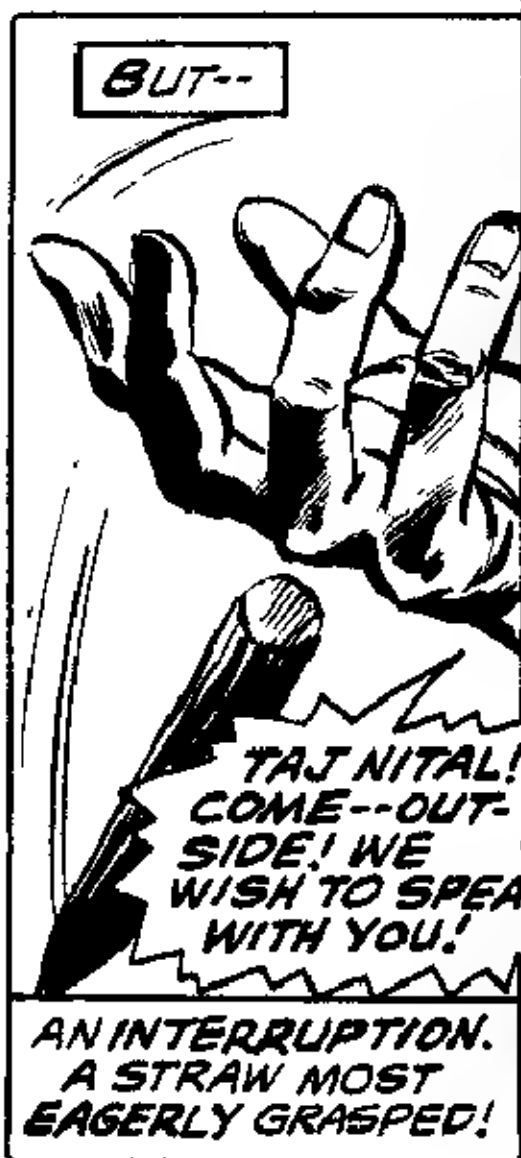
IT'S ALL BEEN IN YOUR HEAD, FRANKY BOY. YOU'RE A **GREAT** GUY-- YOU'VE JUST GOT ALL THE **BAD BREAKS**, DIG?

SO YOU'VE LOST YOUR MONEY? SO YOU'VE **SQUANDERED** AWAY YOUR LIFE FOLLOWIN' SOME SNOTTY UPPER-CLASS ENGLISH BROAD AND HER **CRAZY** IDEAS.



I **KNOW** WHAT IS IN YOUR HEART, MY DARLING. IT HAS BEEN IN **MINE** FOR FIVE YEARS NOW

YET, WE MUST DO THIS TERRIBLE DEED--WE MUST!



BUT--

TAJ NITAL! COME--OUT-SIDE! WE WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU!

AN INTERRUPTION. A STRAW MOST EAGERLY GRASPED!



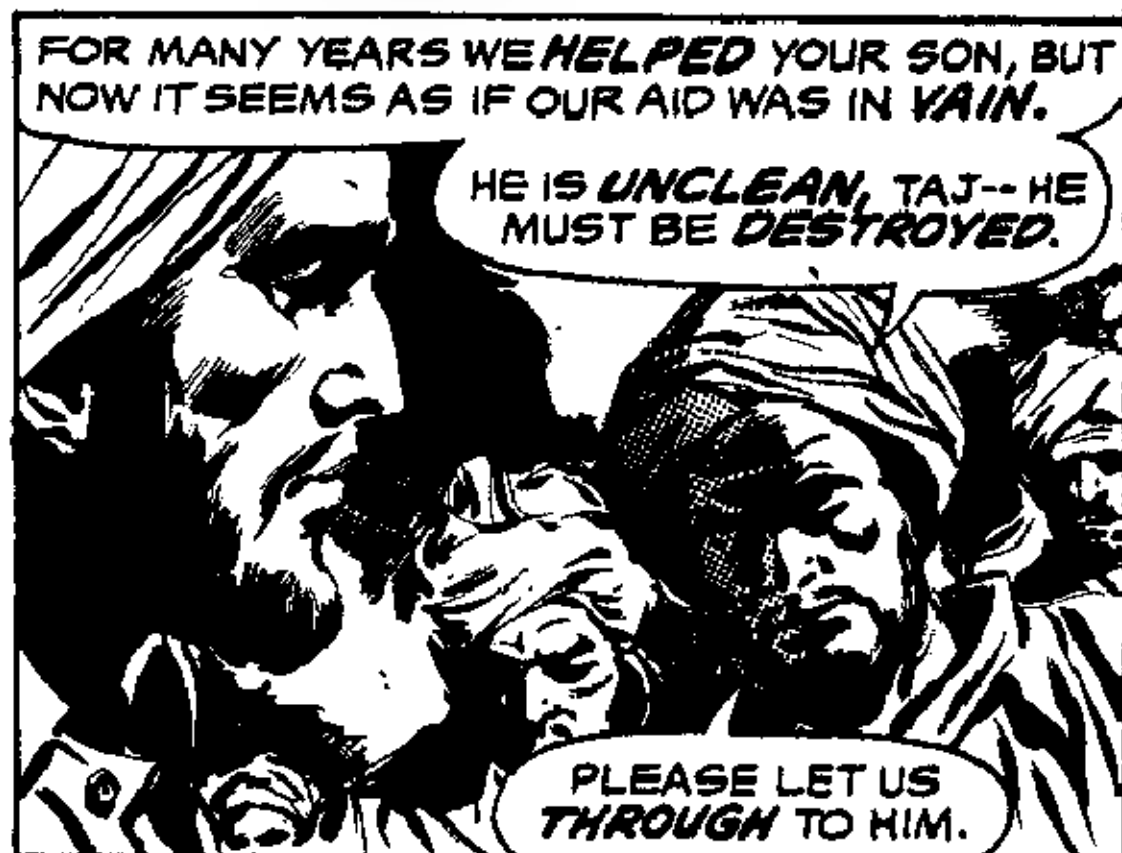
BUT NOW'S THE TIME TO **FORGET** ALL THAT--NOW'S THE TIME TO **LIVE**!

C'MON--LET'S GET MOVIN', BUDDY. TIME'S A WASTIN'!



YOU'VE BEEN AWAY FROM US FOR A LONG TIME, TAJ-- AND MANY THINGS HAVE CHANGED.

OUR ANIMALS HAVE MYSTERIOUSLY DIED, TAJ-- AND BLOOD HAS BEEN DRAINED FROM THEIR CORPSES.



FOR MANY YEARS WE HELPED YOUR SON, BUT NOW IT SEEMS AS IF OUR AID WAS IN VAIN.

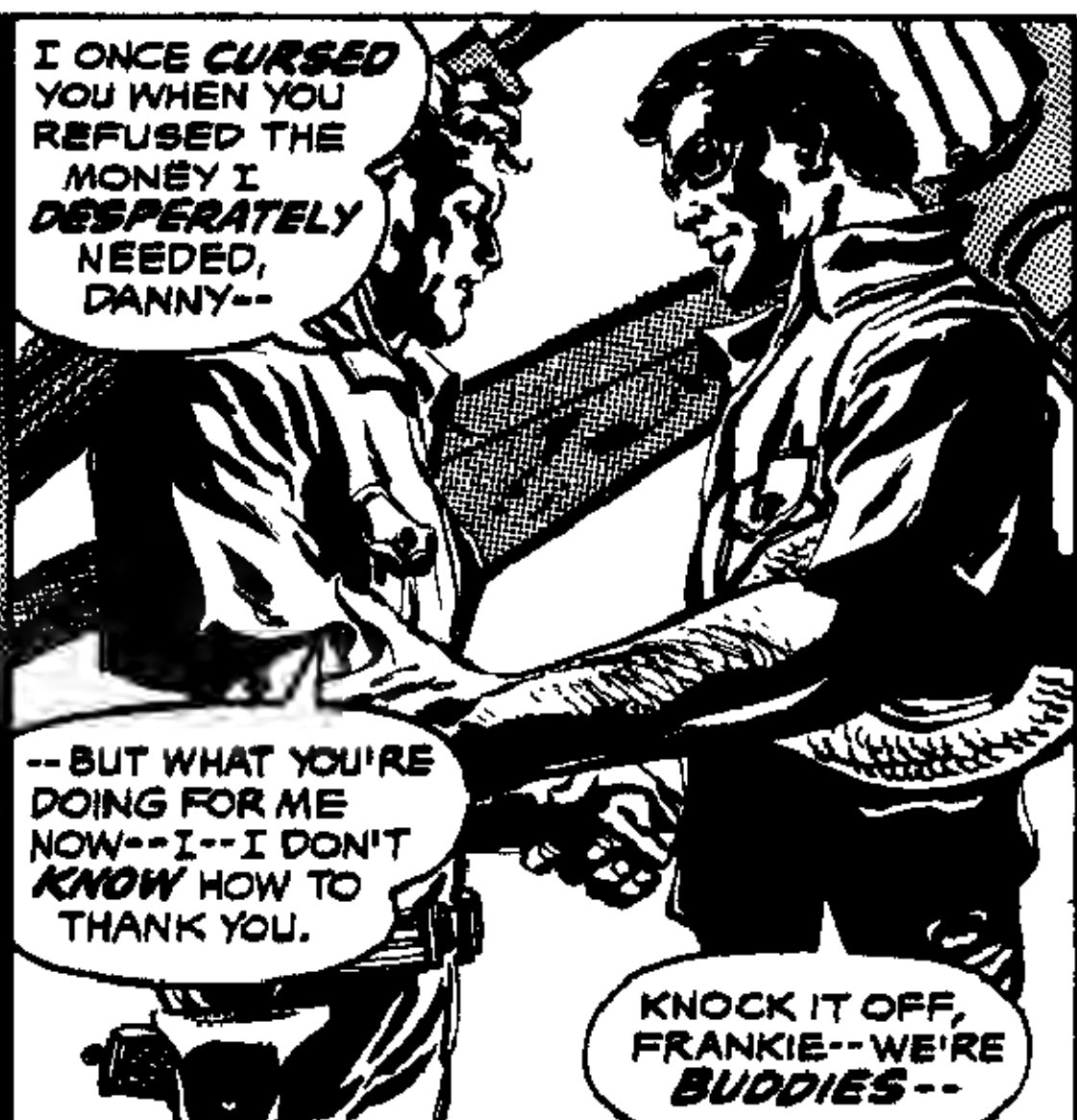
HE IS UNCLEAN, TAJ-- HE MUST BE DESTROYED.

PLEASE LET US THROUGH TO HIM.



WE DO NOT WANT TO HURT YOU TO GET TO HIM.

BUT THE SILENT INDIAN DOES NOT MOVE. HE HAS TRAVELLED A LONG DISTANCE, AND IT WAS NOT TO SEE HIS SON SLAIN SO CALLOUSLY AS THAT.



I ONCE CURSED YOU WHEN YOU REFUSED THE MONEY I DESPERATELY NEEDED, DANNY--

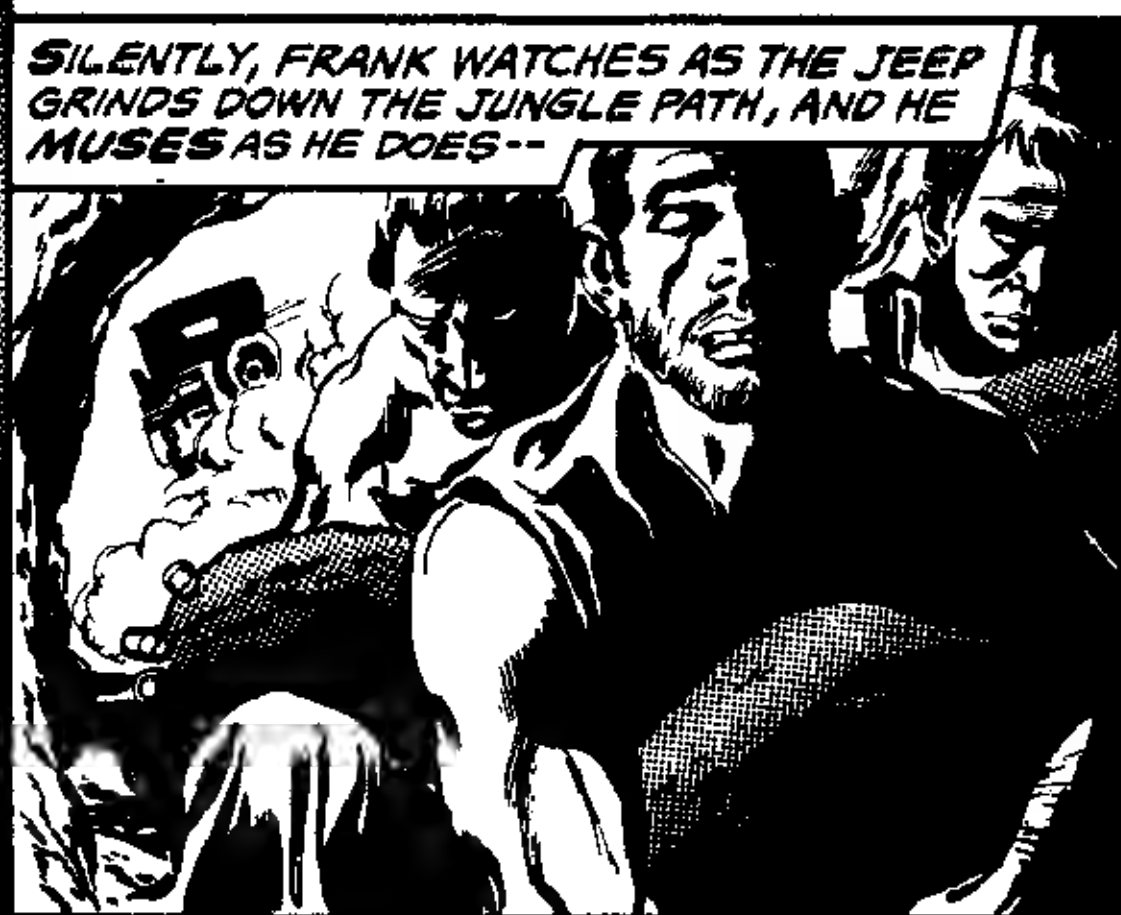
-- BUT WHAT YOU'RE DOING FOR ME NOW-- I-- I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU.

KNOCK IT OFF, FRANKIE-- WE'RE BUDDIES--



-- AND WHAT'S A BUDDY FOR IF IT ISN'T TO HELP WHEN HE CAN. 'SIDES, YOU'RE ONLY GONNA BE HELPIN' ME.

SEE YA LATER, FRANKY BOY-- TAKE CARE A' YERSELF!



SILENTLY, FRANK WATCHES AS THE JEEP GRINDS DOWN THE JUNGLE PATH, AND HE MUSES AS HE DOES--

-- BUT IT IS NOT UNTIL THE VEHICLE CAN NO LONGER BE SEEN THAT HE WONDERS HOW DANNY SUMMERS KNEW ABOUT RACHEL VAN HELSING, OR HER "CRAZY IDEAS" ON HUNTING VAMPIRES.

YES-- HOW DID HE KNOW OF THIS WOMAN FRANK DRAKE LOVES? THIS WOMAN WHOSE SEEMING SUPERIORITY HAS LED FRANK HALF-WAY ACROSS THE WORLD TO PROVE HE IS WORTHY OF BEING HERS?

BUT SINCE FRANK DRAKE, HAPLESS DECENDANT OF OF DRACULA, HAS VIRTUALLY NO KNOWLEDGE OF THE VAMPIRE LORD'S SCHEMES, HE REMAINS, FOR THE MOMENT, TOTALLY IGNORANT OF THE ANSWERS HE SEEKS.

AS FOR THE YOUNG BLONDE HUNTRESS WHO RESTS LISTLESSLY IN HER LONDON APARTMENT--

-- SHE, TOO, IS IGNORANT-- OF WHAT IS SOON ABOUT TO BEFALL HER.

THERE IS A SUDDEN DRAFT IN RACHEL'S BEDROOM, AND SHE RISES TO MAKE SURE HER WINDOW IS CLOSED.

SHE NEVER REACHES IT.

THIS IS A COLD DECEMBER, EVEN FOR LONDON. FUEL SUPPLIES ARE LOW, AND RATIONING OF WHAT EXISTS HAS DONE LITTLE TO PROVIDE WARMTH. EVEN WOOD FOR BURNING IS SCARCE. THUS THERE ARE FEW WHO VENTURE FORTH AT NIGHT IN TO THE CHILLING BLACKNESS; THERE ARE FEW WHO SPY A FLITTING LEATHERY FORM CIRCLE THE TOWER OF BIG BEN--

--OR SEE ITS FORM SHIMMER, STRETCH AND CHANGE, THEN ALIGHT ON THE TOWER'S TOP.

AND THOSE WHOSE FRIGHTENED EYES HAVE SEEN ALL THIS CAN ONLY FAIL TO COMPREHEND ITS MEANING.

SINGLETON HAS BEEN GRANTED TWO WARNINGS-- AND THAT IS MORE THAN I EVER ALLOW.

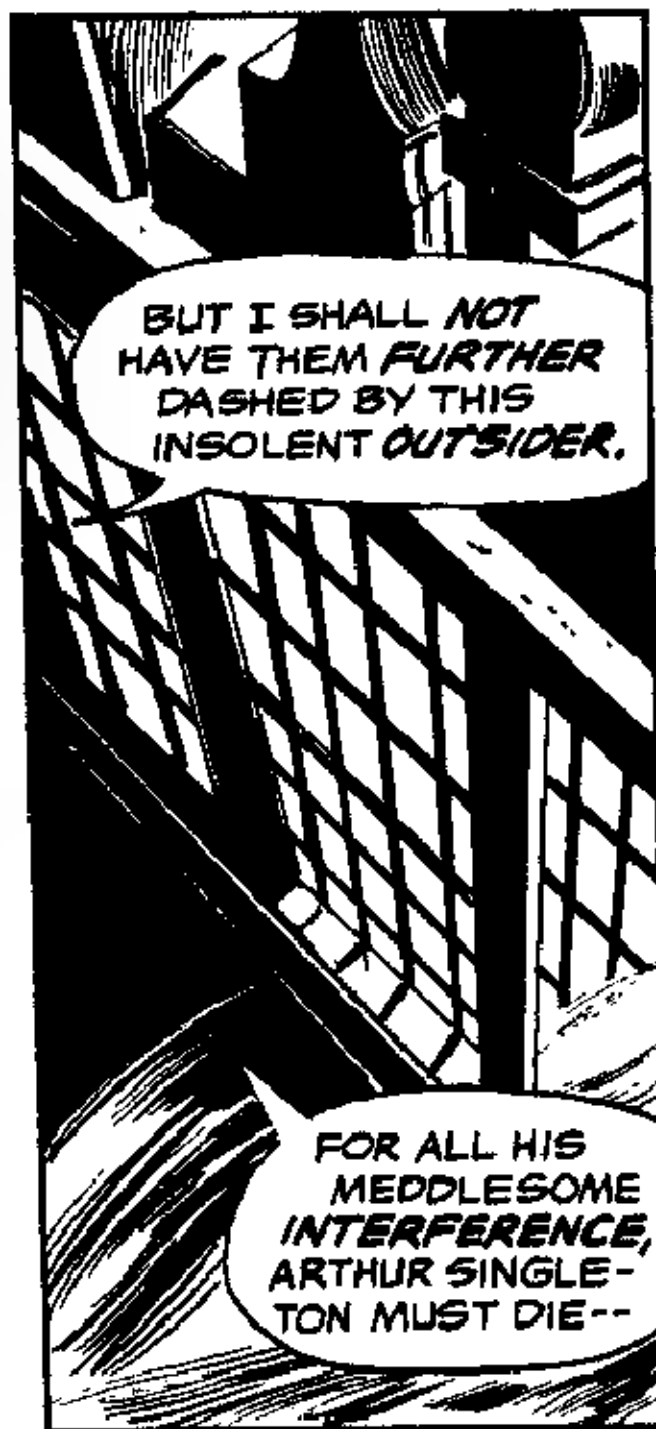
NOW IS THE TIME TO MEET WITH HIM-- TO TEACH HIM WHAT IT MEANS TO **DISOBEY** DRACULA.



I HAVE PLANS WHICH MUST BE COMPLETED-- DESIGNS WHICH ALREADY INCLUDE TEN MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT.

THOUGH TO THIS DATE ONLY ONE HAS BROKEN MY HOLD.*

*LORD HENRY, AS SHOWN IN GIANT-SIZE CHILLERS #1, AND T.O.D. #23-- LIVELY LEN.

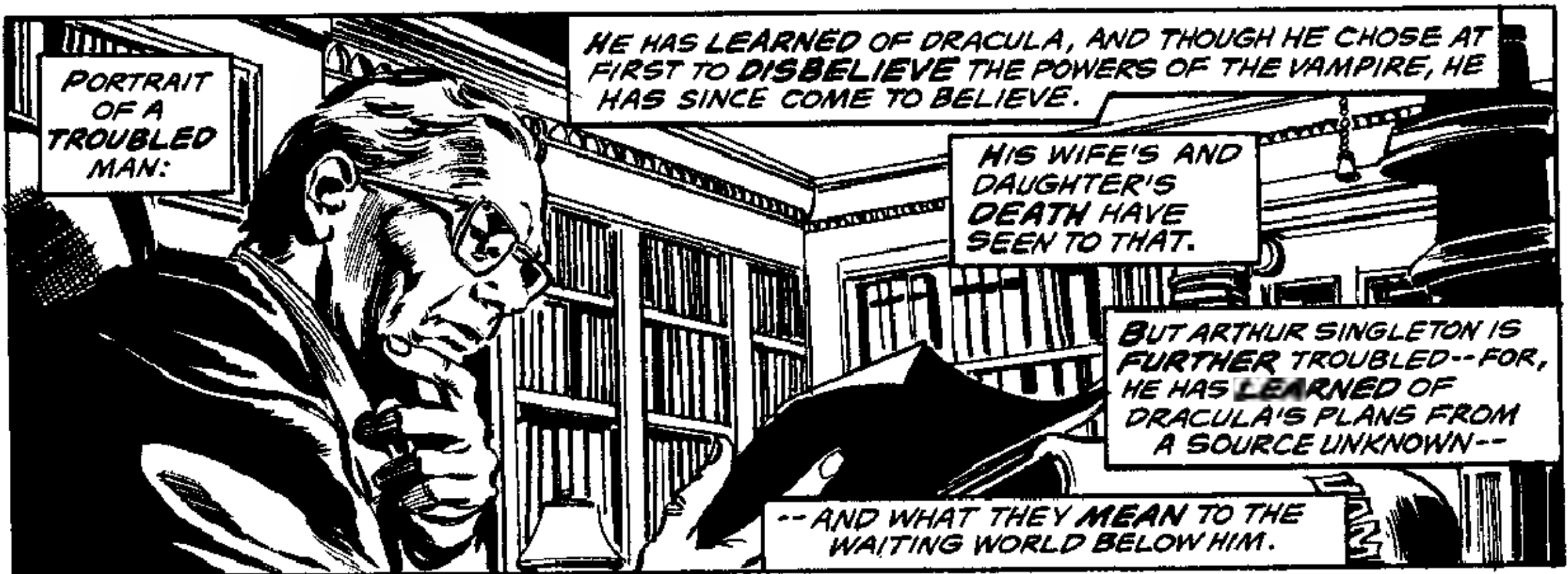


BUT I SHALL NOT HAVE THEM FURTHER DASHED BY THIS INSOLENT OUTSIDER.

FOR ALL HIS MEDDLESOME INTERFERENCE, ARTHUR SINGLETON MUST DIE--



--THAT DRACULA'S WILL MUST EVER BE SERVED!



PORTRAIT OF A TROUBLED MAN:

HE HAS LEARNED OF DRACULA, AND THOUGH HE CHOSE AT FIRST TO DISBELIEVE THE POWERS OF THE VAMPIRE, HE HAS SINCE COME TO BELIEVE.

HIS WIFE'S AND DAUGHTER'S DEATH HAVE SEEN TO THAT.

BUT ARTHUR SINGLETON IS FURTHER TROUBLED--FOR, HE HAS LEARNED OF DRACULA'S PLANS FROM A SOURCE UNKNOWN--

--AND WHAT THEY MEAN TO THE WAITING WORLD BELOW HIM.



BUT LORD SINGLETON NOW HAS OTHER TROUBLES--TROUBLES THAT ARE HIS OWN!

SINGLETON! YOU HAVE BEEN CAUSING PROBLEMS FOR THE MASTER--

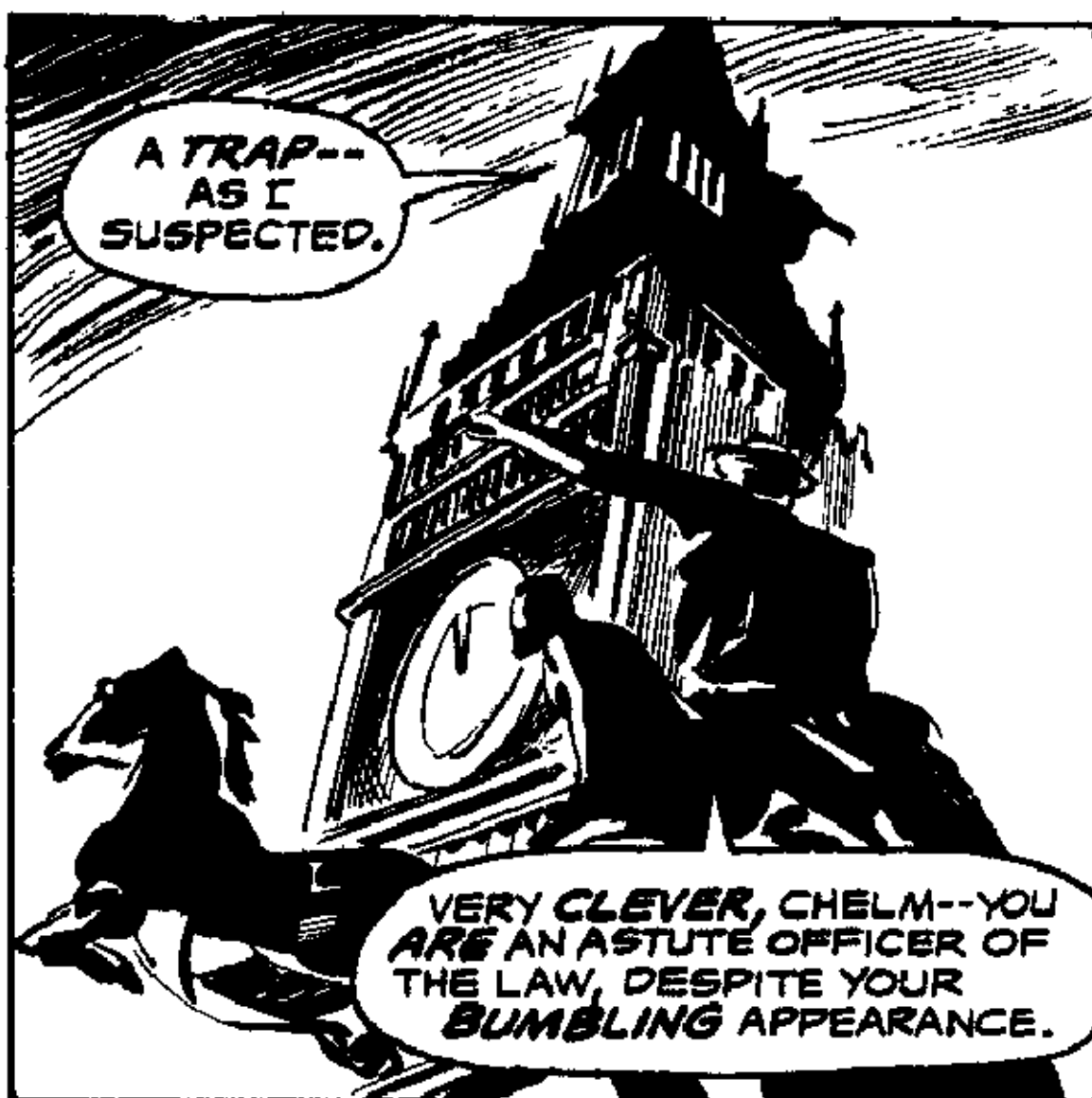
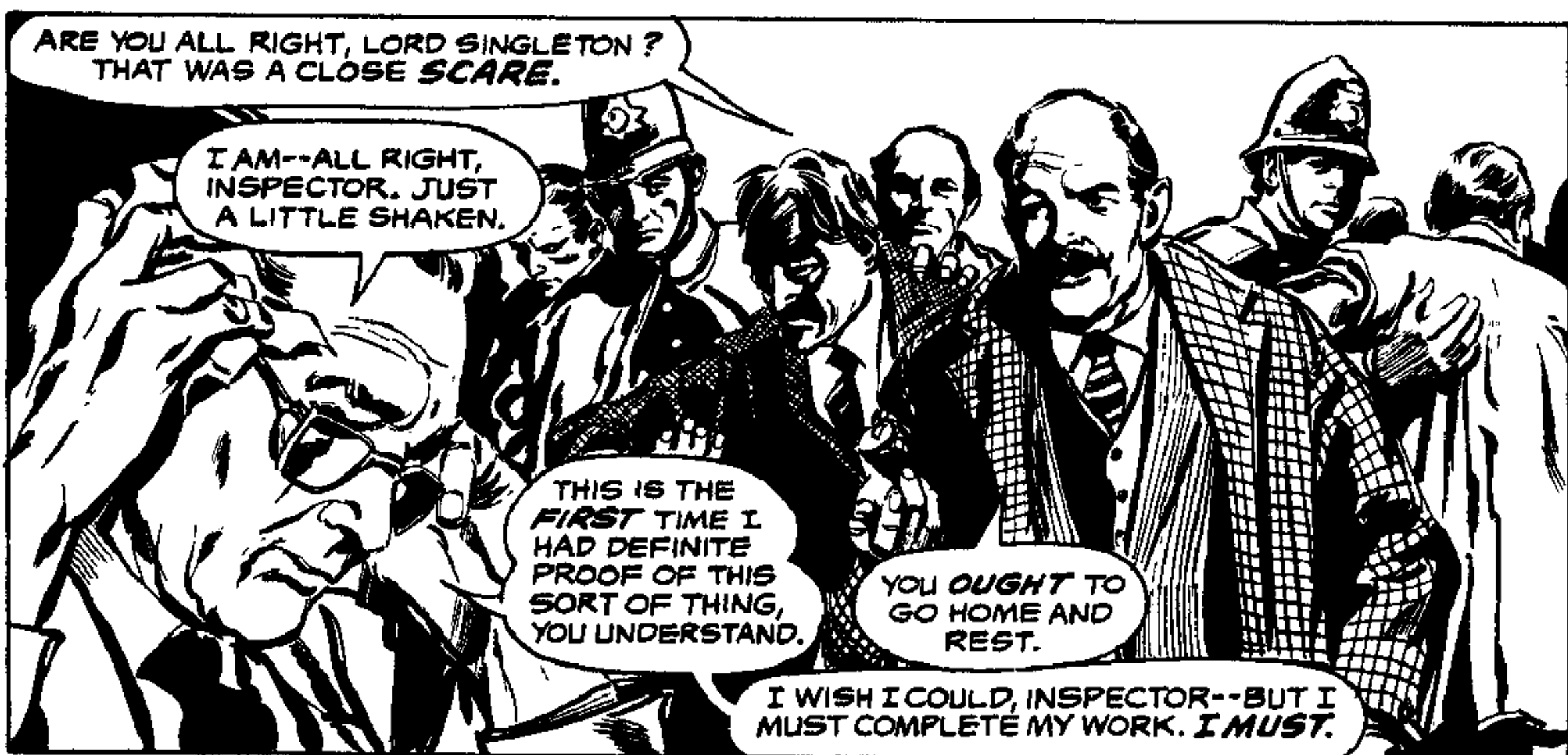
--HE DEMANDS THEY CEASE AT ONCE.



I HAD LEARNED THERE WERE TEN MEMBERS IN THE UPPER HOUSE ALREADY INFECTED BY YOUR LEADER'S DISEASE--

--AT LAST I NOW KNOW WHICH MEMBERS THEY ARE.

KNOWLEDGE DOES LITTLE GOOD-- WHEN YOU ARE DEAD!



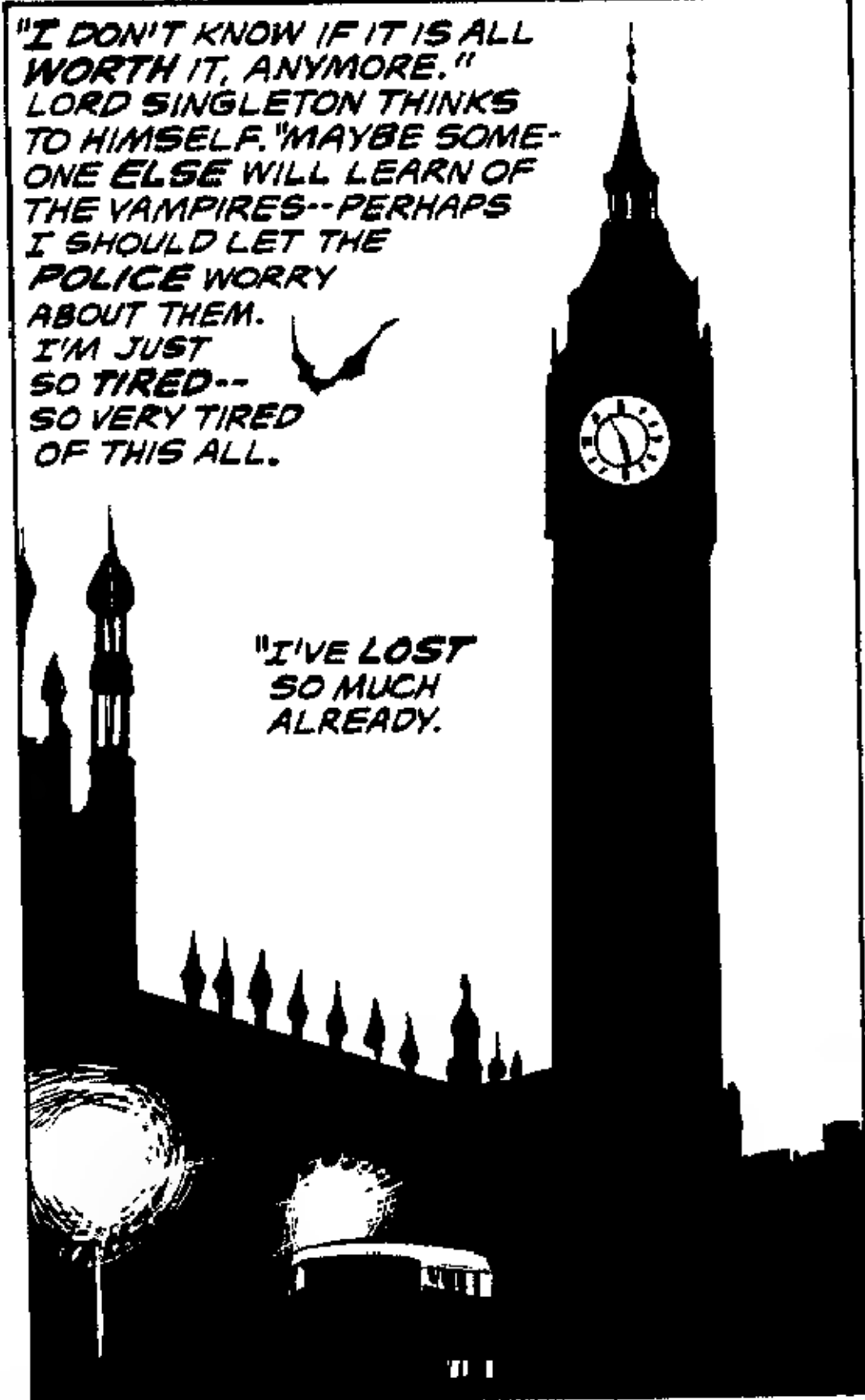


VERY WELL, LORD SINGLETON, BUT I DO WISH YOU BE **QUIET** ABOUT THIS, UH, **MESS**.

PEOPLE WOULD **PANIC** IF THEY KNEW THE TRUTH.

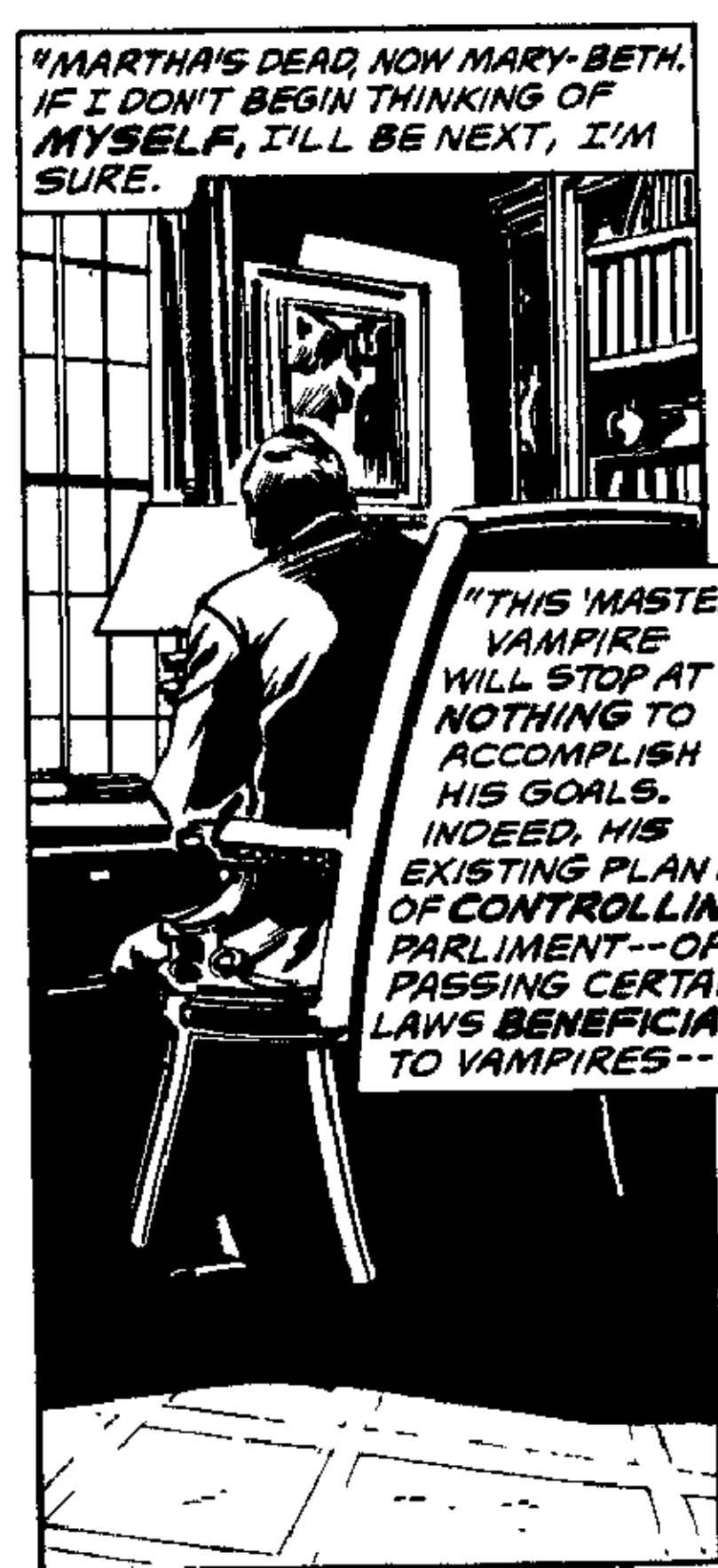
BUT IF **ANYONE** ASKS YOU WHAT HAPPENED HERE, JUST TELL THEM THERE WAS **ANOTHER** SEX SCANDAL--

--THE PUBLIC **ENJOYS** HEARING ABOUT THEM!



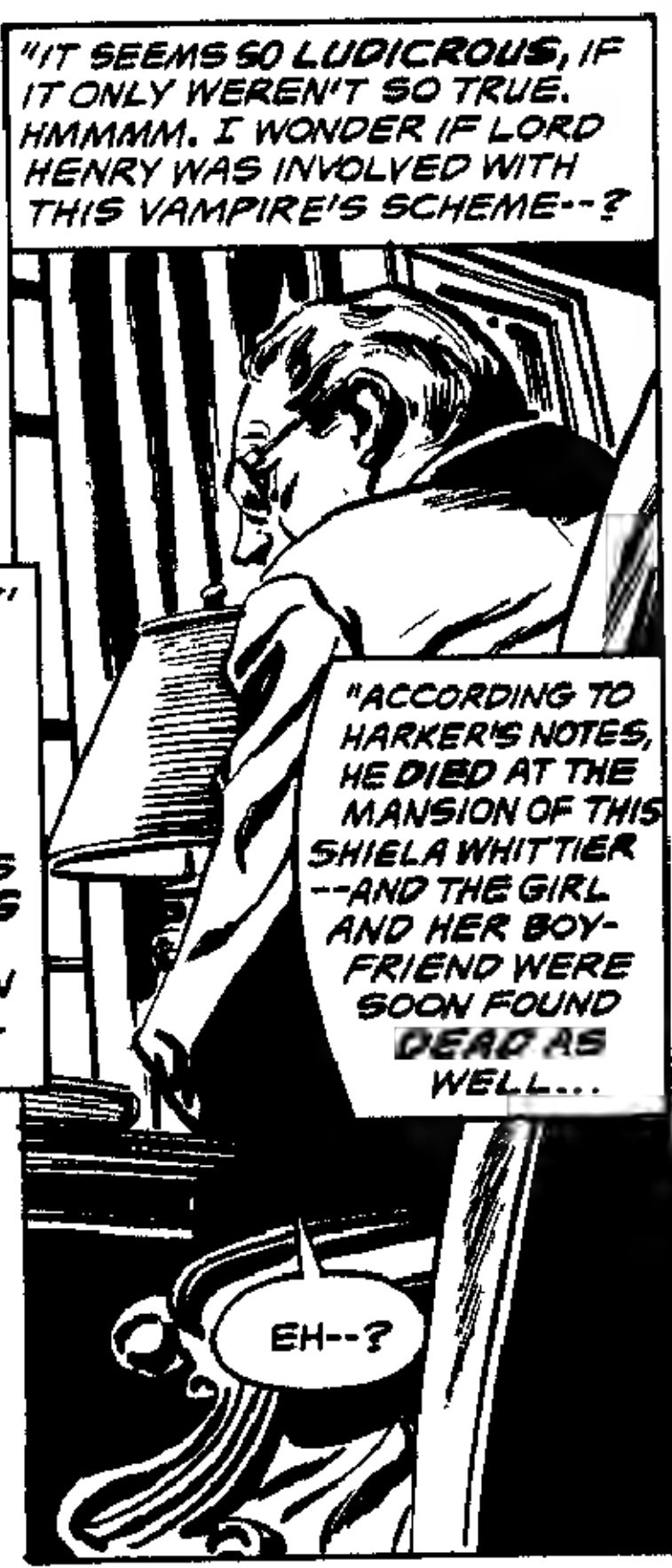
"I DON'T KNOW IF IT IS ALL WORTH IT, ANYMORE." LORD SINGLETON THINKS TO HIMSELF. "MAYBE SOMEONE ELSE WILL LEARN OF THE VAMPIRES--PERHAPS I SHOULD LET THE **POLICE** WORRY ABOUT THEM. I'M JUST SO **TIRED**-- SO VERY **TIRED** OF THIS ALL.

"I'VE LOST SO MUCH ALREADY.



"MARTHA'S DEAD, NOW MARY-BETH. IF I DON'T BEGIN THINKING OF MYSELF, I'LL BE NEXT, I'M SURE.

"THIS 'MASTER' VAMPIRE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO ACCOMPLISH HIS GOALS. INDEED, HIS EXISTING PLAN IS OF CONTROLLING PARLIMENT--OF PASSING CERTAIN LAWS BENEFICIAL TO VAMPIRES--



"IT SEEMS SO LUDICROUS, IF IT ONLY WEREN'T SO TRUE. HMMMM. I WONDER IF LORD HENRY WAS INVOLVED WITH THIS VAMPIRE'S SCHEME--?"

"ACCORDING TO HARKER'S NOTES, HE DIED AT THE MANSION OF THIS SHIELA WHITTIER--AND THE GIRL AND HER BOY-FRIEND WERE SOON FOUND DEAD AS WELL....

EH--?



YOU!?!

IT IS ABOUT TIME WE MET, LORD SINGLETON.



Y-YOU'RE
THE
'MASTER'?

I AM
DRACULA--
MASTER
OF ALL
VAMPIRES.

AND I SEEK
THE *END* OF YOUR
INTERFERENCE
WITH MY PLANS.

YOU'RE
GOING TO
KILL ME,
THEN?

IS THERE A
BETTER WAY OF
ASSURING THAT MY
GOALS WILL BE
REACHED
UNHINDERED?



I KNOW I'M GOING TO DIE--
I HAVE NO *CROSS*, NO
GARLIC, NOR ANY OF
THOSE *OTHER* WEAPONS
QUINCY HARKER TOLD
ME TO STORE.

I'M TOO OLD,
TOO WEAK TO EVEN BATTLE
WITH YOU.

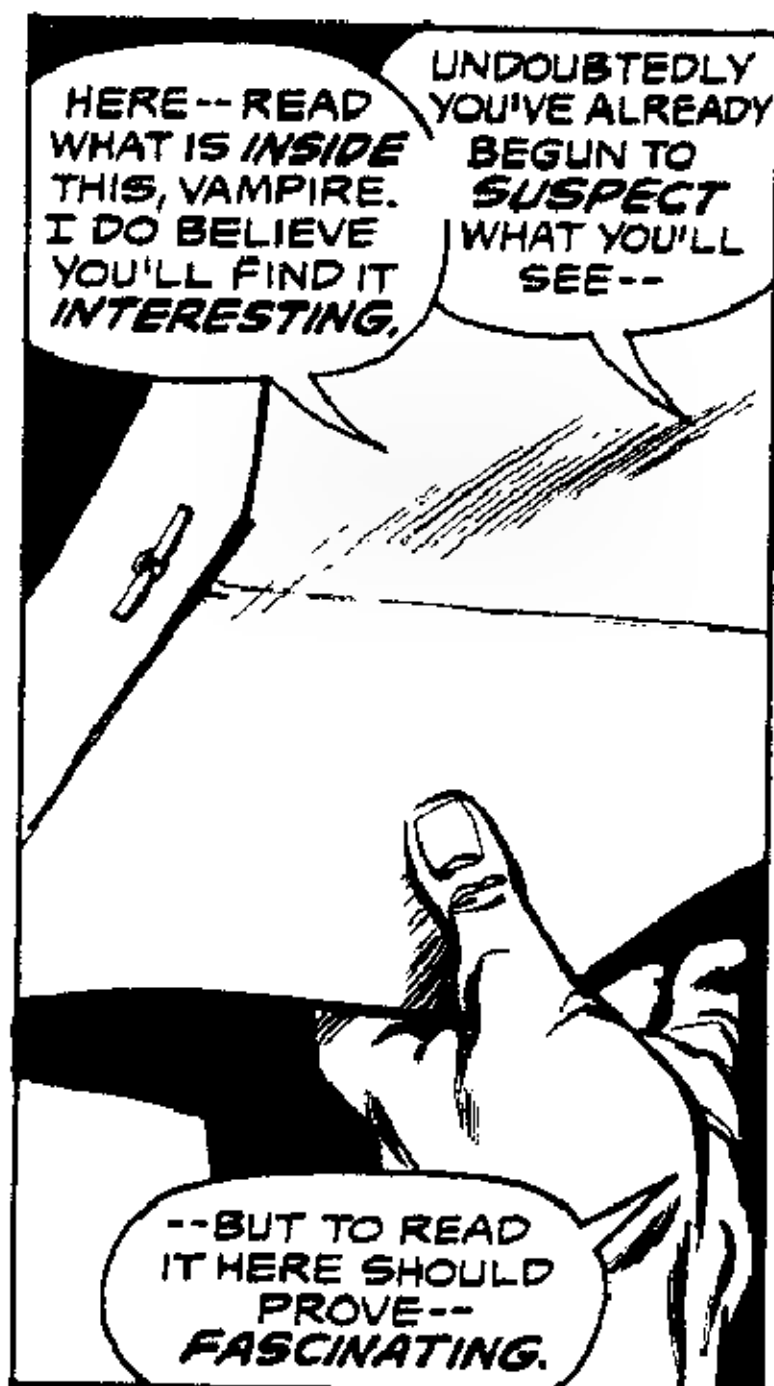
BUT THERE *IS*
SOMETHING I
DO HAVE--



AND
THAT
IS--?

PROOF
THAT YOU
SHALL SOON
BE *SLAIN*.

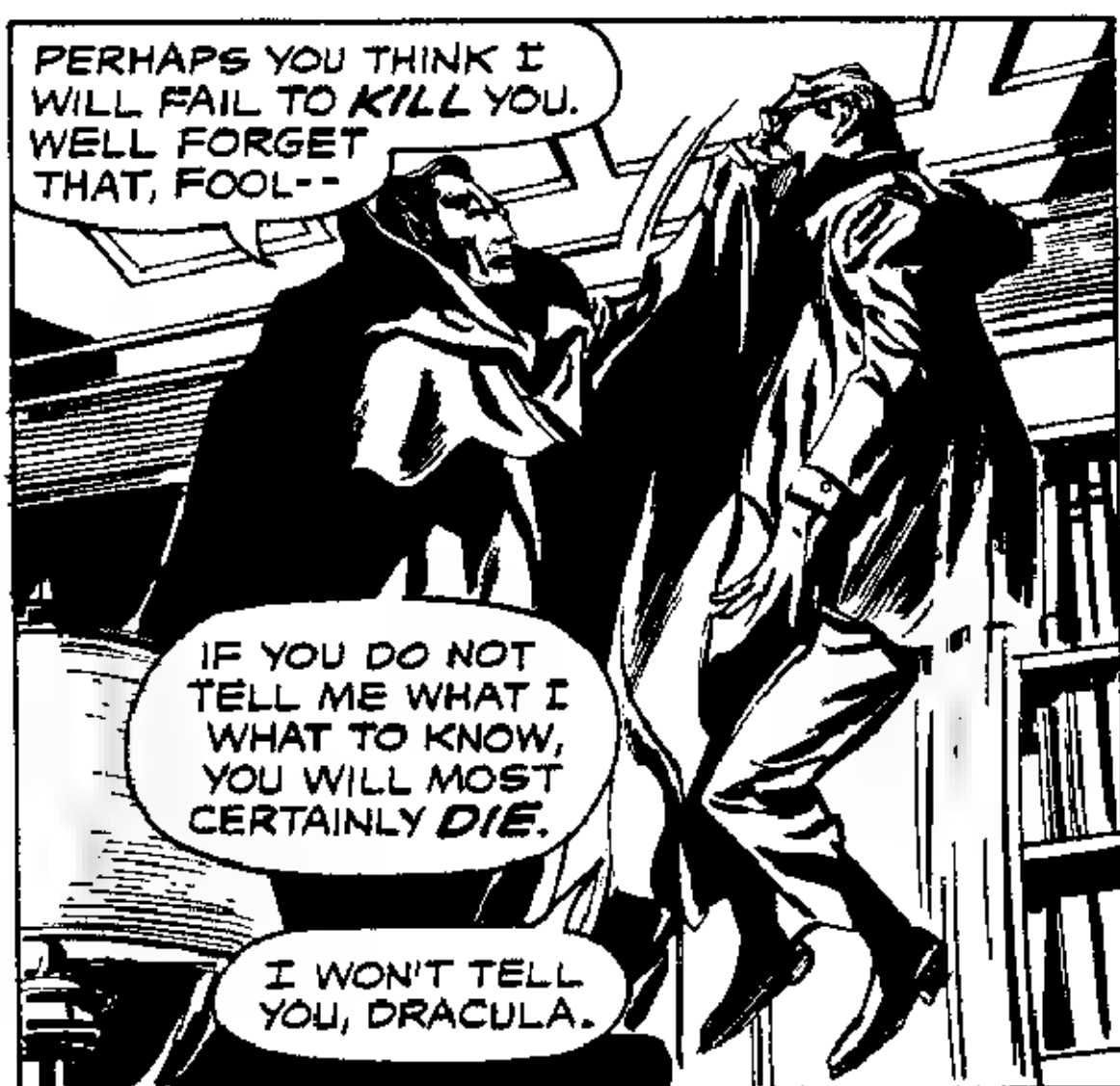
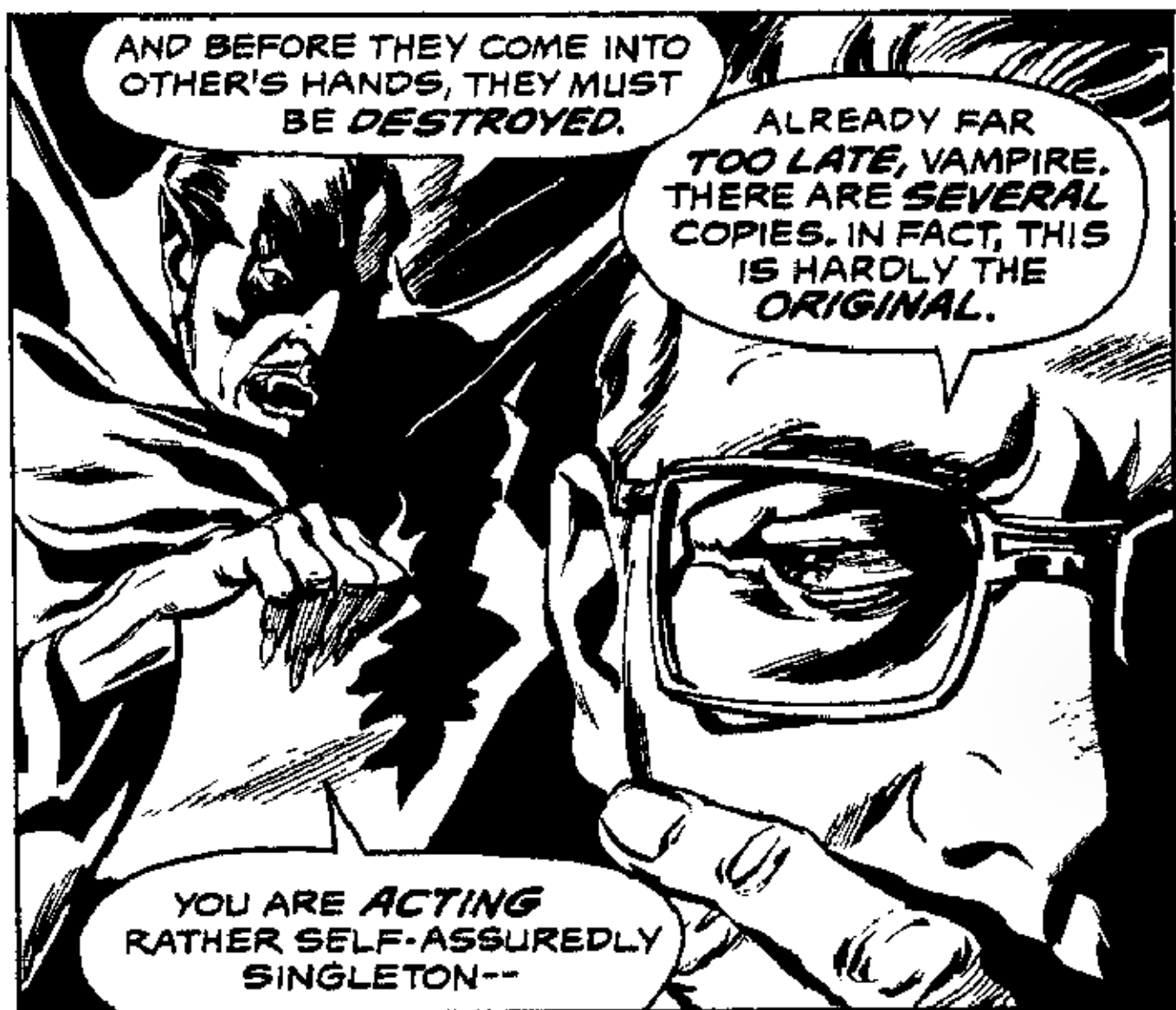
LET ME
SEE THIS
SO-CALLED
'*PROOF*'.



HERE-- READ
WHAT IS *INSIDE*
THIS, VAMPIRE.
I DO BELIEVE
YOU'LL FIND IT
INTERESTING.

UNDOUBTEDLY
YOU'VE ALREADY
BEGUN TO
SUSPECT
WHAT YOU'LL
SEE--

--BUT TO READ
IT HERE SHOULD
PROVE--
FASCINATING.





LOOK AT ME, SINGLETON--
STARE INTO MY EYES-- THE
EYES OF YOUR MASTER--
--STARE AND REVEAL
WHAT I WISH TO KNOW--

--WHAT I
MUST KNOW
IF I AM TO
SURVIVE.

SPEAK!



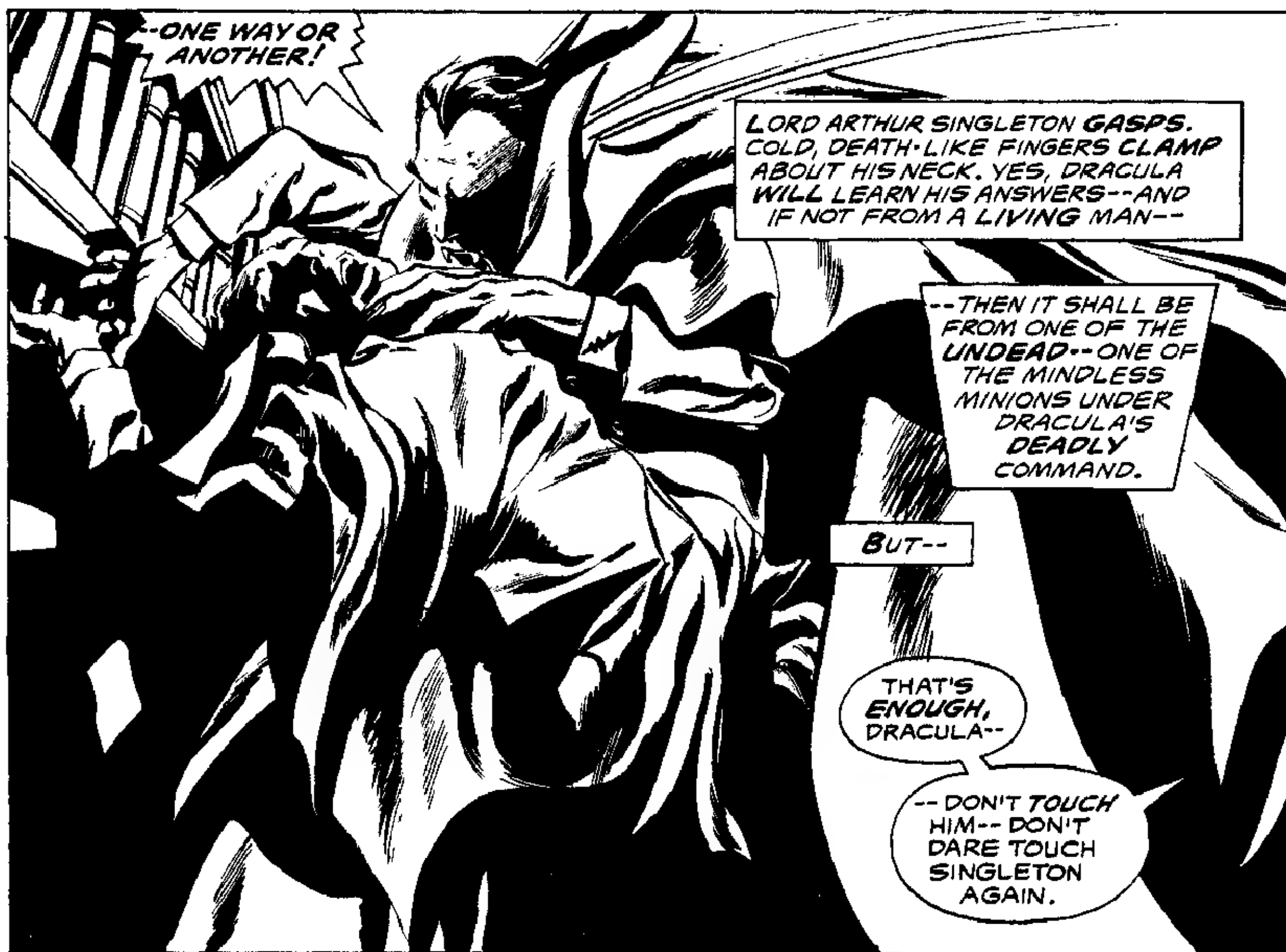
HYPNOTISM WILL NOT WORK
ON ME, DRACULA-- QUINCY
HARKER PREPARED ME TO
RESIST YOUR DEMANDS.

YOU CAN TRY ALL YOUR
VAMPIRE TRICKS, AND I
SWEAR THEY'LL NOT
SUCCEED.



CURSE YOU
AND HARKER,
SINGLETON--
CURSE YOU
BOTH!

I MUST
HAVE THAT
INFORMATION--



--ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER!

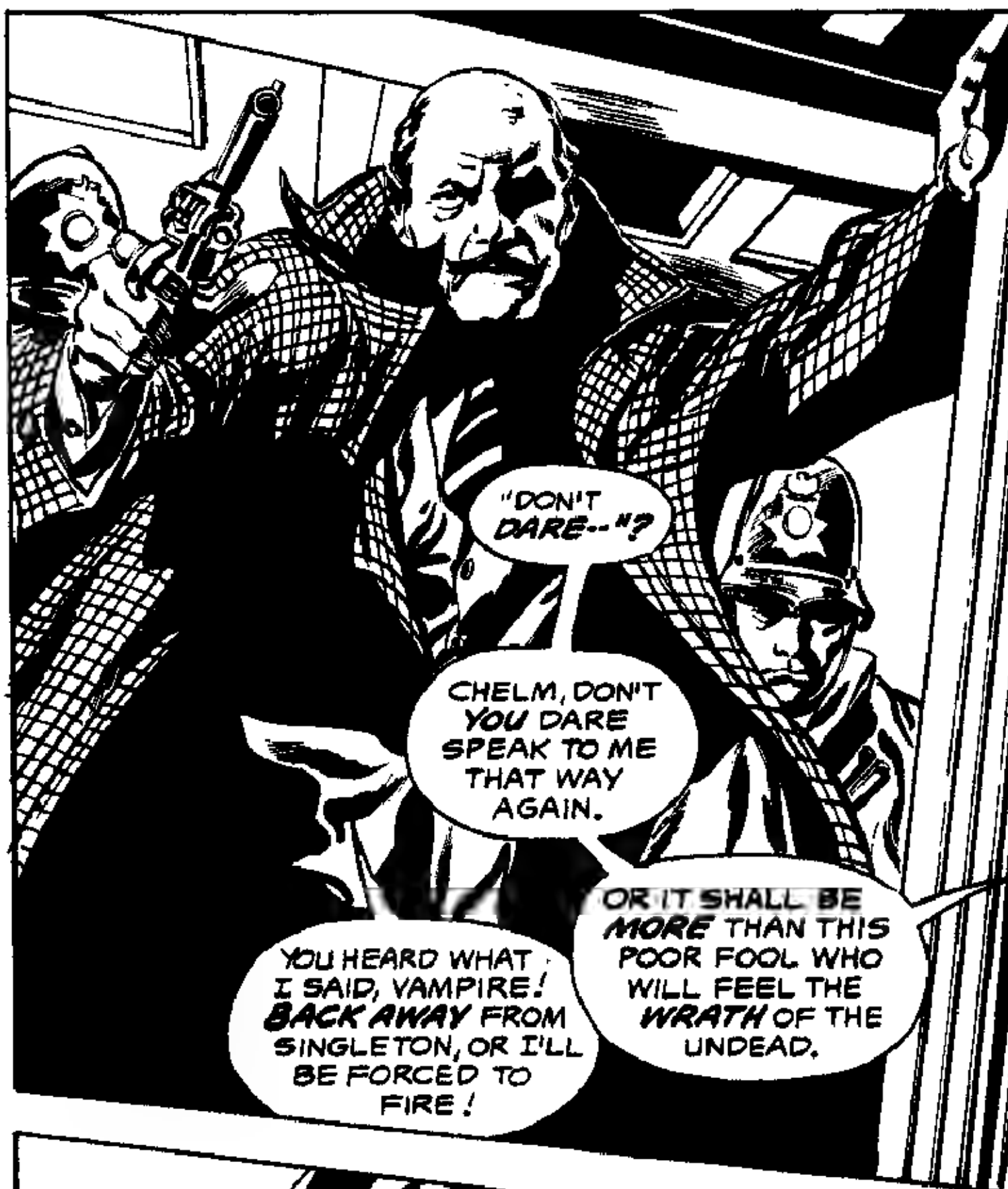
LORD ARTHUR SINGLETON GASPS.
COLD, DEATH-LIKE FINGERS CLAMP
ABOUT HIS NECK. YES, DRACULA
WILL LEARN HIS ANSWERS--AND
IF NOT FROM A LIVING MAN--

--THEN IT SHALL BE
FROM ONE OF THE
UNDEAD-- ONE OF
THE MINDLESS
MINIONS UNDER
DRACULA'S
DEADLY
COMMAND.

BUT--

THAT'S
ENOUGH,
DRACULA--

--DON'T TOUCH
HIM-- DON'T
DARE TOUCH
SINGLETON
AGAIN.



"DON'T
DARE--"?

CHELM, DON'T
YOU DARE
SPEAK TO ME
THAT WAY
AGAIN.

OR IT SHALL BE
MORE THAN THIS
POOR FOOL WHO
WILL FEEL THE
WRATH OF THE
UNDEAD.

YOU HEARD WHAT
I SAID, VAMPIRE!
BACK AWAY FROM
SINGLETON, OR I'LL
BE FORCED TO
FIRE!



AND THEN
WHAT, CHELM?
YOU *KNOW* YOUR
GUNS ARE USE-
LESS.

YOU KNOW
MERE *BULLETS*
CAN NOT
HARM ME.

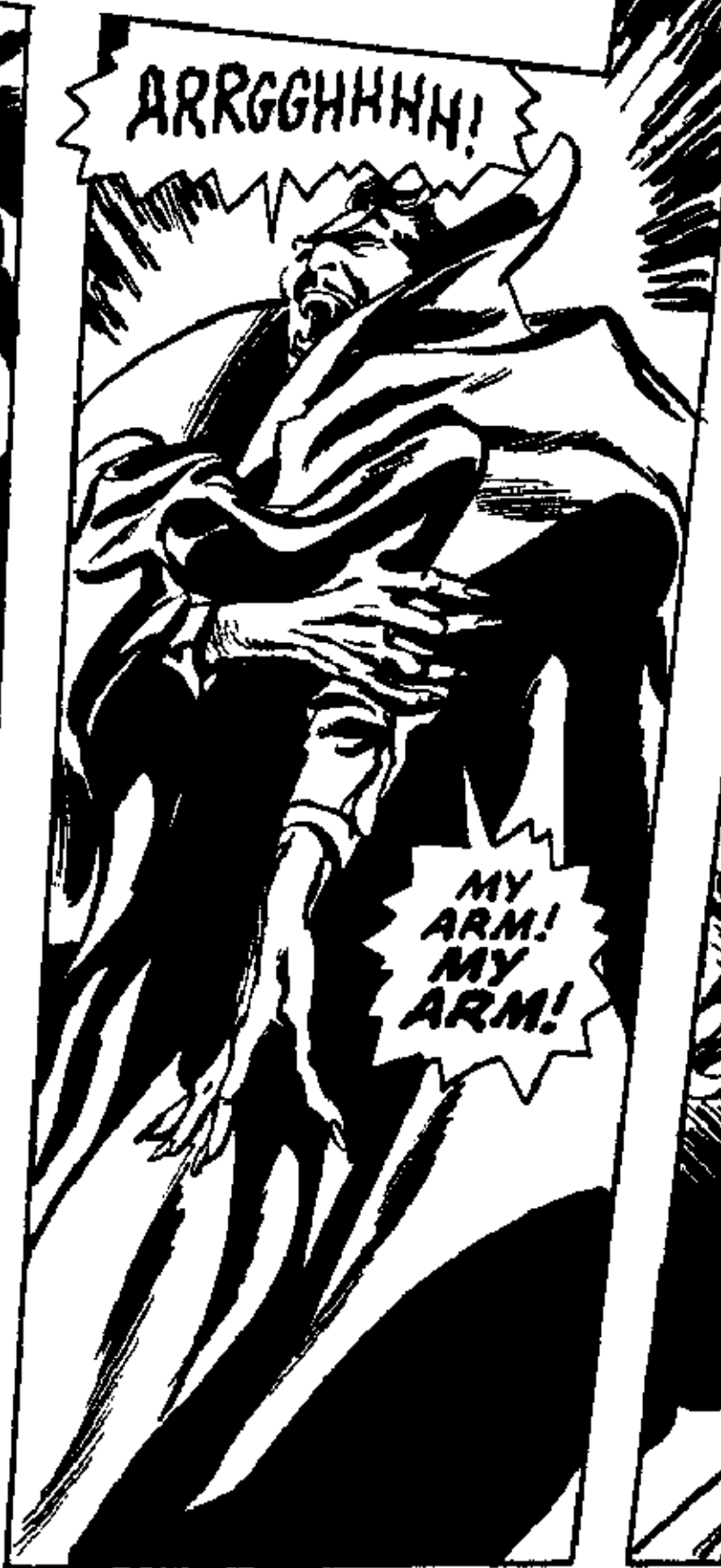


OF COURSE
WE KNOW THAT,
DRACULA--
BUT PERHAPS
YOU'VE
FORGOTTEN
OUR LAST
ENCOUNTER--

--WHEN WE BEGAN
USING SPECIAL
SILVER
BULLETS--

--WITH
CROSSES
PAINTED
ON THEM.

FIRE, O'BRIEN--
FIRE AT HIS
HEART!



ARRGGHHHH!

MY
ARM!
MY
ARM!



BLAST
YOU AND
YOUR MEN,
CHELM--

-- I'LL SLAY
ALL OF YOU
BEFORE I'M
DONE HERE!

ALL
OF
YOU!

RAGE! THAT IS WHAT THE LORD OF DARKNESS FEELS **SWELLING** IN HIS THROAT--MINDLESS RAGE AT THE **PAIN** THAT TEARS AT HIM--



--AND AT THOSE WHO **INFLECTED** IT ON HIM!

AND WHEN **DRACULA** FEELS RAGE, THERE IS NO MAN IN HEAVEN OR HELL WHO CAN STOP HIM--



--UNTIL THE ANGER LEAVES, AND A **RAGING QUIET** TAKES ITS PLACE.



ARE YOU DONE NOW, **DRACULA**? IS YOUR HELL-BENT MADNESS OVER?



YOU'VE **KILLED** O'BRIEN, YOU'VE **KILLED THOUSANDS** OF OTHERS IN YOUR CRAZED LIFETIME--

--BUT YOU'LL **KILL** NO MORE, YOU BLOODY FIEND. YOU'LL **KILL** NO MORE!

I THINK I'VE FINALLY FIGURED YOU OUT--FINALLY FIGURED THE WAY YOU **OPERATE**. I **KNEW** YOU'D BE WATCHING US BEFORE, **DRACULA**, SO I **WAITED** FOR YOU TO COME HERE AFTER YOUR **STOOGES** WERE CARTED AWAY.

I WAITED IN SILENCE BECAUSE I **KNEW** YOU WOULD COME THINKING IT WAS TOTALLY SAFE TO **SHOW** YOURSELF.

BUT THERE IS NO LONGER ANY **SAFE** TIME FOR YOU, **DRACULA**--
--BECAUSE I'M GOING TO **KILL** YOU--BECAUSE I'M GOING TO SLAY YOU AS YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN SLAIN YEARS AGO.

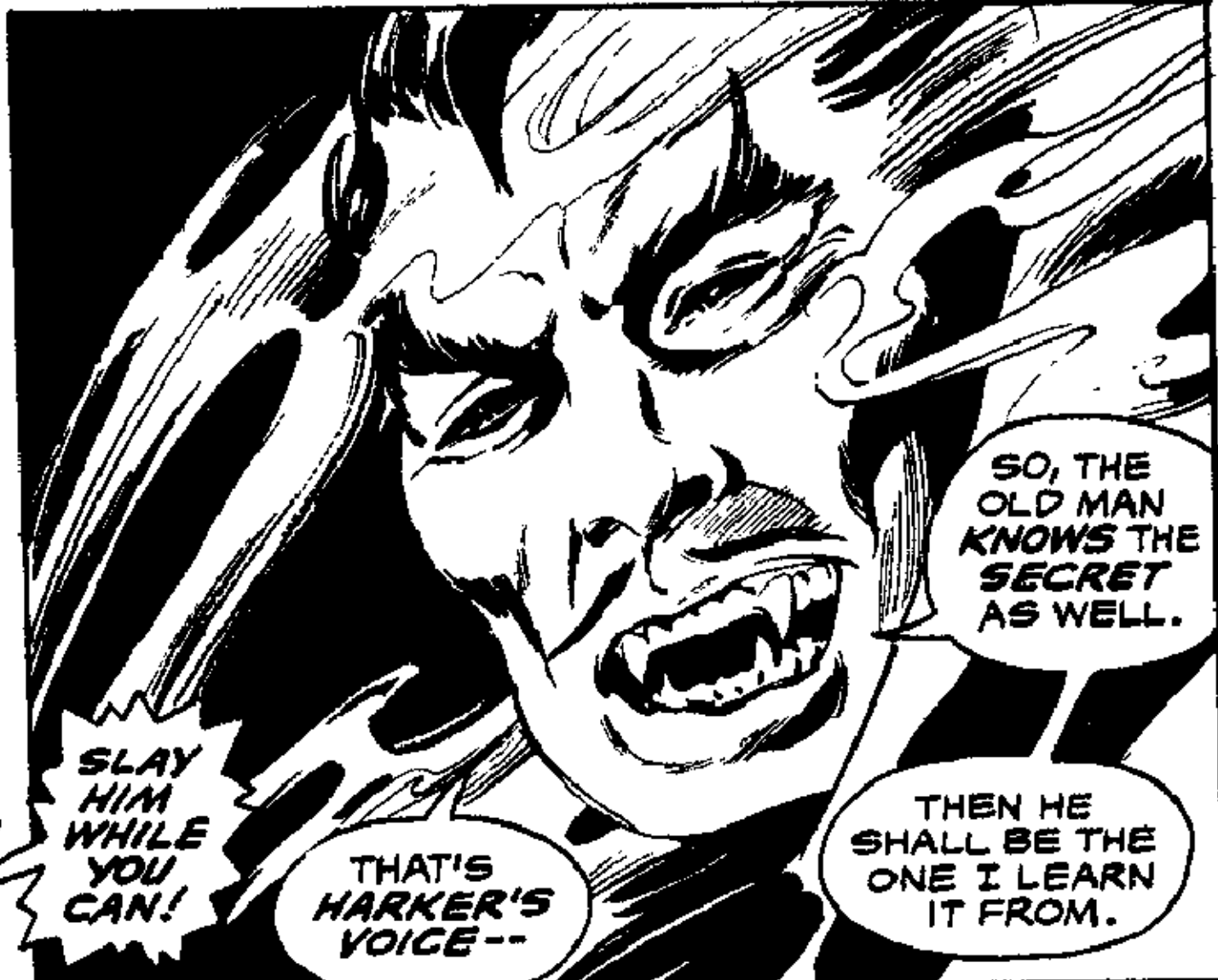


BUT--

QUICKLY, CHELM--DO IT NOW, DON'T WASTE ANY TIME.

SHOOT HIM WHILE YOU CAN, HE'S HELPLESS.

I'VE READ THE REPORTS--I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO HIM RANT--HE KNOWS HE'S DONE FOR--



SLAY HIM WHILE YOU CAN!

THAT'S HARKER'S VOICE--

SO, THE OLD MAN KNOWS THE SECRET AS WELL.

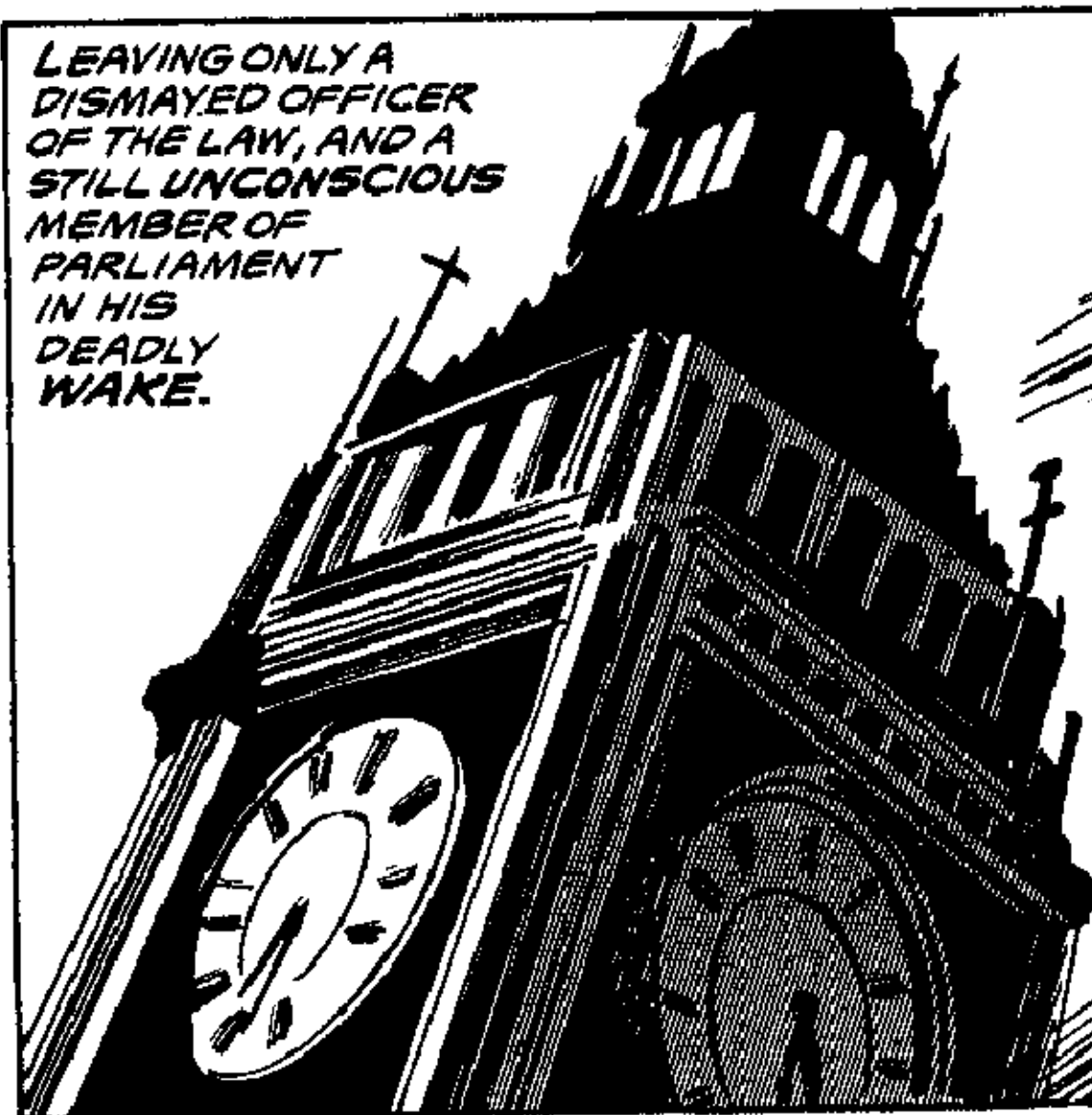
THEN HE SHALL BE THE ONE I LEARN IT FROM.

CALL IT THE SUDDEN CONFUSION, OR THE LACK OF INSTINCT TO FIRE A GUN HE NORMALLY DOES NOT CARRY--



--BUT BEFORE THE SEASONED INSPECTOR CAN USE HIS ESPECIALLY-PREPARED PISTOL, DRACULA TURNS, AND IN A MIST, IS GONE.

LEAVING ONLY A DISMAYED OFFICER OF THE LAW, AND A STILL UNCONSCIOUS MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT IN HIS DEADLY WAKE.



FOR THERE ARE OTHER PLACES THAT DRACULA MUST BE--

--AND LITTLE TIME TO GET THERE.

NEXT

A BATTLE TO THE DEATH IN HARKER ESTATE-- AND ONLY ONE SURVIVES--Be There!!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

25¢

32

MAY

02143

THE TOMB

OF

DRACULA™

YOU SUMMONED
ME HERE TO
SLAY ME,
QUINCY HARKER--

--BUT TONIGHT
IS THE NIGHT
YOU
DIE!!

BATTLEGROUND
OF
BLOOD!



Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality merge, there are tales of a being who has lived more than five hundred years; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of Hell itself; they say he thrives upon the blood of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the bravest man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!™

MARV WOLFGMAN WRITER GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER ARTISTS JOHN COSTANZA, letterer TOM PALMER, colorist LEN WEIN EDITOR



"OH GOD, I HAVE WAITED SO LONG FOR THIS NIGHT-- THIS NIGHT WHICH SHALL ANSWER ALL THAT I HAVE SPENT MY LIFE QUESTIONING..."

"DRACULA WILL BE HERE IN MY ANCESTRAL HOME QUITE SHORTLY... AND I SIT APPREHENSIVELY WAITING TO LEARN IF I SHALL LIVE OR DIE--"

"--AND, IN TURN, IF THE DEMON I'VE SPENT MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY BATTLING, SHALL DIE AS WELL."

"AND SO I WAIT... AND, IN THE MIDDLE, I HAVE SAINT TO KEEP ME COMPANY, AS HE HAS FOR THESE MANY YEARS."

"IT WON'T BE LONG, SAINT-- NOT TOO MUCH LONGER."

"AND THEN, MY GOOD FRIEND, WE SHALL SEE IF GOOD CAN DEFEAT EVIL AT LAST."

"SAINT IS QUIET-- HE WAITS IN AGONIZING ANTICIPATION EVEN AS I DO--"

"--PERHAPS DREADING WHAT MAY SOON COME TO PASS."



OLD FRIEND, WE
SIT HERE LIKE FOOLS
WAITING FOR THE
SHROUD TO
COVER US...

...WITH
DEATH.

ARE YOU **READY**
FOR DEATH, MY
FRIEND? ARE YOU
READY?



"YES, IF
NEED BE."

"TODAY,
TOMORROW--
SOMEDAY. IT
WOULD COME
ANYWAY."



YOU KNOW WHY
HE COMES TO US,
SAINT? TO LEARN
WHAT IS IN THAT
FOLDER--

--TO
LEARN
WHY HE
WILL
SOON
DIE--

--IF HE
DOES NOT KILL
US FIRST.



THIS HAS **NOT** BEEN A PLEASANT
LIFE, OLD FRIEND. MY WIFE... MY
CHILD... ALL MY LOVED ONES--

--DRACULA
HAS TAKEN
THEM--



--AS SURELY AS HE
WILL TAKE US.

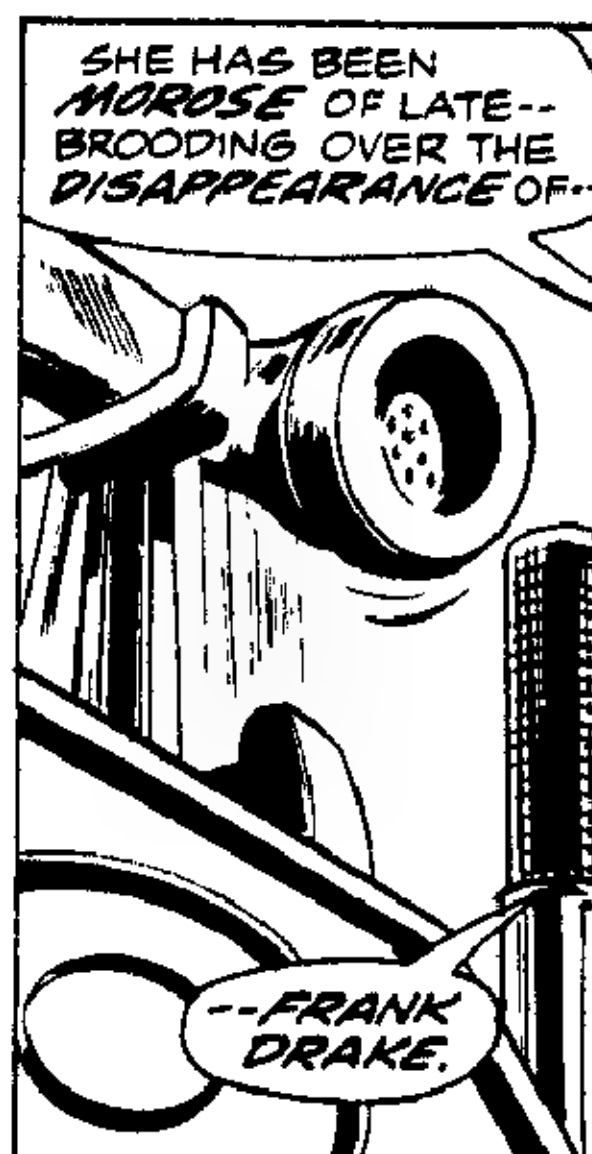
IF--



EH--? THE
PHONE? WHO
WOULD CALL AT
THIS LATE
HOUR--?



RACHEL?
YES, PERHAPS
IT IS HER...



SHE HAS BEEN
MOROSE OF LATE--
BROODING OVER THE
DISAPPEARANCE OF--

--FRANK
DRAKE.



RACHEL--?

WRONG, YOU
OLD FOOL--THIS
IS HARDLY
THAT BLOND-
HAired WITCH...

I HAVE
CALLED TO
SAY THAT I
AM COMING...
TO SPEAK
WITH YOU.

DO
NOT
LEAVE.
UNDER-
STAND ME,
HARKER?



"I UNDERSTAND."

"I AM OLD, MY LEGS ARE CRIPPLED. THERE IS SO LITTLE STRENGTH IN MY BONES."

"AND YET I MUST BATTLE A DEMON WHO CAN NOT DIE--"

"I MUST BATTLE HIM AND LAY HIM TO HIS REST-- BEFORE HE SLAYS ME."

"IT IS SUCH A LUDICROUS TASK, YET HAVE I ANY OTHER IN LIFE?"



JAJPUR, INDIA:

OUT OF THE WAY, TAJ--WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU--

IT IS YOUR SON WE HAVE COME HERE TO SLAY.

YOUR SON--THE VAMPIRE!

TAJ DOES NOT MOVE.



BRAZIL:

BLASTED JUNGLE-- BLASTED HEAT! BUT WHAT AM I COMPLAINING ABOUT ANYWAY?

THIS IS THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME--A CHANCE TO PROVE THAT FRANK DRAKE IS SOME--

BODY IMPORTANT-- SOMEBODY CAPABLE-- SOMEBODY INTELLIGENT.

NOT JUST A FAIR-HAIRED EX-MILLIONAIRE.



YOU REALIZE THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP US, TAJ.

YOUR SON IS UNHOLY. ONE DAY HE WILL SLAY US ALL. AND ALREADY HE HAS KILLED SEVERAL OF OUR ANIMALS.

INCORRECT, ADRI NITAL HAS SLAIN NO ONE. BUT THESE VILLAGERS HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THAT.

DANNY SOMMERS GAVE ME THIS CHANCE TO RUN HIS MINE FOR HIM--AND I'M NOT GONNA FLUB THIS ONE.



HEY-- EXCUSE ME. HEY, YOU!

SO, INSTEAD, THEY
ATTACK THEIR
FRIEND...

ATTACK AND
TOSS HIM
HELPLESSLY
ASIDE--

--WHILE THEY
PREPARE TO
TAKE THE LIFE
OF A CHILD--

--WHO IS
ALREADY
DEAD!

NO!
PLEASE!
DO NOT GO
IN THERE!
PLEASE!

BY ALLAH!
YOU MUST
NOT!

A MADDENED MOB
DOES NOT LISTEN...

...THOUGH A
SINGLE MAN
MAY.

IT IS FOR THE BEST.
YOU KNOW THAT.
ADRI COULD
NOT... MUST
NOT LIVE.

YES, I KNOW THAT,
MY BROTHER-- I KNOW
THAT, AND I CRY FOR
THAT KNOWLEDGE.

HEY, DIDN'T
YOU HEAR
ME? I SAID--

WAIT ONE HOLY
BLASTED MINUTE
--HE DIDN'T
HEAR ANY-
THING.

I-I DON'T
THINK HE
CAN HEAR.

YOU ARE RIGHT, FRANK DRAKE, DESCENDANT
OF DRACULA.

THIS MAN LOST
HIS ABILITY TO
HEAR THREE
YEARS AGO...

...WHEN HE WAS
SLAIN... BY THE
ZUENBE-LORD.

OH...
MY...
GOD.

I--

WH-WHATEVER YOU ARE--
GET AWAY FROM ME..

GET AWAY
FROM ME!

QUESTION: CAN A
DEAD MAN HEAR FRANK'S
FRIGHTENED COMMAND?

ANSWER: IT
CAN NOT!

THERE IS THE *DEVIL-CHILD* NOW-- OUR BLOOD IS ALL THAT KEEPS HIM ALIVE...

...IF YOU CAN CALL SUCH A HORRIBLE EXISTENCE LIVING.

WELL, WE SHALL END THIS *BLASPHEMOUS* LIFE NOW!

AS HE HAS ENDED THE *LIVES* OF SO MANY OF US

TAJ SCREAMS "NO!"

BUT THE MUTE PLEA GOES UNANSWERED.

AND A RAPIDLY DESCENDING KNIFE GOES UNCHECKED.

UNTIL IT IS MUCH, MUCH TOO LATE.

YOU DON'T SPEAK... YOU DON'T STOP! WHAT ARE YOU?

BLAST IT-- WHAT ARE YOU ANYWAY?!

THE DEAD!

SIR? DANNY SUMMERS, SPEAKING. YOU *DON'T* HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT DRAKE DUDE NO MORE...

... 'CAUSE IF I GOT IT FIGGERED RIGHT, HE'S OVER AN' OUT...

...AN' DEADER THAN YOU'VE EVER BEEN!

THERE IS NO ANSWER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS TRANSATLANTIC CALL...

BECAUSE ITS RECIPIENT DID NOT HEAR THE FINAL, HALF-MUMBLED REMARK...

VERY GOOD...VERY GOOD, INDEED.

HARKER WILL BE ALONE...AS WAS PLANNED.

"YES, PLANNED, EVER SO CAREFULLY. I KNEW THAT I WOULD WISH TO RID MYSELF OF HARKER FOR MY OTHER PLANS TO SUCCEED..

"...SO I CREATED A DIVERSION FOR THAT INDIAN TAJ, TO BE CALLED HOME.

"ONE OF MY SLAVES TERRIFIED THE IDIOTS IN HIS VILLAGE-- KNOWING THEY WOULD TAKE THEIR VENGEANCE ON AN INNOCENT CHILD-THING.

"FRIGHTENED, THE WIFE OF THE INDIAN WOULD PLEAD WITH HER HUSBAND... LURE HIM AWAY FROM HARKER.

"THEN I NEEDED ONLY RID MYSELF OF THAT CLODDISH DESCENDANT OF MINE--

"--BY SENDING HIM OFF TO BRAZIL UNDER A RIDICULOUS PRETENCE OF ALLOWING HIM TO 'FIND HIMSELF' AS HE WOULD SAY--

"--I RID MYSELF OF ONE MORE OBSTACLE.

"THAT LEFT ONLY VAN HELSING-- AND SHE WAS TAKEN EVER-SO-EASILY."*

* A CLUE TO WHICH WAS SHOWN LAST ISSUE-- LEERING LEN.

"AS FOR NOW..."

ENTER FREELY, DRACULA, AND OF YOUR OWN WILL.

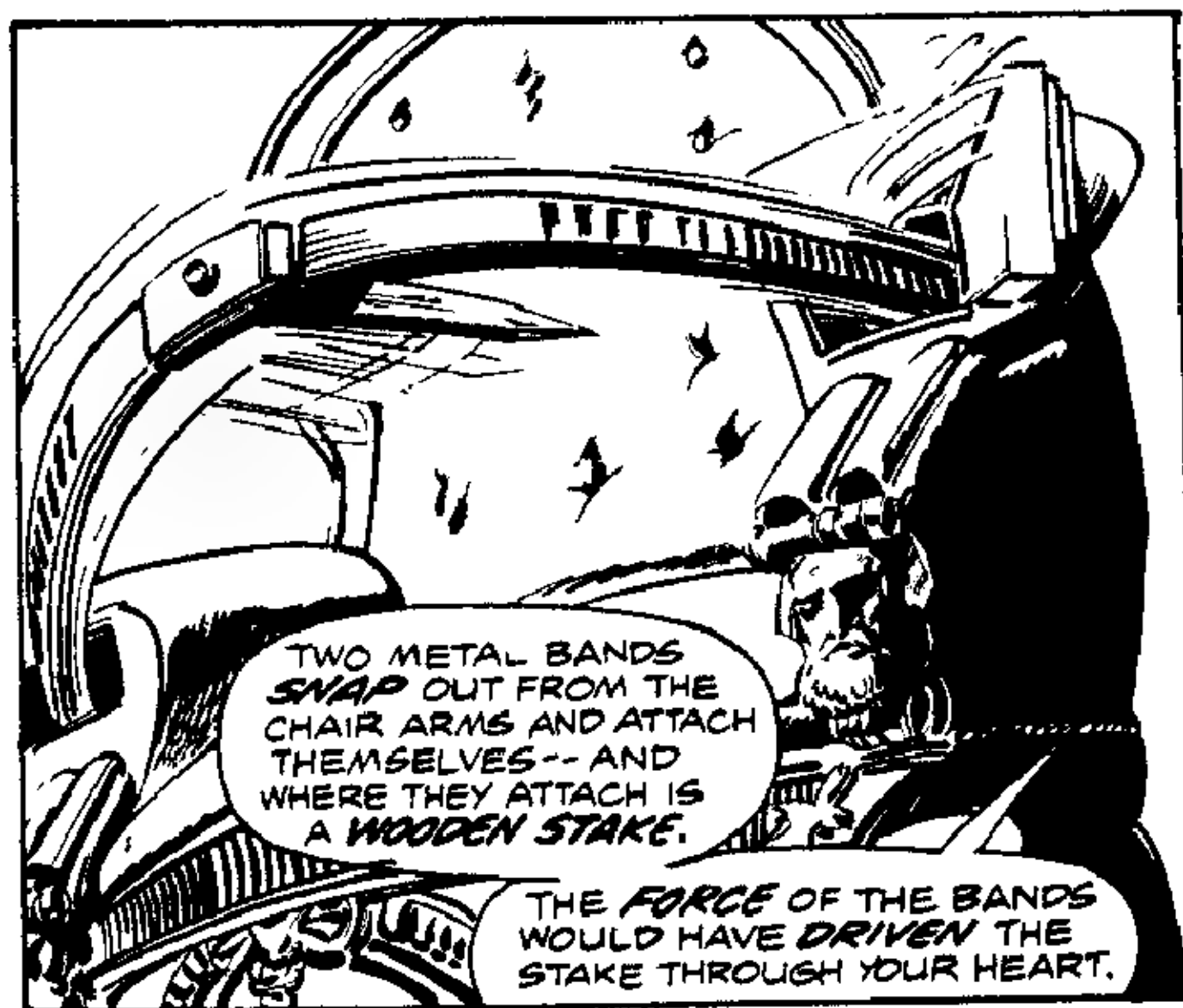
AH, HOW TOUCHING-- YOU REMEMBERED THE WORDS FROM YOUR FATHER'S JOURNAL.

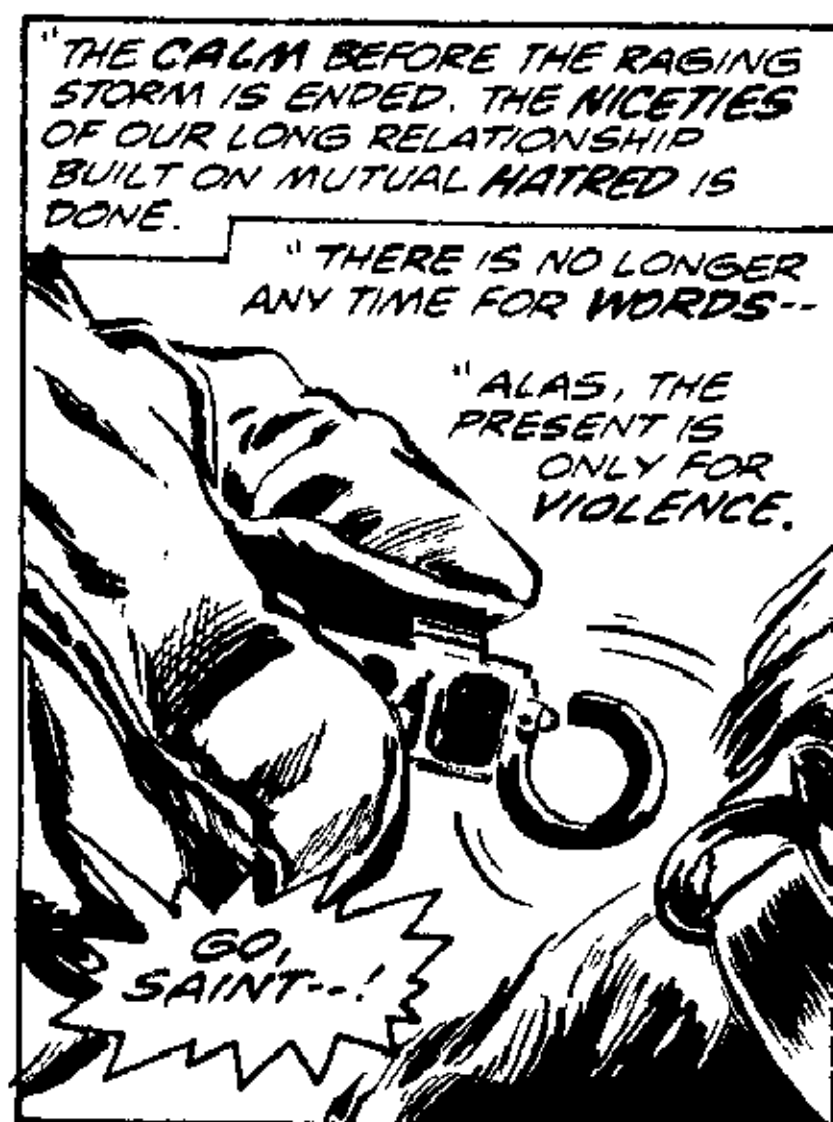
I SHOULD HAVE SLAIN THE FOOL BEFORE HE EVER WROTE THEM.

HAHEM! GOOD EVENING, QUINCY-- HOW PLEASANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN.

YOU AND THAT ANIMAL YOU CARE FOR SO MUCH.

GRRR



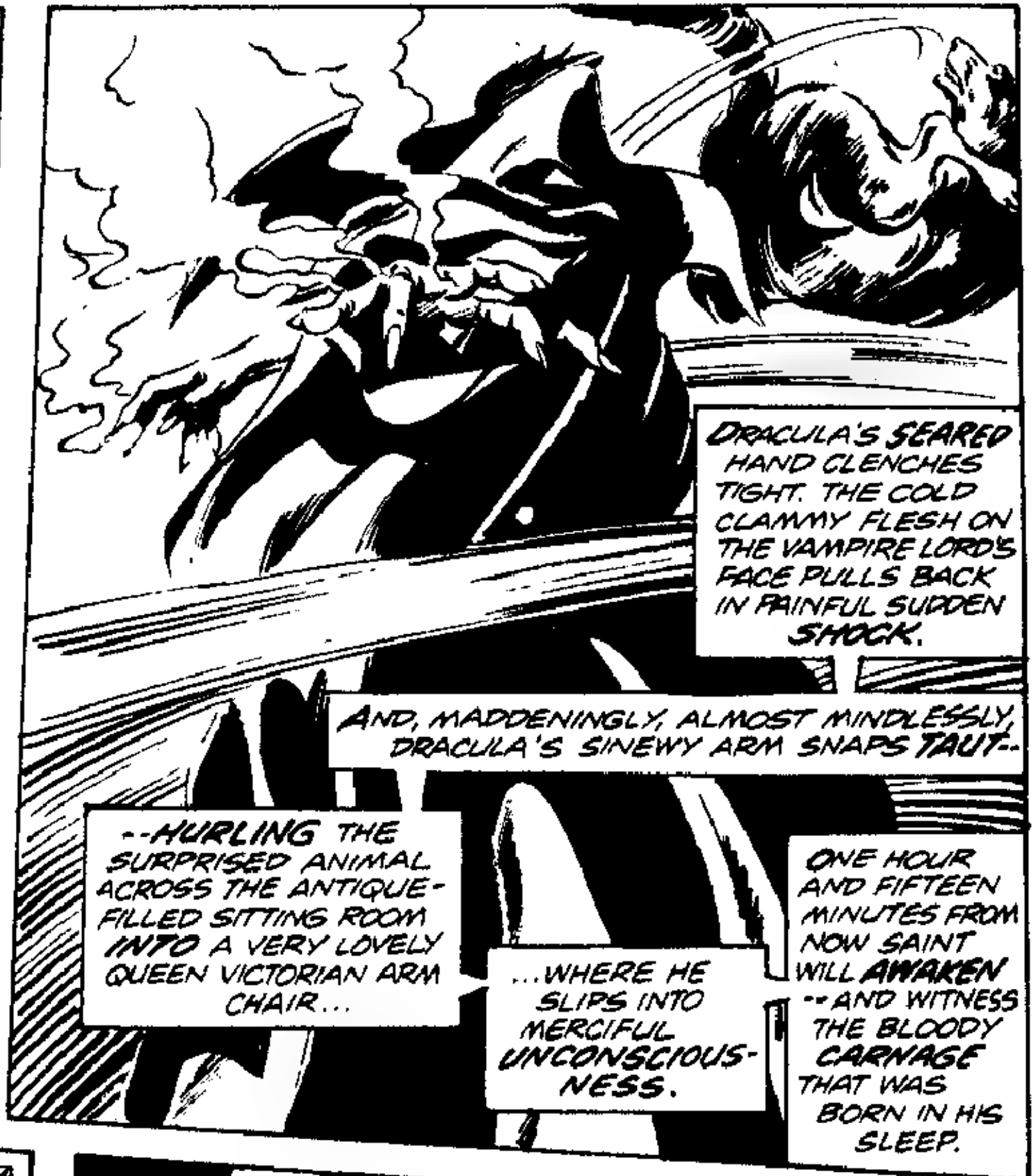




ARRGGHH!

FALSIED FINGERS
CLOSE ABOUT
SAINT'S FURRED
NECK... THEY
GRIP THE
GERMAN SHEPHERD'S
LEATHER COLLAR...

... HIS LEATHER
COLLAR STUDDED
WITH SILVER
CROSSES!



DRACULA'S SEARED
HAND CLENCHES
TIGHT. THE COLD
CLAMMY FLESH ON
THE VAMPIRE LORD'S
FACE PULLS BACK
IN PAINFUL SUDDEN
SHOCK.

AND, MADDENINGLY, ALMOST MINDLESSLY,
DRACULA'S SINEWY ARM SNAPS TAUT--

--HURLING THE
SURPRISED ANIMAL
ACROSS THE ANTIQUE-
FILLED SITTING ROOM
INTO A VERY LOVELY
QUEEN VICTORIAN ARM
CHAIR...

...WHERE HE
SLIPS INTO
MERCIFUL
UNCONSCIOUS-
NESS.

ONE HOUR
AND FIFTEEN
MINUTES FROM
NOW SAINT
WILL AWAKEN
-- AND WITNESS
THE BLOODY
CARNAGE
THAT WAS
BORN IN HIS
SLEEP.



MY HAND
STILL ACHES,
HARKER. THIS
IS ANOTHER
"PLEASURE"
THAT I OWE
YOU FOR.

HARKER--?
WHERE--?



HE'S FLED--
GONE... RAN LIKE THE
PITIFUL COWARD
HE IS.

BUT,
I'LL WAGER--
HE'S BEHIND
THAT DOOR...

BREATHING HURRIEDLY
FROM HIS ESCAPE.

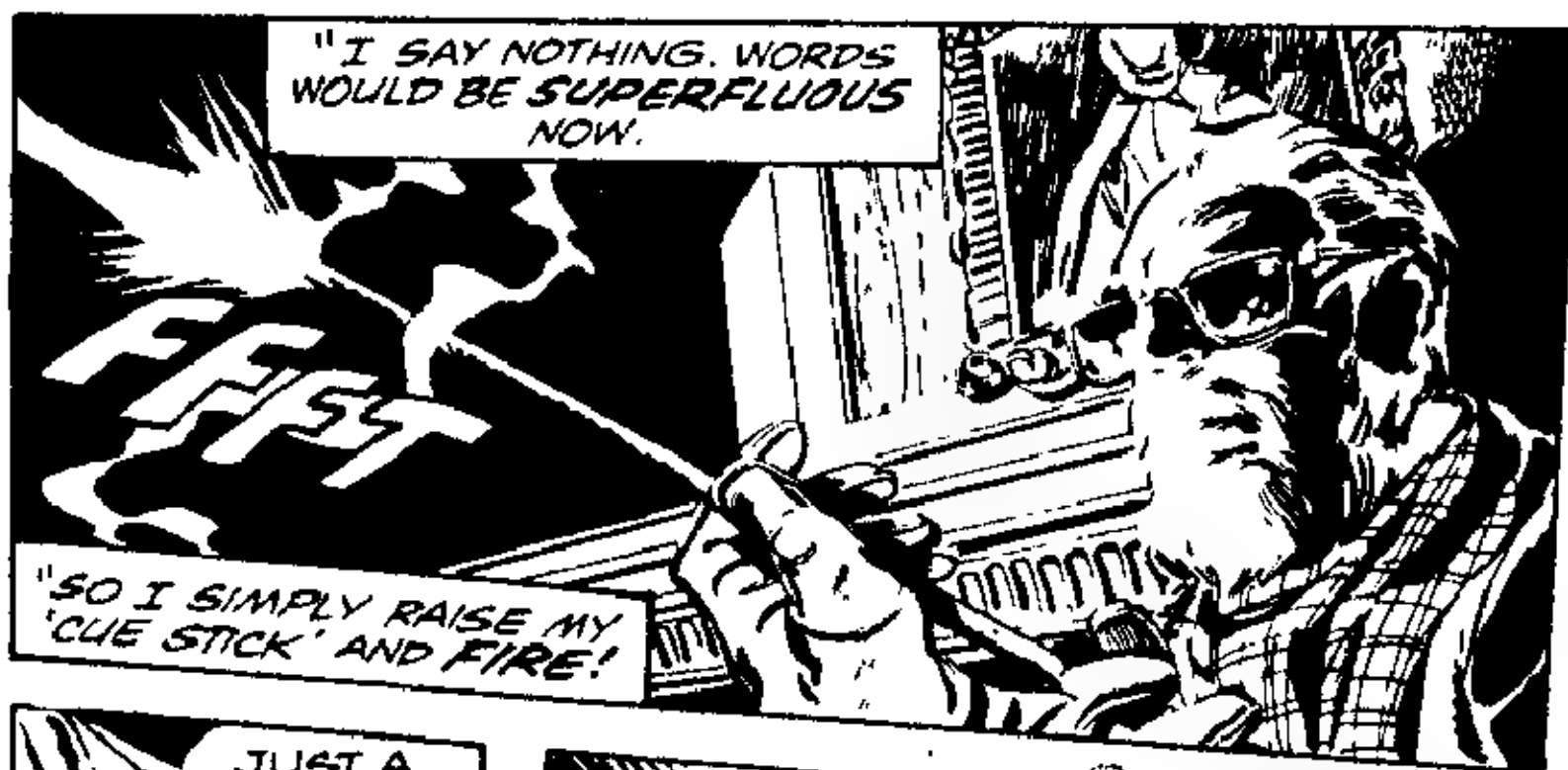


"HE ENTERS SO PROUDLY, SO HAUGHTILY.

"HIS VOICE
IS SOFT,
YET EACH
WORD IS
SPAT OUT
WITH SER-
PENTINE
SUDDEN-
ESS.

WHY DID YOU
HIDE FROM ME, QUINCY--?

SURELY YOU COULD
NOT BELIEVE YOU WOULD
SUCCESSFULLY ESCAPE?



"I SAY NOTHING. WORDS WOULD BE SUPERFLUOUS NOW."

"SO I SIMPLY RAISE MY 'CUE STICK' AND FIRE!"

A WOODEN **SPEAR**? MOST EFFECTIVE, HAD YOU PIERCED MY HEART.



OF COURSE, THOUGH-- YOU DID NOT.

HOW MANY **MORE** SUCH GAMES MUST WE PLAY BEFORE THE INEVITABLE OCCURS, HARKER?



JUST A FEW, DRACULA--

-- A FEW **LETHAL** ONES, THAT IS.



A **CROSS!**
A DAMNABLE **CROSS!**

"IT TOOK MONTHS TO DESIGN THIS ROOM. MONTHS MORE FOR ITS CONSTRUCTION. I PRAY NOW THAT IT DOES ITS WORK WELL."

"MANY TIMES I HAVE PLAYED **BILLIARDS** HERE WITH INSPECTOR CHELM--

"I WONDER IF HE EVER SUSPECTED THIS WAS MORE THAN A SIMPLE GAME TABLE?"

"A TABLE CREATED TO TURN ON END-- WITH **SIDE BOARDS** SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO SUDDENLY **RETRACT--**

--TO FORM A RATHER DEADLY WEAPON, INDEED."



MORE THAN A SIMPLE **CROSS**, DRACULA-- FAR MORE.



"I ACTIVATE ANOTHER BUTTON, AND THE ELEGANT PINE-COVERED WALLS SLIDE DOWN-- REVEALING A ROOM OF **MULTI-FACETED MIRRORS--**

--WHICH GREET THE VAMPIRE WITH AN **ENDLESS SYMPHONY OF CROSSES!**"



BLAST YOU, HARKER. I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS

MORE THREATS, DRACULA?

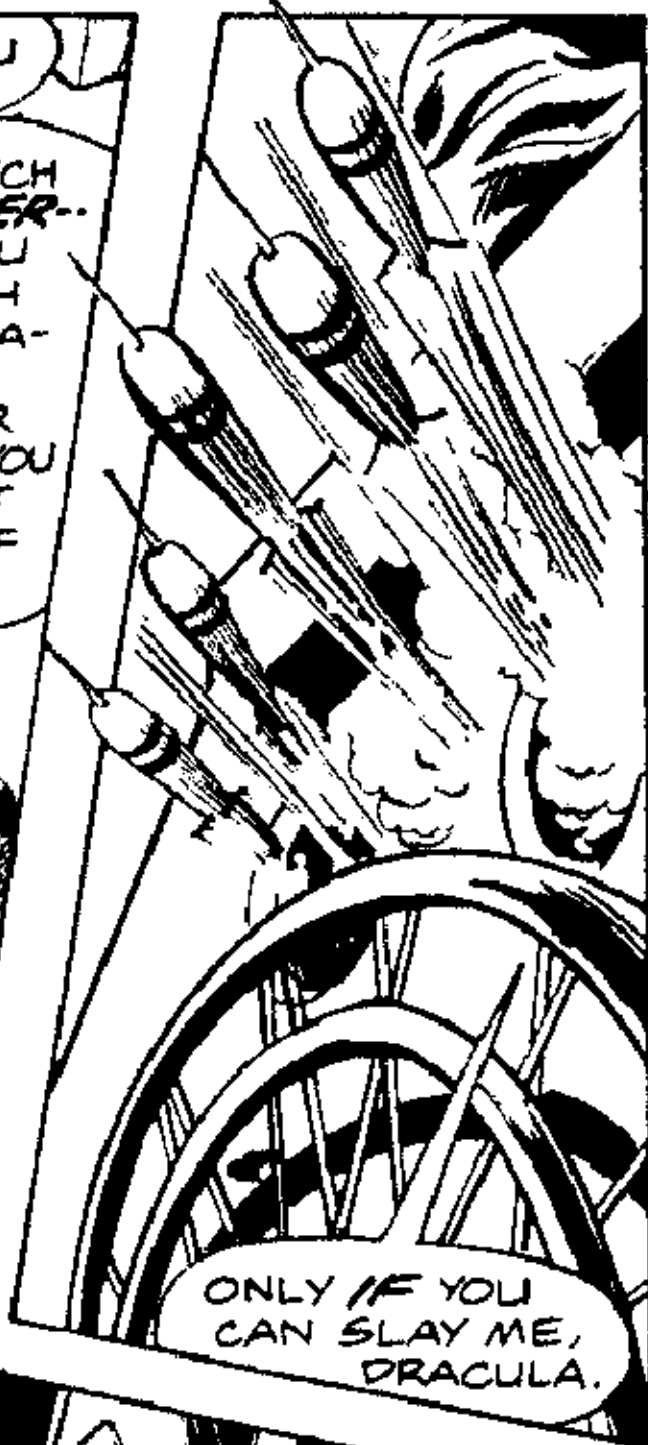
SURELY YOU CAN SLAY ME ONLY *ONCE*?



WRONG, OLD MAN! I CAN GIVE YOU THE GIFT OF *VAMPIRISM*--

--AND WATCH AS YOU *SUFFER*-- LAUGH AS YOU *SQUIRM* WITH MORAL INDIGNATION AS YOU *SLAY* YOUR VICTIM--AS YOU SIP THE SWEET ESSENCE OF *BLOOD*...

...AS YOU *KILL* THAT YOU MAY LIVE ON.



ONLY IF YOU CAN SLAY ME, DRACULA.



"THE FIEND IS SWIFT. HE SPINS, CATCHING MY POISON-TIPPED DARTS IN THE FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK.

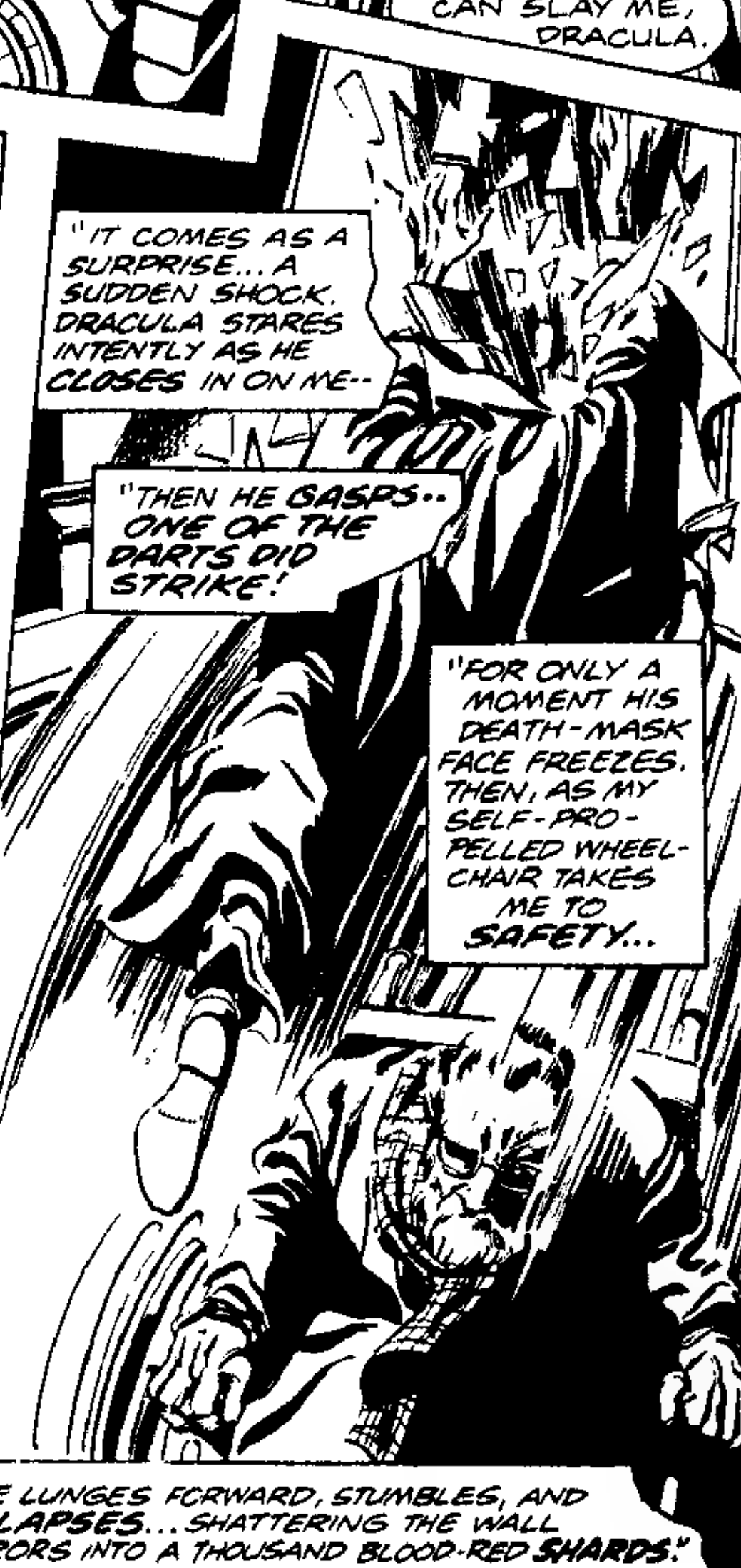
"AND I CURSE THE DARK LUCK THAT IS MINE TONIGHT.



I AM THROUGH PLAYING YOUR CHILDISH GAMES. I CAME HERE FOR *INFORMATION*.

AND ONE WAY OR ANOTHER-- I SHALL GET IT.

NO!



"IT COMES AS A SURPRISE... A SUDDEN SHOCK. DRACULA STARES INTENTLY AS HE CLOSES IN ON ME--

"THEN HE GASPS-- ONE OF THE DARTS DID STRIKE!

"FOR ONLY A MOMENT HIS DEATH-MASK FACE FREEZES. THEN, AS MY SELF-PROPELLED WHEEL-CHAIR TAKES ME TO SAFETY...

...HE LUNGES FORWARD, STUMBLES, AND COLLAPSES... SHATTERING THE WALL MIRRORS INTO A THOUSAND BLOOD-RED SHARDS."

YOU HAVEN'T STOPPED ME YET, HARKER
I **STILL** HAVE STRENGTH ENOUGH TO
WRENCH THIS DAMNABLE WEAPON
FROM ME **BEFORE** ITS POISON DOES
ITS WORK.



"BUT NOW I LEAVE TO **PREPARE**
FOR A NEW ATTACK.



"AND HOPE THAT HE
POSITIONS HIMSELF
SO I MAY YET
DESTROY HIM.

BLAST IT ALL!
IF I WEREN'T **SLOWED**
SO MUCH I COULD HAVE
AVOIDED ALL
THOSE DARTS OF HIS.

BUT I NEED **TIME** TO
RECOVER.. TIME TO GAIN
MY **WITS** BEFORE THE
FINAL BATTLE--



"IT IS A SILVER-BLUE MIST
INTO WHICH DRACULA
TRANSFORMS... A MIST
WHICH AWKWARDLY FLOWS
FROM THE GAME ROOM
INTO THE HALLWAY

YES--THOSE PAPERS
MUST BE MINE-- I
MUST LEARN WHAT
HAS **HAPPENED** TO
ME-- AND DISCOVER
WHO HAS BEEN
STEALING WHATEVER
OF MY **SOUL** REMAINS.



HARKER!
IT IS **TIME**
ONCE
MORE.

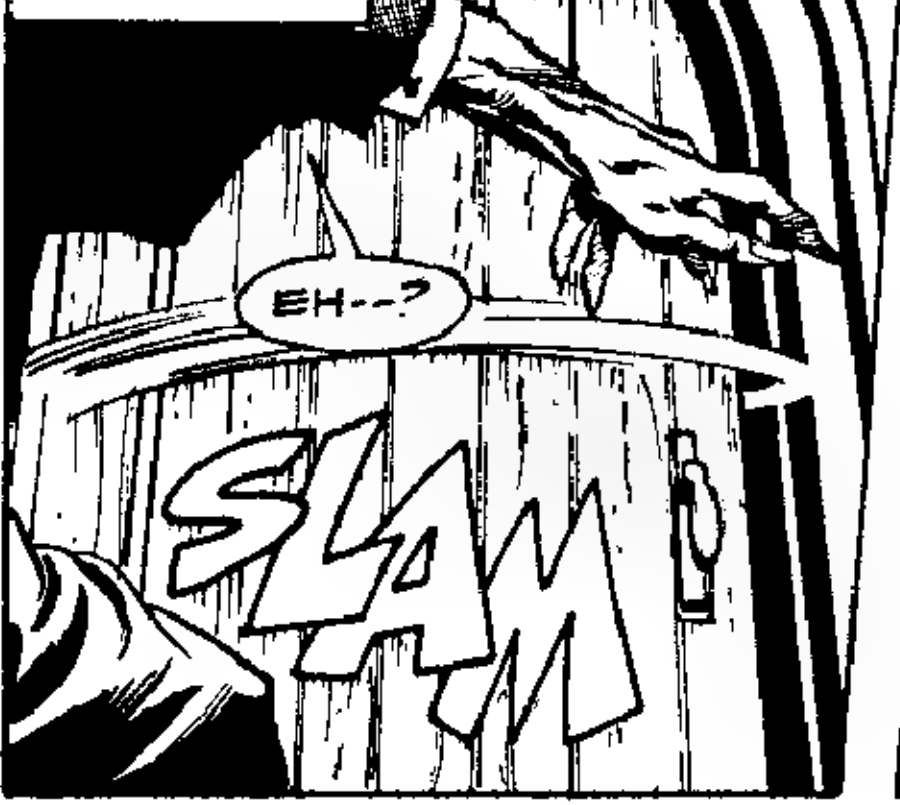
-- WHEN
QUINCY HARKER
SHALL AT LONG
LAST **PERISH!**



"I WATCH,
FASCINATED
BY HIS CHANGE;
HIS POWERS
ARE FANTASTIC.
IF ONLY HE
WERE NOT THE
ANGEL OF
DEATH--

"--WHAT
BENEFIT
HE COULD
BE TO MAN.

"HE GLIDES CLOSER... CLOSER! YES
-- HE'LL STEP UPON THE **SQUARE**.
MUST **CLOSE** THE DOOR BEHIND
HIM TO **ASSURE** HE WON'T **ESCAPE**
THROUGH IT.



EH--?

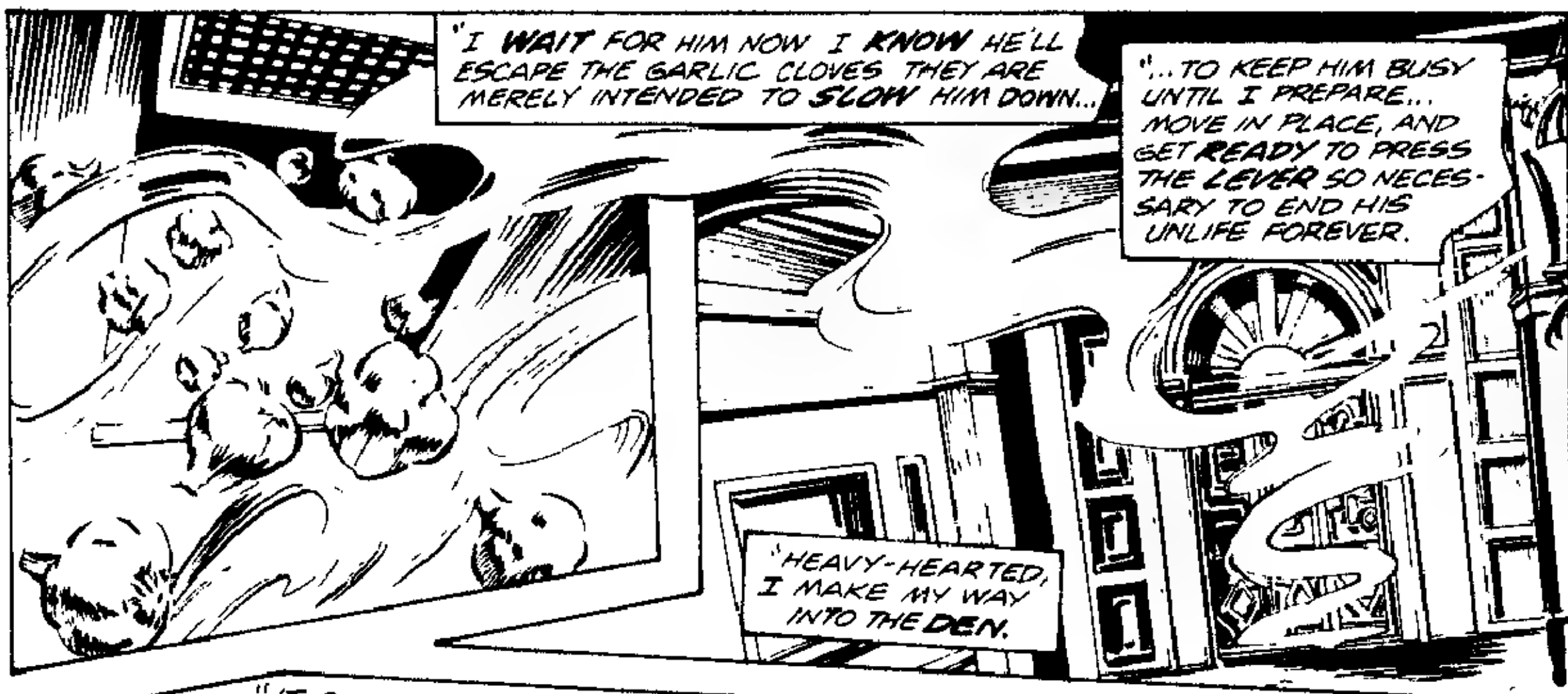
SLAM



"IT'S OPENED NOW!
HE'S OPENED THE
PORTAL.

WHAT?!!?

CLOVES
OF GARLIC--
RAINING
ATOP ME?



"I WAIT FOR HIM NOW I KNOW HE'LL
ESCAPE THE GARLIC CLOVES THEY ARE
MERELY INTENDED TO SLOW HIM DOWN..."

"...TO KEEP HIM BUSY
UNTIL I PREPARE...
MOVE IN PLACE, AND
GET READY TO PRESS
THE LEVER SO NECES-
SARY TO END HIS
UNLIFE FOREVER.

"HEAVY-HEARTED,
I MAKE MY WAY
INTO THE DEN.

"IT COST TWO HUNDRED
THOUSAND POUNDS TO CONVERT
MY FATHER'S MANSION TO A WORKING
DEATH TRAP, AND NOW, AT THE THRESH-
HOLD OF ITS INTENDED PURPOSE, I
FEEL MORBID.



"TO LIVE AS LONG AS
I HAVE JUST TO BE
SURE ANOTHER MAN
IS SLAIN MAKES MY
LIFE SEEM WASTED.

"TRUE, I HAVE
LOVED AND ENJOYED
LIFE. YET, THERE
SHOULD BE MORE
TO LIVING THAN
EXISTING SIMPLY
TO HUNT VAMPIRES.

"BUT IT WAS NOT MY DOING. AT
FIRST I DID NOT SEEK OUT DRACULA.
HE CAME TO ME, TO GAIN VENGEANCE
FOR MY FATHER'S DEED.

"BUT ONCE I WAS
PAST SIXTEEN WE
BEGAN OUR FIGHTING.
AND NOW, FIFTY
YEARS LATER,
WE WILL
COME TO THE END
OF THE
BATTLE.

"ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER.



"YOU WERE LOST IN
THOUGHT, HARKER--
AND THAT SHALL BE
YOUR UNDOING.

"DEATH HAS
NO REGARD
FOR PRIVACY.

"I STUMBLE FROM MY CHAIR AS THE
DEMON GRABS ME... STUMBLE AND FALL.



"THEN..."

"MY
EYES!
NO!!



"THE LIGHTS ARE BLINDING. I
NEED MY SMOKE-COLORED
GLASSES... NEED THEM TO SHIELD
ME FROM THE LIGHT.

"DAMN DRACULA.
THIS IS ANOTHER
DEBT I OWE HIM
FOR HIS REPEATED
BITINGS HAVE
CHANGED ME... ALTERED
ME SO THAT, AS THE BAT IT-
SELF, I AM LIGHT SENSITIVE.

"I NEED THE
DARK SO DES-
PERATELY, OR I
FEEL MY HEAD
WILL
EXPLODE
FROM THE
PAIN.



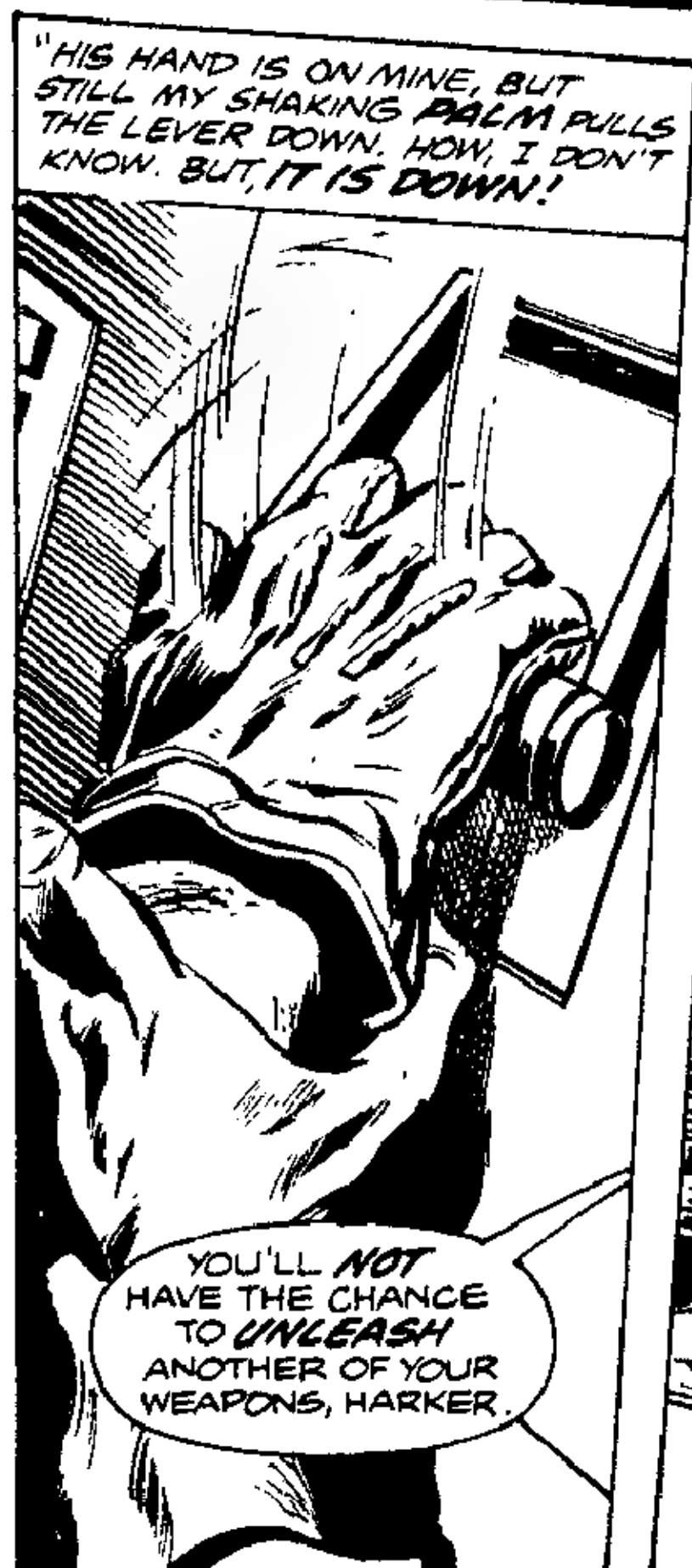
FALL WHERE YOU WILL. GROPE AS BEST YOU CAN, BUT YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE ME, HARKER-- NOT BEFORE THE INFORMATION I SEEK IS MINE.

"I SHUT MY EYES; THERE IS NO TIME TO SEARCH FOR MY LENSES NOW. I MUST REACH THE CONSOLE."



"I HAVE TRAVERSED THIS ROOM SO MANY TIMES, YET NOW I BLINDLY FLAIL ABOUT... HELPLESSLY STUMBLE INTO TABLE LEGS. I MUST MUFFLE THE SCREAM THAT COMES TO MY THROAT."

"IT IS A CENTURY LATER BEFORE I REACH THE CONSOLE. I LUNGE FOR THE LEVER AS BEST I CAN, BUT I CAN FEEL HIS DEATH'S BREATH UPON ME, AND MY HAIR STANDS ON END AT THE NAPE OF MY NECK."

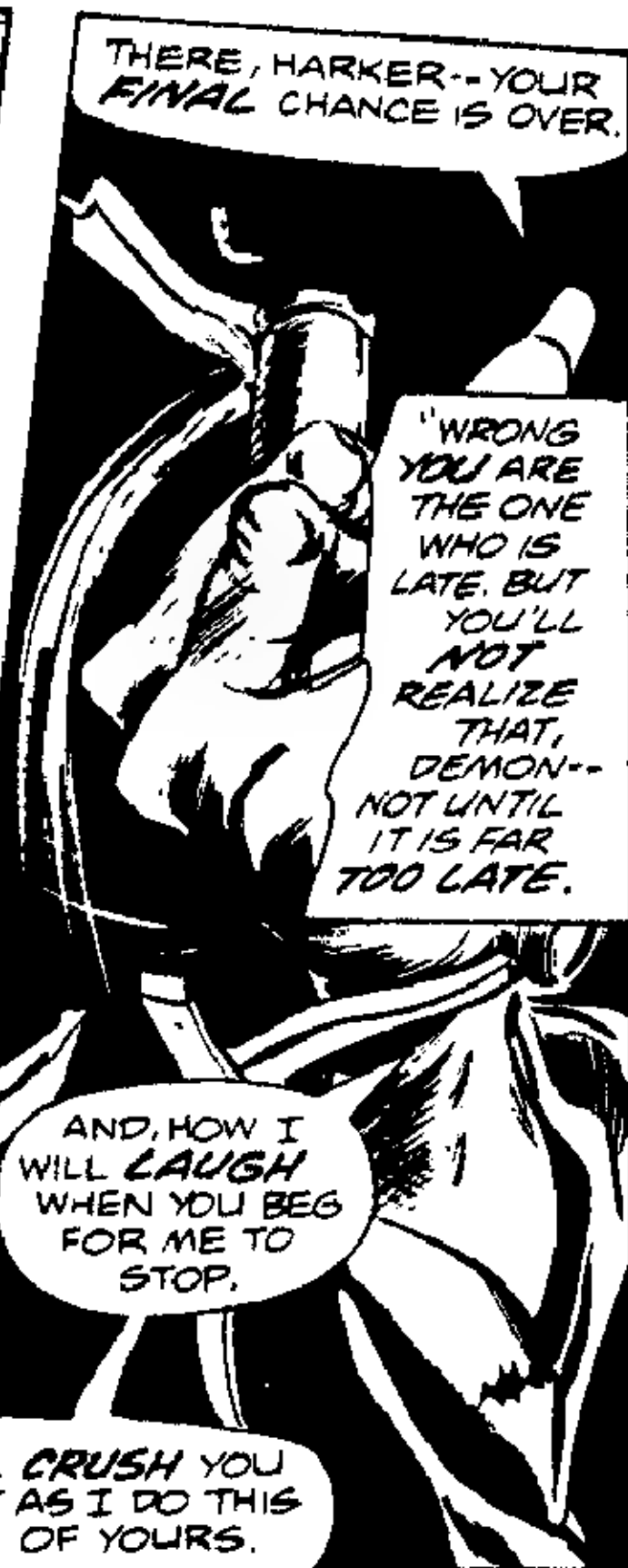


"HIS HAND IS ON MINE, BUT STILL MY SHAKING PALM PULLS THE LEVER DOWN. HOW, I DON'T KNOW. BUT IT IS DOWN!"

"YOU'LL NOT HAVE THE CHANCE TO UNLEASH ANOTHER OF YOUR WEAPONS, HARKER."



AS YOU WILL FAIL IN ANYTHING YOU TRY AGAIN.



THERE, HARKER-- YOUR FINAL CHANCE IS OVER.

"WRONG YOU ARE THE ONE WHO IS LATE. BUT YOU'LL NOT REALIZE THAT, DEMON-- NOT UNTIL IT IS FAR TOO LATE."

AND, HOW I WILL LAUGH WHEN YOU BEG FOR ME TO STOP.

FOR, I'LL CRUSH YOU AS EASILY AS I DO THIS DEVICE OF YOURS.

I SAID THE GAMES ARE NOW OVER, HARKER. BUT YOU DID NOT BELIEVE ME.

NOW YOU *MUST*... FOR YOU LIE *HELPLESSLY* AT MY FEET... YOU CAN NOT MOVE, CAN NOT RUN... *CAN NOT ESCAPE.*



TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW, OR I SHALL SURELY LEARN THE TRUTH ANYWAY.

I SAID THE GAMES ARE NOW OVER, HARKER. BUT YOU DID NOT BELIEVE ME.

NOW YOU *MUST*... FOR YOU LIE *HELPLESSLY* AT MY FEET... YOU CAN NOT MOVE, CAN NOT RUN... *CAN NOT ESCAPE.*



TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW, OR I SHALL SURELY LEARN THE TRUTH ANYWAY.

I SAID THE GAMES ARE NOW OVER, HARKER. BUT YOU DID NOT BELIEVE ME.

NOW YOU *MUST*... FOR YOU LIE *HELPLESSLY* AT MY FEET... YOU CAN NOT MOVE, CAN NOT RUN... *CAN NOT ESCAPE.*



TELL ME WHAT I NEED TO KNOW, OR I SHALL SURELY LEARN THE TRUTH ANYWAY.

I WAIT... FOR I KNOW
WHAT IS TO COME... AND
HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE.
BUT STILL THE TIME
SEEMS NOT TO MOVE. I
GULP, HOLD MY BREATH,
COUNT THE MOMENTS
QUIETLY IN MY MIND.
THEN...



"THE LIGHTS
GO OUT!"

"THE FIRST STEP
IS MADE. IN
FIVE SECONDS
DRACULA
WILL DIE!"

I WAIT... FOR I KNOW
WHAT IS TO COME... AND
HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE.
BUT STILL THE TIME
SEEMS NOT TO MOVE. I
GULP, HOLD MY BREATH,
COUNT THE MOMENTS
QUIETLY IN MY MIND.
THEN...



"THE LIGHTS
GO OUT!"

"THE FIRST STEP
IS MADE. IN
FIVE SECONDS
DRACULA
WILL DIE!"

I WAIT... FOR I KNOW
WHAT IS TO COME... AND
HOW LONG IT WILL TAKE.
BUT STILL THE TIME
SEEMS NOT TO MOVE. I
GULP, HOLD MY BREATH,
COUNT THE MOMENTS
QUIETLY IN MY MIND.
THEN...



"THE LIGHTS
GO OUT!"

"THE FIRST STEP
IS MADE. IN
FIVE SECONDS
DRACULA
WILL DIE!"

"AS THE DARK-
NESS FLOODS
OVER ME, I OPEN
MY EYES; THEY
ARE SOOTHED
BY THE SWELLING
BLACKNESS--



"AND THEY NO
LONGER THROB
WITH PAIN.

"THREE
SECONDS
REMAIN.

"AS THE DARK-
NESS FLOODS
OVER ME, I OPEN
MY EYES; THEY
ARE SOOTHED
BY THE SWELLING
BLACKNESS--



"AND THEY NO
LONGER THROB
WITH PAIN.

"THREE
SECONDS
REMAIN.

"AS THE DARK-
NESS FLOODS
OVER ME, I OPEN
MY EYES; THEY
ARE SOOTHED
BY THE SWELLING
BLACKNESS--



"AND THEY NO
LONGER THROB
WITH PAIN.

"THREE
SECONDS
REMAIN.

**FOR THIS TIME
HE CAN NOT
ESCAPE ME!**

**THIS TIME
DRACULA
WILL BE
SLAIN!**

YARRRRRHHH

**FOR THIS TIME
HE CAN NOT
ESCAPE ME!**

**THIS TIME
DRACULA
WILL BE
SLAIN!**

YARRRRHHH

-- I SHALL
KNOW
THREE DAYS
HENCE.

"I HEAR THE
FAINT WHIRRING
NOISE. UN-
DOUBTEDLY,
DRACULA DOES
AS WELL.

"BUT IT NO LONGER
MATTERS.

-- I SHALL
KNOW
THREE DAYS
HENCE.

"I HEAR THE
FAINT WHIRRING
NOISE. UN-
DOUBTEDLY,
DRACULA DOES
AS WELL.

"BUT IT NO LONGER
MATTERS.

"TWO SECONDS MORE, AND ALL THE TIME DRACULA RANTS ON. I DO NOT LISTEN.

YOU FAIL TO SPEAK, WHICH LEAVES ME NO ALTERNATIVE.

WHAT I DO NOT LEARN TODAY--

"TWO SECONDS MORE, AND ALL THE TIME DRACULA RANTS ON. I DO NOT LISTEN.

YOU FAIL TO SPEAK, WHICH LEAVES ME NO ALTERNATIVE.

WHAT I DO NOT LEARN TODAY--

"TWO SECONDS MORE, AND ALL THE TIME DRACULA RANTS ON. I DO NOT LISTEN.

YOU FAIL TO SPEAK, WHICH LEAVES ME NO ALTERNATIVE.

WHAT I DO NOT LEARN TODAY--

"I EXPECTED HIM TO WRITHE BENEATH THE PAIN... TO FLAIL ABOUT MADDENINGLY. HE DOESN'T.

"INSTEAD, HE SHUTS HIS PAIN OUT... AND THOUGH HIS VOICE IS SLOW AND HALTING-- IT IS STRONG.

YOU WILL DIE, HARKER.

BEFORE I CRUMBLE INTO TIME-WORN DUST, I-- WILL-- KILL-- YOU!

AND, SO HELP ME, I WILL ENJOY EACH MOMENT THAT YOU SUFFER.

DON'T LEAVE, HARKER. I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU.

"BUT--

WE WILL BOTH DIE TOGETHER, HARKER. WE'LL BOTH DRAW OUR LAST BREATHS AT THE SAME TIME.

BUT REMEMBER THIS-- I WILL RETURN... I WILL BE BROUGHT BACK FROM THE GRAVE...

... WHILE YOU LIE COLD AND DECAYING DEEP BENEATH THE EARTH

UNNNGGHHH

"I HAD THOUGHT THE RADAR UNIT WOULD 'HOME' EXACTLY ON TO HIS HEART. * I HAD EXPECTED THE ARROWS TO FLY UNFAILINGLY TO HIS LIFE'S CENTER.

BUT I HAVE MISSED. IT IS CLOSE ENOUGH TO SLOWLY KILL HIM-- BUT HE WILL HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO GET TO ME IN TURN.

* AS CREATED BACK IN '27 REMEMBER?-- LEN.

"BUT THAT IS NOT MEANT TO BE. FOR, IN HIS SUDDEN MOVEMENT, THE ARROW BENDS CLOSER TO HIS HEART...

"AND HE CAN DO NOTHING BUT SCREAM A SCREAM THAT WILL REMAIN WITH ME UNTIL I DIE...

"WHENEVER THAT IS.

"I PULL, SCRAPE, SHOVE, AND I WISH TO SCREAM IN PAIN. BUT I DON'T, AS, AT LAST, I HEAVE MYSELF UPON MY CHAIR.

"I WILL ESCAPE-- BEFORE DRACULA CAN REACH ME.

"THIS MUST BE A LUDICROUS
SCENE FOR ANY TO WATCH:
AN OLD MAN STRUGGLING TO
REACH A WHEELCHAIR..."



"...A DEMON DRESSED IN
MIDNIGHT BLACK-- A
VAMPIRE LORD OF
DARKNESS WRITHING
AND TWISTING IN PAIN.

"WE SEEMINGLY
CREATE A SPASTIC
DANCE MEANT
FOR A WORLD TO
LAUGH AT. YET, NO
MAN DARES LAUGH.



THIS IS IT,
DRACULA... THE
FINAL MOMENTS
AS WE BOTH
KNEW WOULD
ONE DAY COME.

OH, I'VE
WAITED SO
LONG FOR THIS,
AND EVEN IF I
DIE TONIGHT,
IT WOULD BE
WORTH THE
LONG, LONG
STAY.

YOU'VE TORTURED
ME MORE THAN ANY
MAN CAN ENDURE.
YOU'VE SLAIN MY
WIFE... MY DARLING
ELIZABETH.

YOU CALLOUSLY
KILLED MY DAUGHTER
-- TURNED HER INTO
ONE OF YOUR OWN
WRETCHED UNDEAD.

YOU
FORCED
ME TO
SLAY HER...
TO MURDER
THE ONE
I SO
LOVED.

I AM A GENTLE MAN, DRACULA.
BUT, AS GOD IS MY WITNESS...
AS THE LORD HIMSELF LOOKS
DOWN ON US BOTH--

--I PRAY THAT
YOU SUFFER
FOR ALL THE
SUFFERING
YOU HAVE
INFLICTED.

I PRAY THAT
YOU DIE BURNING
PAINFULLY,
AGONIZINGLY
IN HELL!!



NEXT: TAT, FRANK DRAKE, and THE DEADLY DECISION!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

25¢
©

33
JUNE
02143

THE TOMB



BLOOD
ON MY
HANDS!

STOP HIM!
THAT MONSTER
HAS CAPTURED
MY WIFE!

THIS IS IT!
THE
VAMPIRE-LORD'S
FIRST BATTLE
WITH HIS ARCH-FOE
QUINCY
HARKER!

Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality merge, there are tales of a being who has lived more than five hundred years; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of Hell itself; they say he thrives upon the blood of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the bravest man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA, letterer
TOM PALMER, colorist

LEN WEIN
EDITOR

BLOOD ON MY HANDS!

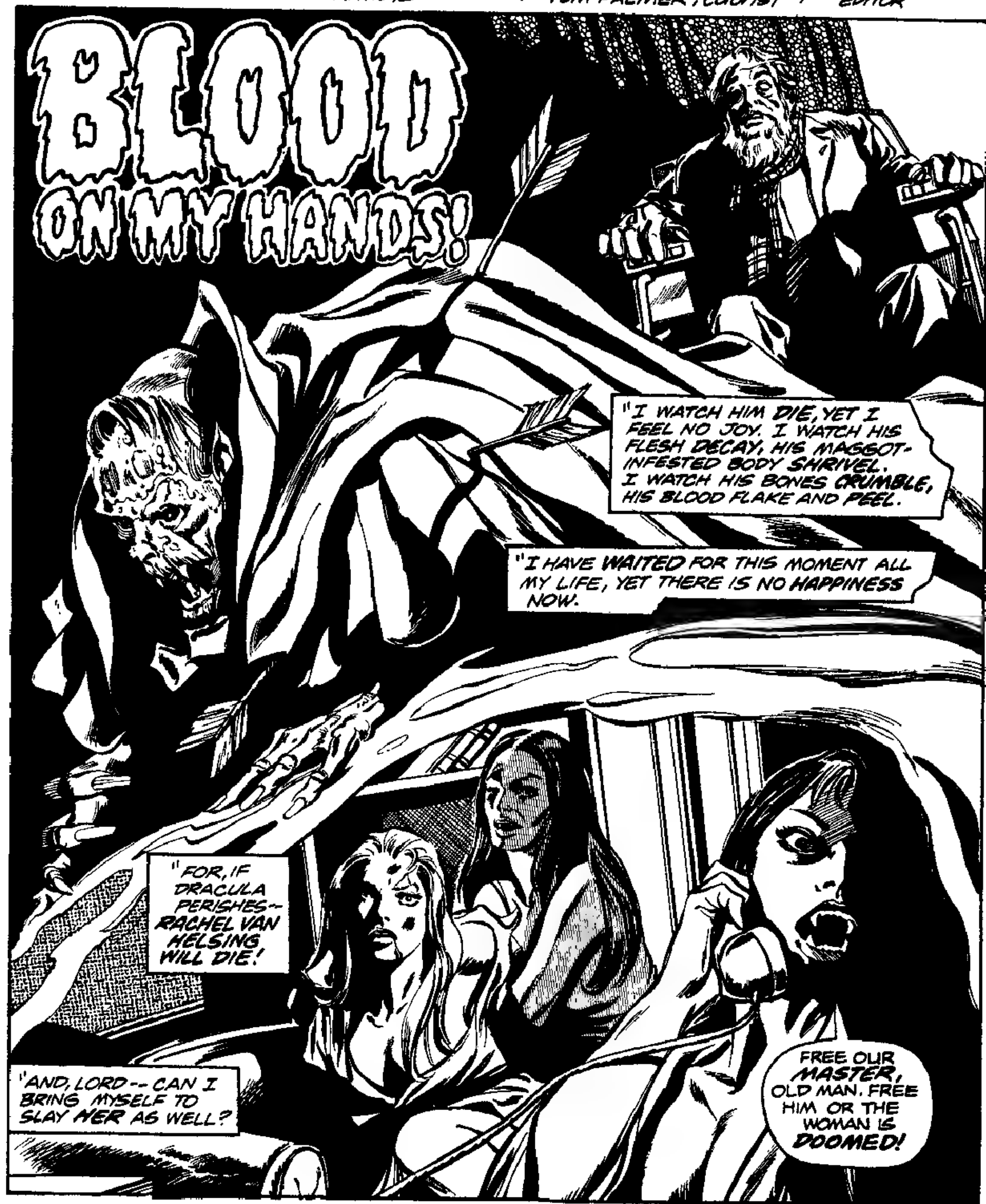
"I WATCH HIM DIE, YET I
FEEL NO JOY. I WATCH HIS
FLESH DECAY, HIS MAGGOT-
INFESTED BODY SHRIVEL.
I WATCH HIS BONES CRUMBLE,
HIS BLOOD FLAKE AND PEEL.

"I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT ALL
MY LIFE, YET THERE IS NO HAPPINESS
NOW.

"FOR, IF
DRACULA
PERISHES--
RACHEL VAN
HELSING
WILL DIE!

"AND, LORD-- CAN I
BRING MYSELF TO
SLAY HER AS WELL?

FREE OUR
MASTER,
OLD MAN. FREE
HIM OR THE
WOMAN IS
DOOMED!



"WHAT MUST I DO? IT WOULD SEEM A DECISION EASY ENOUGH TO MAKE: SACRIFICE ONE LIFE TO DESTROY DEMON WHO HAS TAKEN SO MANY THOUSANDS OF LIVES."

"YET...YET THAT LIFE HAS A NAME... A FACE... A LAUGHTER ALL ITS OWN."

"BUT HOW MANY OTHER NAMES AND FACES AND JOYOUS RINGING LAUGHTERS HAVE CEASED TO BE BECAUSE OF THIS...THIS THING THAT DECAYS UPON MY FLOOR?"

HOW MANY OTHERS WILL DIE IF I DO NOT DESTROY YOU FOREVER, DRACULA?

"THE COLD WINTER WIND RUSTLES THROUGH MY BEARD. I AM UNEASY... AND SO CONFUSED."

"ONE LIFE FOR MANY? SELFISHNESS OR HUMANITARIANISM? WHAT MUST I CHOOSE?"

WHICHEVER CHOICE I MAKE WILL BE THE **WRONG** ONE. I AM **SURE** OF THAT.

BUT...CAN I PERMIT RACHEL'S DEATH? CAN I LET HER DIE AS **EDITH** DIED?

"EDITH... MY DAUGHTER... MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER..."

MY LOVELY **WIFE**, ELIZABETH. I WILL MISS YOU.

WHOEVER I WAS WITH YOU, I AM ONLY **HALF** THAT PERSON NOW... ONLY HALF.

BUT REST EASY, DEAR ONE. REST EASY. FOR, EDITH WILL BE SAFE.

I PROMISE YOU THAT-- SHE WILL BE SAFE.



DADDY, I DON'T **EVER** WANT TO BECOME A **VAMPIRE**. PLEASE DON'T LET ME BECOME ONE.



"I CRIED... FOR A GOOD FIVE MINUTES I **WEPT** BEFORE I COULD GIVE MY QUIET, WHISPERED REPLY..."



DO NOT WORRY, EDITH. I'LL PROTECT YOU.

I'LL **ALWAYS** PROTECT YOU.



"**ALWAYS!**"
A LAUGH--
A SICK,
TWISTED
JOKE, I'VE
PROTECTED
NO ONE...
NOT THE
WAY I
AM...
NOT BEING
A **HELP-
LESS
CRIPPLE.**



"AND EVEN WHEN I COULD MOVE... I WAS **HELPLESS** ...SO **TOTALLY USE-
LESS.**

DIVINE, QUINCY, MY DEAR, SIMPLY **WONDERFUL.**

DID YOU **HEAR** HIM TONIGHT. SO PERFECT... SO **ABSOLUTELY MAGNIFICENT.**

"**TRUTHFULLY, I NEVER ENJOYED THE OPERA, AND THAT NIGHT MY MIND WAS A MILLION LIGHT YEARS FROM THERE...**

1975
1965
1955
1945





NO, YOU GET BACK, HARKER! I AM TIRED OF YOU AND YOUR WAYS. TIRED OF YOU HOUNDING ME, CHASING ME... SPENDING YOUR EVERY MOMENT TRYING TO SLAY ME.

I LEFT LONDON--TRAVELLED ACROSS THE WORLD--SOUGHT OTHER VICTIMS, YET ALWAYS I FOUND ONE OF YOUR AGENTS. ALWAYS ONE OF YOUR MEN PURSUING ME.

WHAT IS IT YOU WANT OF ME, HARKER? CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE AS I HAVE TRIED TO LEAVE YOU?

BUT THIS IS NO TIME FOR ANSWERS. I HAVE MADE UP MY MIND. YOU SHALL DIE! AS LONG AS IT TAKES ME--YOU SHALL DIE!

INSTINCTIVELY, I REACHED INTO MY SHIRT FOR THE SILVER CROSS I KEPT CHAINED THERE.



AH, THE CROSS! THAT DAMNABLE TOTEM OF YOUR FALSE GOD.

PUT IT AWAY, HARKER--TOSS IT INTO THE GUTTER WHERE IT BELONGS.

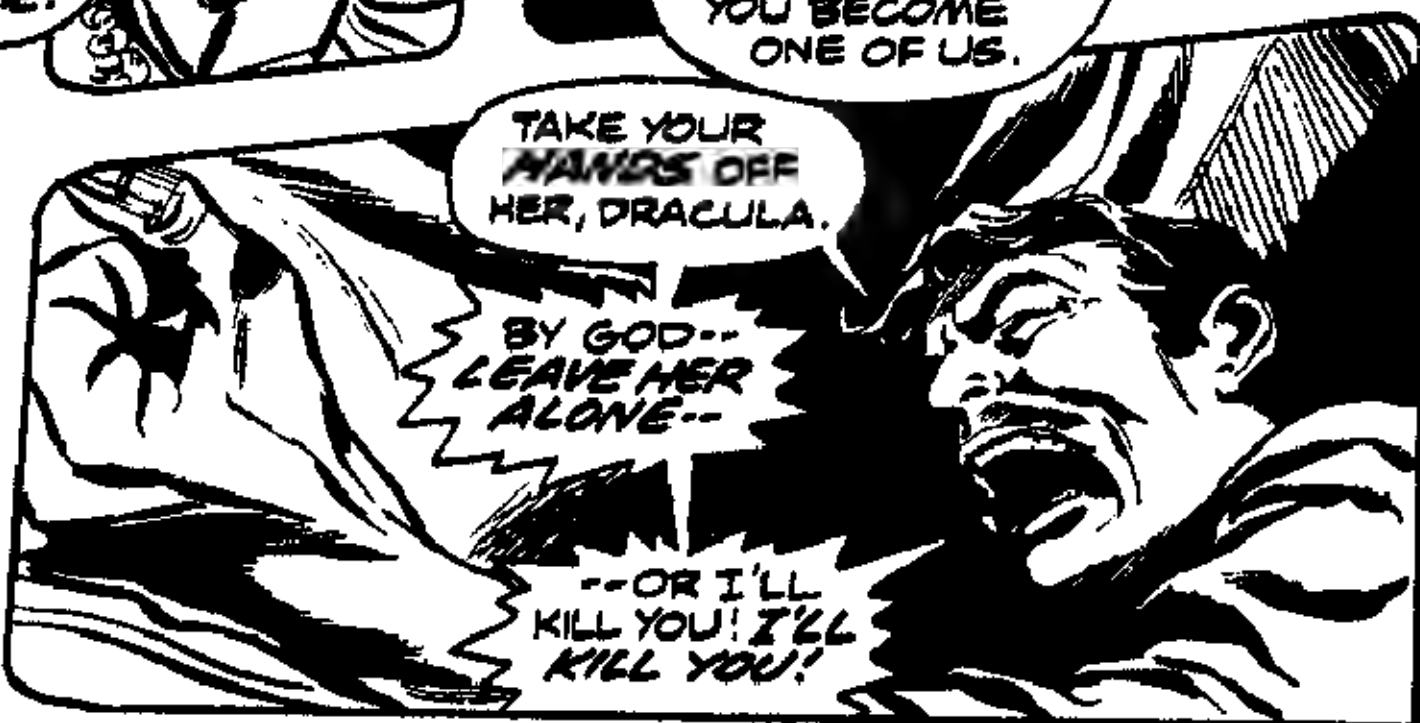
...OR, I SWEAR BY ALL THAT IS UNHOLY--I SHALL TAKE YOUR WIFE AND SLAY HER.

HELP ME, QUINCY. HELP ME!



YOUR HUSBAND IS TOO SLOW, WOMAN--THEREFORE--

--YOU CAN ENJOY THE TOUCH OF MY SWEET LIPS-- BEFORE YOU BECOME ONE OF US.



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HER, DRACULA.

BY GOD--LEAVE HER ALONE--

--OR I'LL KILL YOU! I'LL KILL YOU!



KILL ME?
WITH YOUR
FRAIL HUMAN
HANDS.

I DOUBT
THAT, HARKER,
TRULY I
DOUBT THAT.

OBSERVE!

SQUIRM ALL
YOU WISH AS I
LIFT YOU TO
THE SKY.

BUT, MY OLD,
OLD FRIEND--YOU'LL
NOT SQUIRM MUCH
LONGER.

"MOCKINGLY, HE
HEAVED ME FROM
THE BOX SEAT--
TOSSED ME ASIDE
LIKE A PAPER
DOLL.

"BUT UNLIKE SUCH A
CHILD'S PLAYTHING,
MY BONES CRUSHED
AS I HIT THE STAGE
BELOW.

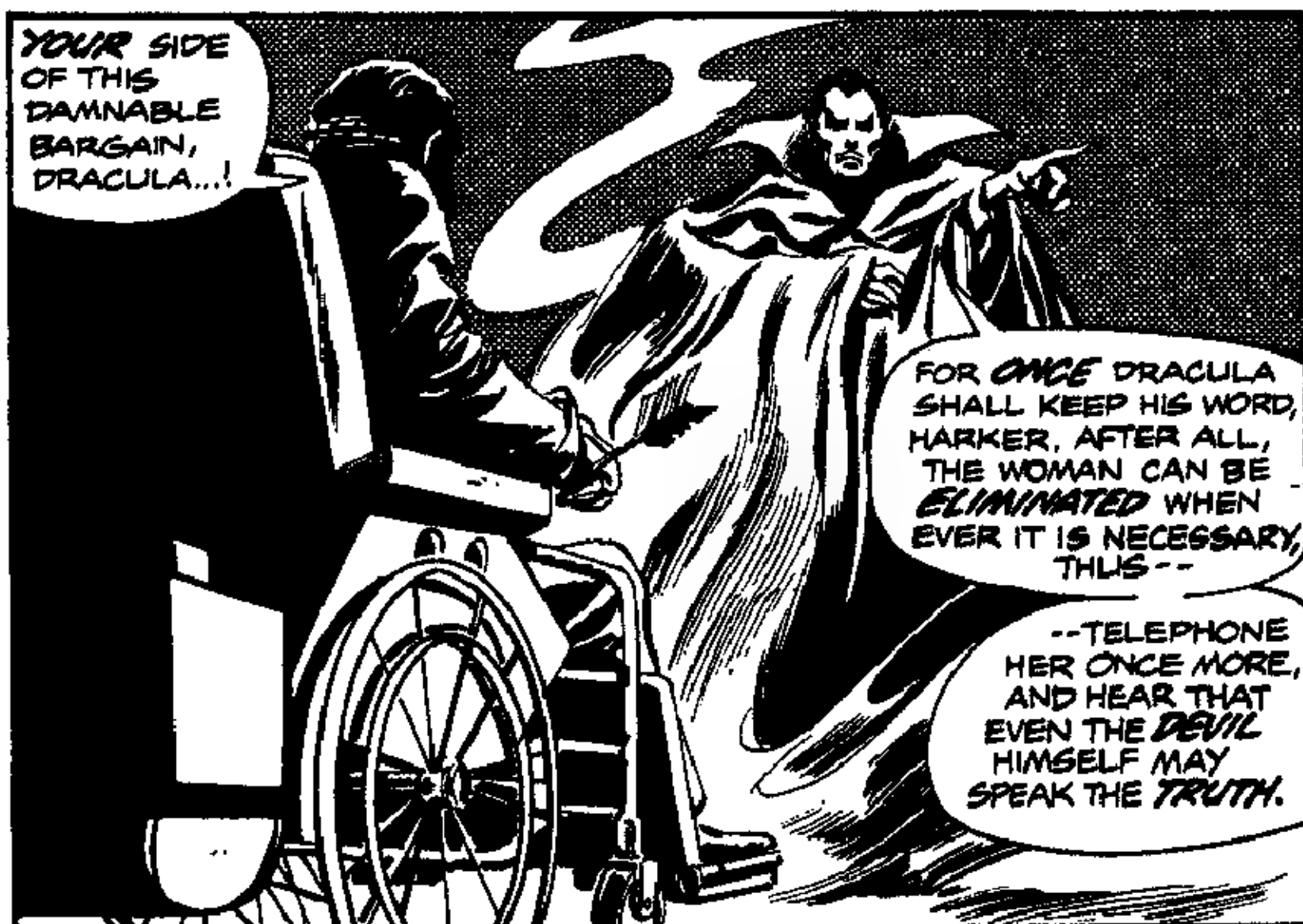
"MY LEGS WERE
USELESS AND
PAIN OVERWHELM-
ED ME... AS
DRACULA HELD
MY DEAR UNCON-
SCIOUS WIFE IN
HIS BONY ARMS.

"AND AS I STRUGGLED IN VAIN
TO MOVE, HE LAUGHED...AND HIS
LAUGHTER DIDN'T FADE UNTIL HE
WAS LONG GONE.

IT TOOK TWO
DAYS FOR THE
POLICE TO
FIND ELIZABETH;
HER BLOOD
HALF-DRAIN-
ED AT THAT.

AND IT TOOK
FOUR MONTHS
OF CONSTANT
TRANSFUSIONS
TO BRING THE
ROSE BACK TO
HER CHEEKS.





YOUR SIDE OF THIS DAMNABLE BARGAIN, DRACULA...!

FOR *ONCE* DRACULA SHALL KEEP HIS WORD, HARKER. AFTER ALL, THE WOMAN CAN BE *ELIMINATED* WHEN EVER IT IS NECESSARY, THIS --

--TELEPHONE HER ONCE MORE, AND HEAR THAT EVEN THE *DEVIL* HIMSELF MAY SPEAK THE *TRUTH*.



"I SPEAK QUIETLY INTO THE MICROPHONE. MY VOICE QUIVERS HOPEFULLY, AGONIZINGLY. THEN--

RACHEL--?

OH GOD, QUINCY! WHY? WHY DID YOU LET HIM LIVE?



I HAD TO, RACHEL. BELIEVE ME, MY DEAR-- THERE WAS NO CHOICE, BUT, HOW ARE YOU--?

THEY WERE *SICK*, QUINCY. GOD-- SADISTICALLY SICK AND *TWISTED*.

THEY *DID* THINGS. OH, QUINCY--

--COULDN'T YOU LET HIM DIE? FOR MY SAKE, COULDN'T YOU LET HIM PERISH AT LONG LAST?

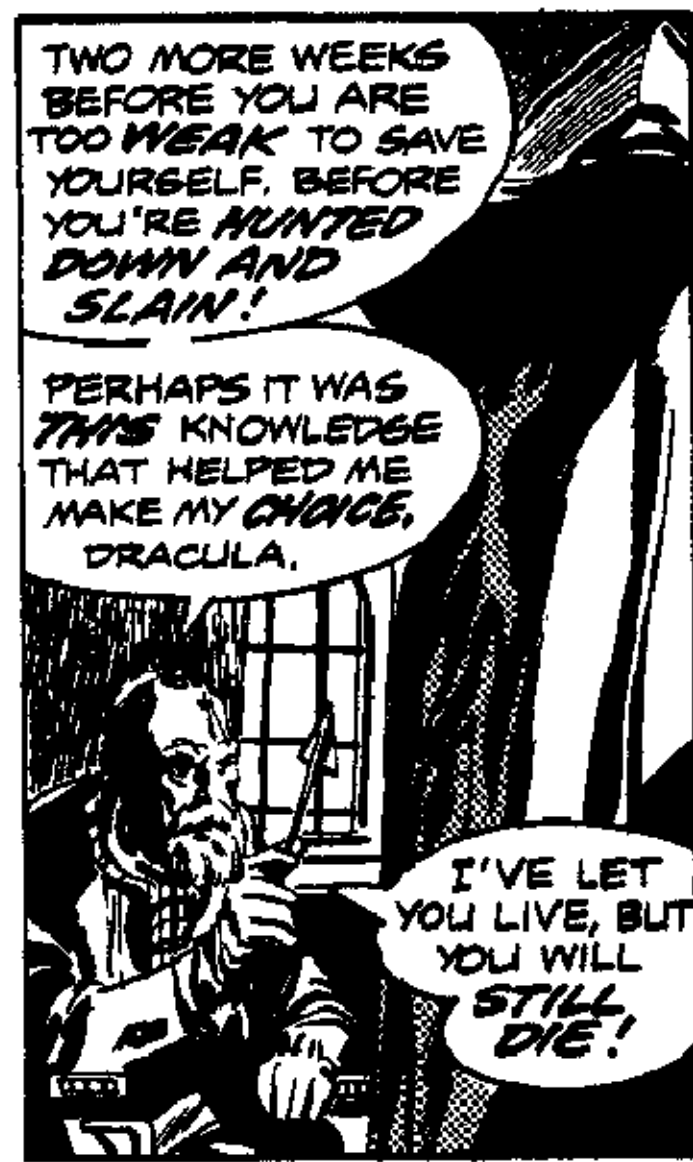


SHE *EXAGGERATES* HER PAIN, HARKER. VAN HELSING WILL LIVE. I *ASSURE* YOU THAT.

SHE WILL SURVIVE UNTIL I *DEIGN* THAT SHE DIE.

BUT THERE ARE *OTHER* ITEMS TO DISCUSS NOW. THE *PAPERS*...?

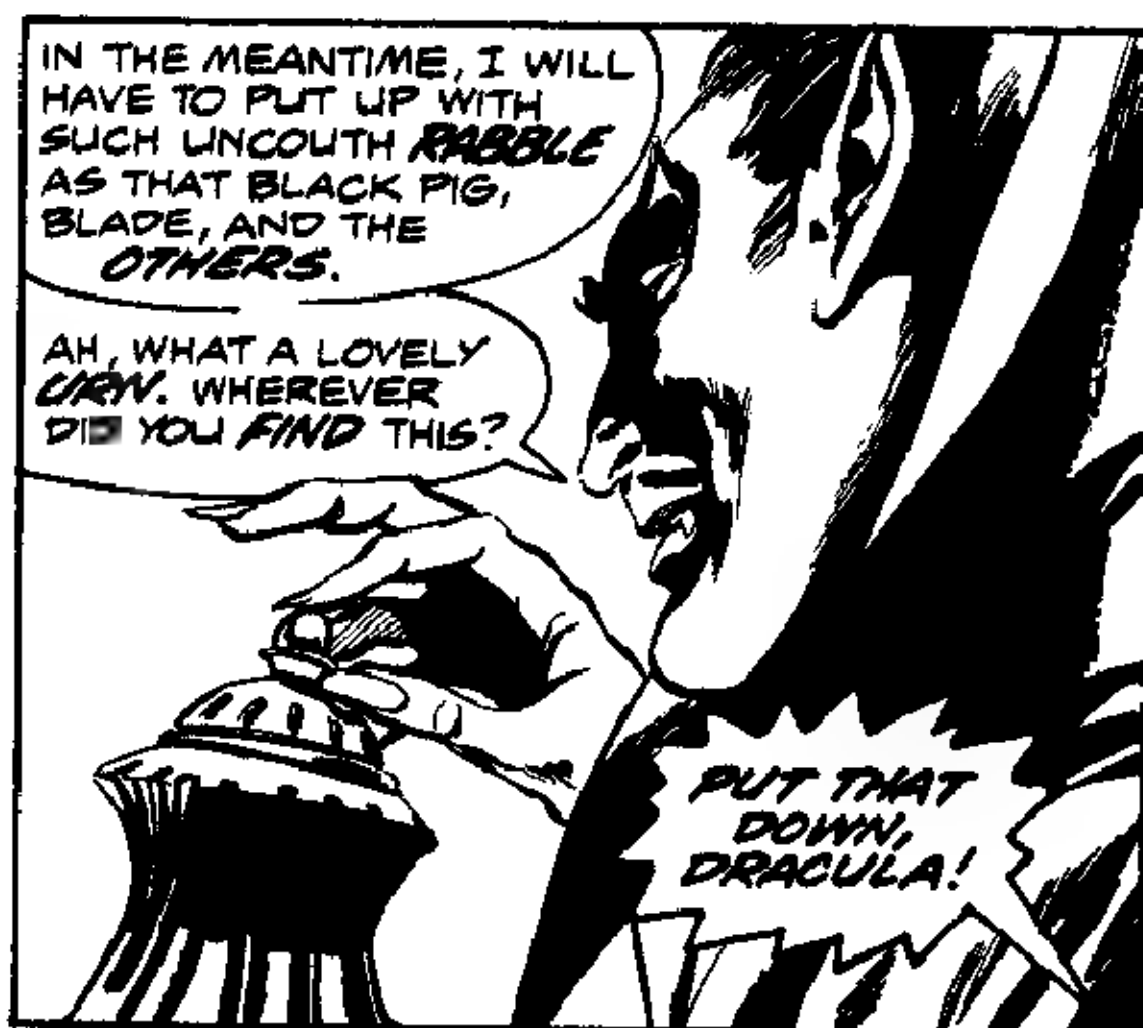
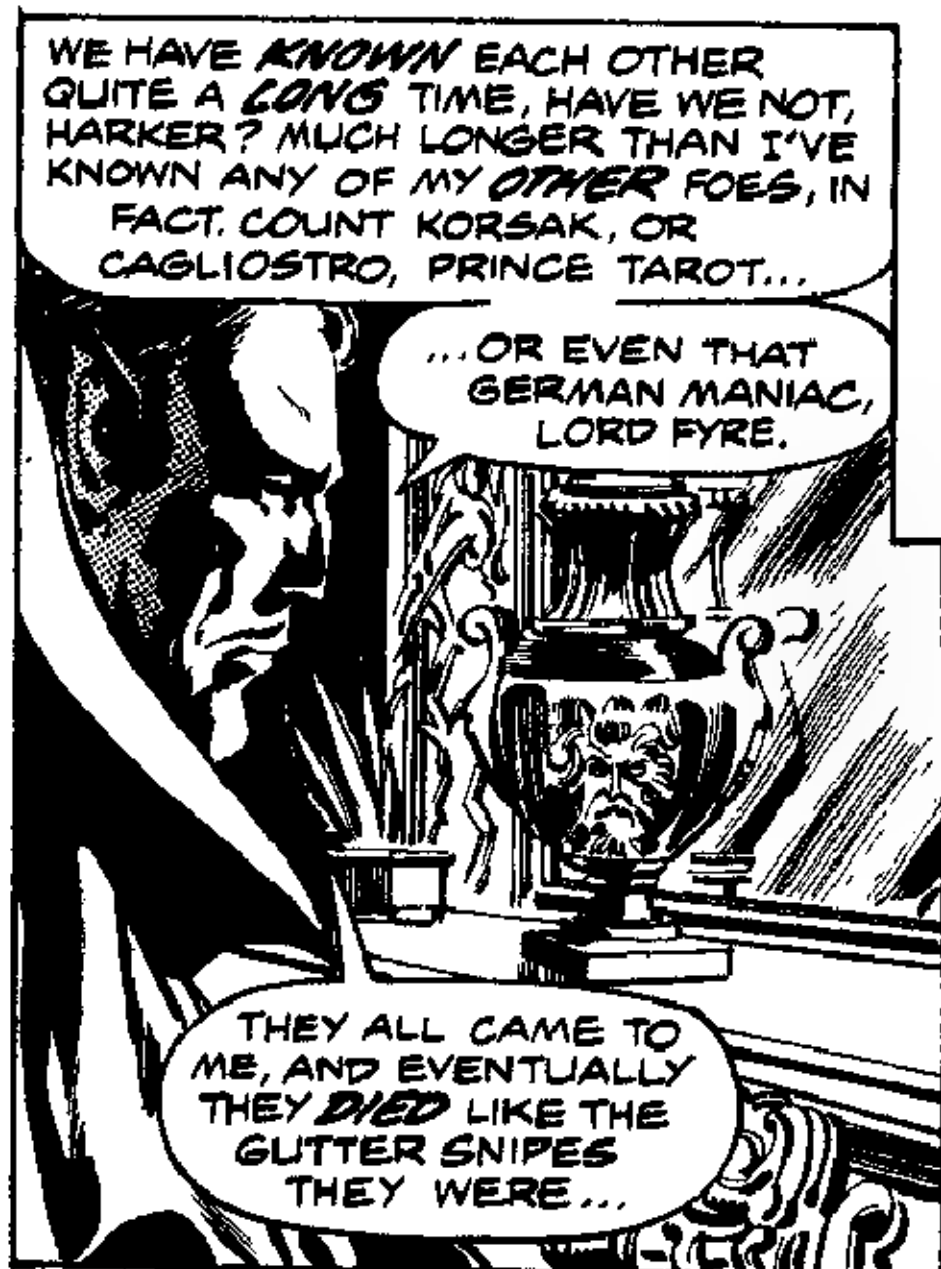
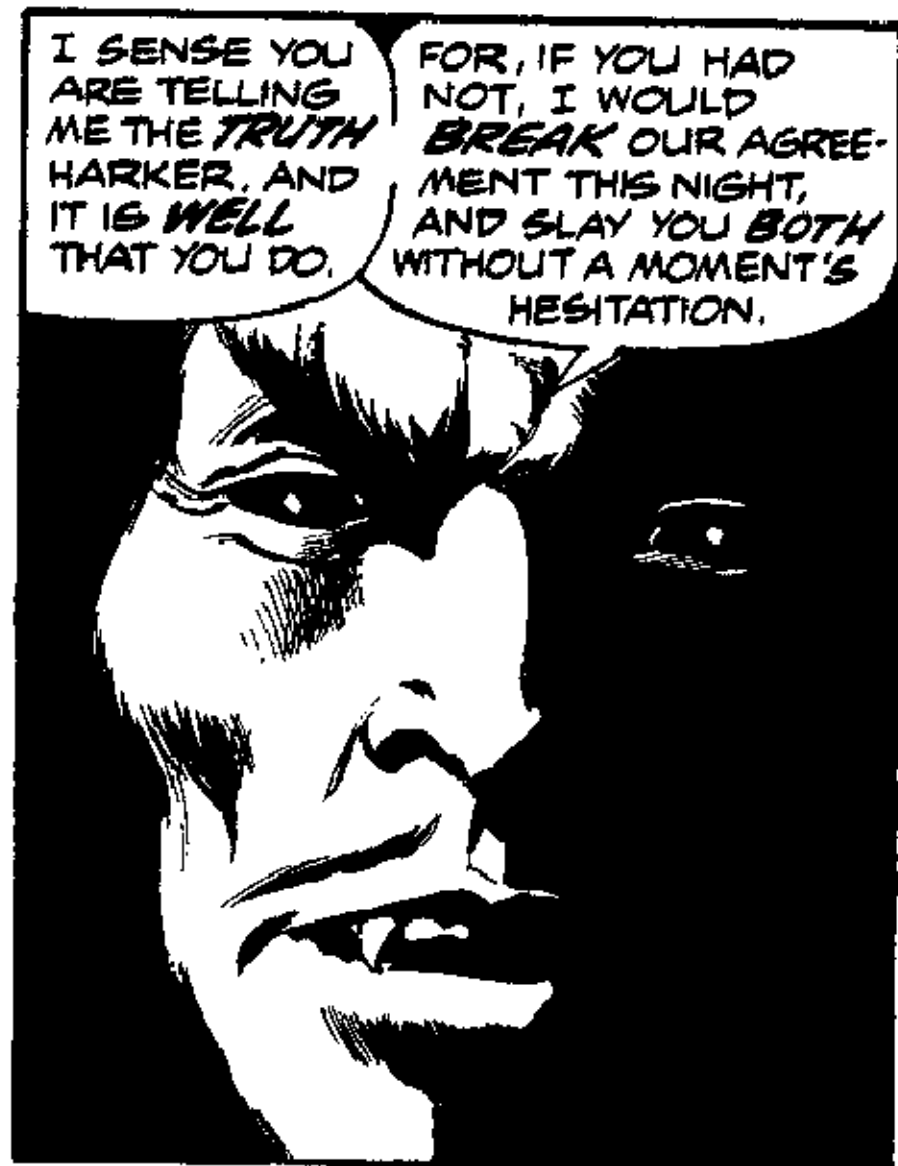
ALL I KNOW IS THAT SOME-ONE IS *ROBBING* YOU OF YOUR POWERS, DRACULA. BY OUR CALCULATIONS, YOU HAVE ONLY *TWO* WEEKS TO SURVIVE.

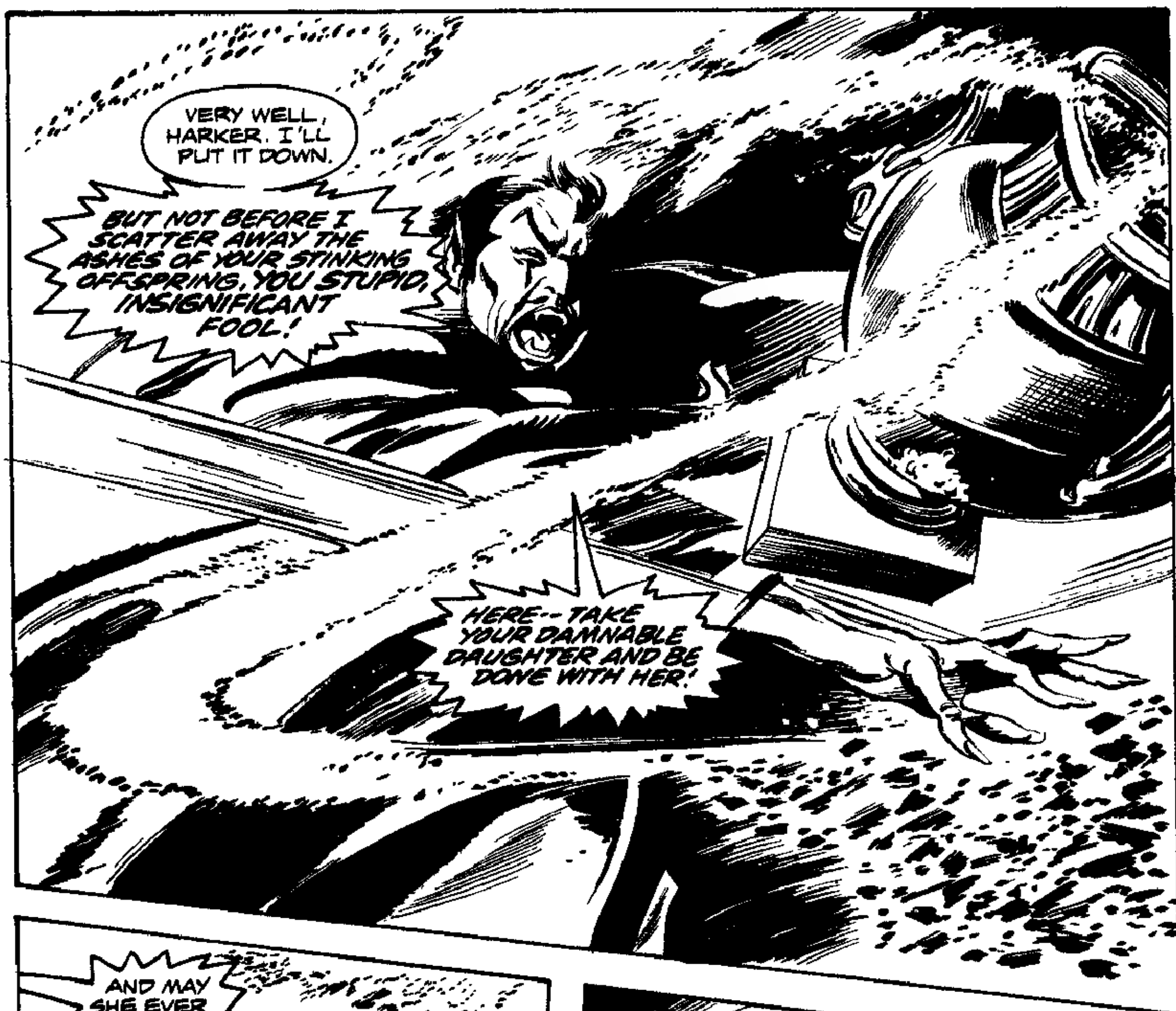


TWO MORE WEEKS BEFORE YOU ARE TOO *WEAK* TO SAVE YOURSELF. BEFORE YOU'RE *HUNTED* DOWN AND *SLAIN*!

PERHAPS IT WAS *THIS* KNOWLEDGE THAT HELPED ME MAKE MY *CHOICE*, DRACULA.

I'VE LET YOU LIVE, BUT YOU WILL *STILL* DIE!





VERY WELL,
HARKER. I'LL
PUT IT DOWN.

BUT NOT BEFORE I
SCATTER AWAY THE
ASHES OF YOUR STINKING
OFFSPRING, YOU STUPID,
INSIGNIFICANT
FOOL!

HERE-- TAKE
YOUR DAMNABLE
DAUGHTER AND BE
DONE WITH HER!



AND MAY
SHE EVER
REST IN
PEACE!

NO!



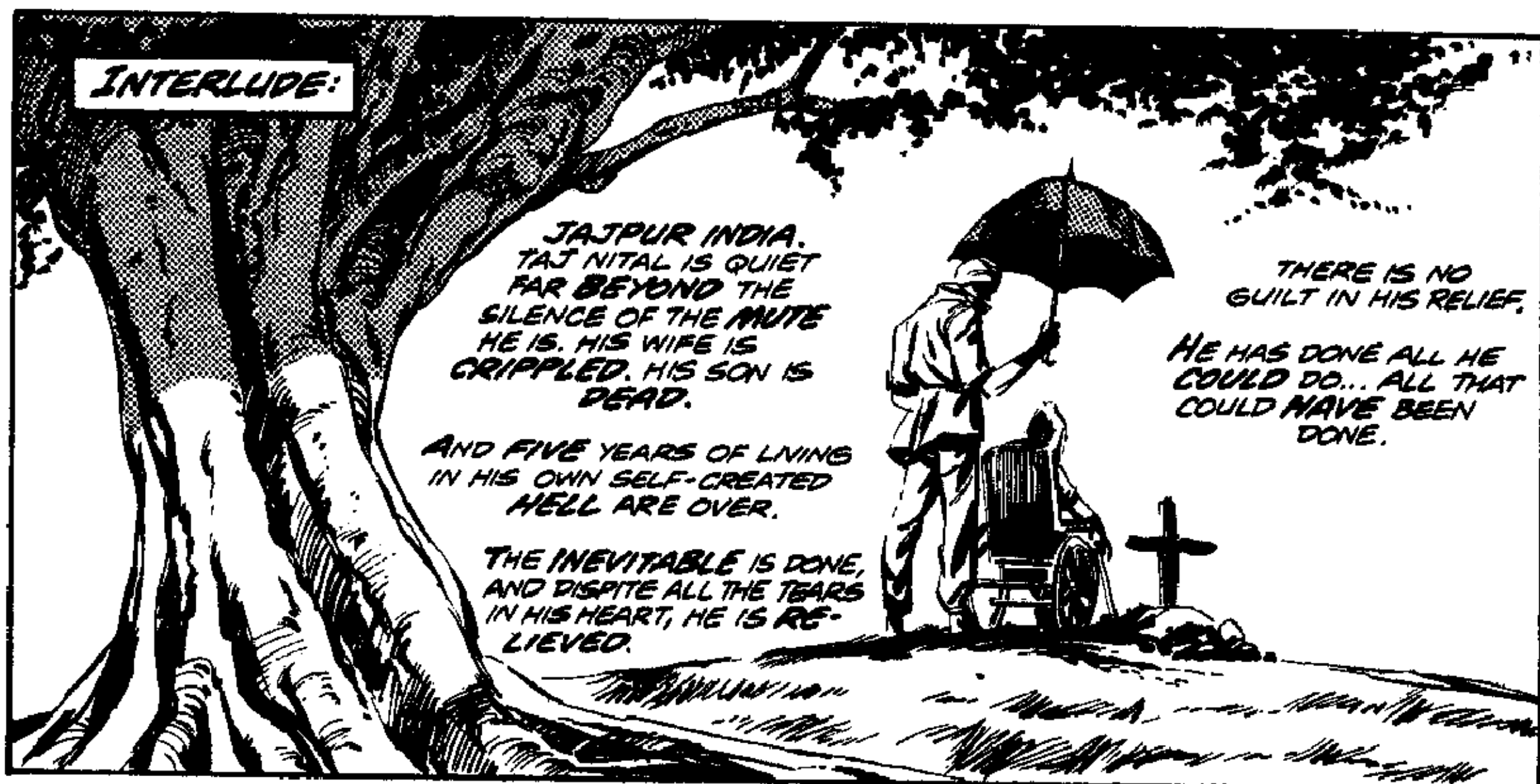
HA! HA! HA! HA!

HA!

SH!

NO!

GAMES!



INTERLUDE:

JAJPUR INDIA.
TAT NITAL IS QUIET
FAR BEYOND THE
SILENCE OF THE MUTE
HE IS. HIS WIFE IS
CRIPPLED. HIS SON IS
DEAD.

AND FIVE YEARS OF LIVING
IN HIS OWN SELF-CREATED
HELL ARE OVER.

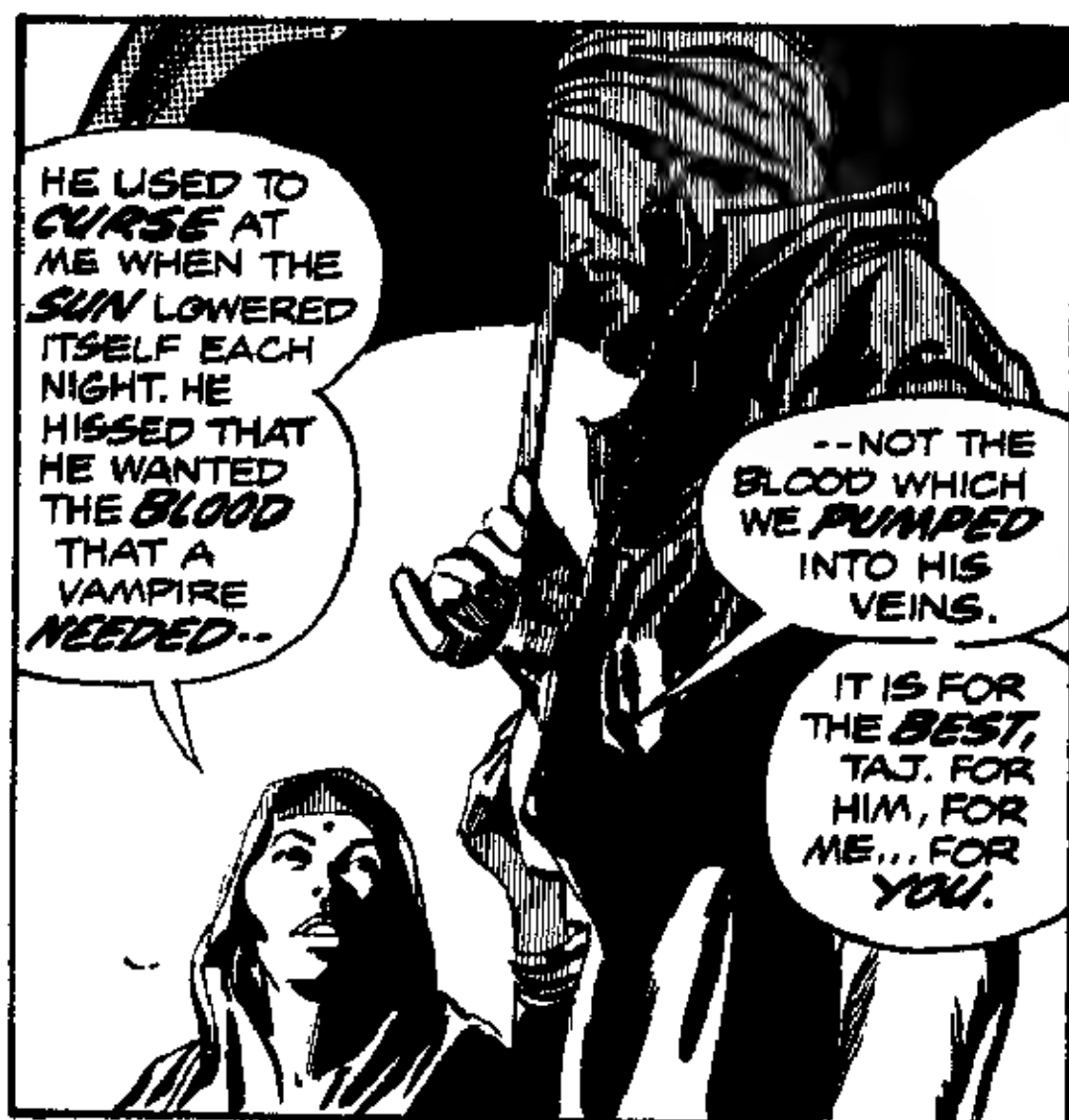
THE INEVITABLE IS DONE,
AND DISPIE ALL THE TEARS
IN HIS HEART, HE IS RE-
LIEVED.

THERE IS NO
GUILT IN HIS RELIEF.
HE HAS DONE ALL HE
COULD DO... ALL THAT
COULD HAVE BEEN
DONE.



I AM THE **SAME** AS
YOU, MY HUSBAND. WE
BOTH **MOURN** FOR
OUR SON, ADRI--

-- YET
THERE IS
SOMETHING
OTHER
THAN SADNESS
STIRRING IN
OUR SOULS.



HE USED TO
CURSE AT
ME WHEN THE
SUN LOWERED
ITSELF EACH
NIGHT. HE
HISSED THAT
HE WANTED
THE **BLOOD**
THAT A
VAMPIRE
NEEDED--

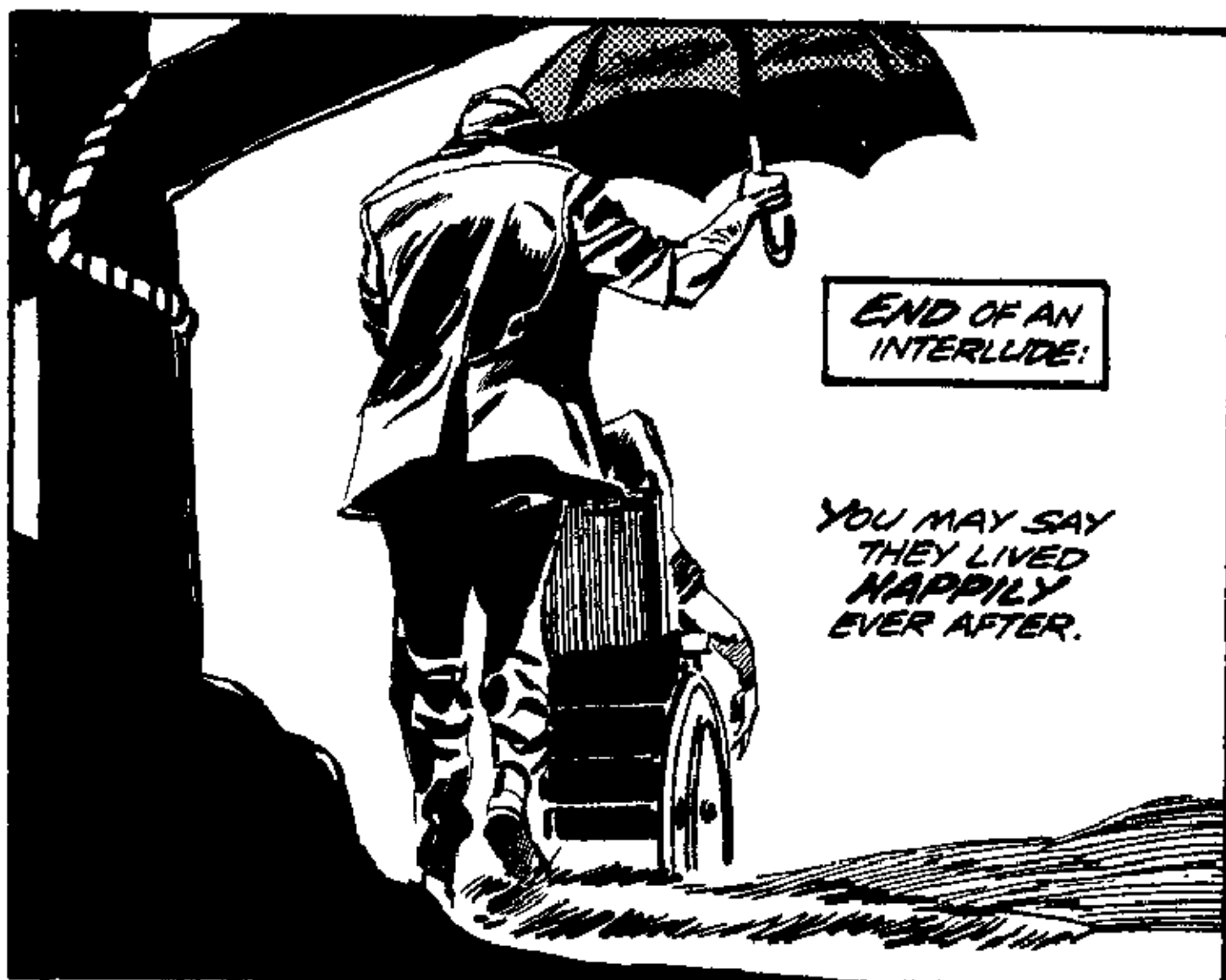
-- NOT THE
BLOOD WHICH
WE **PUMPED**
INTO HIS
VEINS.

IT IS FOR
THE **BEST**,
TAT. FOR
HIM, FOR
ME... FOR
YOU.



TAT DOESN'T SMILE. IT IS HARD TO
BREAK FIVE YEARS OF SOLEMN-
NESS.

BUT,
INSIDE...
INSIDE.



END OF AN
INTERLUDE:

YOU MAY SAY
THEY LIVED
HAPPILY
EVER AFTER.

DARK EBONY SKIES SHUDDER IN SNOW-FLECKED FEAR AS CRIMSON SHARDS OF HELL-BORN FURY SHATTER THE COLD WINTRY NIGHT THAT CLINGS SO TIGHTLY TO CASTLE DRACULA.

CRUMBLING CONCRETE WALLS TREMBLE IN TERRIBLE ANTICIPATION OF THE HORROR WHICH EVEN NOW TRODS CLOSER... CLOSER...

DEATH RETURNS, AND WITH IT, THE MANSION DIES JUST A TINY BIT MORE.

THERE ARE **FACTS** WHICH ESCAPE ME... I AM **SURE** OF THAT. IT IS ALL THERE, BUT...

NO! I MUST NOT **RAMBLE** ON... I MUST QUIETLY **RE-COUNT** ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED.

WHEN DID I **FIRST** NOTICE MY VAMPIRIC POWERS **FADING**...

DURING THAT BATTLE WITH GORNAT... THAT NIGHT IN **MOLDAVIA**. I **ORDERED** THE VAMPIRE TO HEED MY WARNING, YET IT DARED **DEFY** ME.

NEXT THERE WAS LORD HENRY--MY AGENT IN PARLIAMENT. HE **FREED** HIMSELF OF MY HYPNOTIC COMMANDS.

*IN T.O.D.#23-LEN.

THERE WERE OTHERS... THAT DETECTIVE HANNIBAL KING... MY OTHER AGENTS. YES, MY **CONTROL** OF VAMPIRES FADED WHILE I WAS IN MOLDAVIA.

THEN, IN ENGLAND, I FIRST NOTICED MY **STRENGTH** DECREASE.

SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO ME... SOMETHING WHICH IS **EATING** AWAY AT MY SOUL... EATING AWAY AT THE VERY **FABRIC** OF MY BEING.

AND TOMORROW NIGHT, WHEN THE MOON RISES ONCE MORE... WHEN **DARKNESS** AGAIN DRAPES THE LAND--

TOMORROW I SHALL LEARN MY **ENEMY'S NAME**--AND AS I DO...

...LET NO MAN STAND IN MY PATH!

"I AM TIRED. SO VERY TIRED, AND SO VERY SICK. I JUST WISH TO STOP THE FIGHTING... THE BATTLING... THE WAGING OF THIS FRUITLESS WAR.

"IT NO LONGER MATTERS IF I AM RIGHT OR WRONG... ONLY THAT MY LIFE HAS GONE NOWHERE... FOR I SEEK THE SAME MIRAGES I SOUGHT IN MY YOUTH.

"I AM TIRED, AND WITH MY WEARINESS COMES SELF-PITY. I HAVE NEVER KNOWN THAT BEFORE,

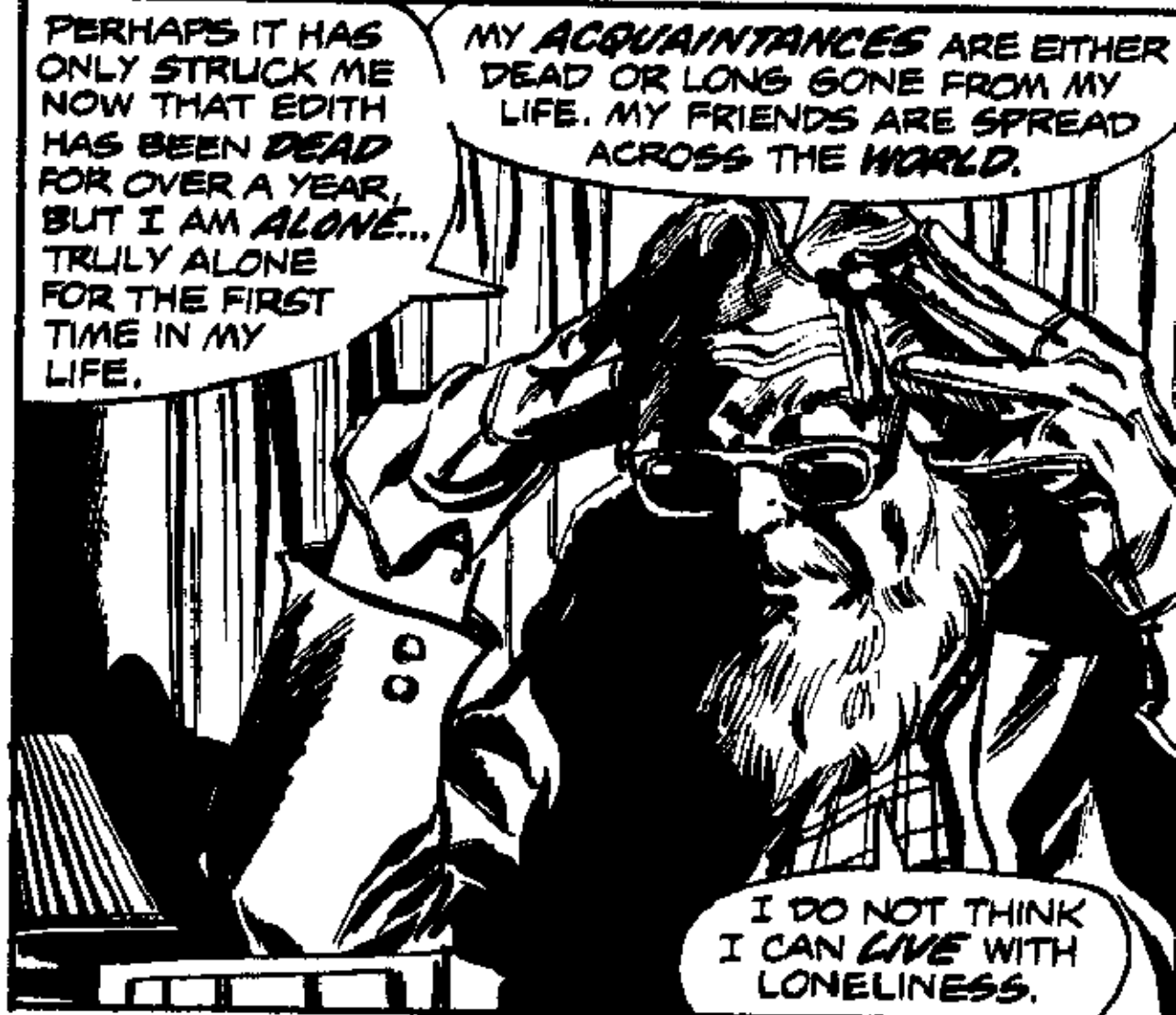
"AND IT BOTHERS ME GREATLY.



PERHAPS IT HAS ONLY STRUCK ME NOW THAT EDITH HAS BEEN DEAD FOR OVER A YEAR, BUT I AM ALONE... TRULY ALONE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE.

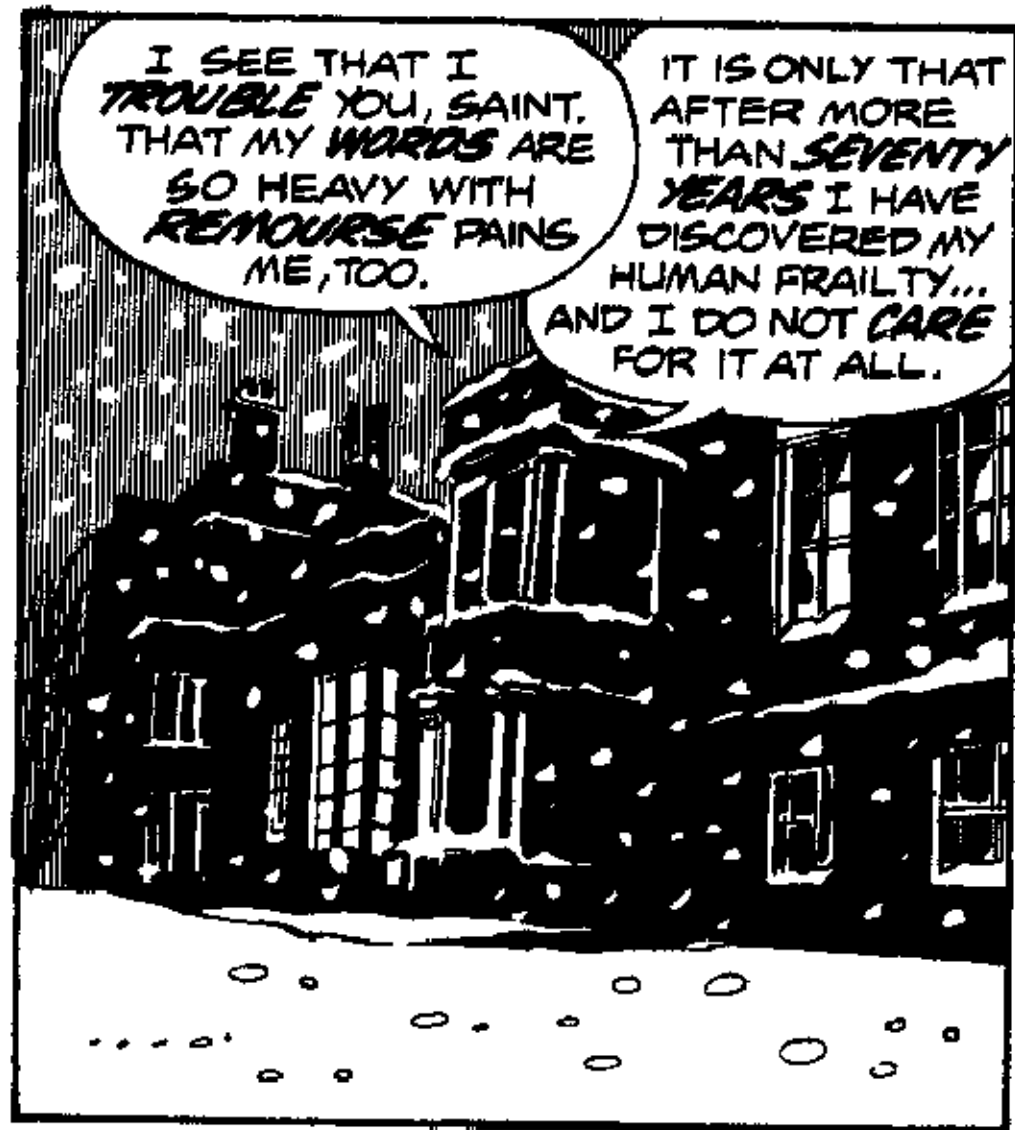
MY ACQUAINTANCES ARE EITHER DEAD OR LONG GONE FROM MY LIFE. MY FRIENDS ARE SPREAD ACROSS THE WORLD.

I DO NOT THINK I CAN LIVE WITH LONELINESS.



I SEE THAT I TROUBLE YOU, SAINT. THAT MY WORDS ARE SO HEAVY WITH REMORSE PAINS ME, TOO.

IT IS ONLY THAT AFTER MORE THAN SEVENTY YEARS I HAVE DISCOVERED MY HUMAN FRAILTY... AND I DO NOT CARE FOR IT AT ALL.



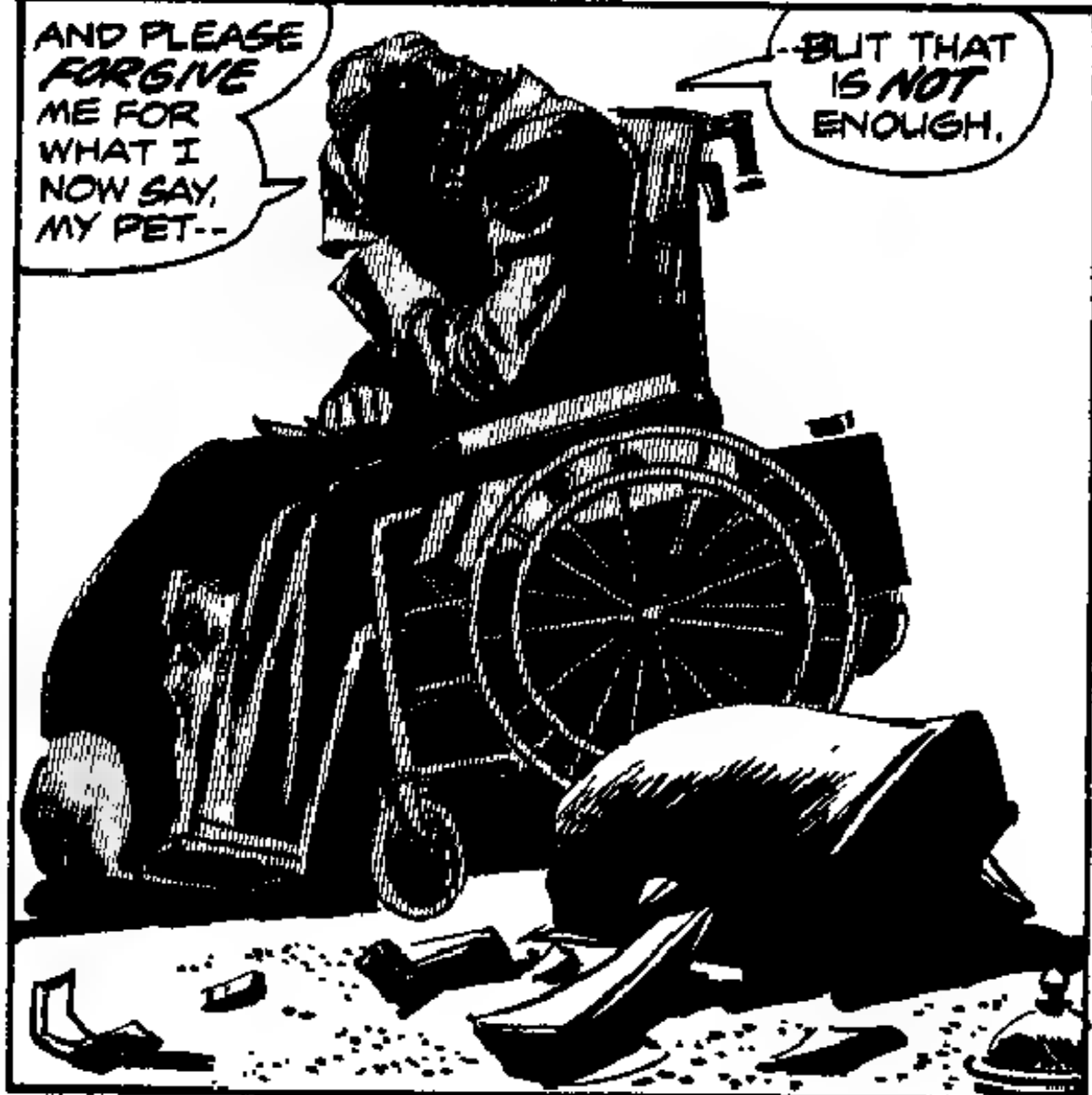
DRACULA IS RIGHT, SAINT. I AM OLD... DYING... AND NO LONGER ANY THREAT.

AND NOW, WHEN I NEED MY FRIENDS... MY FAMILY... I HAVE ONLY YOU.



AND PLEASE FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I NOW SAY, MY PET--

--BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH.



THE NIGHT IS TOO LONG, FILLED WITH THE TROUBLED RESTLESSNESS OF ACHING BONES AND WEARY THOUGHTS.



THE NEXT MORNING IS LONGED FOR, BUT ITS COMING OFFERS LITTLE REFUSE

THE SMYTHE-JONES ACCOUNT IS CLOSED, TREMONT. TAKE CARE OF--



MR. HARKER! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME. HOW ARE YOU?

I AM... WHAT MORE CAN I SAY, MR. FARTHINGALE? IS MR. PRESCOTT IN?

HIS OFFICE, SIR.

MORNING, QUINCY. I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR QUITE AWHILE-- NOT SINCE YOUR RETIREMENT PARTY, I BELIEVE.

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN?



NOT WELL, MR. PRESCOTT. THERE HAVE BEEN MANY TUMULTUOUS CHANGES IN MY LIFE.

FEW OF THEM FOR THE GOOD.

I'VE COME TO GET MY PAPERS IN ORDER, AND TO CHANGE THE BENEFICIARY OF MY WILL.

MY DAUGHTER DIED, YOU KNOW, AND I'VE BEEN SO BUSY.



I HEARD ABOUT HER, QUINCY, AND I MEANT TO WRITE. I AM SO SORRY. SHE WAS A VERY NICE GIRL...



THE BEST, MR. PRESCOTT, BUT I DON'T WISH TO DWELL IN THE PAST, IF YOU DON'T MIND.

OF COURSE, EXCUSE ME, PLEASE...

MISS SINGLETON, PLEASE BRING IN MR. HARKER'S FILE.

TELL ME, QUINCY--WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE TO MAKE THESE CHANGES NOW?



BECAUSE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FEAR I AM GOING TO DIE.

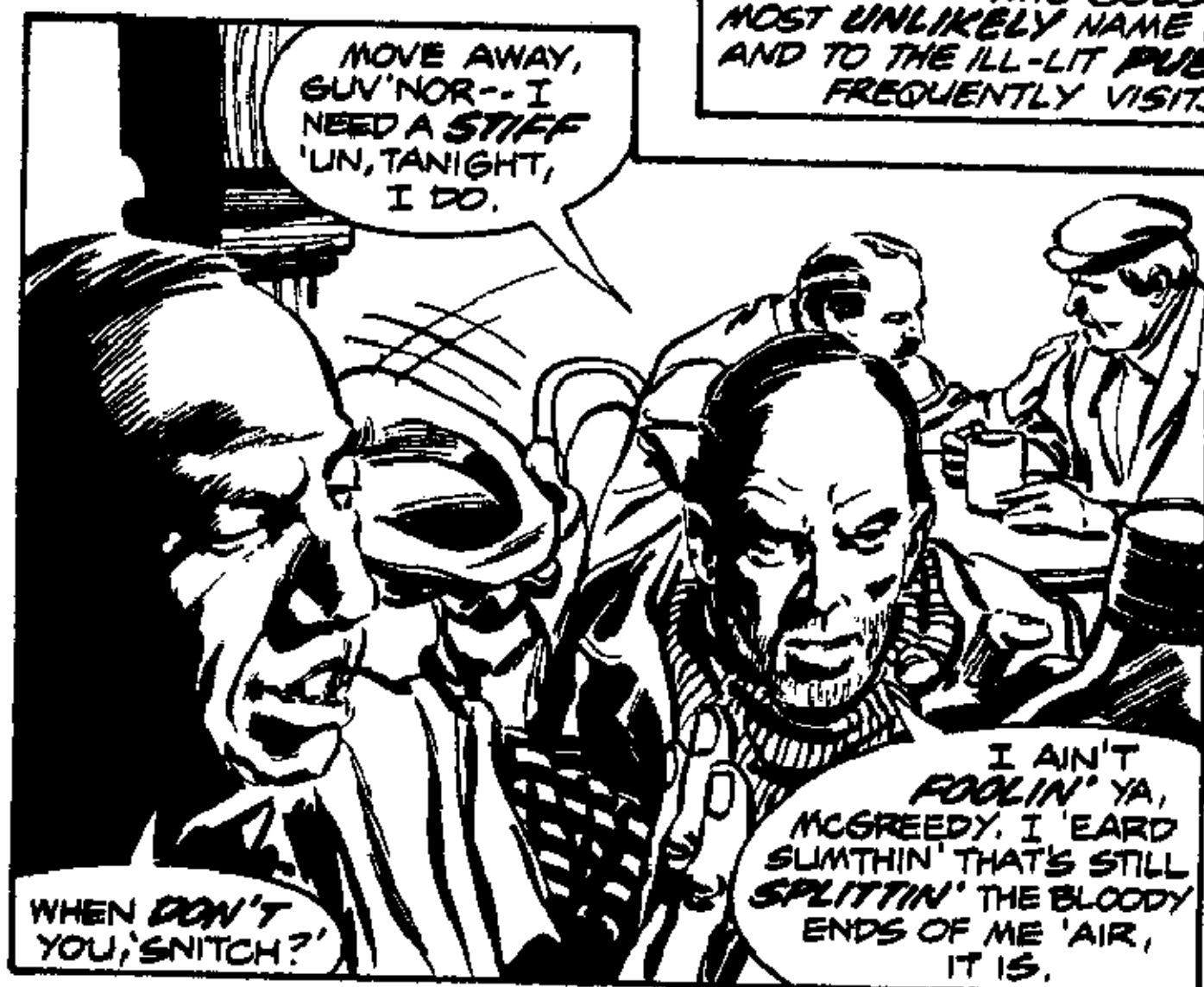


FOR MORE THAN TWO HOURS THE LEARNED MEN PORE OVER PAPERS AND LEGAL DOCUMENTS. SO LET US SHIFT OUR TIME AND SCENE TO A PLACE OF SOMEWHAT GREATER INTEREST-- TO SOHO... THIS SELF-SAME EVE...



...TO A RATHER SHABBILY-GROOMED GENTLEMAN WHO GOES UNDER THE MOST UNLIKELY NAME OF 'SNITCHER,' AND TO THE ILL-LIT PUB HE MOST FREQUENTLY VISITS.

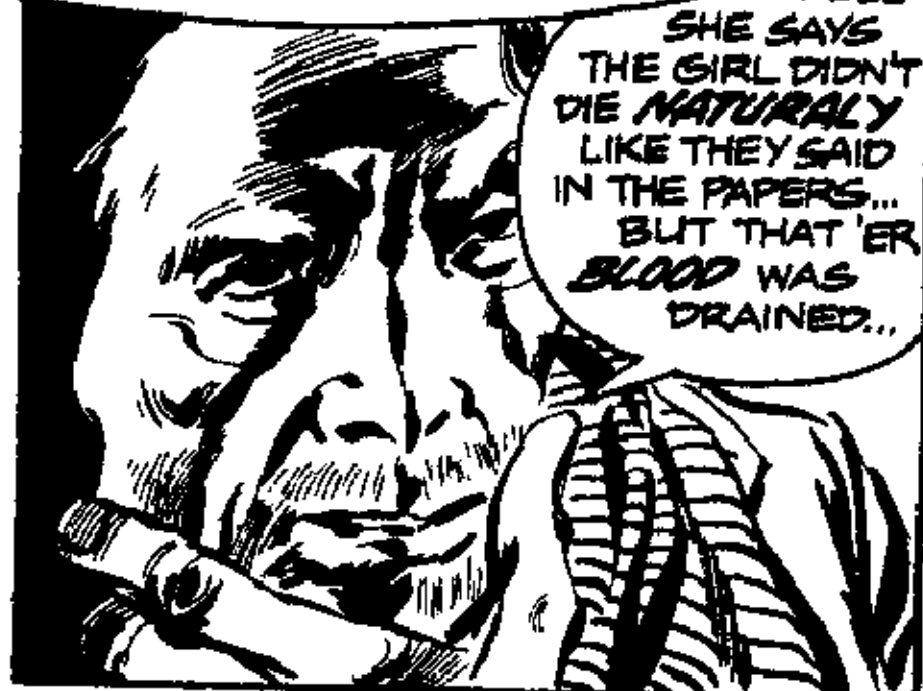
MOVE AWAY, GUV'NOR-- I NEED A STIFF 'UN, TONIGHT, I DO.



WHEN DON'T YOU, 'SNITCH?'

I AIN'T FOOLIN' YA, MCGREEDY. I 'EARD SLUMTHIN' THAT'S STILL SPLITTIN' THE BLOODY ENDS OF ME 'AIR, IT IS.

Y'KNOW THE MISSUS IS FRIENDS WITH JOHNNY CLOVERTON'S MISSUS, AN' SHE'S THE HOUSEKEEP FOR LORD ARTHUR SINGLETON--THE BLOKE WHOSE DAUGHTER GOT DONE IN LAST NIGHT.



WELL SHE SAYS THE GIRL DIDN'T DIE NATURALLY LIKE THEY SAID IN THE PAPERS... BUT THAT 'ER BLOOD WAS DRAINED...

...AND THAT THE YARD 'SPECTS THAT VAMPIRES CAUSED THE WHOLE MESS.



OKAY, 'SNITCH, I THINK YER HAD ENUFF.

WHEN Y' START TALKIN' 'BOUT THINGS LIKE THAT, I AIN'T INTERESTED NO MORE.

TAKE YER NIGHT-MARES ELSEWHERE, TONIGHT, NO ONE 'ERE CARES A WHIT



WRONGS! THERE IS ONE WHO MOST CERTAINLY DOES CARE...

...SO MUCH SO THAT HE SILENTLY FOLLOWS THE WANDERING PATH THAT 'SNITCHER' TAKES.



AND, WHEN THE TWO ARE TOTALLY ALONE, HE SPEAKS... QUIETLY, AND WITH THE TRACE OF A FOREIGN ACCENT THAT DEFIES ANY EASY DESCRIPTION HERE.

MAN! I HEARD YOU IN THE PUB. I WISH TO SPEAK WITH YOU OF THIS... VAMPIRE.

EH?

YOU BELIEVED ME?

YES. I BELIEVE YOU. I HAVE EXPERIENCE IN THESE, EH, MATTERS.

YOU DO? LOR! I'VE BEEN WANTIN' T'SPEAK T'SOMEONE... TELL 'IM WHAT I 'EARD.

VAMPIRES ARE TRYIN' T'TAKE OVER THE WHOLE PARLIAMENT... COMMONS... LORDS... THE WHOLE BLOODY THING.

WE GOTTA STOP 'EM.

NOT "WE," MORTAL. NEVER "WE."

AND WHEN HE CAN NO LONGER STAND TO STARE AT THE PITIFUL EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING BEFORE HIM-- HE LUNGES...

...AND QUICKLY, SIMPLY, BUT NOT AT ALL CLEANLY, HE SLAYS HIM.

SECONDS LATER, FRESH SNOW COVERS THE CRIMSON STAINS SMEARED UPON THE GROUND.

THE VAMPIRE'S EYES GLOW WITH SCARLET HUNGER. HIS SLICK WHITE HAIR BRISTLES ON ITS END.

WHILE...

CURSE ME FOR A FOOL FOR NOT REALIZING IT SOONER.

THERE IS ONLY ONE WHO HAS CHALLENGED ME OF LATE WHO HAS THE POWER TO HANDLE ME AS HE HAS.

ONLY ONE WHO HAS CAPTURED ME TWICE THESE PAST TWO YEARS.

DOCTOR SUN HAS RETURNED.

AND THIS TIME HE SEEKS MY EVERLASTING DEATH!





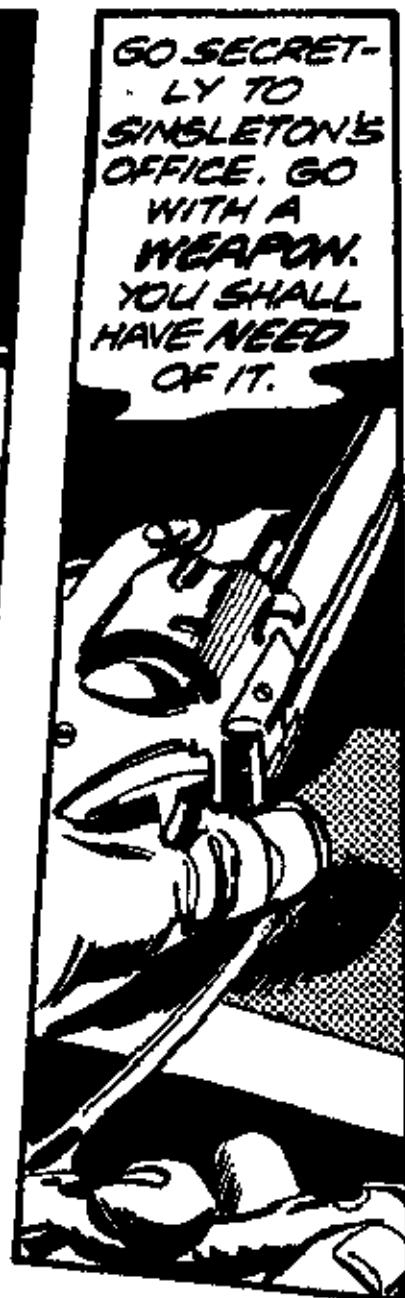
DOCTOR SUN SHALL BE DEALT WITH-- BUT FIRST I WANT THAT REPORT ON ME... I WISH TO READ IT ALL.

AND MY FINAL STOOGES... THE ONLY ONE I DID NOT SEND AFTER LORD SINGLETON-- SHALL GET THOSE DOCUMENTS FOR ME.



BENNINGTON! YOUR MASTER CALLS.

YOU ARE MINE... DO AS I COMMAND.



GO SECRETLY TO SINGLETON'S OFFICE. GO WITH A WEAPON. YOU SHALL HAVE NEED OF IT.



YOUR MISSION IS VITAL TO ME. IT MUST SUCCEED.

SIR, THIS OFFICE IS OFF LIMITS. SORRY, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEA--

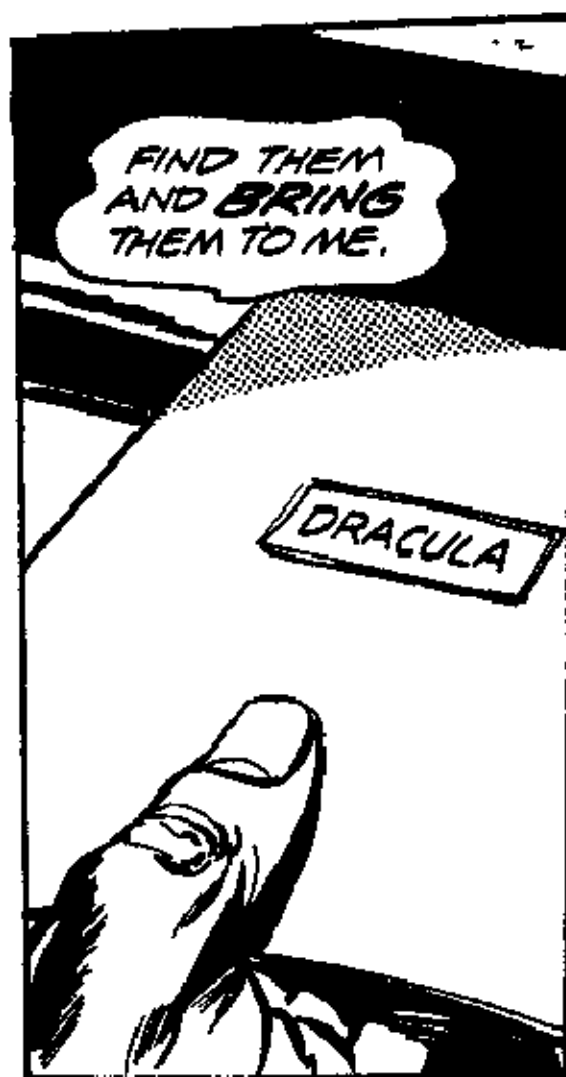


AARGH!

BAM!



OPEN THE SAFE, BENNINGTON. FIND THE PAPERS I NEED.



FIND THEM AND BRING THEM TO ME.

DRACULA



VERY GOOD, MY SLAVE. THE SECRET IS NOW MINE.

SILENTLY, INSPECTOR CHELM PLACES A SPECIALLY-MARKED SILVER BULLET INTO THE LAST EMPTY CHAMBER OF HIS GUN.

HE SMILES GRIMLY, AND THEN TAKES CAREFUL... VERY CAREFUL AIM.

NEXT: A BULLET FOR A DEAD MAN PLUS A VERY SPECIAL GUEST STAR!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



25¢
©

34
JULY
02143

THE TOMB

OF



BE PATIENT MEN
WITHIN MOMENTS, THAT
VAMPIRE WILL WALK
RIGHT INTO OUR
TRAP!

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR...
**BLOODY
SHOWDOWN!**

A
FULL-MOON
THRILLER!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARV WOLFMAN, GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
WRITER ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / LEN WEIN
TOM PALMER, colorist / EDITOR

SHOWDOWN OF BLOOD!

THEY ARE MINDLESS FLESH-FORMS WITH A TOUCH AS COLD AND CLAMMY AS THAT OF A MIDNIGHT CORPSE, AND EYES THAT ARE AS EMPTY AS THEIR SOULS.

THERE ARE FEW WHO WILL ADMIT KNOWLEDGE OF THESE WRETCHED MAN-BEASTS... AND THOSE WHO DO ONLY SPEAK OF THEM IN HUSHED, FRIGHTENED WHISPERS...

...CALLING THEM BY A HALF-FORGOTTEN NAME!

ZUVEMBIE!

FOR, AT THIS MOMENT, THESE BEASTS SEEK ONLY HIS DEATH...

...AND THAT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO CONCERN THE YOUNG VAMPIRE-HUNTER NOW!

FRANK DRAKE NEITHER KNOWS NOR CARES WHAT THESE THINGS ARE, OR EVEN WHAT THEY ARE CALLED.

ONCE THESE CREATURES WERE HUMAN. THEY LIVED, BREATHED, AND LAUGHED AS FRANK DRANK LIVES, BREATHES, AND LAUGHS.

NO MORE. SADLY... NO MORE.



STAND BACK! WHATEVER YOU ARE-- STAND BACK!

LORD! BULLETS DON'T STOP THEM.

NOTHING STOPS THEM!

BAM!



LET ME ALONE. DO YOU HEAR ME?

FOR GOD'S SAKE -- PUT ME DOWN!

EXACTLY WHAT THEY INTEND TO DO, DRAKE.



THE BRAZILIAN AIR IS THICK WITH A SULFURIC STENCH AND THE SICKENING STINK ASSAILS FRANK DRAKE'S FLARING NOSTRILS.

BUT HE DOES NOT NOTICE THE AWFUL ODOR. NOT NOW.

IN THE DEEPENING DISTANCE, THE BALEFUL BEATING OF COW-HIDE DRUMS FILL THE JUNGLE NIGHT.

DUM DUM DUM

FRANK FAILS TO HEAR THIS RHYTHMIC WARNING AS WELL.



OH GOD-- RACHEL-- QUINCY!

HELP ME! SOMEONE HELP ME!

A USELESS CRY. FRANK KNOWS THIS, BUT HE CAN DO NOTHING BUT CRY.



A NIGHT LONG WITH THE GRASP-
ING TOUCH OF **BLACK MAGIC**.
A NIGHT CHARGED WITH THE
SEARING ELECTRICITY OF THE
OCCULT.

THIS IS NO ORDINARY
EVENING, AND EVEN THE
MIND-DEADENED
ZUVEMBIES CAN
SENSE THAT
STARTLING FACT.

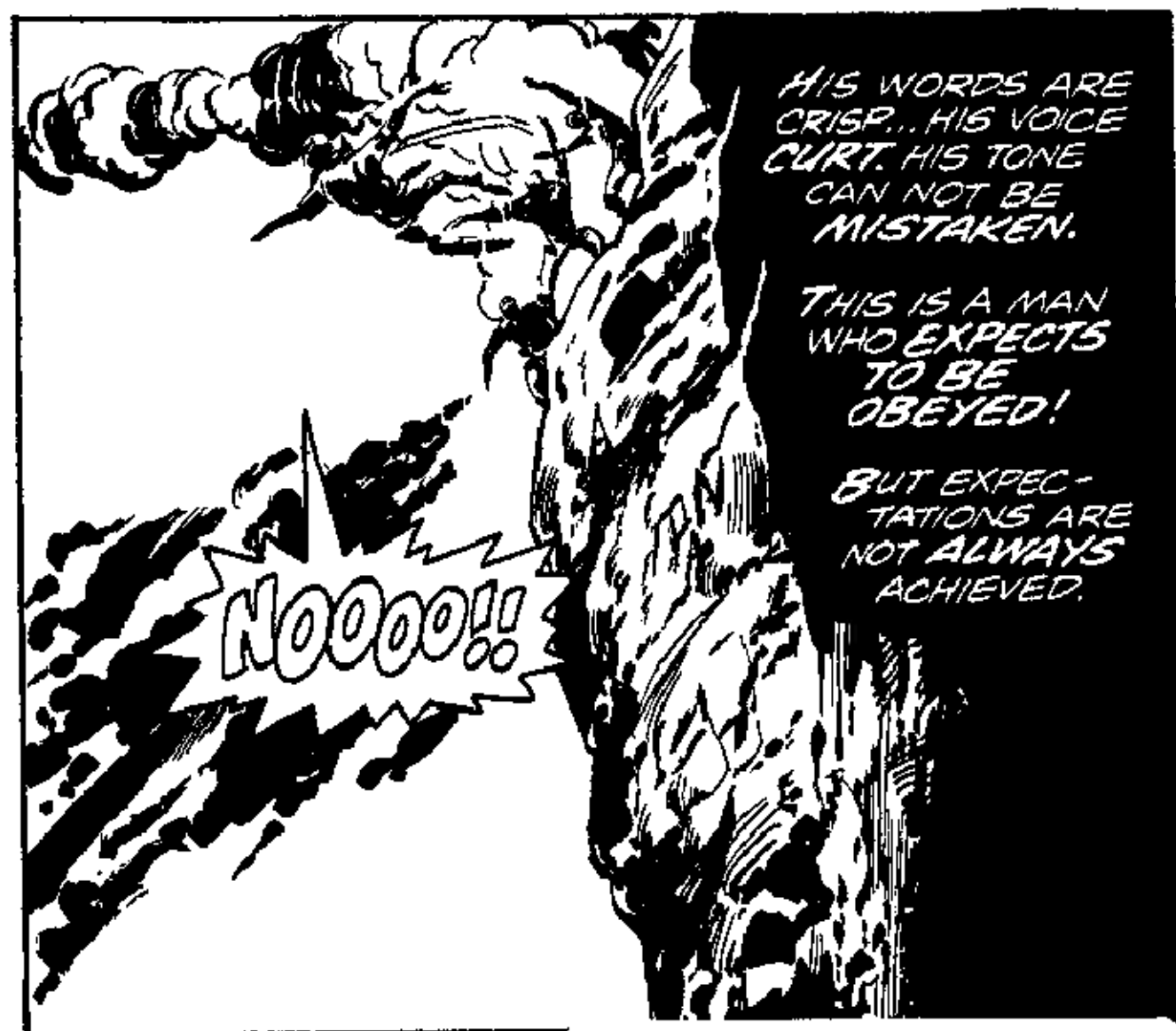
ESPECIALLY WHEN
THEY TURN TO WITNESS
A CLOUD OF AMBER
SMOKE BILLOWING
BEFORE THEM...

...AND THE DARK EMERALD
FORM WHICH GROWS WITHIN.

PUT THE HUMAN
DOWN, SOULLESS
ONES! PUT HIM
DOWN **NOW**!

MEET NOW THE
LEGEND WHICH
MEN HAVE
NAMED--

--BROTHER
VOODOO!



DO NOT ASK US TO EXPLAIN THIS MAN CALLED BROTHER VOODOO. THERE WILL BE TIME AND SPACE FOR THAT ANOTHER DAY.



FOR NOW--SIMPLY STARE IN INCREDULOUS AWE AS THE "SPIRIT-BROTHER" ENTERS FRANK DRAKE'S TUMBLING FORM...

...ENTERS AND POSSESSES THE BODY... SNAPPING THE ARMS AND LEGS INTO A TAIT WORKING MACHINE.



"DRAKE" SOMER-SAULTS IN MID-AIR UNTIL HE HAS GAINED MUCH NEEDED MOMENTUM--



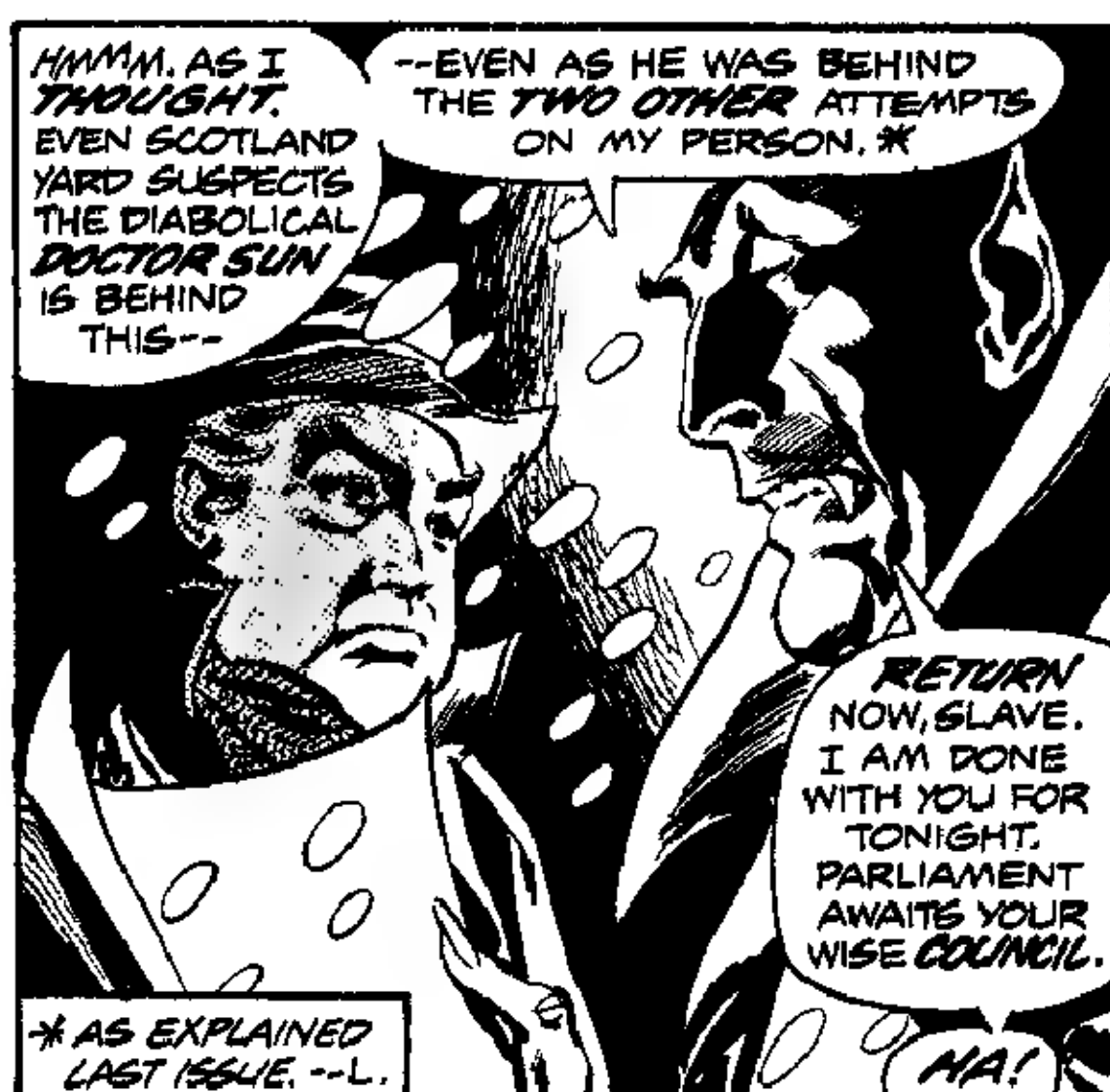
--WHICH CARRIES HIM TO SAFETY ATOP THE CANYON'S EDGE.

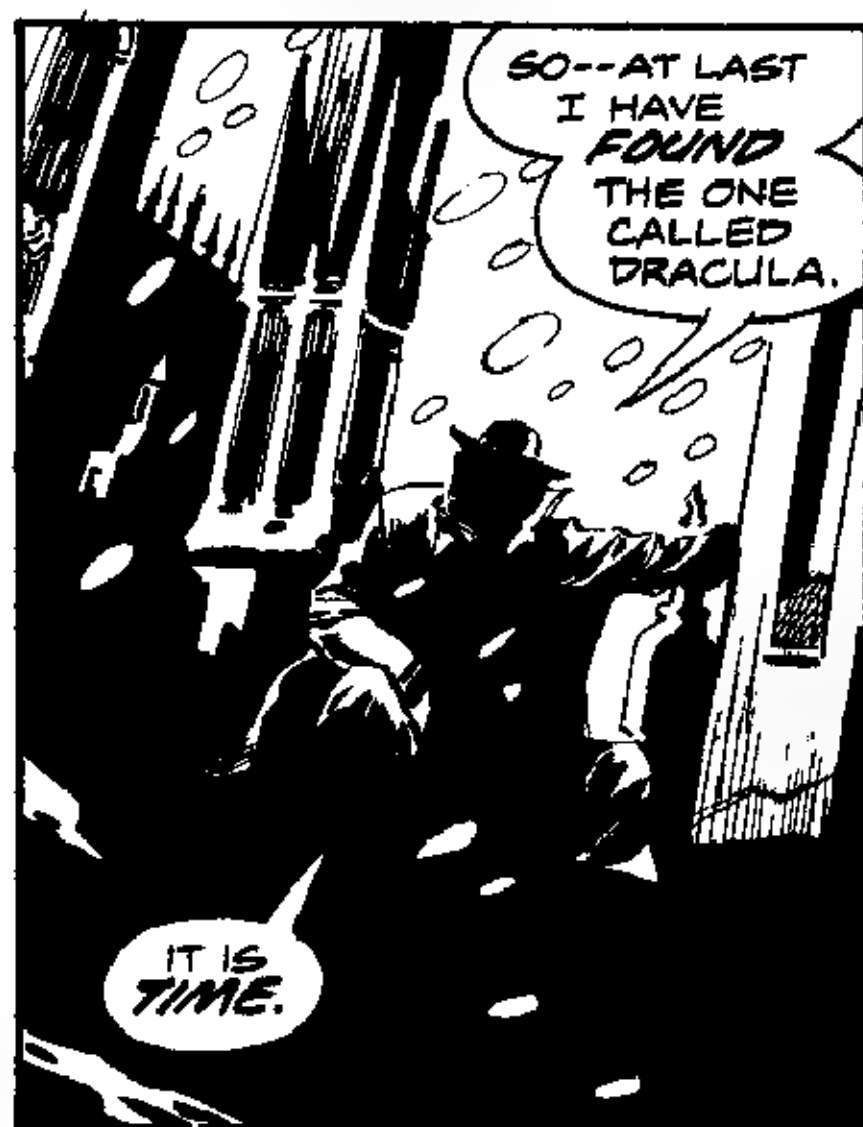
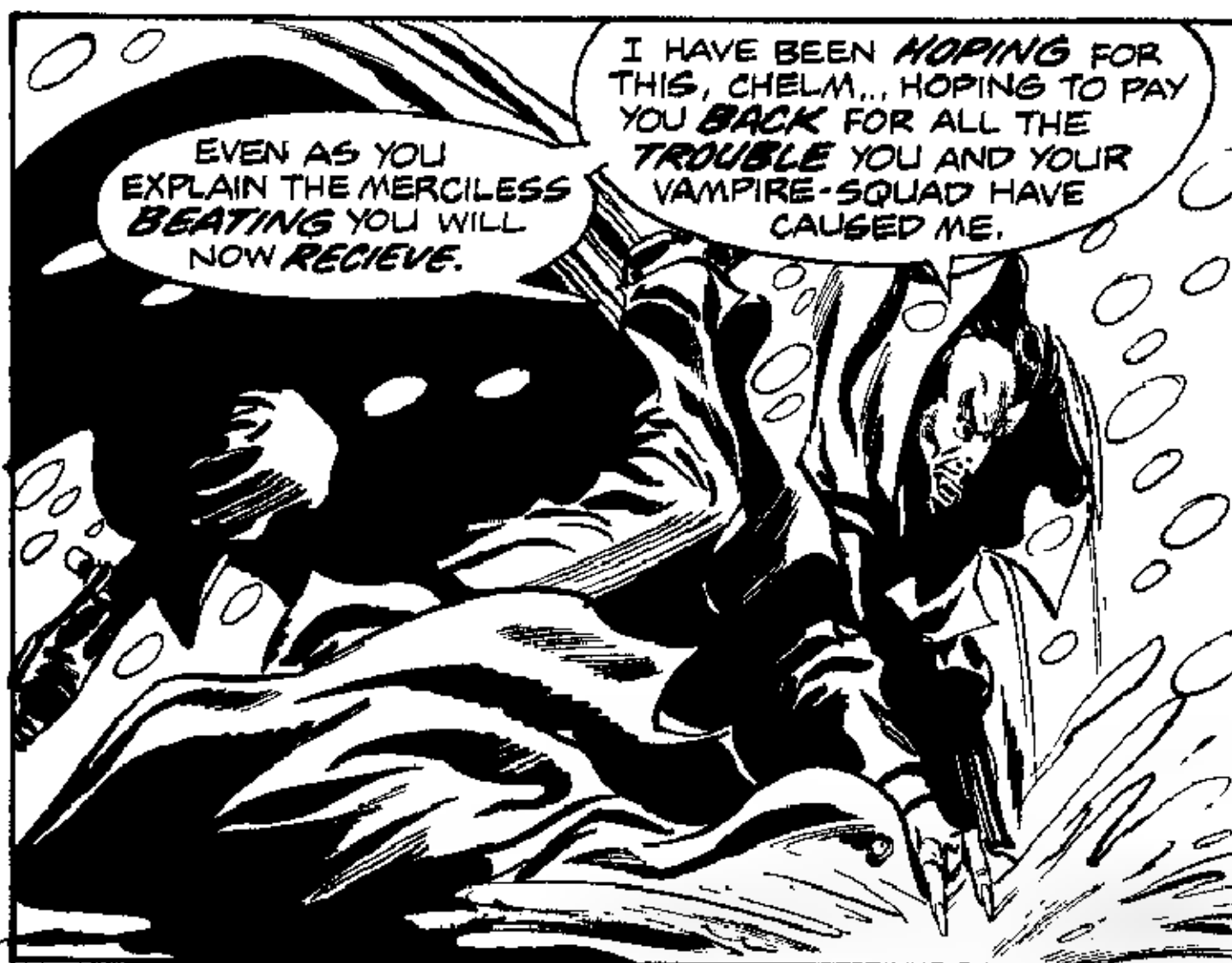
OUR PROBLEMS HAVE ONLY BEGUN, MY LOA-BROTHER.



THE SOULLESS ONES HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO SLAY YOUR HOST BODY--

--AND THEY WILL NOT CEASE UNTIL THE HUMAN DIES!







YOU AND THAT **FRASER** WOMAN HAVE CAUSED ME **COUNTLESS** SETBACKS IN THE PAST, CHELM--*

--AND **NOW** YOU SHALL BE MADE TO **PAY** FOR THEM.

* GIANT-SIZE DRACULA #'S 1, 2 & 3.
--LIKEABLE LEN.



NOT SO **FAST**, MATE.

NO ONE DIES TONIGHT!



TINKERTON! THANK THE LORD!

IF YOU'RE, WELL NOW, INSPECTOR-- GIVE US THE **ORDER**--

--AND WE'LL **KILL** THIS **MURDERING** FIEND!



THEN, PREPARE YOURSELF, **TINKERTON**-- AND **FIRE!**

SHOOT TO KILL!



ACTING AS ONE-- THE FIVE MEN **FIRE.**



BUT SECONDS TOO LATE.



FOR, DRACULA IS LIKE THE WILL O' THE WISP, AND AS THE BULLETS STRIKE--

--THERE IS **NOTHING** FOR THEM TO HIT...

...SAVE THE CHILLING COLD WHERE **DEATH** HAD STOOD ONLY MOMENTS BEFORE.

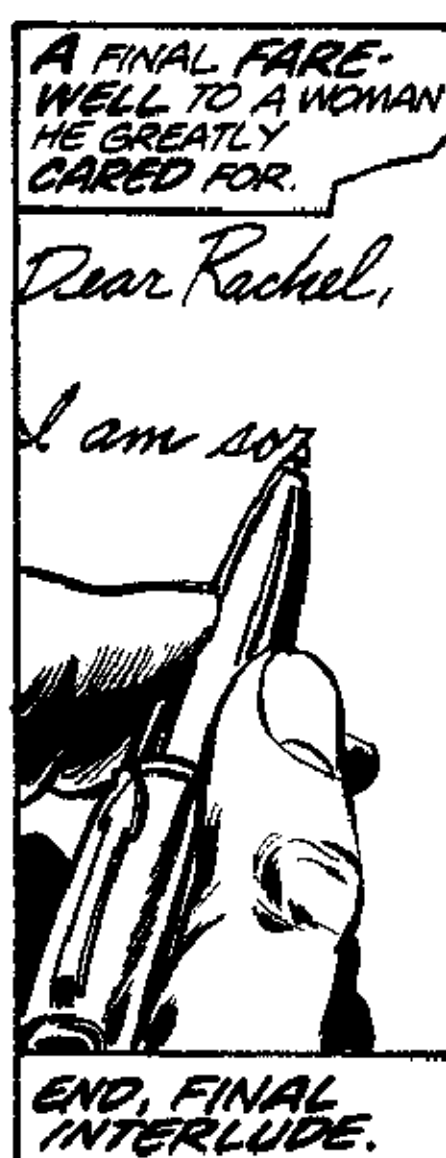
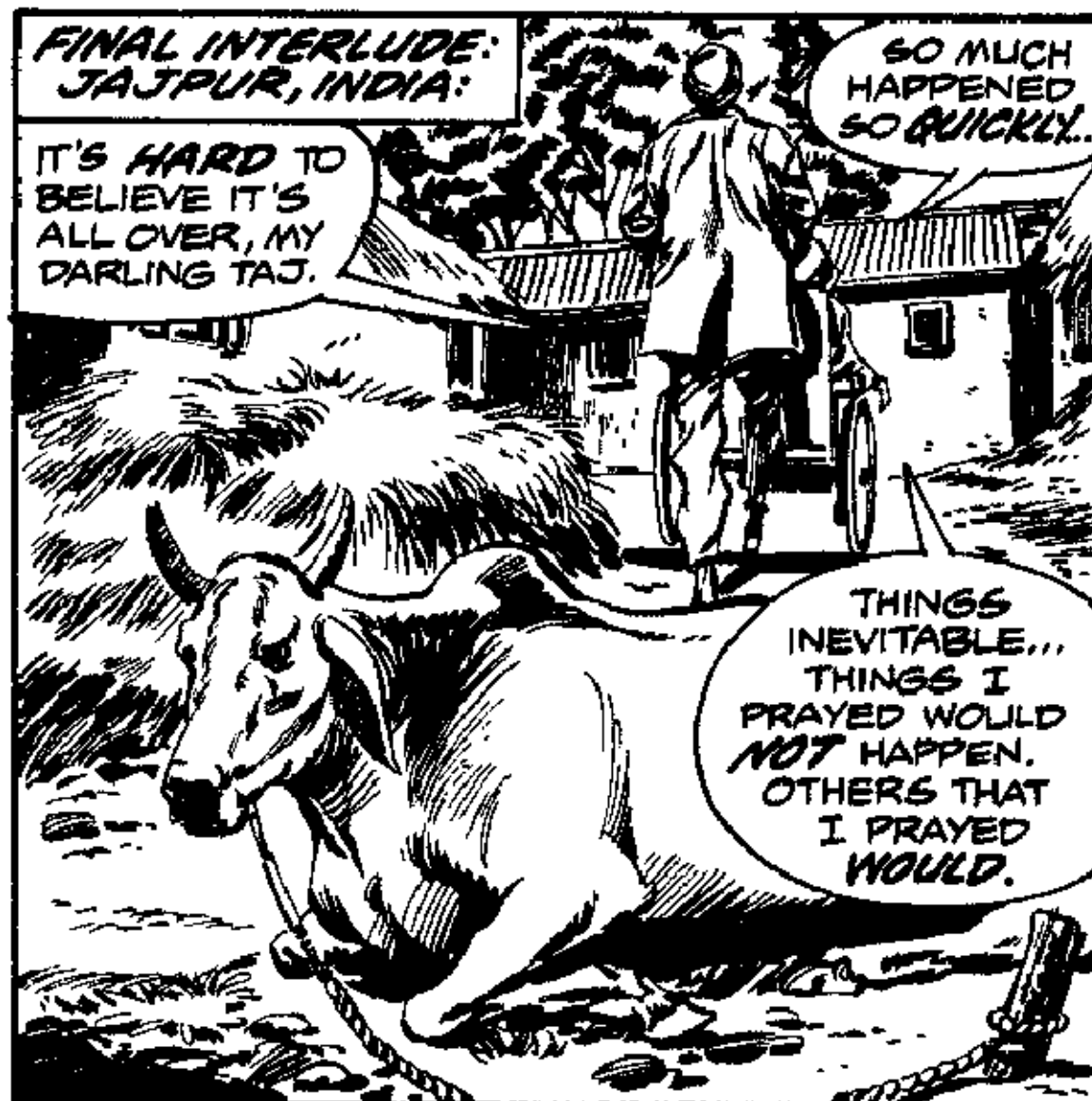


WE CAME **CLOSER** THIS TIME, GENTLEMEN, AND SHOULD DRACULA'S POWER **CON-** TINUE TO WANE...

...THERE WILL BE **NOTHING** TO PREVENT THE **NEXT** TIME WE MEET FROM BECOMING THE **CAT** TIME WE MEET.

LET US **RETURN** TO THE YARD. AM EXPECTING SOME **FRIENDS**...

SOME VERY **SPECIAL** FRIENDS, INDEED.





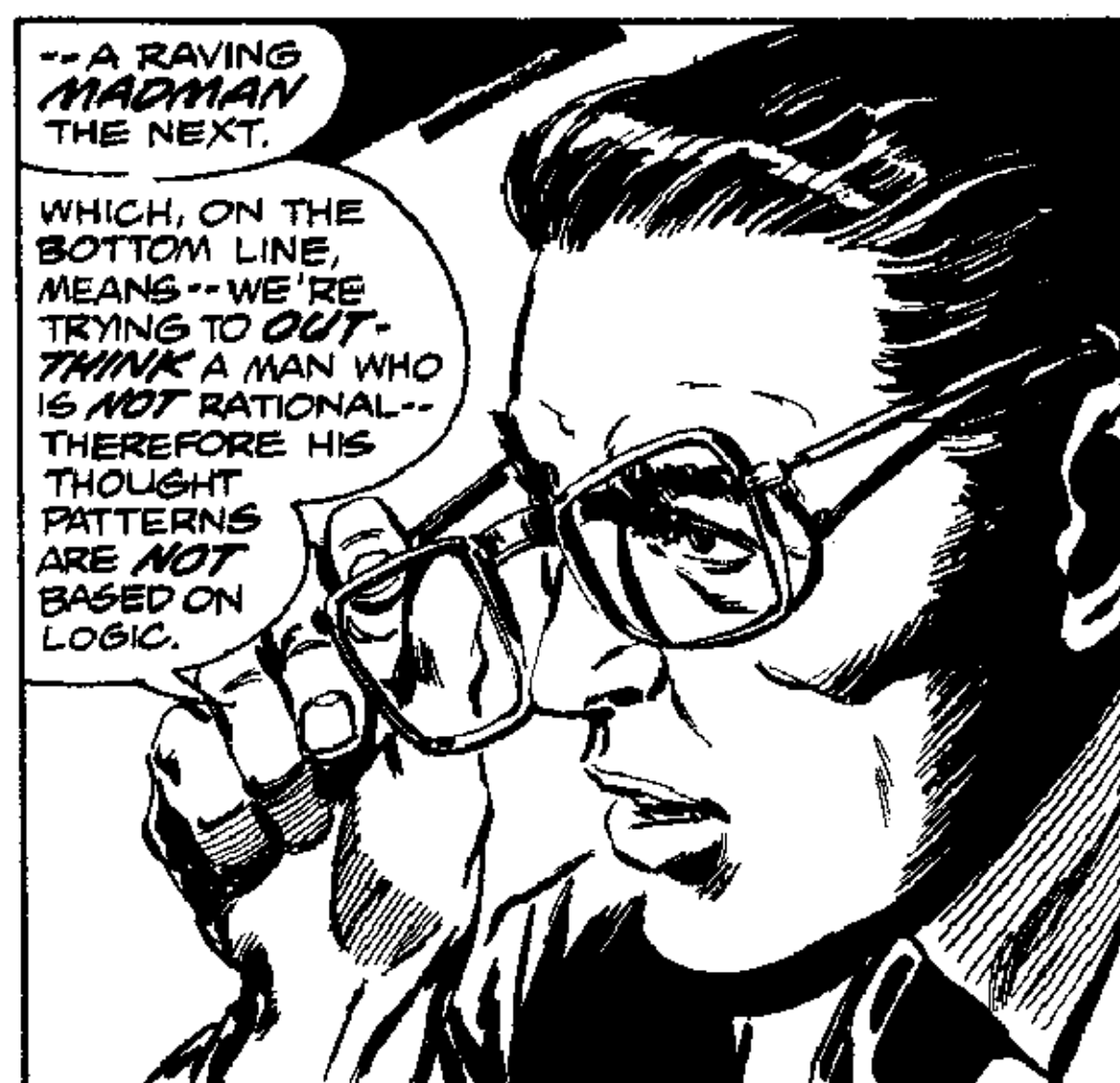
AS SURE AS **ANYONE** COULD BE WITH THE RATHER **SKETCHY** CHARACTER ANALYSIS YOU'VE GIVEN ME.

YOUR DRACULA HAS NO REASON TO **REMAIN** IN LONDON. AS YOU SAID, MR. HARKER--HE SEEMS TO BE **SEARCHING** FOR SOMETHING, THEREFORE I BELIEVE HE'LL LOOK FOR WHATEVER IT IS **ELSEWHERE**.

I AGREE WITH DR. SCOTT, QUINCY. I SAW HOW **MAD** HE'S BEEN--HOW **OBSESSED** HE WAS WITH THE NEED FOR INFORMATION.

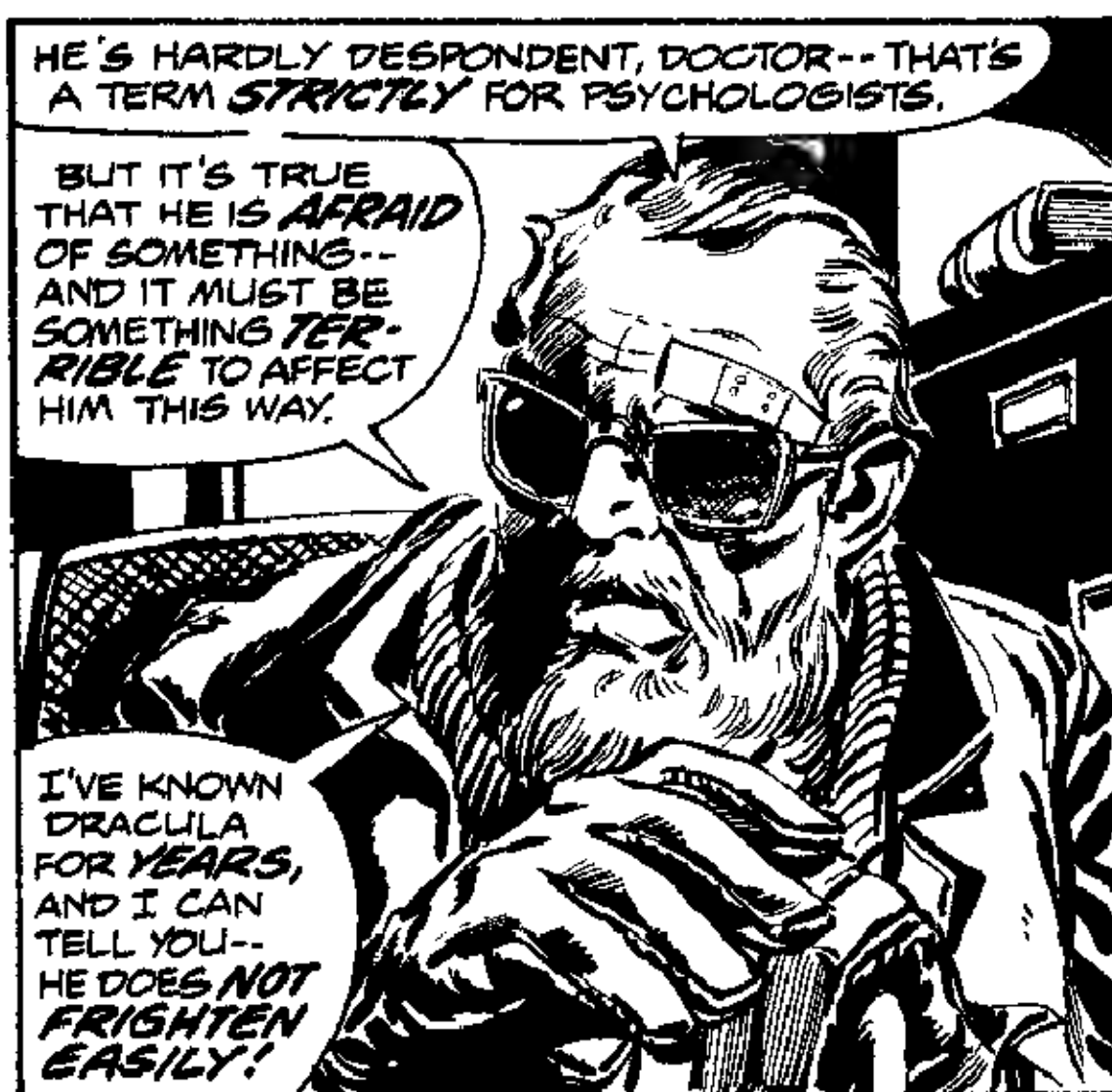
I **FOUGHT** WITH HIM, INSPECTOR--DON'T YOU THINK I **KNOW** THAT?

IF MY **PSYCHOLOGICAL** STUDIES OF DRACULA ARE ACCURATE, IT IS MY **BELIEF** THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH A **MANIC-DEPRESSIVE**: QUIET, CONTAINED, ALMOST **DES-PONDENT** ONE MOMENT--



--A **RAVING MADMAN** THE NEXT.

WHICH, ON THE **BOTTOM LINE**, MEANS--WE'RE TRYING TO **OUT-THINK** A MAN WHO IS **NOT** RATIONAL--THEREFORE HIS THOUGHT PATTERNS ARE **NOT** BASED ON LOGIC.



HE'S **HARDLY** DESPONDENT, DOCTOR--THAT'S A TERM **STRICTLY** FOR PSYCHOLOGISTS.

BUT IT'S TRUE THAT HE IS **AFRAID** OF SOMETHING--AND IT MUST BE SOMETHING **TER-RIBLE** TO AFFECT HIM THIS WAY.

I'VE KNOWN DRACULA FOR **YEARS**, AND I CAN TELL YOU--HE DOES **NOT** **FRIGHTEN EASILY!**

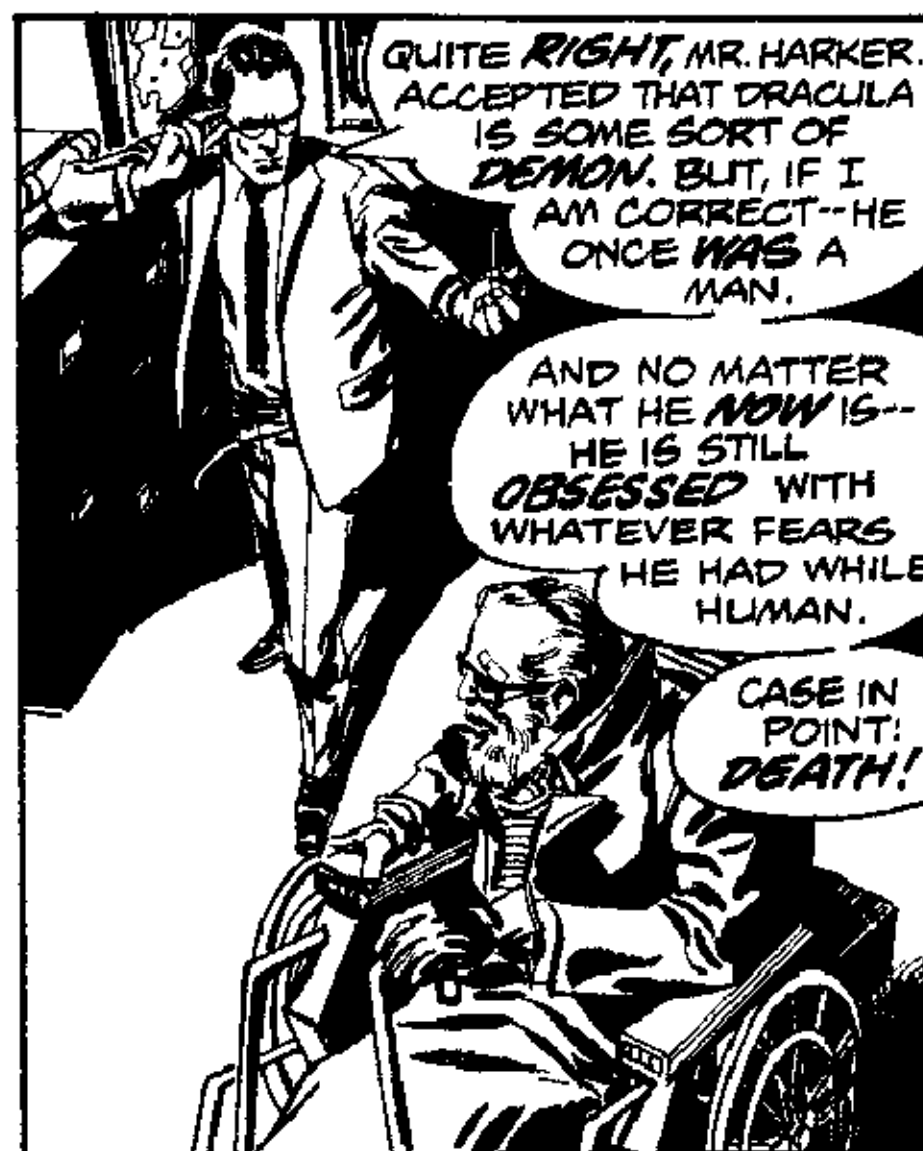


I THINK IT BEGAN LAST YEAR--AFTER WE HAD KILLED HIM--AFTER **JOSIAH DAWN** RESURRECTED HIM. *

HE SEEMED TO GO **OUT OF HIS WAY** TO **AVOID** US--TO **AVOID** BATTLING MY GROUP. WHEN WE DID MEET, HE KEPT **SWEARING** THAT HE WOULD **NOT** DIE AGAIN.

AND JUST **RECENTLY**--HE PRETENDED THAT HE **DIED** IN THE ALPS--PERHAPS BECAUSE HE **DIDN'T** WANT US TO **CHASE** HIM.

* ISSUE #14--LEN.



QUITE **RIGHT**, MR. HARKER. ACCEPTED THAT DRACULA IS SOME SORT OF **DEMON**. BUT, IF I AM CORRECT--HE ONCE **WAS** A MAN.

AND NO MATTER WHAT HE **NOW** IS--HE IS STILL **OBSESSED** WITH WHATEVER FEARS HE HAD WHILE HUMAN.

CASE IN POINT: **DEATH!**



FASCINATING. A DEMON WHO HAS LIVED FOR MORE THAN **FIVE CENTURIES**-- A DEMON WHO HAS BEEN KILLED **SCORES** OF TIMES...

...IS **AFRAID** OF DEATH.

YOU'RE ON THE **RIGHT TRACK**. ALL OF YOU.



RACHEL! WHEN DID YOU GET HERE?

A FEW MOMENTS AGO, QUINCY. BUT I WAS LISTENING.

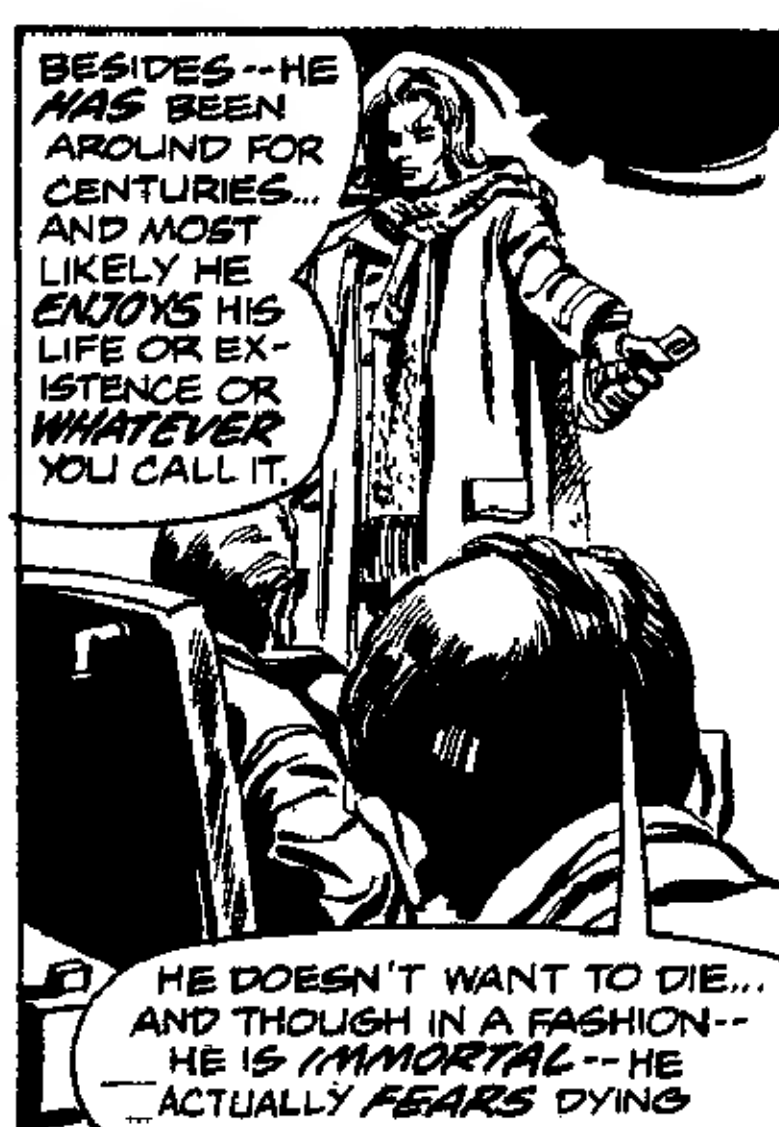
DR. SCOTT-- MAY I **INTRODUCE** MYSELF? RACHEL VAN HELSING-- DOCTOR OF PSYCHOLOGY AND **PARA-PSYCHOLOGY**.



WHILE I WAS A **CAPTIVE** OF THOSE FEMALE VAMPIRES, ONE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT DRACULA BEING WORRIED HIS POWERS WERE BEING **STOLEN**.

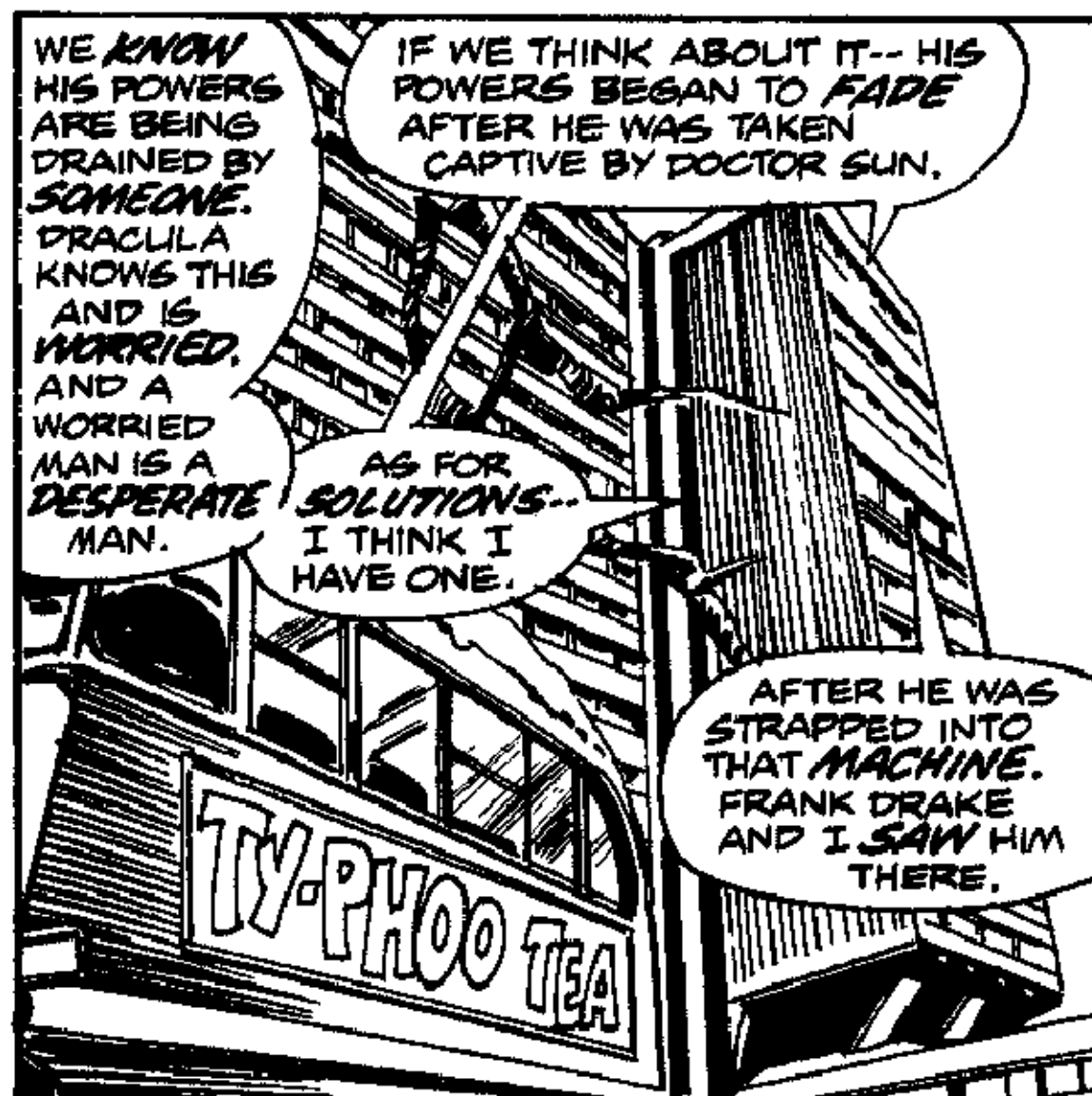
VERY WORRIED.

PERHAPS HE'S AFRAID THAT **WITHOUT** HIS VAMPIRIC POWERS, THE NEXT TIME HE'S KILLED--HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RETURN.



BESIDES--HE **HAS** BEEN AROUND FOR CENTURIES... AND MOST LIKELY HE **ENJOYS** HIS LIFE OR EXISTENCE OR **WHATEVER** YOU CALL IT.

HE DOESN'T WANT TO DIE... AND THOUGH IN A FASHION-- HE IS **IMMORTAL**-- HE **ACTUALLY FEARS** DYING



WE **KNOW** HIS POWERS ARE BEING DRAINED BY **SOMEONE**. DRACULA KNOWS THIS AND IS **WORRIED**. AND A WORRIED MAN IS A **DESPERATE** MAN.

IF WE THINK ABOUT IT-- HIS POWERS BEGAN TO **FADE** AFTER HE WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE BY DOCTOR SUN.

AS FOR **SOLUTIONS**-- I THINK I HAVE ONE.

AFTER HE WAS STRAPPED INTO THAT **MACHINE**. FRANK DRAKE AND I **SAW** HIM THERE.

TY-PHOO TEA

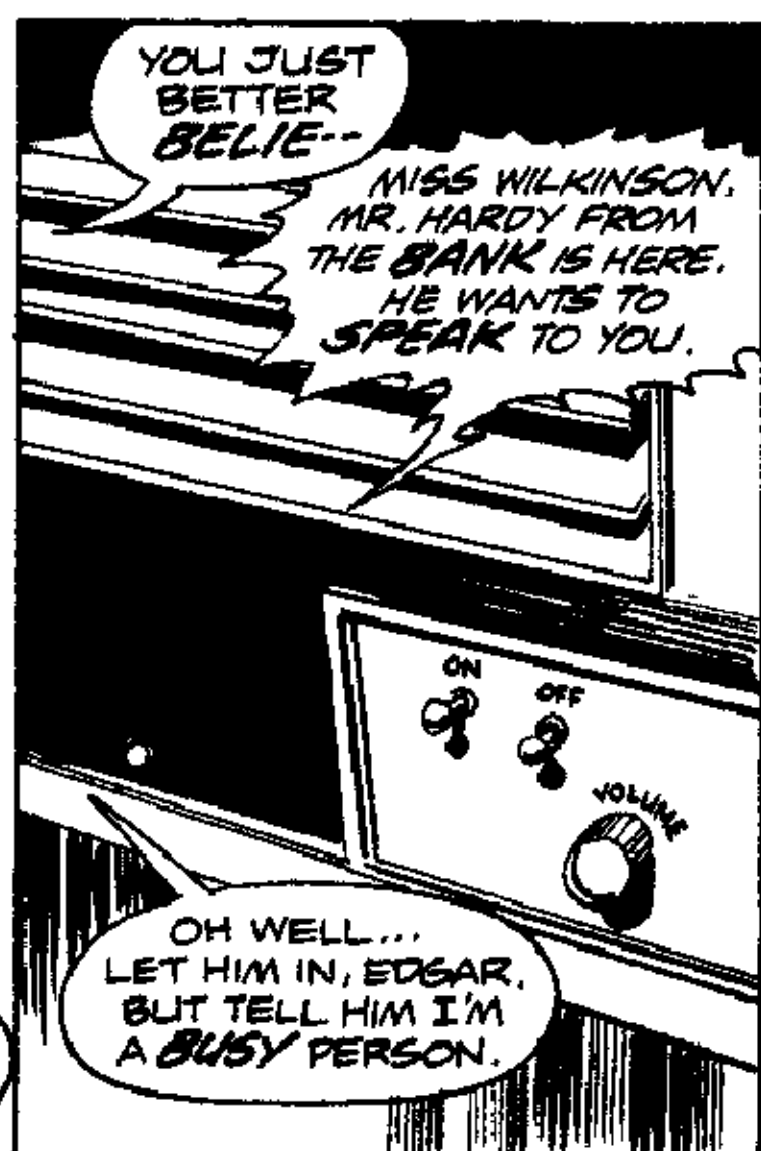
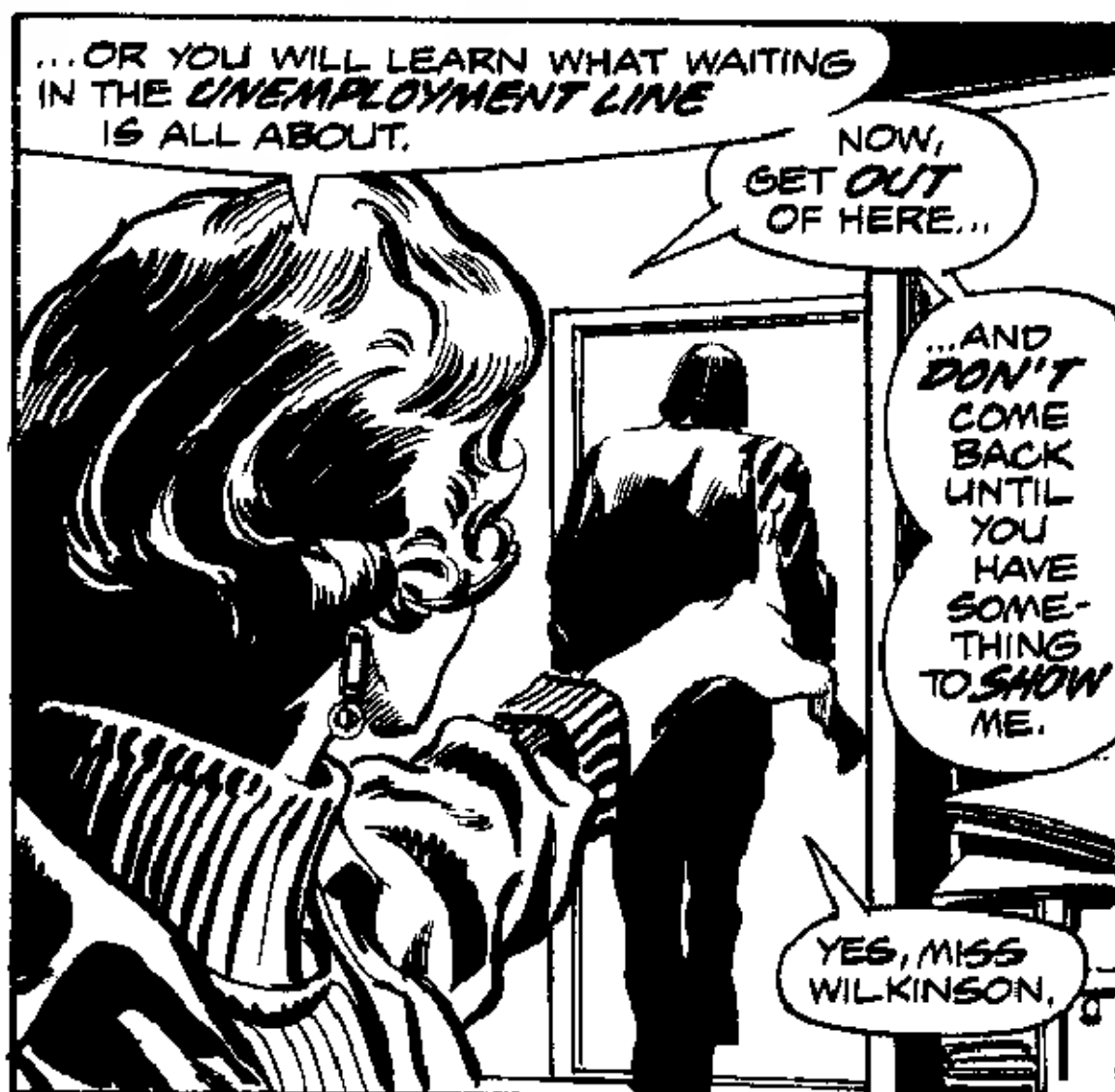


SUN SAID HE WAS TAPPING INTO DRACULA'S **MEMORY**. PERHAPS **MORE** WAS BEING **STOLEN**.

PERHAPS DOCTOR SUN WAS DRAINING DRACULA'S **POWERS** FOR HIS OWN ENDS.

VERY WELL--I'LL HAVE THE **YARD** CHECK ON THIS DOCTOR SUN STRAIGHTAWAY.







SO AM I, MISS WILKINSON. WHICH IS WHY I WON'T **PRINCE** WORDS.

FIVE YEARS AGO YOU BORROWED TWELVE THOUSAND POUNDS TO BEGIN THIS... THIS "BUSINESS" OF YOURS.

WOULD I BE UNKIND TO SAY THAT BUSINESS HAS HARDLY BEEN BOOMING?

YOU DIDN'T COME HERE TO DISCUSS MY ACUMEN, HARDY. GET TO THE POINT.



THE POINT IS-- YOU HAVE FALLEN BEHIND ON YOUR NOTES.

YOU HAVE **NOT** PAID US FOR SIX MONTHS. YOU HAVE NOT RESPONDED TO OUR LETTERS.

AND UNTIL NOW, YOU HAVE REFUSED TO SPEAK WITH ANY OF OUR REPRESENTATIVES.



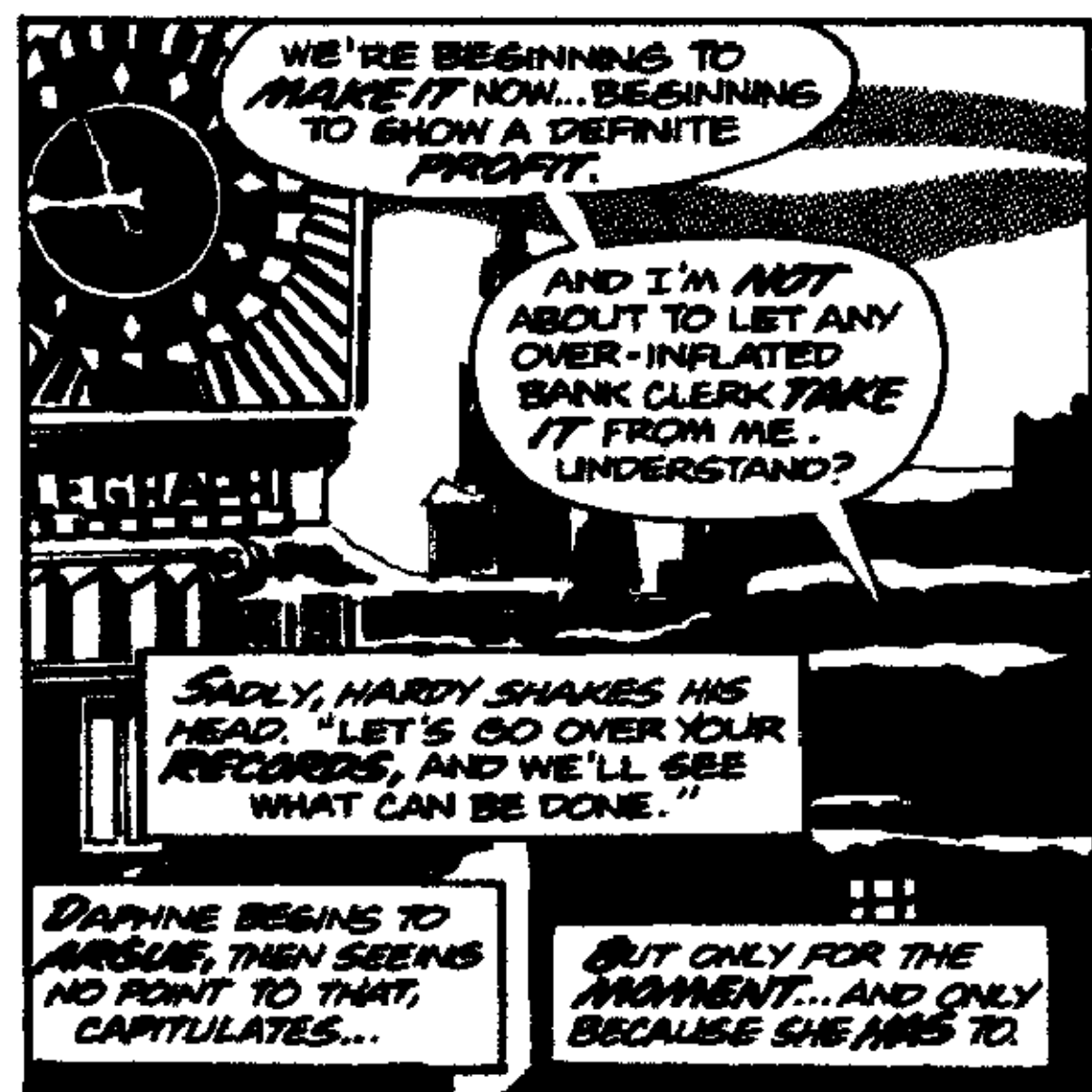
AND YOUR ATTITUDE IS THE REASON, HARDY.

BESIDES WHICH, THERE IS A RECESSION OUT THERE. A BAD ONE. IT'S HURTING EVERYONE. **ONE.**

THE FASHION INDUSTRY INCLUDED.



MY FATHER FAILED WITH THIS BUSINESS, BUT I'VE MADE IT INTO A NAME.



WE'RE BEGINNING TO MAKE IT NOW... BEGINNING TO SHOW A DEFINITE PROFIT.

AND I'M **NOT** ABOUT TO LET ANY OVER-INFLATED BANK CLERK TAKE IT FROM ME. UNDERSTAND?

SADLY, HARDY SHAKES HIS HEAD. "LET'S GO OVER YOUR RECORDS, AND WE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE."

DAPHNE BEGINS TO ARGUE, THEN SEEMS NO POINT TO THAT, CAPTULATES...

BUT ONLY FOR THE MOMENT... AND ONLY BECAUSE SHE HAS TO.



HOURS LATER...

DON'T YOU SEE? YOU WERE HIRING THE **WRONG** PEOPLE. RIGHT DOWN THE LINE-- YOU INSISTED SOLELY ON **WOMEN**-- WHETHER COMPETENT OR NOT.

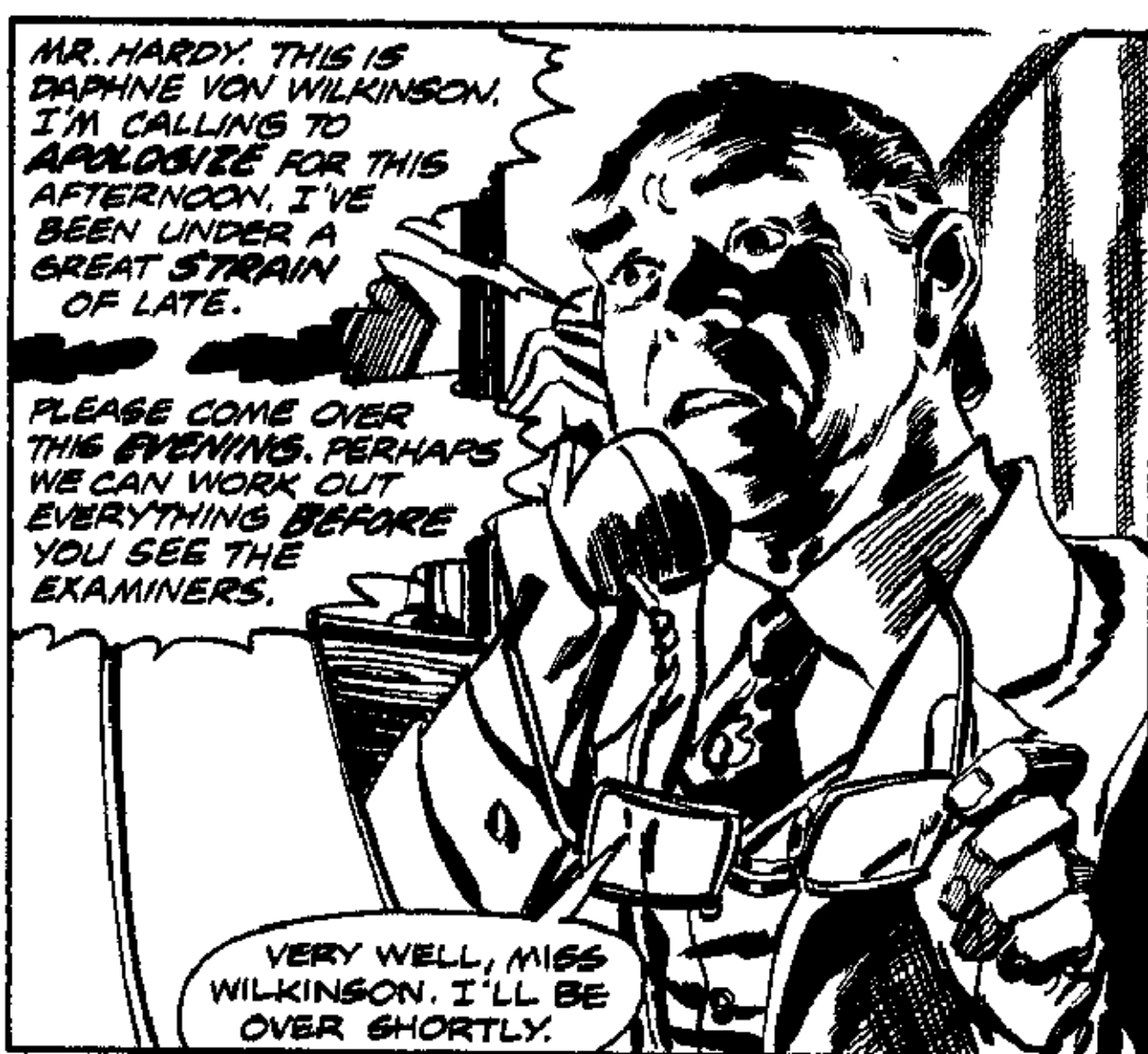
ANY PROBLEM YOU'RE HAVING NOW IS BASED ONLY ON YOUR **BAD JUDGEMENT.**

OUT OF HERE, HARDY! GET OUT! BEFORE I DECIDE TO **SUE** YOU FOR DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER.

GET OUT!









IN HERE-- IT'S A MOST *COMFORTABLE* ROOM, WE EXHIBIT OUR NEW *STYLES* FOR BUYERS HERE.

BEAUTIFUL, MOST BEAUTIFUL.

THANK YOU. OH, I DO WISH TO *STOP* CALLING YOU *MR. HARDY*.



OH! IT'S JACKSON... THE NAME'S JACKSON HARDY.

A *POWERFUL* NAME FOR A MOST *POWERFUL* MAN.

YOU *DO* WIELD CONSIDERABLE POWER AT THE BANK, DON'T YOU, JACKSON?

COUGH COUGH

TO A *DEGREE*, MY RECOMMENDATIONS ARE USUALLY LISTENED TO.



OF COURSE. THEY *SHOULD* BE.

FROM THE *MOMENT* I FIRST SAW YOU I *KNEW* YOU WERE A MAN *OTHER* MEN RESPECTED.

WHEN YOU SPEAK, WEAK MEN *LISTEN*... TAKE NOTICE... *OBEDY* YOU.

MISS WILK-- DAPHNE. PLEASE! CAN WE--?

DON'T APOLOGIZE FOR YOUR INCREDIBLE *MACHISMO*, JACKSON. I KNOW THAT ALL WOMEN MUST *FAWN* OVER YOU.



WHY; I *KNOW* I MUST BE MAKING AN ABSOLUTE *FOOL* OF MYSELF, BUT... BUT I CAN'T HELP IT.

I... I'M *FLATTERED*. BUT I AM A MARRIED MAN.

SO?



THEN LET'S DISCUSS MY *BUSINESS*, JACKSON. THE *MONEY* I OWE...

I DON'T EXACTLY *HAVE* IT RIGHT NOW, BUT, JACKSON DEAR-- CAN'T WE "*WORK*" IT OUT... *SOMEHOW*?



SO, THAT'S YOUR *PLAY*, IS IT, MISS WILKINSON? I THOUGHT SO, BUT I *COULDN'T* BE SURE... NOT UNTIL NOW.

WELL, MISS MAN-HATER-- YOUR GREAT *ACT* WAS SIMPLY AN EM-BARRASSING *FAILURE*.

YOU WERE SO *AWKWARD*... SO INCREDIBLY *CLUMSY*... IT WAS ALMOST *LAUGHABLE*.

DID YOU REALLY BELIEVE I'D *FALL* FOR THAT GARBAGE?



NEXT: FOUR MEN MUST DIE! BLOODBATH IN LONDON! BE HERE!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM

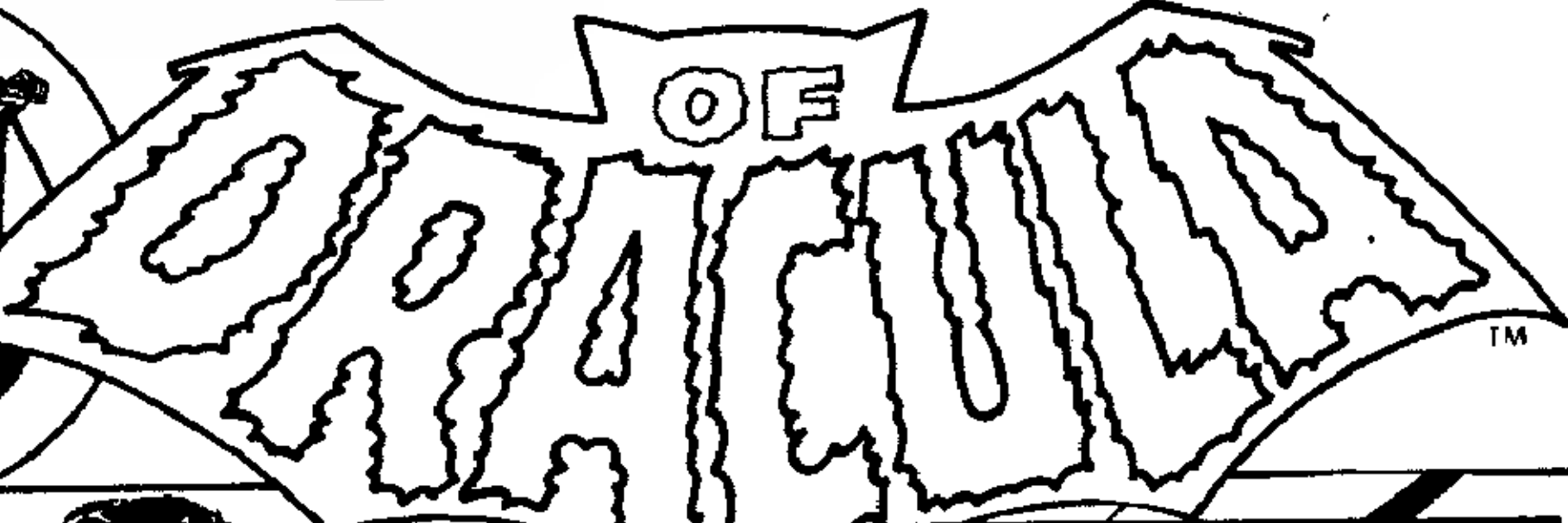


25¢
©

35
AUG
02143

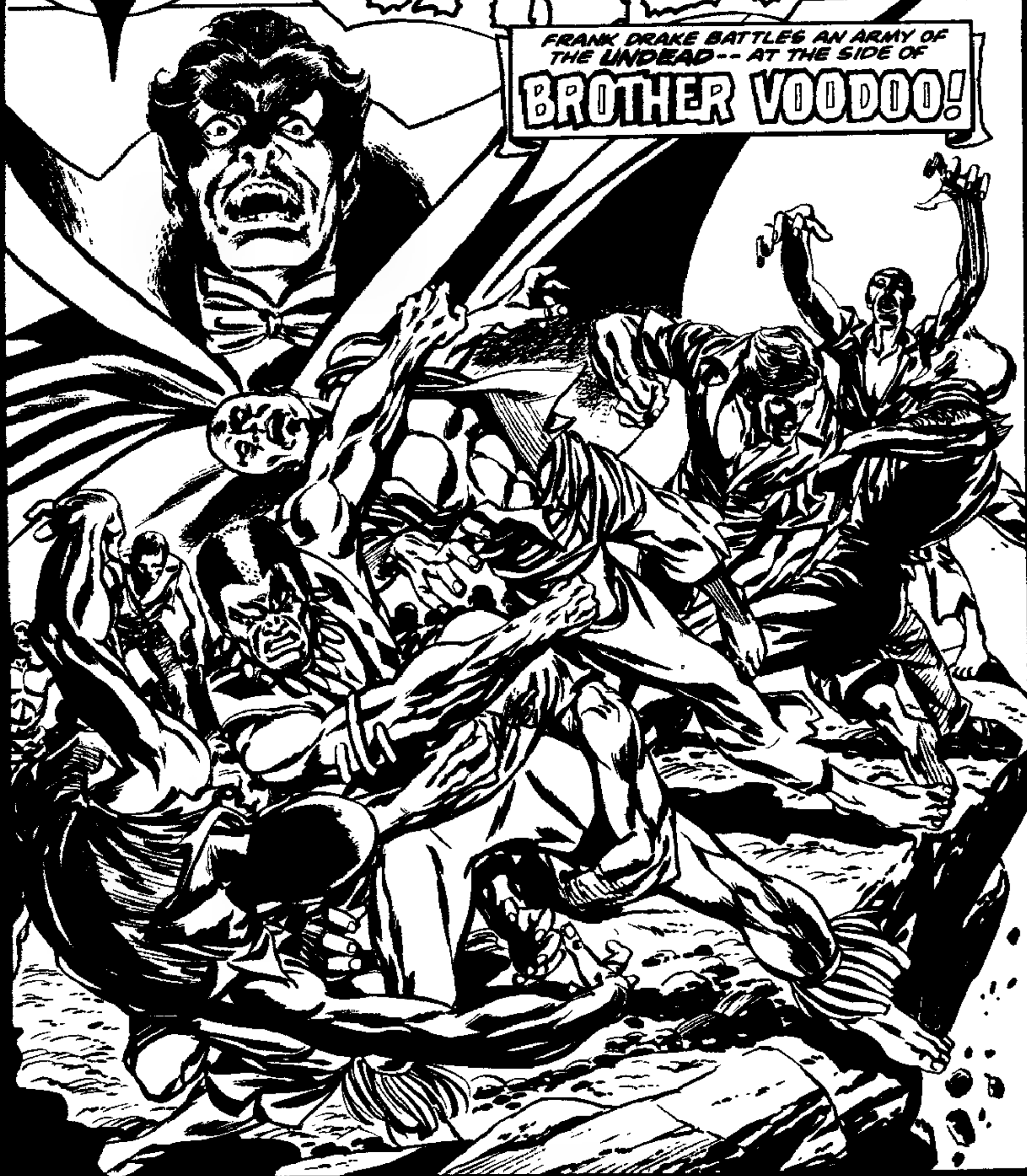
THE TOMB

OF



FRANK DRAKE BATTLES AN ARMY OF
THE UNDEAD -- AT THE SIDE OF


BROTHER VOODOO!



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

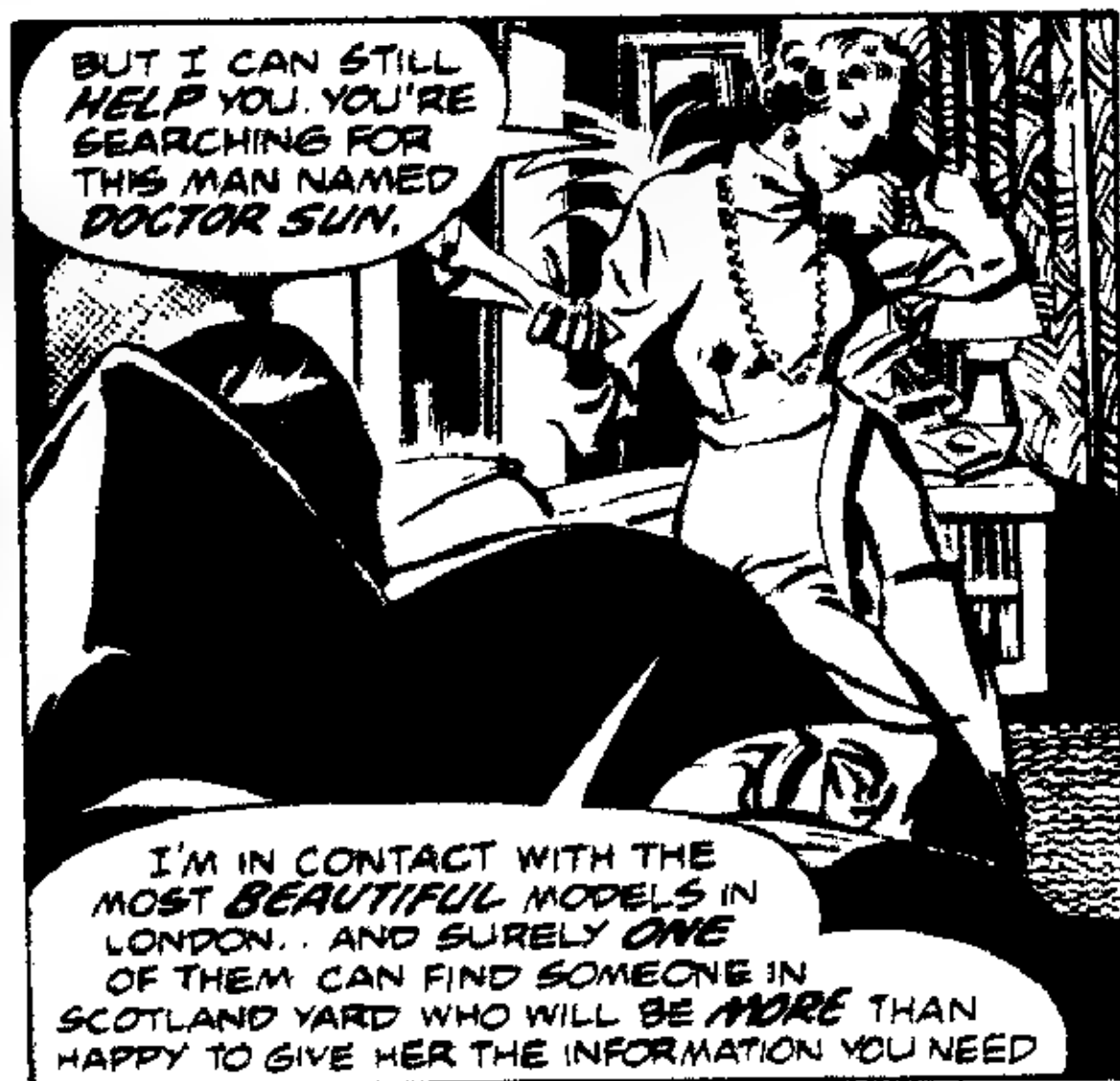
MARY WOLFMAN / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / JOHN COSTANZA, letterer / LEN WEIN
WRITER ARTISTS TOM PALMER, colorist EDITOR



IN 1653, SWEDISH
WRITER ~~BLANCK~~
YARNBROUGH WROTE
THE NOW-FAMOUS
CHILDREN'S CLASSIC,
"THE THREE LIVES OF
HANS' FATHER." THE
STORY TELLS OF AN EM-
BITTERED, ANGRY OLD
CUSS WHO DECIDED TO
SEEK VENGEANCE ON
THE THREE MEN WHO
DROVE HIM INTO
POVERTY.

DAPHNE VON WILKINSON WOULD
DO WELL TO READ THOSE STILL-
APPROPRIATE WORDS.

HELL HATH NO FURY...





YOU REMEMBER THAT AGENT IN SCOTLAND YARD LAST YEAR? YES-- *THAT ONE*.

JUST REMIND HIM OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS... I THINK HE'LL BE *MORE* THAN WILLING TO CO-OPER-ATE.



SO MUCH FOR *THAT*. YOU'LL KNOW DOCTOR GUN'S LOCATION IN *THREE* DAYS.

THEN, LET US MOVE ON TO YOUR LIST OF *DEAD* MEN.

WHO DO YOU WISH *SLAIN*?



I TOLD YOU-- I WANT FOUR SNIVELING, DIS-GUSTING *MEN* KILLED, AS *HORRIBLY*... AS *SADISTICALLY* AS YOU CAN.

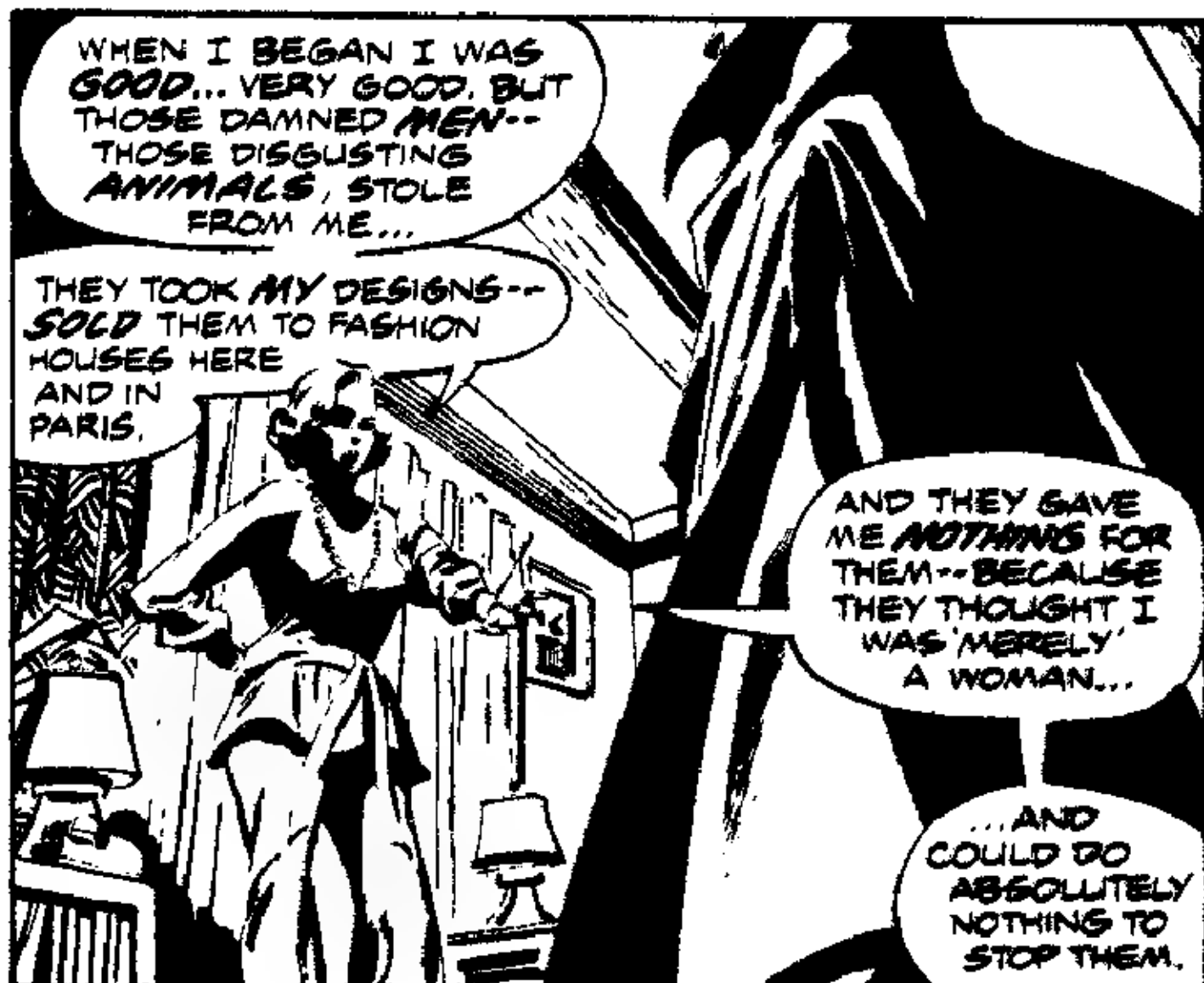
I WANT MY *VENGEANCE* FULFILLED IN A WAY I CAN EN-JOY IT.

DON'T *SNICKER* AT ME, VAMPIRE. EVEN A 'SIMPLE' FASHION DESIGNER HAS *USE* FOR VENGEANCE.



BEFORE MY *FATHER* LEFT ME THIS FALTERING BUSINESS, I STRUGGLED TO *PROVE* MYSELF ON MY OWN. I DIDN'T WANT *ANYONE* TO HELP ME.

I DIDN'T *NEED* ANYONE.



WHEN I BEGAN I WAS *GOOD*... VERY GOOD. BUT THOSE DAMNED *MEN*-- THOSE DISGUSTING *ANIMALS*, STOLE FROM ME...

THEY TOOK *MY* DESIGNS-- *SOLD* THEM TO FASHION HOUSES HERE AND IN PARIS.

AND THEY GAVE ME *NOTHING* FOR THEM-- BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT I WAS 'MERELY' A WOMAN...

...AND COULD DO ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO STOP THEM.



FOR *YEARS* THEY WERE *RIGHT*. NO ONE BELIEVED ME. NO ONE *CARED*. WHAT WAS *MY* WORD AGAINST A *MAN'S*?

BUT *NOW*

I CAN HAVE MY *REVENGE*-- THROUGH YOU, DRACULA-- THROUGH YOU!



BRAZIL: ONCE AGAIN THE ZUVEMBIES HAVE GROUPED TO SLAY THEIR BLOND-HAIRED VICTIM, FRANK DRAKE.

BUT DRACULA'S HAPLESS DESCENDANT IS PROTECTED NOW...

IT IS TIME NOW, FRANK DRAKE--

-- TO PROVE TO THESE SOULLESS ONES THAT WE ARE NOT SO EASY TO SLAY!

BY THE SPIRIT-LOA OF BROTHER VOODOO-- MASTER OF BLACK MAGIC!

FRANK DRAKE IS QUIET,
FOR THE LOA WHICH CONTROLS
HIS BODY, HOLDS HIS MIND
AS WELL.

THUS, WHERE DRAKE'S
COURAGE MAY
SHATTER, WHERE
HIS WISH MAY BE
TO BREAK AND
FLEE...

...HE FINDS HIMSELF
LUMBERING FORWARD
LIKE AN UNBREAKABLE
DREADNAUGHT--

--INTO THE COLD-FLESH
FIGURES WHO ONLY SEEK HIS DEATH!

CURSED ONES!
THEY'VE BEEN TOLD
TO SLAY, AND THAT
IS ALL THEY KNOW.

BUT THEY SHALL
CLAIM NO DEATHS
THIS NIGHT.

THAT,
BROTHER
VOODOO
SWEARS!

IN MINDLESS DROVES
THEY ATTACK...

...ONLY TO FIND
THEMSELVES
CONSTANTLY
REPULSED.



I THINK THE *TIDE* IS ABOUT TO BE *TURNED*, DRAKE--

OBSERVE THEIR *MOVEMENTS*... TOO CONTROLLED... MUCH TOO SLOW--



--TO AVOID A LIGHTNING-FAST ATTACK.

MANEUVER THEM AS I HAVE, SPIRIT-BROTHER...



THERE IS ONLY SILENCE AS FIVE MINDLESS ZUVEMBIES PLUNGE TO THEIR SECOND DEATH BELOW.

HOPEFULLY, THIS ONE WILL PROVE FAR MORE PEACEFUL.

...AND I BELIEVE WE'LL MAKE *SHORT* WORK OF THEM!



BUT ALL IS NOT OVER; ONE CREATURE REMAINS.

ONE EMPTY HUSK, BRED ONLY TO KILL.



CLOSER, MY BRAINLESS FRIEND. BRING YOUR TORCH EVEN CLOSER.

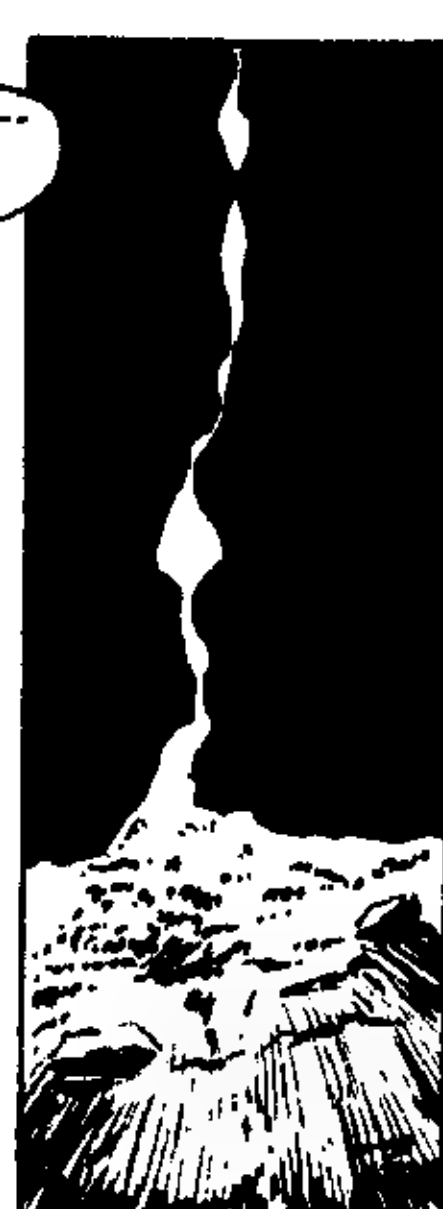
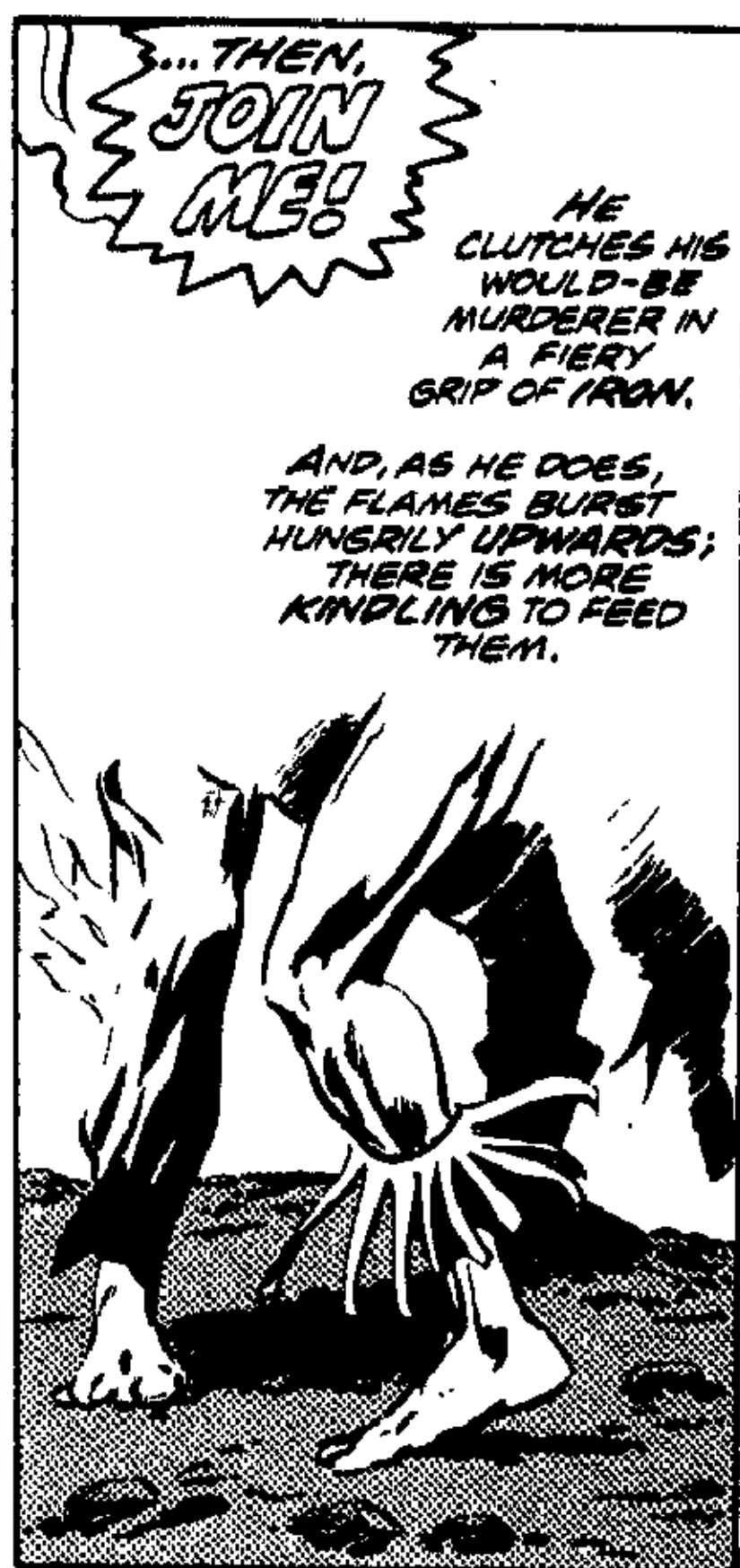
WE'LL SEE HOW MUCH GOOD IT DOES YOU.



THE FLAME IGNITES AS IT TOUCHES BROTHER VOODOO'S COSTUME...

BUT, GRIMLY, THE VOODOO-LORD STEPS FORWARD... INTO THE FIRE.

FAR AWAY, ALMOST LOST IN THE DISTANCE, THE BEATING OF JUNGLE DRUMS CAN BE HEARD...



THE SOUNDS OF NIGHT ECHO THROUGH THE HEAVY LONDON FOG, BUT THE LORD OF DARKNESS IGNORES THEM ALL; HE HAS A MISSION TO COMPLETE-- AND NOTHING MUST STOP HIM.

"NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A DEAD PARROT!"

"IT'S PASSED ON. THIS PARROT IS NO MORE!"

"IT'S CEASED TO BE... IT'S GONE TO MEET ITS MAKER."

CUT THE BLOODY SET OFF, TILLY. THAT "MONTY PYTHON" GARBAGE IS SICKENING!

DID YOU HEAR ME, TILLY?

I 'EARD YOU, MARTIN. AN' FRANKLY, I COULDN'T CARE A BLOODY WHIT!

"HE'S SHUFFLED ON AND JOINED THE BLEEDING CHAIR INVISIBLE!"

YER NOT ME BOSS, MARTIN. FACT IS, YOU AIN'T NO-BODY'S BOSS NO MORE.

Y' LOST YER BUSINESS, Y' BLEW WHATEVER TALENT Y' HAD FER DRAWIN'--AN' I THINK YER GONNA LOSE ME, TOO.

LESS Y' GET OFF THAT FAT DUFF AN' GET A JOB AGAIN.

I'M SICK A' SCRAPIN' TA MAKE DO, MARTIN, IT'S NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE.

YOU AIN'T EITHER. YOU USE TA BE BEAUTIFUL.

'NUFF A' THAT. I WANT BETTER THEN THIS--LIKE WHEN YOU WUZ MANAGIN', 'STEAD A WORKIN' THE ASSEMBLY LINE.

THAT'S THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES, M' LOVE.

TELL THE TRUTH, I DON'T MIND BEIN' ON 'ASSEMBLY' AT ALL-- THE MEAT'S OFF... NO MORE PRESSURE.

I WAS RUNNIN' DRY ANYHOW. COULDN'T COME UP WITH ANY NEW DESIGNS.

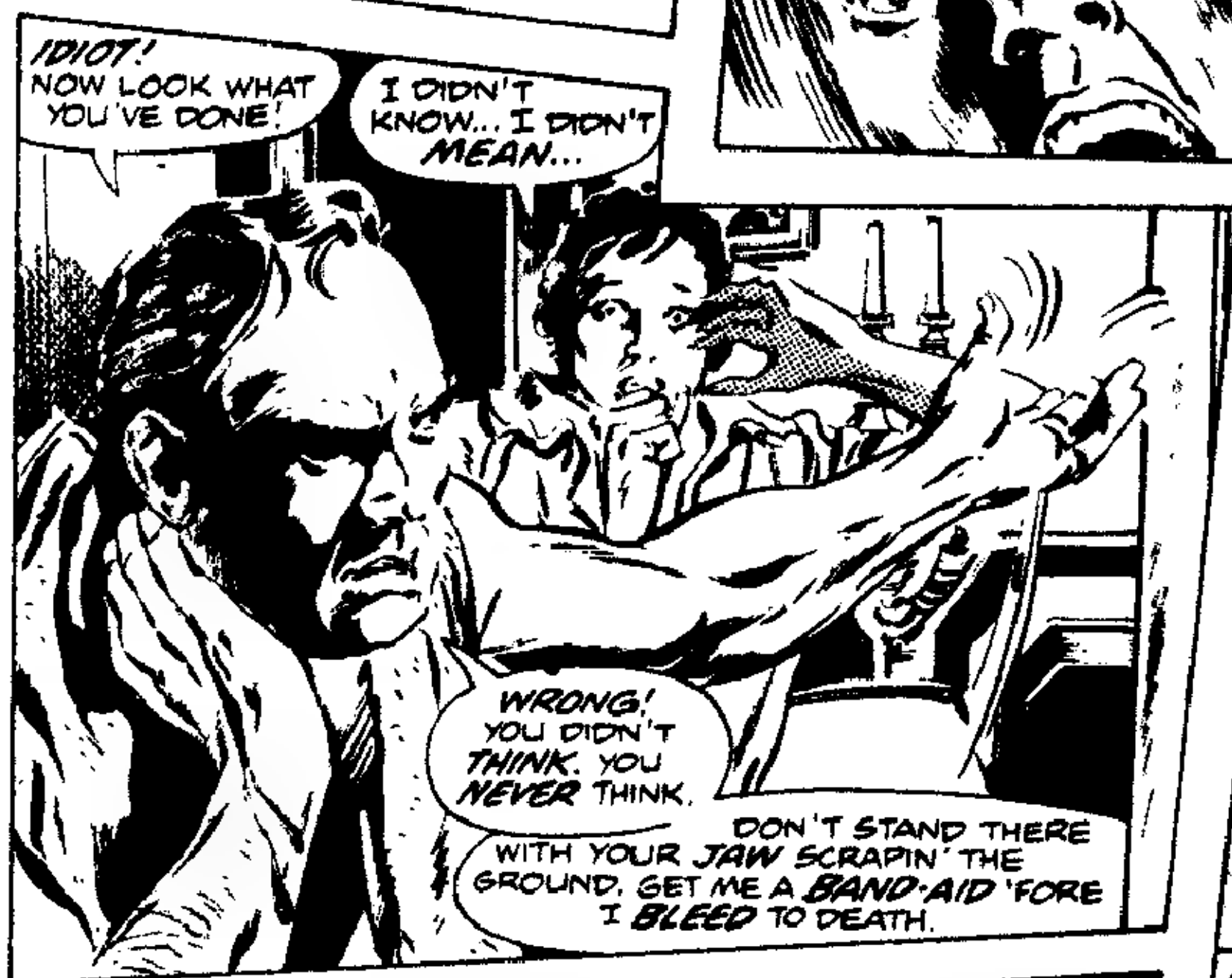
NOW, I'M HAPPY.

WHILE I'M STARVIN'!

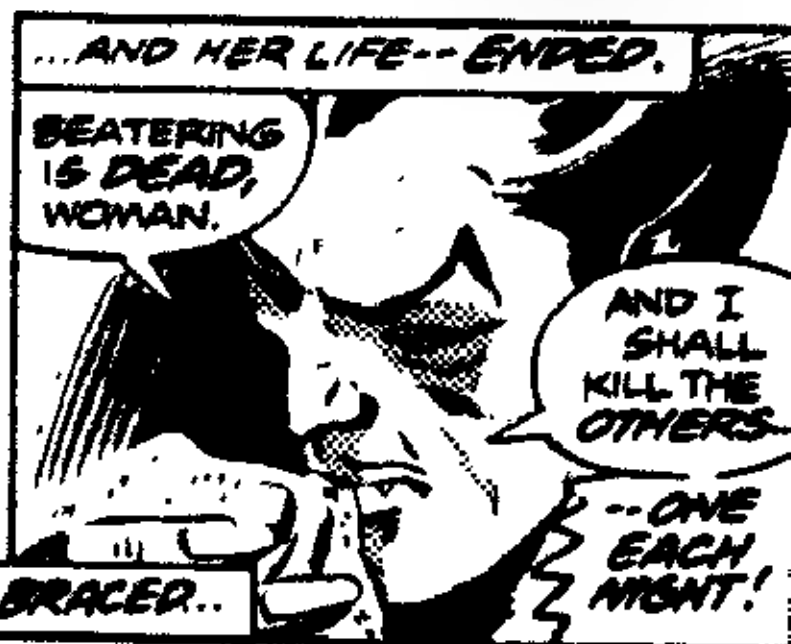
YOU COULD USE A BIT A' STARVIN', TILLY.

IT'D DO US BOTH A BIT A' GOOD.

'SIDES WHICH-- I CAME INTO THIS WORLD BROKE. SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH GOING OUT THE SAME?







SHE STRUGGLES, BUT HER ARMS ARE QUICKLY PINNED... HER NECK BRACED..

VERY GOOD-- AND WHEN YOU KILL MY FINAL VICTIM...

...YOU'LL GET THE INFORMATION YOU SO DESPERATELY NEED.

BUT THINGS ARE NOT MOVING QUITE AS SIMPLY AS THEY SEEM TO BE...

YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CORPSES, WOMAN-- BUT NOT THE WAY I SAID YOU WOULD.

FOR, THEY WILL DIE-- BUT TONIGHT...

ALL TONIGHT!

HA HA HA!

THE LONDON DERRY, AN EXCLUSIVE NIGHTCLUB-- ADMISSIBLE ONLY BY KEYHOLDING MEMBERS.

WHAT DID YOU WISH TO TALK TO ME ABOUT, MR. DRAKE?

YOU SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT. IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH FRANK?

NO, MR. MITCHELL, MY-EH-'SON' IS DOING QUITE WELL. HE'S WORKING HARD IN BRAZIL AT THE MOMENT...

... HAVING, I WOULD ASSUME, ONE HELL OF A TIME.

I'M HERE FOR OTHER MATTERS, THOUGH. YOU REMEMBER A MISS VON WILKINSON?

CALL ME KEN. YEAH, I KNEW HER. SHE BROUGHT ME SOME OF HER DRESS DESIGNS A FEW YEARS BACK.

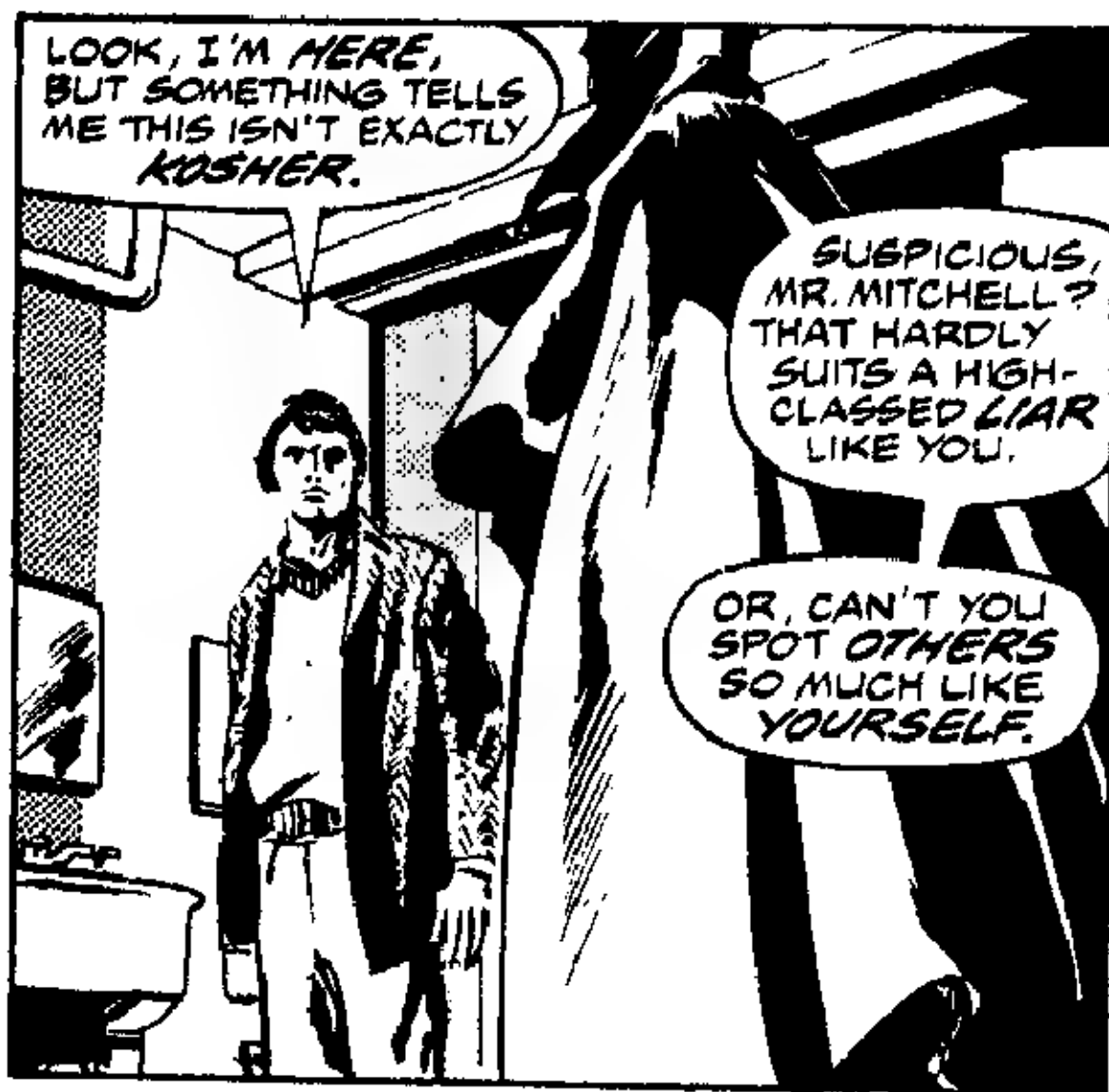
GOOD ONES, TOO. BUT, YOU KNOW HOW THINGS ARE IN THE BUSINESS-- DOG-EAT-DOG.

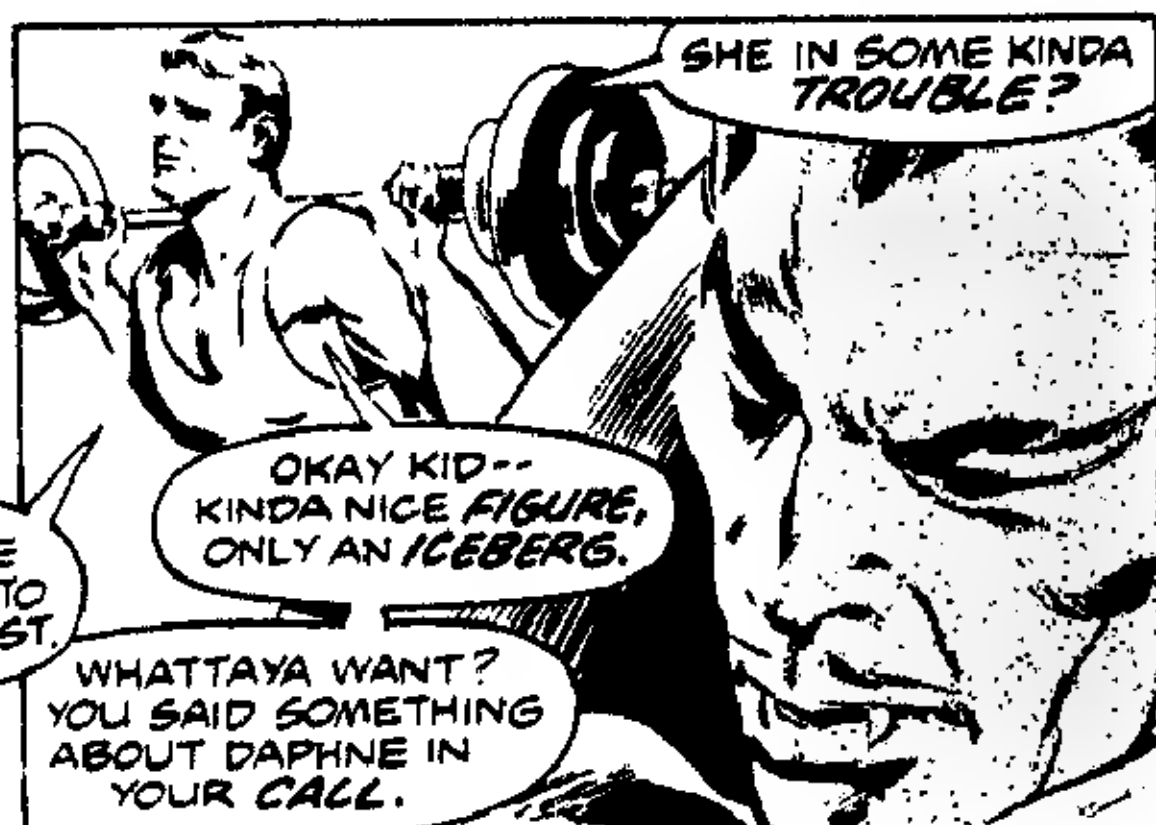
I STOLE THEM FOR MYSELF. IT'S DONE EVERY DAY. WHY, IS SHE STILL MAD?

MISS VON WILKINSON ASKED THAT I PERSUADE YOU TO JOIN HER BUSINESS. SHE'S NOT DOING TOO WELL, AND SHE SAYS SHE NEEDS SOMEONE LIKE YOU--

A CONNIVER... A ROUGHISH SWINDLER, IF I MAY.

YOU SEE, SHE NOW UNDERSTANDS AND ACCEPTS WHAT YOU DID TO HER, AND WANTS TO DO THE SAME TO OTHERS.







NO. SHE SAID THAT SHE ONCE **WORKED** FOR YOU, BUT THAT YOU HAD **REFUSED** TO TAKE HER SUGGESTIONS **SERIOUSLY** BECAUSE SHE IS A WOMAN. IS THAT **RIGHT?**

YEAH. SO FAR SO GOOD. Y'SEE, FAR AS **I'M** CONCERNED, WOMEN HAVE ONLY **ONE** PURPOSE.

BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO ABOUT **NOW?** I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR YEARS.

BUT SHE'S BEEN THINKING ABOUT **YOU**, BOLT.

IN FACT, SHE ASKED ME TO **KILL** YOU.



COOL, **REAL** SMOOTH. JUST LIKE **THAT**, HUH?

WELL, OLD MAN-- LET'S SEE WHO **MOPS** THE FLOOR WITH WHO.

CATCH!



THE WORD SHOULD BE "**WHOM!**"

HUNH? THAT WEIGHT WEIGHS **MORE 'N TWO HUNDRED POUNDS!**

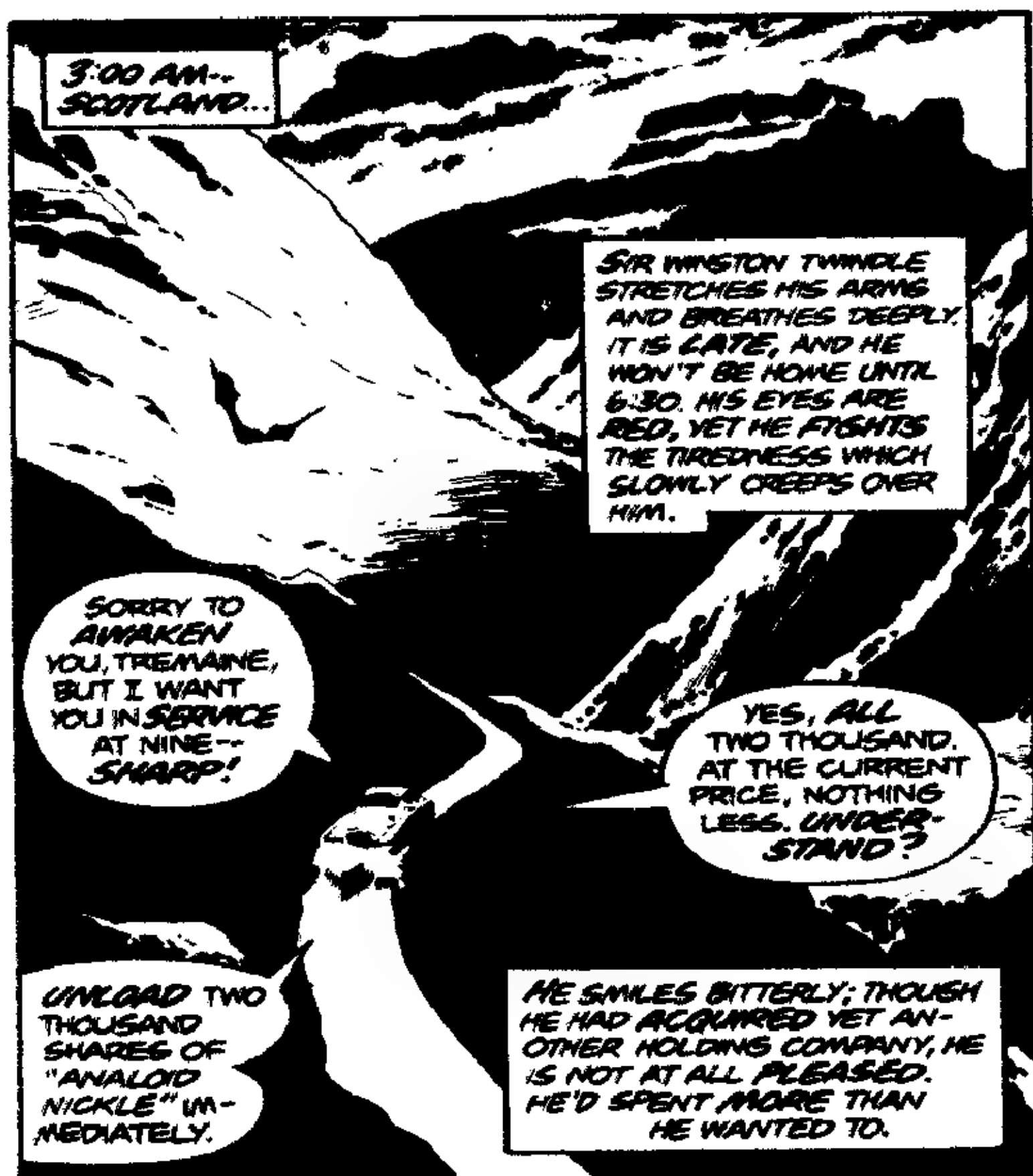
NOBODY CAN CATCH IT WITH **ONE** HAND.



NOBODY, BOLT?

NOW THEN, AS I WAS SAYING...

JACK BOLT WAS **THIRTY SEVEN** YEARS OLD WHEN HE DIED. HE WAS IN THE **BEST** OF HEALTH, AND WHEN HE DIED, HE LEFT **MANY** A FAIR LADY **CRYING...** AT LEAST FOR THE **BETTER** PART OF THE DAY.



3:00 AM--
SCOTLAND...

SIR WINSTON TWINDLE
STRETCHES HIS ARMS
AND BREATHES DEEPLY.
IT IS LATE, AND HE
WON'T BE HOME UNTIL
6:30. HIS EYES ARE
RED, YET HE FIGHTS
THE TIREDNESS WHICH
SLOWLY CREEPS OVER
HIM.

SORRY TO
AWAKEN
YOU, TREMAINE,
BUT I WANT
YOU IN SERVICE
AT NINE--
SHARP!

YES, ALL
TWO THOUSAND.
AT THE CURRENT
PRICE, NOTHING
LESS. UNDER-
STAND?

UNLOAD TWO
THOUSAND
SHARES OF
"ANALOID
NICKLE" IM-
MEDIATELY.

HE SMILES BITTERLY; THOUGH
HE HAD ACQUIRED YET AN-
OTHER HOLDING COMPANY, HE
IS NOT AT ALL PLEASED.
HE'D SPENT MORE THAN
HE WANTED TO.



OH! DON'T LET ANYONE
KNOW THEY'RE MY SHARES
-- NOT UNTIL MORNING.

DON'T QUESTION
ME, TREMAINE-- JUST
DO AS I SAY.



BLOODY
FOOL. HE
THINKS HE
CAN SECOND
GUESS ME.

STANLEY! A BIT
FASTER, MAN. I WANT
TO BE HOME EARLIER
THAN NEXT YEAR.

YES
SIR.



LUFFER?
THIS IS SIR
WINSTON. I
WANTED TO
SPEAK WITH
YOU BEFORE
YOU CAME
TO WORK
THIS
MORNING.

I JUST WENT OVER
YOUR DEAL WITH
THE "STEPPINTIME
CONGLOMERATE."
I DON'T LIKE
IT. NOT ONE
BIT.

BE SURE TO
CLEAN OUT
YOUR DESK
AND THEN
COLLECT
YOUR SEVER-
ANCE PAY.

YOU'RE
FIRED!

SLEEP WELL, LUFFER-- FOR
THE REMAINDER OF THIS
NIGHT, THAT IS.



HENDRICKSON? YES, I KNOW THE HOUR, MAN. I'M THE ONE AWAKE, REMEMBER?

I'LL BE IN THE OFFICE BY ELEVEN. BE SURE TO BE WAITING FOR ME.

I WANT TO SPEAK WITH YOU ABOUT YOUR REPORT.

LISTEN, MAN. I DON'T CARE IF YOU ARE ON VACATION. YOU WORK FOR ME-- YOU SEE ME WHEN I WANT YOU TO.



BE THERE, HENDRICKSON--

FORGET IT, HENDRICKSON. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SEE ANYONE TOMORROW.

WHAT'S THAT--?

WHO--?

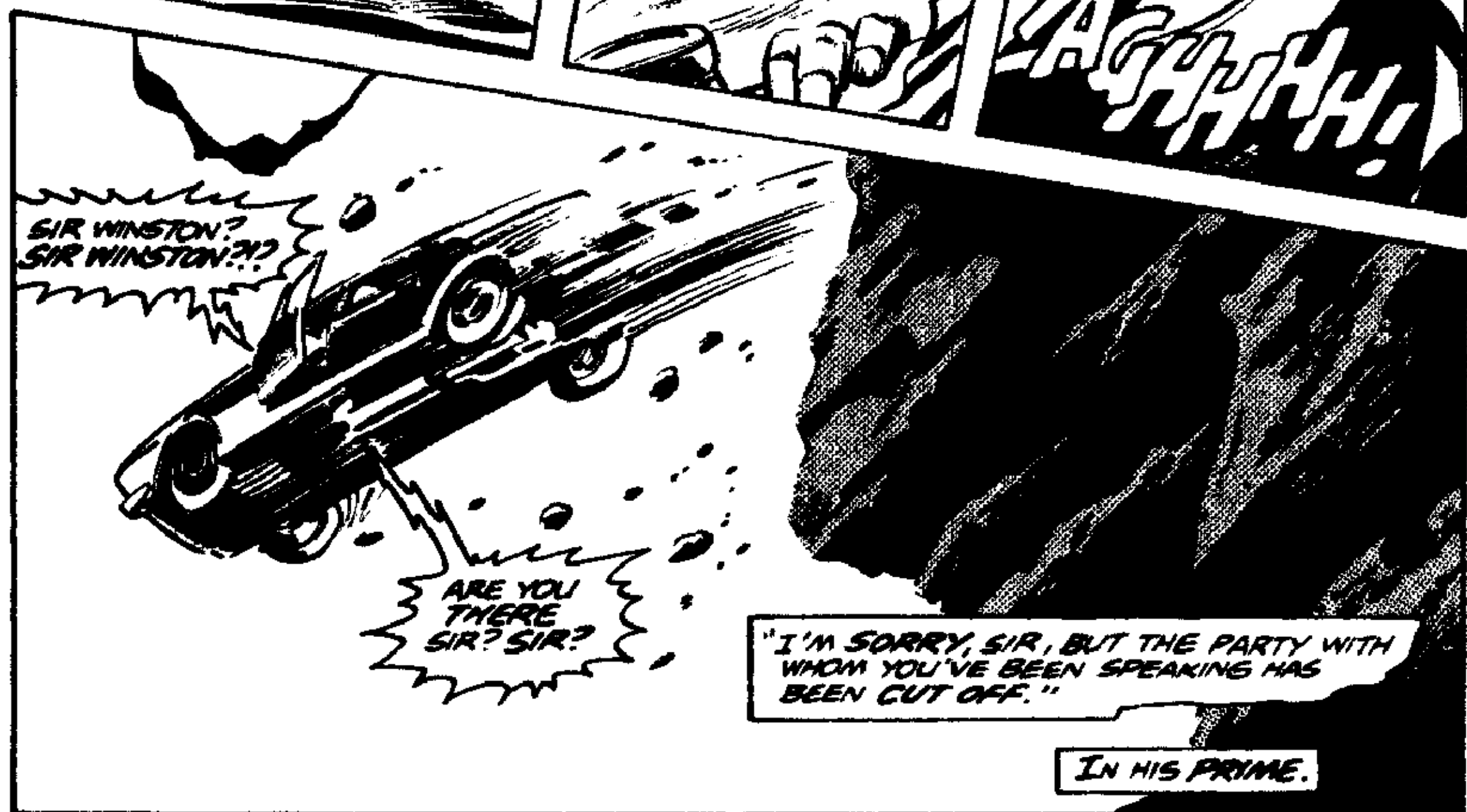


THE NAME IS DRACULA, TWINDLE. BY TOMORROW MORNING YOU WILL BE DEAD...

...AND HARDLY BE IN ANY CONDITION TO SEE YOUR POOR MR. HENDRICKSON.



AGHHH!



SIR WINSTON? SIR WINSTON??

ARE YOU THERE SIR? SIR?

"I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT THE PARTY WITH WHOM YOU'VE BEEN SPEAKING HAS BEEN CUT OFF."

IN HIS PRIME.

GIANT-SIZE
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



5

JUNE
02916

50¢

€

68 BIG PAGES

GIANT-SIZE DRACULA

DOUBLE-
LENGTH
DYNAMITE
AS ONLY MACABRE
MARVEL
CAN PRESENT
IT!

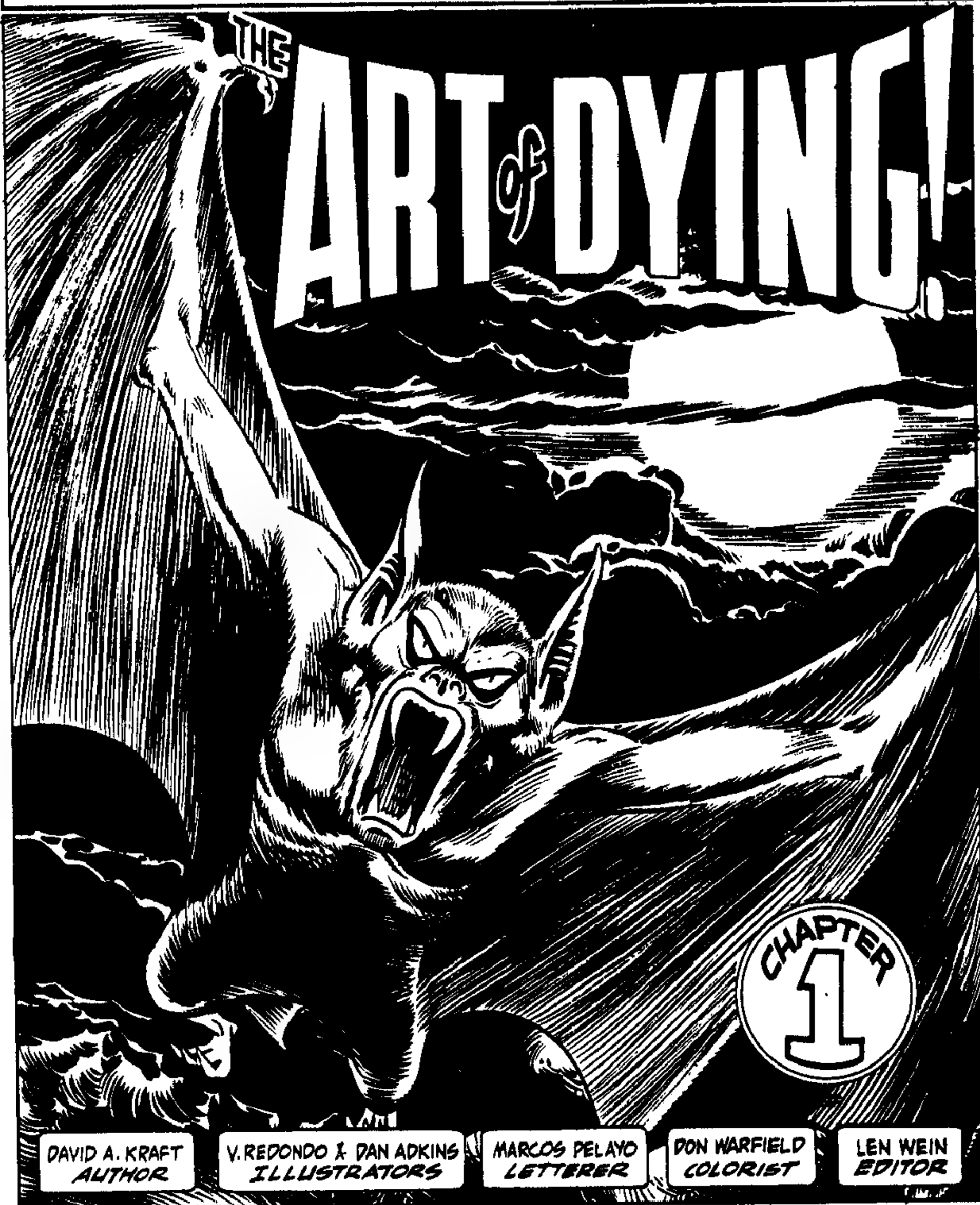
NEW!

HIGH IN THE SWISS ALPS,
THE LORD OF THE UNDEAD TEACHES...

**THE FINE ART OF
DYING!**

Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality merge, there are tales of a being who has lived more than five hundred years; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of Hell itself; they say he thrives upon the blood of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the bravest man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **CURSE OF DRACULA!**™



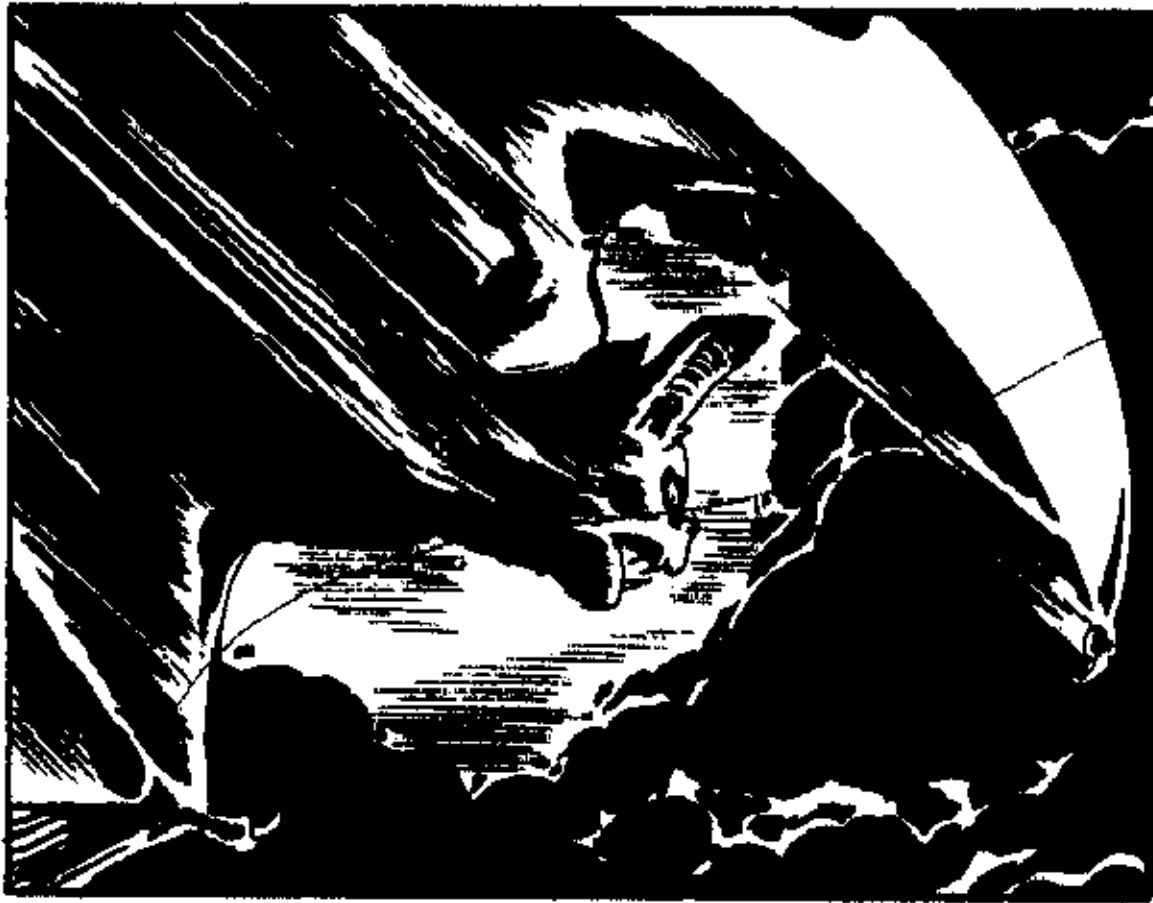
DAVID A. KRAFT
AUTHOR

V. REDONDO & DAN ADKINS
ILLUSTRATORS

MARCOS PELAYO
LETTERER

DON WARFIELD
COLORIST

LEN WEIN
EDITOR



"A MONTH AGO, I LOVED THE NIGHT. IT WAS MY PASSION... AND I WAS ITS MASTER, ITS EBULIENT AND AMOROUS PROWLER WHOSE LIFELONG AFFAIR WITH THE MIDNIGHT HOURS COULD NOT BE SURPASSED.



"OR SO I THOUGHT.

"BUT I WAS MERELY AN ECOTISTICAL DABBLER, WITH A PATHETIC IGNORANCE OF THE NIGHT'S REAL MASTER--



"--THE LORD OF EVIL AND PRINCE OF DARKNESS--

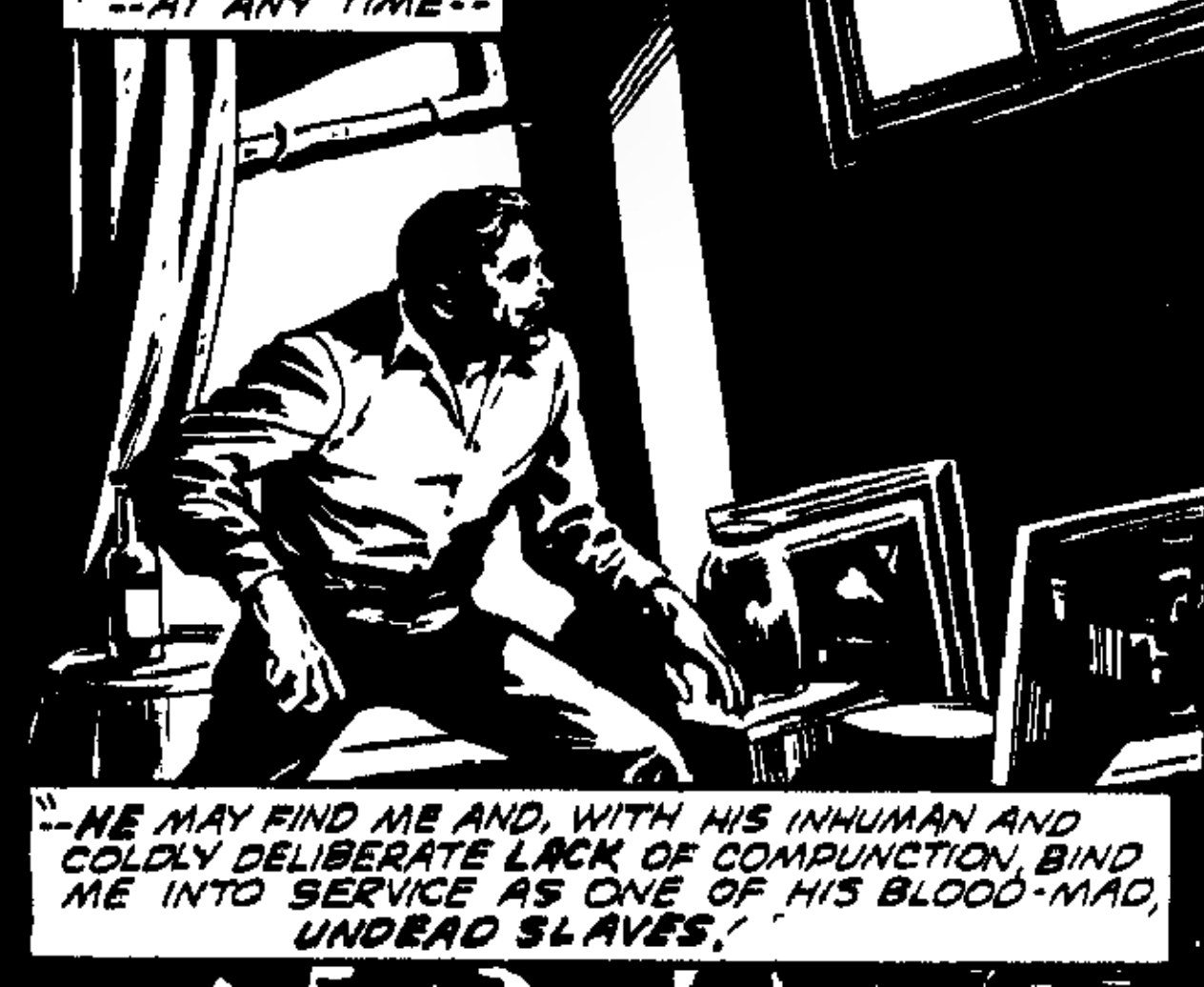
"--THE MAN CALLED--



"--DRACULA."

"NOW I FEAR THE NIGHT I DREAD ITS INEVITABLE COMING AND I'M DRIVEN TO FURTIVE CONCEALMENT, SKULKING IN TENSE APPREHENSION THAT--

"--AT ANY TIME--



"--HE MAY FIND ME AND, WITH HIS INHUMAN AND COLDLY DELIBERATE LACK OF COMPUNCTION, BIND ME INTO SERVICE AS ONE OF HIS BLOOD-MAD, UNDEAD SLAVES."

"WITH MY BACKGROUND AND THE SKILL SHOWN IN ELUDING HIM THUS FAR, I'VE ALREADY DEMONSTRATED MY VALUE AS AN AGENT, SHOULD I BE CONSCRIPTED TO HIS UNNATURAL EMPLOY.



"AND IT IS PRECISELY THIS THAT I FEAR.

"HE HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR ME ALL NIGHT. FORTUNATELY, I HAVE MANAGED TO GET SOME SLEEP-- BUT I AM HUNGRY, SO VERY HUNGRY..."

"... AND I WAS NOT ABLE TO GET ANYTHING TO EAT BEFORE TAKING REFUGE THIS EVENING IN THIS CHURCH.



"I HAD HOPED TO FIND A PRIEST WHO MIGHT PROVIDE ME WITH FOOD, BUT CLERGICAL DUTIES MUST HAVE CALLED HIM AWAY--

"--AND NOW IT IS ALMOST DAWN, AND I HAVE NOT EATEN SINCE EARLY YESTERDAY MORNING.

"LESS THAN A MONTH AGO, I WAS A GOURMET; THE TENSION, THE CONSTANT FEAR AND RUNNING, HAVE REDUCED ME TO DREAMING OF SUCH SIMPLE FARE AS BREAD AND WINE--



"--WHICH, WITH ANY LUCK, I SHALL BE ABLE TO OBTAIN ERE THE SUN RISES.

"-- UNLESS MY DAMNED TORMENTOR INTERVENES--



"--AND IF HE DOES... I AM PREPARED!

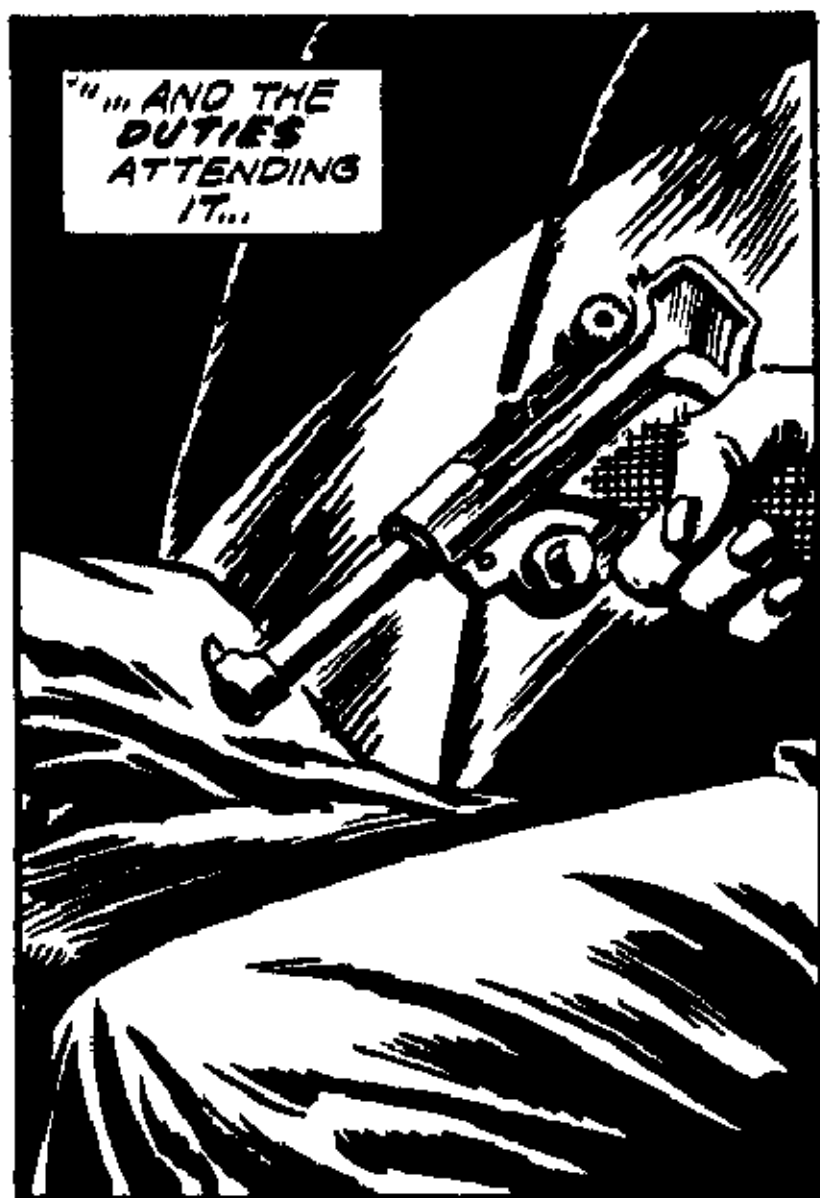
"MY NAME? IT DOES NOT MATTER-- AND MORE, I AM NOT ALLOWED TO GIVE IT, SINCE STARTING WORK WITH A GOVERNMENT AGENCY IN MARSEILLES SIX MONTHS AGO.

"I AM A FRENCHMAN, THOUGH I HAVE SPENT CONSIDERABLE TIME IN ENGLAND, AND THE TRUTH IS THAT I HAVE NEVER REALLY IDENTIFIED MYSELF WITH MY COUNTRY.



"STILL, I TOOK A GREAT PRIDE-- QUITE SELF-CONSCIOUSLY-- IN MY NEW JOB...

"... AND THE DUTIES ATTENDING IT...



"...WHICH INVOLVED THE
NATIONAL SECURITY
OF FRANCE.



"I WAS ON MY WAY TO A
NIGHT BRIEFING WITH MY
SUPERIOR, TWO WEEKS AGO,
WHEN I FIRST HEARD THAT
DEEP COMMANDING VOICE,
IT'S MINATORY TONES WERE
HYPNOTICALLY COMPELLING,
AND I COULDN'T HELP--

--OVERHEARING!--YOU SHALL
CARRY ON AS
NORMAL, BUT
YOU WILL MAKE
PERIODIC
REPORTS TO
ME, AND YOU
WILL PUT INTO
MOTION SUCH
PLANS AS I
RELAY
THROUGH MY
AGENTS--



"I STOOD, SILENT, IMMOBILE,
LISTENING TO THE VOCALIZA-
TION OF A PLAN THAT SENT
SANITY INTO RETREAT--

--UNTIL, ABRUPTLY, AFTER
SEVERAL MOMENTS, THE
MASTER OF THOSE PLANS
GREW--



--WARY!

'MY ACTION WAS SWIFT, PRECISE
AND AS INSTINCTIVE AS MY HATE
FOR REPTILES -- ALTHOUGH MUCH
MORE VIOLENT, AND UTTERLY
WITHOUT PHYSICAL EFFECT.



YOU
CANNOT
KILL
DEATH--

--AND I AM
YOUR DEATH! BUT
I AM ALSO YOUR
BENEFACTOR, FOR
I SHALL GIVE YOU
IMMORTALITY
AND THE CHANCE
TO SERVE DRACULA,
LORD OF THE
UNDEAD!

IF YOU HAVE ANY
FOOLISH DELUSIONS
TO THE CONTRARY,
LET ME TOTALLY
OBLITERATE THEM
BEFORE I PUT AN
END TO YOUR
MEANINGLESS
LIFE.

BEHOLD YOUR
SUPERIOR!



ANY HOPE I HAD LEFT-- ANY DISBELIEF I MIGHT
HAVE ENTERTAINED --DIED WHEN I HEARD OLD
MAN DUVAL'S WORDS...



IT'S TRUE. HE WILL RULE
FRANCE, FIELD OPERATOR
SIX -- AND WE MUST WORK
ON HIS BEHALF.

"THE STATEMENT WAS CALM, CERTAIN, AS IF
DUVAL FULLY ACCEPTED IT, AND I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT COULD MAKE A MAN WHO HAD WORKED
MOST OF HIS LIFE FOR A COUNTRY'S INDEPEND-
ENCE SUDDENLY AND IRRATIONALLY BETRAY
HIS DEEPEST CONVICTIONS.

--BUT IT SCARED THE
HELL OUT OF ME.



"AND I DID WHAT
THE OLD MAN WOULD
HAVE WANTED ME
TO DO, HAD HE
EVER KNOWN
THIS MIGHT HAPPEN
TO HIM...



"...I SHOT TO KILL!"

"BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING THAT WOULD HAVE DIMINISHED THE VALUE OF HIS LIFETIME MORE THAN SPENDING HIS FINAL YEARS IN A MINDLESS EFFORT TO NEGATE ALL THAT HE HAD ACCOMPLISHED."



"AT LEAST, GOD HELP ME, THAT'S WHAT I HAD TO BELIEVE."

"I STILL HAD NO CONCEPTION WHAT KIND OF BEING THIS CLOAKED BLACK NIGHTLORD WAS--NOT YET. THINGS HAD HAPPENED TOO QUICKLY FOR MUCH MORE THAN INSTINCTIVE SURVIVAL THINKING--"

"--BUT EVEN THEN, SOMEWHERE IN A DETACHED PART OF MY MIND, I REMEMBER PRIDING MYSELF FOR NOT STANDING AROUND IN DISBELIEF, PUMPING SHOT AFTER USELESS SHOT INTO A TARGET THAT SHOWED NO SIGNS OF BEING HARMED, LIKE THEY ALWAYS DO IN AMERICAN MOVIES."



"HE CLENCHED ME IN AN INHUMANLY CRUSHING GRIP AND HIS TEETH WENT TO MY THROAT; FOR ALL HIS SENSE OF SELF-CONTROL AND ARISTOCRATIC POISE, HE WAS LIKE A RAVENING ANIMAL IN THAT MOMENT."



"THEN THE REALITY OF THE SURREAL MOMENT WRAPPED ME IN RAW-EDGED AWARENESS; I ALREADY KNEW THE LUSER HAD PROVEN FUTILE IN SUBDUEING THIS DARK IMAGE OF MALEVOLENT FURY--"

"IT WAS AN EXTRANEIOUS THOUGHT."

"-- BUT I USED IT ANYWAY, IN NEAR-HYSTERIA.

"SOMEWHERE, A PART OF ME REASONED FRANTICALLY-- ACCURATELY--AND MADE ME ACT IN POSSIBLY THE ONLY WAY THAT COULD HAVE DISABLED MY INHUMAN ATTACKER...



MY SELF-PRESERVATION MECHANISM TRIUMPHED AND I HAD NO OTHER THOUGHT THAN TO GET SOMEWHERE SAFE.

MY FACE!
MY FACE!

YOU HAVE DAMNED YOURSELF, MORTAL-- NO ONE ANGERS AND HUMILIATES DRACULA THUS!



I SHALL HUNT YOU UNTIL I FIND YOU--AND UNTIL YOU BEG FOR A PLACE IN HELL!!

"I WAS TO LEARN THAT--FROM THEN ON--THERE WOULD BE NO SAFE PLACE FOR ME, ANYWHERE. HIS WORDS HAD AFFECTED ME IN A WAY I CANNOT DESCRIBE; THEY HAD EVOKED FEAR SUCH AS I HAD NOT KNOWN EXISTED WITHIN ME.

"ALSO, I REALIZED THAT IN THE EYES OF THE LAW--I HAD KILLED MY SUPERIOR...AND LEFT A LUGER WITH MY FINGER-PRINTS ON IT BEHIND, AS PROOF.



"I HAD TO DISAPPEAR.

"THIS I LEFT FRANCE, CAUTIOUSLY ADHERING TO BACK ROADS AND STOPPING ONLY FOR PETROL--AND ALL THE WHILE, MY MIND WAS OCCUPIED WITH THOUGHTS OF THE BLACK CLAD STRANGER--

"--AND WHO HAD SPOKEN OF WAST AND EVIL PLANS IN THE OFFICE OF M. DUVAL. PLANS WHICH MADE ME FEAR NOT ONLY FOR MYSELF, BUT FOR ALL EUROPE AS WELL.

"I DON'T KNOW HOW HE FOLLOWED ME--BUT FOR THE PAST TWO NIGHTS, DRACULA HAS BEEN SEEKING MY LIFE. FORTUNATELY, DRIFTING SNOW COVERED MY TRACKS THE FIRST NIGHT--

"--THE UNHOLY BEINGS WHO HAD NOT DIED FROM DIRECT AND FATAL GUNSHOTS, WHO HAD GREEDILY SOUGHT TO SUCK MY BLOOD FROM MY TORN THROAT--



"I DISPOSED OF MY CAR IN SWITZERLAND, AND BEGAN TRAVELLING ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS ON FOOT; I WAS DETERMINED NOT TO LEAVE ANY TRACE OF MY PASSING, FOR I HAD GUESSED BY THEN JUST WHAT MY ENEMY WAS--

"--A WOLF!

"--THOUGH I HEARD HIM CALLING OUT FOR ME, FROM AFAR, UNDER A GOLD AND WHITE MOON, AS IF HE EXPECTED ME TO WILLINGLY SURRENDER MY SOUL TO HIM.



"AND THE PECULIAR THING IS, HIS VOICE WAS SO...COMPELLING... THAT I ALMOST DID!"

"BEFORE THAT CRUCIAL NIGHT AT DUVAL'S OFFICE, I SAW MYSELF AS SOPHISTICATE AND A REALIST... I WAS NEITHER. BUT I'VE SINCE DISCOVERED THAT I AM RESOURCEFUL SURVIVALIST



"...WHOSE DETERMINATION TO LIVE IS REINFORCED BY THE CERTAINTY OF MY DEATH. FOR I CANNOT EVADE DRACULA FOREVER."



"--YET I INTEND TO MAKE AN ART OF DYING, AND IF I CAN END HIS BLASPHEMOUS EXISTENCE AS WELL--

"...THEN MY OWN DEATH SHALL HAVE MEANING."



MORTAL -- ABOVE YOU! DRACULA HAS COME--



-- TO TAKE HIS VENGEANCE!!

END CHAPTER 1

CHAPTER
2

I'VE NEVER SEEN
THE TIME YOU COULDN'T
SLEEP AT THE DROP
OF A HAT--

-- THE ONLY
TIME YOU *DON'T*
SLEEP IS WHEN
YOU'RE *DRUNK*.

LIKE
RIGHT
NOW.

AND IF YOU
DON'T *LIKE IT*,
ELEANOR, I TOLD
YOU WHAT YOU
CAN *DO*--

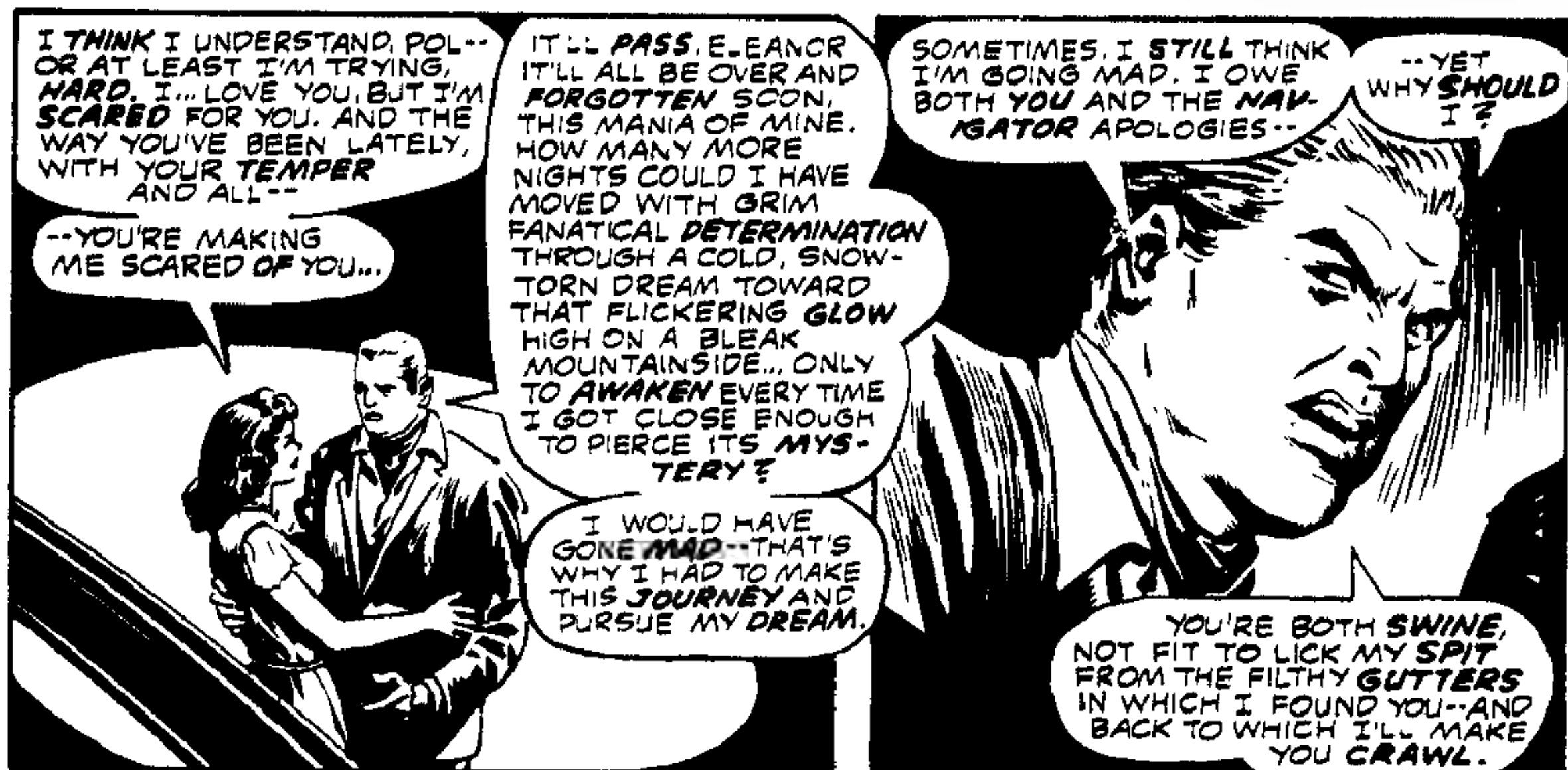
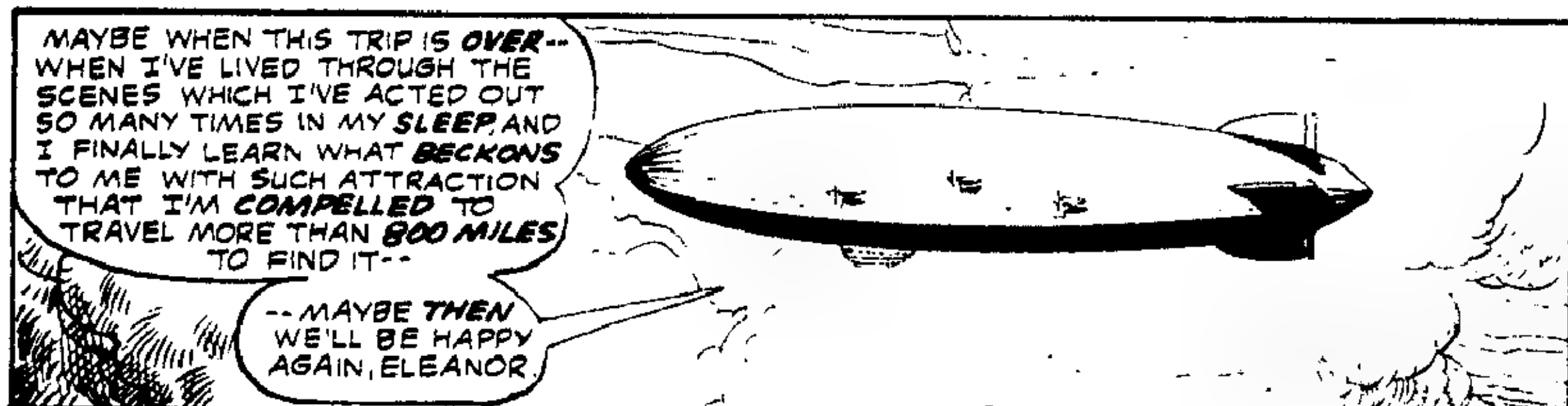
-- SWIM
TO
SHORE!

THIS IS *MY* LIFE, YOU'RE
ON *MY* AIRSHIP, AND WE'RE
CHASING *MY* DREAM. I *OWN*
YOU, ELEANOR, AND I'M
GETTING TIRED
OF REMINDING YOU OF
THAT FACT.

POLCARY EVANNS *BUYS* WHATEVER
HE WANTS, OR HE *TAKES IT*--THAT'S
WHAT *LIFE* IS ALL ABOUT. NOW SHUT
UP WHILE YOU STILL HAVE SOME
TEETH LEFT IN THAT PRETTY
MOUTH OF YOURS.





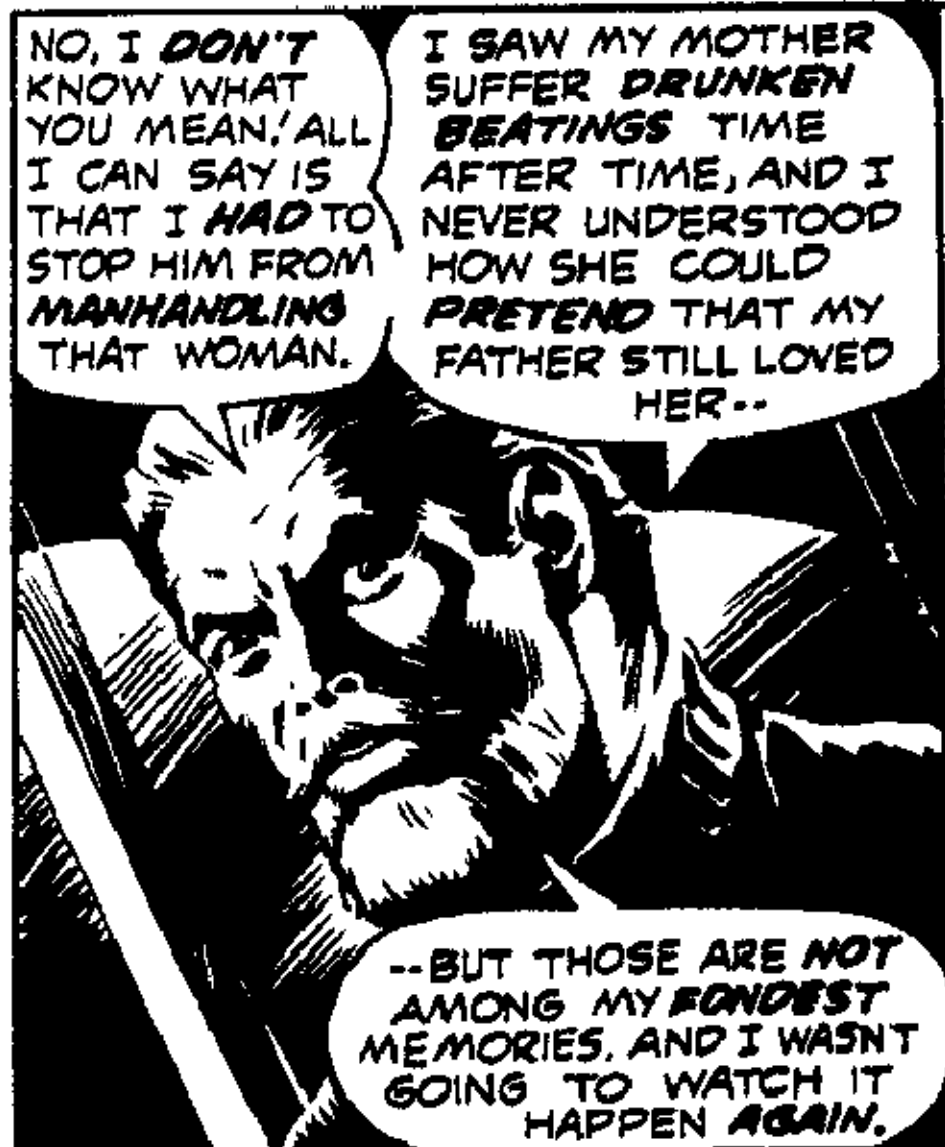




DO YOU EVER WONDER WHAT **MOTIVATES** PEOPLE, WALTER-- WHAT **MAKES** US DO WHAT WE DO?

IT'S NOT ALWAYS **MONEY**, POLCARY EVANNS OUT THERE-- WHY IS HE JUST AS **MEAN** AND **BITTER** AS MY FATHER, WHO USED TO **STEAL** FOR A LIVING?

YOU'RE ASKIN' THE **WRONG MAN**, AARON. WE CAN EACH ONLY BE RESPONSIBLE FOR **OURSELF**, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.



NO, I **DON'T** KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I **HAD** TO STOP HIM FROM **MANHANDLING** THAT WOMAN.

I SAW MY MOTHER SUFFER **DRUNKEN BEATINGS** TIME AFTER TIME, AND I NEVER UNDERSTOOD HOW SHE COULD **PRETEND** THAT MY FATHER STILL LOVED HER--

--BUT THOSE ARE **NOT** AMONG MY **FOONDEST** MEMORIES, AND I WASN'T GOING TO WATCH IT HAPPEN **AGAIN**.



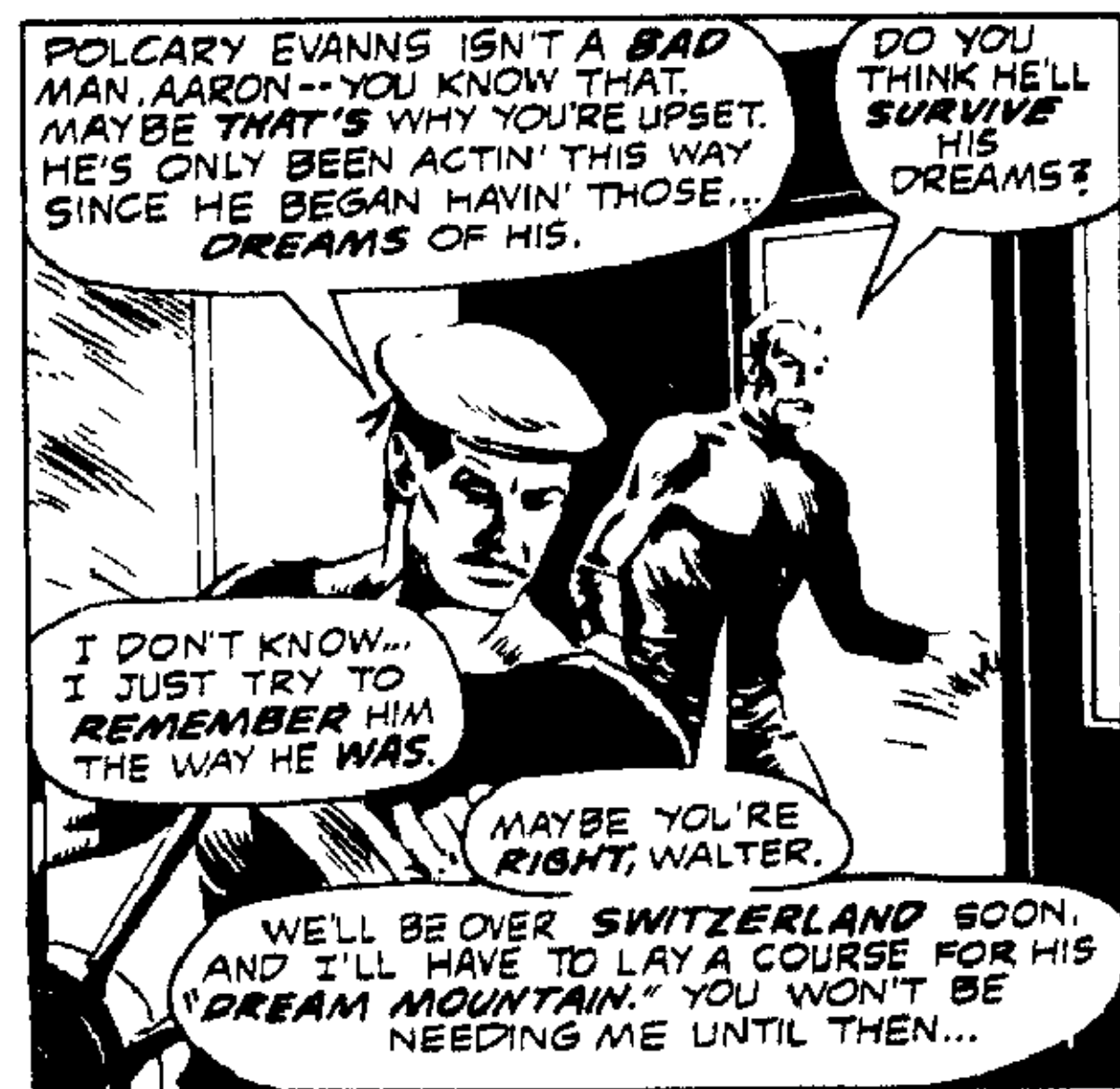
A MAN DOES WHAT HE **HAS** TO, AARON--WHETHER THAT MAN IS **YOU** OR **MR. EVANNS**, AT LEAST, THAT'S HOW I FIGURE IT...

...THOUGH, TRUTH TO TELL, I NEVER **BOOTHERED** THINKIN' MUCH ON THE SUBJECT.



I **HIT** HIM, WALTER-- THAT SHOULD'VE BEEN ENOUGH TO RELIEVE MY HOSTILITY AND **FRUSTRATION**...

...SO HOW COME I'M STILL **ANGRY**?



POLCARY EVANNS ISN'T A **BAD** MAN, AARON--YOU KNOW THAT, MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU'RE UPSET. HE'S ONLY BEEN ACTIN' THIS WAY SINCE HE BEGAN HAVIN' THOSE... **DREAMS** OF HIS.

DO YOU THINK HE'LL **SURVIVE** HIS DREAMS?

I DON'T KNOW... I JUST TRY TO **REMEMBER** HIM THE WAY HE WAS.

MAYBE YOU'RE **RIGHT**, WALTER.

WE'LL BE OVER **SWITZERLAND** SOON, AND I'LL HAVE TO LAY A COURSE FOR HIS "**DREAM MOUNTAIN**." YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ME UNTIL THEN...



...SO EXCUSE ME, WILL YOU--




--WHILE I GO OUTSIDE AND **COOL OFF**.







END OF CHAPTER 2



" DESPITE MY EARLIER EXPERIENCE WITH THE TALL AND LITHELY POWERFUL NIGHT FIGURE--OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF M. DUVAL--I WAS STILL SMITTEN WITH SUDDEN AWE AND FEAR AT SIGHT OF THE FURIOUS APPARITION SCULPTED FROM DARKNESS AND LINED AGAINST THE MOON ABOVE ME.

" HIS VOICE, WHILE RESONANT WITH DEEP-THROATED ALBEIT CAREFULLY-MODULATED ANGER, THROBBED WITH MALEVOLENCE IN MY EARS... OBSCURING THE LESSER SOUNDS OF THE HOWLING MOUNTAIN MORNING.

HE HAD CALLED HIMSELF--
DRACULA!

IT WAS YOU, WITLESS WRETCH, WHO HAD THE TEMERITY TO UPSET MY PLANS FOR THE SECRET DOMINATION OF FRANCE--

--AND WHO SOUGHT, ALSO, TO ESCAPE MY WRATH BY DESTROYING MY FACE!

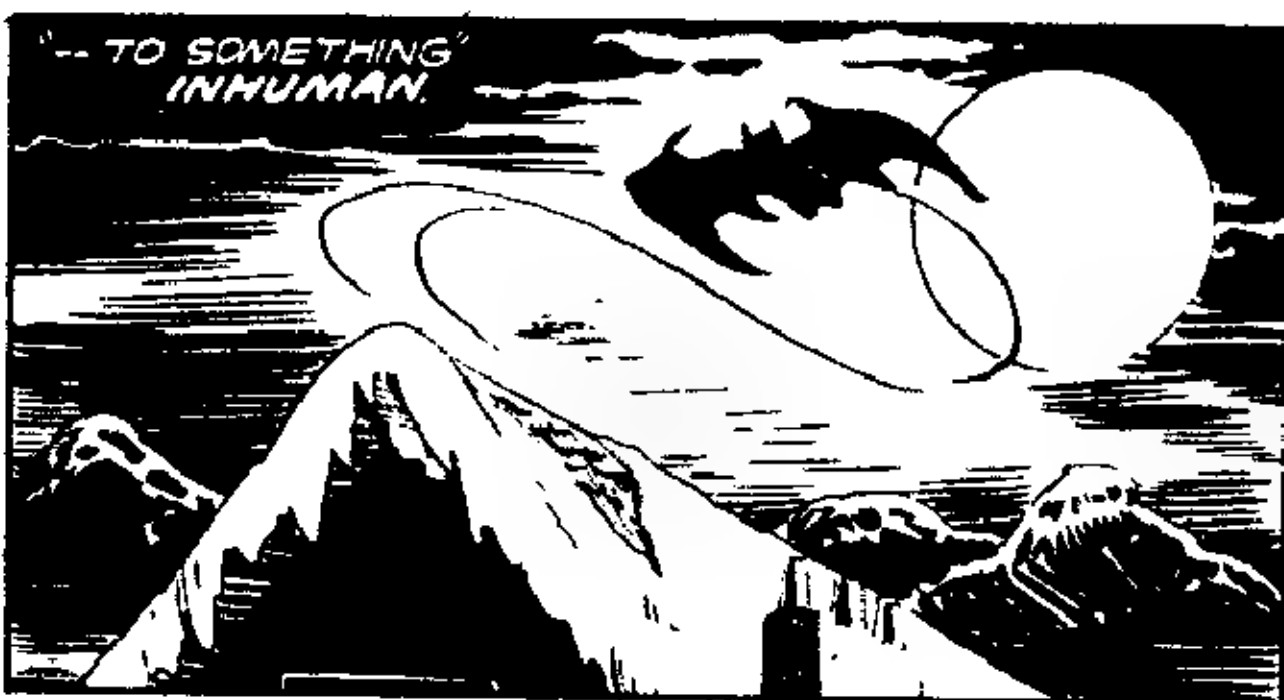
CHAPTER
3

NOW
I SHALL
TAKE MY
VENGEANCE!

"AND AS I STARED IN DISBELIEF AT THAT UNSCARRED FACE, WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN A RAW MASS OF RUIN, IT BEGAN TO CHANGE... SUBTLY AT FIRST--

"--AND THEN WITH INCREASING SPEED, EVEN AS DRACULA'S ENTIRE FORM SHIFTED FROM SOMETHING HUMAN--

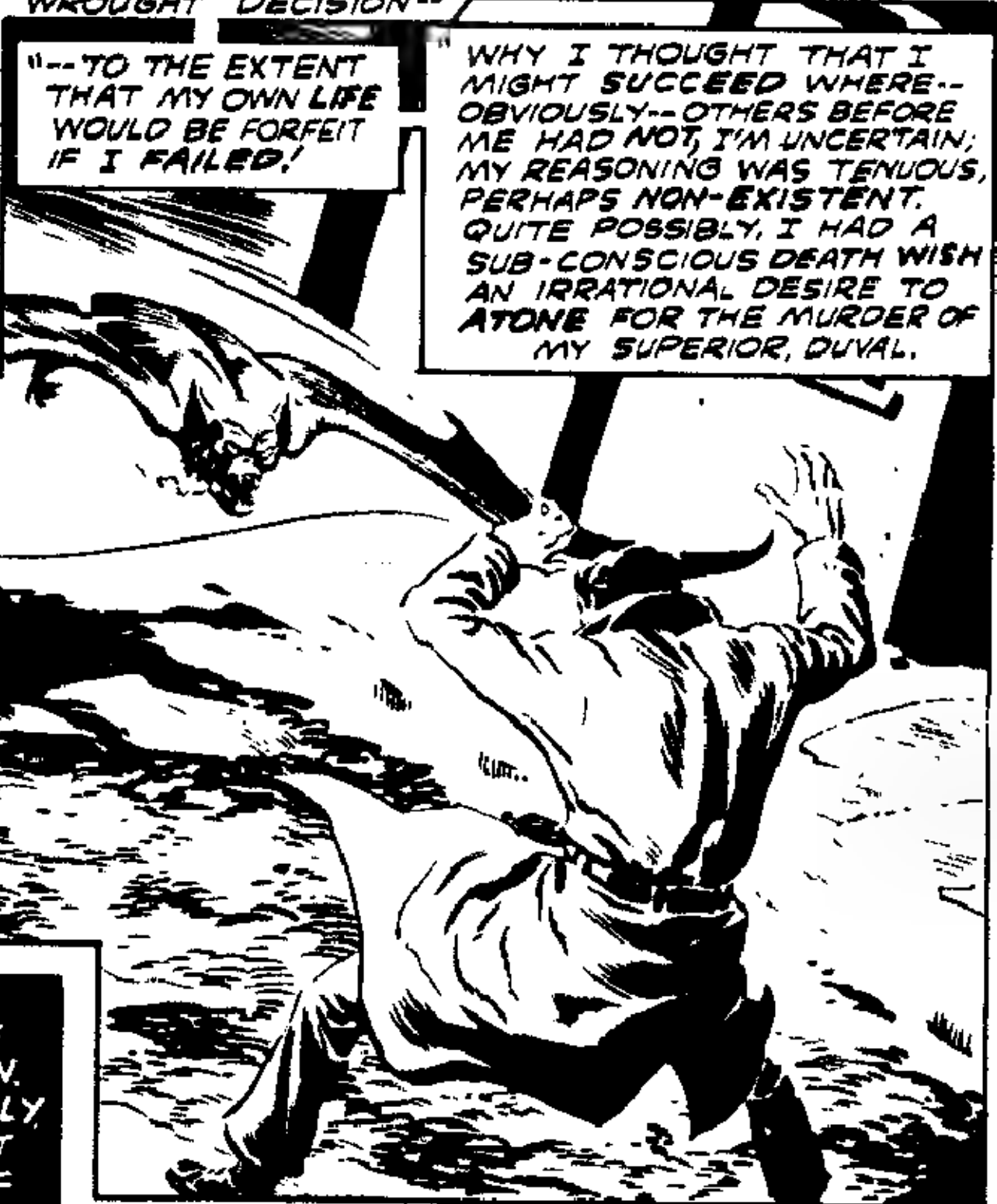
"-- TO SOMETHING INHUMAN.



"I STOOD MY GROUND, FOR I HAD A DETERMINATION TO END THIS PREYING OF THE UNDEAD UPON THE LIVING, AND I WAS COMMITTED TO MY ILL-WROUGHT DECISION--

"--TO THE EXTENT THAT MY OWN LIFE WOULD BE FORFEIT IF I FAILED!

"WHY I THOUGHT THAT I MIGHT SUCCEED WHERE-- OBVIOUSLY-- OTHERS BEFORE ME HAD NOT, I'M UNCERTAIN; MY REASONING WAS TENUOUS, PERHAPS NON-EXISTENT. QUITE POSSIBLY, I HAD A SUB-CONSCIOUS DEATH WISH AN IRRATIONAL DESIRE TO ATONE FOR THE MURDER OF MY SUPERIOR, DUVAL.



YOU'RE A FOOL, HUMAN!

"THE WORDS UNNERVED ME, ACCOMPANIED AS THEY WERE BY ABNORMALLY SEARING PAIN. THE VAMPIRE ACTED CAREFULLY, WITH RESPECT FOR THE FACT THAT I HAD PROVEN MYSELF DANGEROUS--



"-- AND THE WINGED ATTACK, I KNEW, HAD BEEN FOR THE PURPOSE OF GOADING ME INTO USING ANY HIDDEN WEAPON I MIGHT BE CARRYING.

" I WAITED.



LOOK AT ME, MORTAL--



-- I COMMAND YOU...

LOOK
AT
ME!

"I WANTED TO DEFY HIM, FOR I HAVE ALWAYS DESPISED BELLIGERENT SUPERIORITY, ESPECIALLY WHEN IT TAKES THE FORM OF AUTHORITARIAN COMMANDS--

--YET MY BODY DID NOT SEEM INCLINED TO CO-OPERATE WITH MY MENTAL REBELLION. INSTEAD, IT OBEYED THE ICE-TONED ORDERS--



--AND THAT WAS WHEN I KNEW I HAD MADE A MISTAKE.

"BUT I WAS EVER A CAUTIOUS GAMBLER AT THE GAMING TABLES, AND THIS MORNING I HAD NOT FAILED TO STACK MY ODDS.

"THERE WAS A CHANCE I WOULD LIVE.

FIRST...
YOUR BLOOD.
THEN--

--YOUR
SOUL!



"I DID NOT FLINCH AS HIS TEETH REOPENED THE WOUND WHICH HE HAD INFLICTED ON THE NIGHT OF DUVAL'S DEATH; IN FACT, THE SENSATION WAS PLEASURABLE, AND I BEGAN TO LOSE MY FORMERLY OVERPOWERING DESIRE TO LIVE--

--MUCH LIKE A MAN ON THE VERGE OF BEING FROZEN TO DEATH, WHO IS SUDDENLY OVERCOME WITH AN URGE TO LIE DOWN IN THE SNOW AND SLEEP...



"I WELCOMED DEATH WITH A PERVERSE SORT OF FASCINATION--

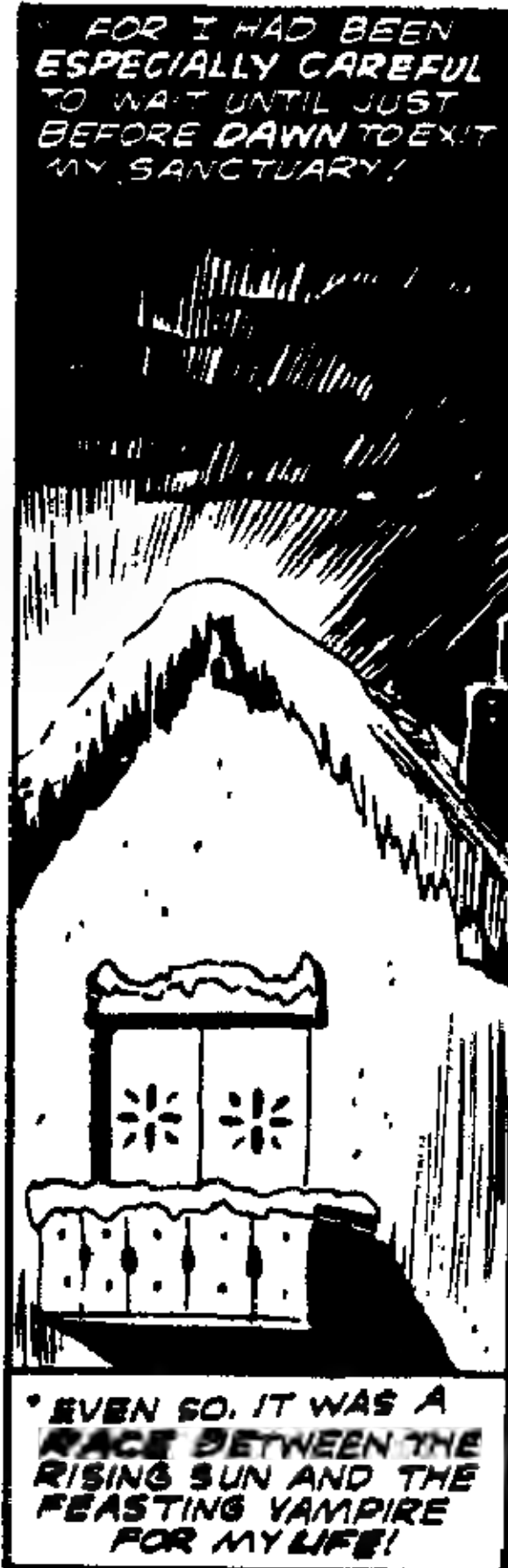
--AND IT WAS ONLY MY EARLIER CALCULATIONS WHICH PREVENTED MY DEMISE...



"... MY SENSE OF DANGER WAS SUPPLANTED BY DREAMY LASSITUDE.



FOR I HAD BEEN ESPECIALLY CAREFUL TO WAIT UNTIL JUST BEFORE DAWN TO EXIT MY SANCTUARY!



EVEN SO, IT WAS A RACE BETWEEN THE RISING SUN AND THE FEASTING VAMPIRE FOR MY LIFE!

... I HAD PASSED THE POINT OF CARING, MYSELF.

THE SUN!

I HAVE GROWN CARELESS.

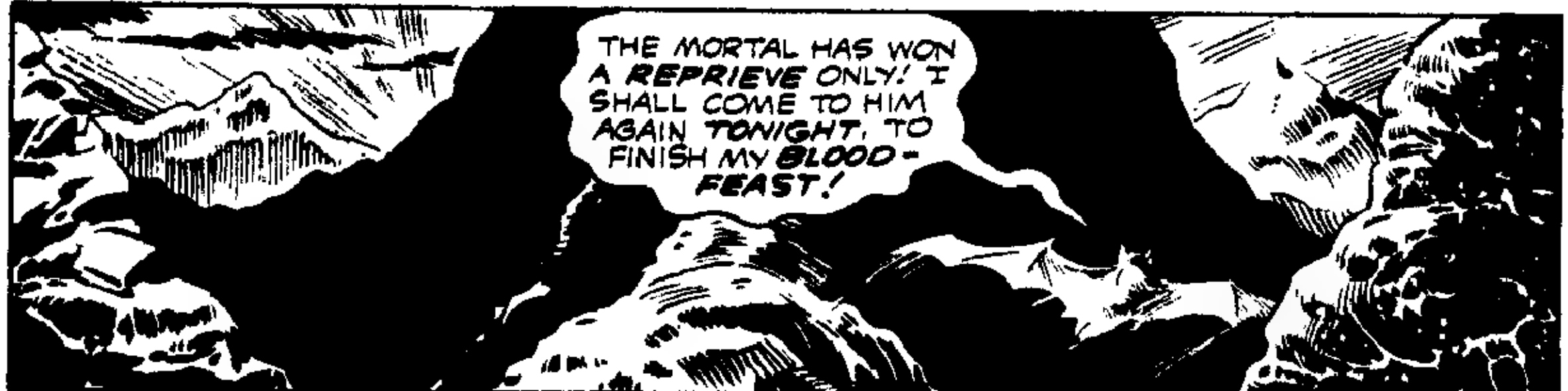


NO! THE CURSED HUMAN LURED ME INTO FORGETTING THE TIME, HOPING THAT DAWN'S RAYS WOULD CATCH ME UNAWARES -- BUT IF THEY DON'T TOUCH ME, THEY CANNOT DESTROY ME!

DRACULA MUST FLY, SWIFTLY AND LOW, KEEPING TO THE SHADOWS -- THERE IS YET TIME TO REACH THE TOMB WHICH SLAVES PREPARED FOR ME IN THESE MOUNTAINS, YEARS AGO.



THE MORTAL HAS WON A REPRIEVE ONLY! I SHALL COME TO HIM AGAIN TONIGHT, TO FINISH MY BLOOD-FEAST!



OBVIOUS TO THE GOLD, WHICH FILTERED EASILY INTO MY COMATOSE BODY, I LAY IN DREAMLESS SLEEP...

... AT THE VERY ABYSS OF DEATH.



AT LENGTH, I WADED BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS THROUGH A STREAM OF CONFUSION --

... TO FIND AN UNFAMILIAR FIGURE WORRYING OVER ME.

COME, THEN, MY LAD -- WAKE UP! THAT'S IT, KEEP THOSE EYES OPEN, AND HELP ME GET YOU TO THE CHURCH!

CHURCH? WHO... ARE YOU?

FATHER WETZEL, IN THE FLESH.



WHO ELSE WOULD MAINTAIN A HOLY OUTPOST THIS FAR FROM THE CENTERS OF CIVILIZATION? I HAVE MY QUARTERS INSIDE THE CHURCH; I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND MY MODEST ROOM SUPERIOR TO THE FREEZING COLD OF THE STREET.



"MY THROAT HAD BEGUN TO THROB AND I COULD FEEL IT SWELLING WHERE THE SHARP WHITE TEETH HAD PIERCED THE SKIN. I WANTED DESPERATELY TO SLEEP, BUT EVEN WITH MY THOUGHTS FRAGMENTED AND SLUGGISH, I HAD TO TELL MY BENEFACTOR ABOUT THE CREATURE WHO HAD DONE THIS TO ME.

"FATHER WETZEL WAS A PRIEST-- HE WOULD KNOW ABOUT... VAMPIRES.

WHAT CAN I DO? HE'S STALKING ME LIKE SOME DARKLING NIGHT PREDATOR, AND IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL HE FINALLY DESTROYS ME--

-- I DON'T KNOW HOW TO COMBAT THE UNDEAD!



ANY SYMBOL OF OUR LORD WILL PROTECT YOU--A CROSS, A...

YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

I WAS GOING TO BRAND HIM WITH IT-- BUT HIS EYES, THOSE FIERY EYES... PARALYZED ME!



THE CROSS DIDN'T HELP ME WHEN HE WAS DRINKING MY BLOOD -- STEALING MY LIFE!

YOU COULD STAY INSIDE THIS CHURCH FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE, BUT I HARDLY THINK THAT'S ANY SOLUTION. THEREFORE, I SUGGEST YOU GET MOVING AS SOON AS I DRESS YOUR WOUND, WHILE THERE'S STILL PLENTY OF DAYLIGHT.

HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO HELP YOU. I'LL GIVE YOU SOME SUPPLIES, A GOOD MEAL BEFORE YOU GO--AND MY BLESSING...



...BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THAT IF YOU REMAIN IN THIS VILLAGE, THE VAMPIRE WILL BEGIN TO PREY UPON THE LOCALS.

I...UNDERSTAND.

JUST ONE MORE FAVOR, FATHER WETZEL-- COULD YOU GIVE ME A PHIAL OF HOLY WATER, TO TAKE WITH ME?



CERTAINLY, MY LAD--AND MAY GOD ALSO GO WITH YOU.

"HIS REMARK CAUSED ME TO REMEMBER WHAT I HAD BECOME IN THE PAST HALF YEAR, AND TO DWELL ON THE DUALITY OF BELIEVING IN GOD AND KILLING.

"I HAD DIFFICULTY PUTTING THE THOUGHT OUT OF MY MIND, FOR I HAD MURDERED MY SUPERIOR-- AMONG OTHERS-- AND YET MY SURVIVAL DEPENDED ON THE ONLY FORCE WHICH COULD CHALLENGE THE POWER OF DRACULA, A GOD WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE I HAD PROFANED.

"MY STRENGTH HAD BEEN LARGELY USURPED BY THE VAMPIRE LORD, AND I MADE ERRATIC PROGRESS. THE COLD WAS INCREDIBLE, BUT MY DETERMINATION HAD RETURNED.



"-- THOUGH THIS TIME, WITH IT, HAD COME A GREAT DESPAIR... FOR WHEN THE PRIEST TURNED ME AWAY, I KNEW THAT I WAS AS GOOD AS DEAD.



"AND I REAFFIRMED MY PLEDGE TO MAKE AN ART OF DYING -- DRACULA WOULD NOT DRAIN MY LIFEBLOOD WITHOUT TASTING MY VITRIOLIC HATRED.

"ONE MOMENT, I WAS NURSING THAT HATRED; THE NEXT, I WAS CLAWING FRANTICALLY AT FROZEN STONE--



"-- AND THEN, I WAS PLUNGING THROUGH SEARING, ICE-EDGED AIR TOWARD THE BECKONING GLINT OF SNOW-GUISED DEATH BELOW.



"HOURS LATER, I SQUINTED THROUGH EYE-LIDS FROZEN TOGETHER BY BLOOD, TO PEER UP AT A FRIGID SKY OF BLOOD.

"... AND I REALIZED THEN THAT THERE WAS TO BE NO ESCAPING MY INEVITABLE CONFRONTATION WITH DRACULA.



"I COULD HARDLY MOVE; PAIN HAD DEADENED ANY FEELING IN MY LEFT LEG, THOUGH I FOUND IT WASN'T BROKEN--

"-- WHILE THE COLD HAD BROUGHT STIFFNESS TO THE REST OF MY LIMBS, AND MY BACK BURNED WITH AN INNER FIRE THAT CONSTRICTED SUDDEN MOTION.



"BUT I CLIMBED ANYWAY--SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, AND AFTER AWHILE MY ACHES RECEDED AS MY MIND BEGAN A SORT OF WAKING DREAM, IN WHICH I BELIEVED THAT I HAD A CHANCE TO DEFEAT DRACULA AND TO RETURN TO THE LIFE I HAD KNOWN.



"THE SNOW CONTINUED TO FALL WITH INCREASING VIGOR, AND A KEENING NIGHTWIND STIRRED OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

"I KNEW THE FALLING, DRIFTING SNOW WOULD COVER MY TRACKS, AND IT WAS MY INTENTION TO FIND SHELTER AND HIDE FOR THE NIGHT--

"--BUT BY THE TIME I FINALLY REACHED A PLATEAU ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, FEELING HAD PROGRESSED FROM COLD TO PAINFUL TO NUMB TO WARM IN MY FINGERS AND TOES, AND IF I DIDN'T THAW THEM SOON, I WOULD LOSE THEM--



"--FOR THOSE ARE THE SIGNS OF FROSTBITE!

"GATHERING PIECES OF FALLEN WOOD AND PILING THEM UP--



"--AND, WITH EVEN MORE DIFFICULTY, LIGHTING A FIRE IN THAT EVER-GROWING STORM--WHEN MY FINGERS NO LONGER OBEYED MY COMMANDS--



"--WAS A TASK ACCOMPLISHED ONLY WITH THE UTMOST OF SHEER DESPERATE WILL. EVEN SO, PUTTING FLAME TO ICE-ENCRUSTED PINE WOULD HAVE BEEN IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT THE SMALL QUANTITY OF KEROSENE AND MATCHES WHICH FATHER WETZEL HAD GIVEN ME.

"LIFE RETURNED TO MY EXTREMITIES, BUT AS I HAD FEARED, THE FIRE ATTRACTED THE UNDEAD BEING WHO SO TENACIOUSLY SOUGHT TO DAMN ME. HE APPEARED LIKE A SPECTRE OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

TONIGHT THE CHASE ENDS--WE ARE ALONE, AND THIS TIME DAWN WILL NOT BREAK UNTIL HOURS AFTER I HAVE FINISHED WHAT I BEGAN LAST NIGHT!

MY FEAST OF DEATH!



I DID NOT REPLY; THERE WAS NOTHING TO SAY. BUT I REMEMBERED THE COMPELLING POWER OF HIS EYES, AND AFTER MY FIRST STARTLED GLANCE, I WAS CAREFUL TO KEEP MY OWN EYES AVERTED.

THAT TORCH WILL NOT BURN FOREVER, NOR WILL YOUR FIRE LAST LONG--

--AND WHEN IT GOES, YOUR LIFE WILL FOLLOW IT INTO DARKNESS!



"IT WAS THEN THAT I HEARD THE DRONING SOUND--

"--AND THE NEXT MOMENT, IT WAS DIRECTLY OVERHEAD, VYING WITH THE STORM FOR AURAL MASTERY OF THE NIGHT. IN THAT RESPECT, IT SUCCEEDED.



A ZEPPELIN!

END-CHAPTER 3

CHAPTER
4

NO, POL! IT'S
SUICIDE TO FLY
DIRECTLY INTO
A STORM ON A
SHIP LIKE THIS!

YOU DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING!

IS THAT SO, ELLY? ALL
MY LIFE, PEOPLE HAVE
BEEN TELLING ME I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
I'M DOING--AND I'VE
IGNORED THEM!
THAT'S WHY I'M HERE
...BECAUSE POLCARY
EVANNS DOES WHAT
HE WANTS! I HAVE
FAITH IN MY DREAMS--

--AND
NOTHING'S
GOING TO
DETER ME!

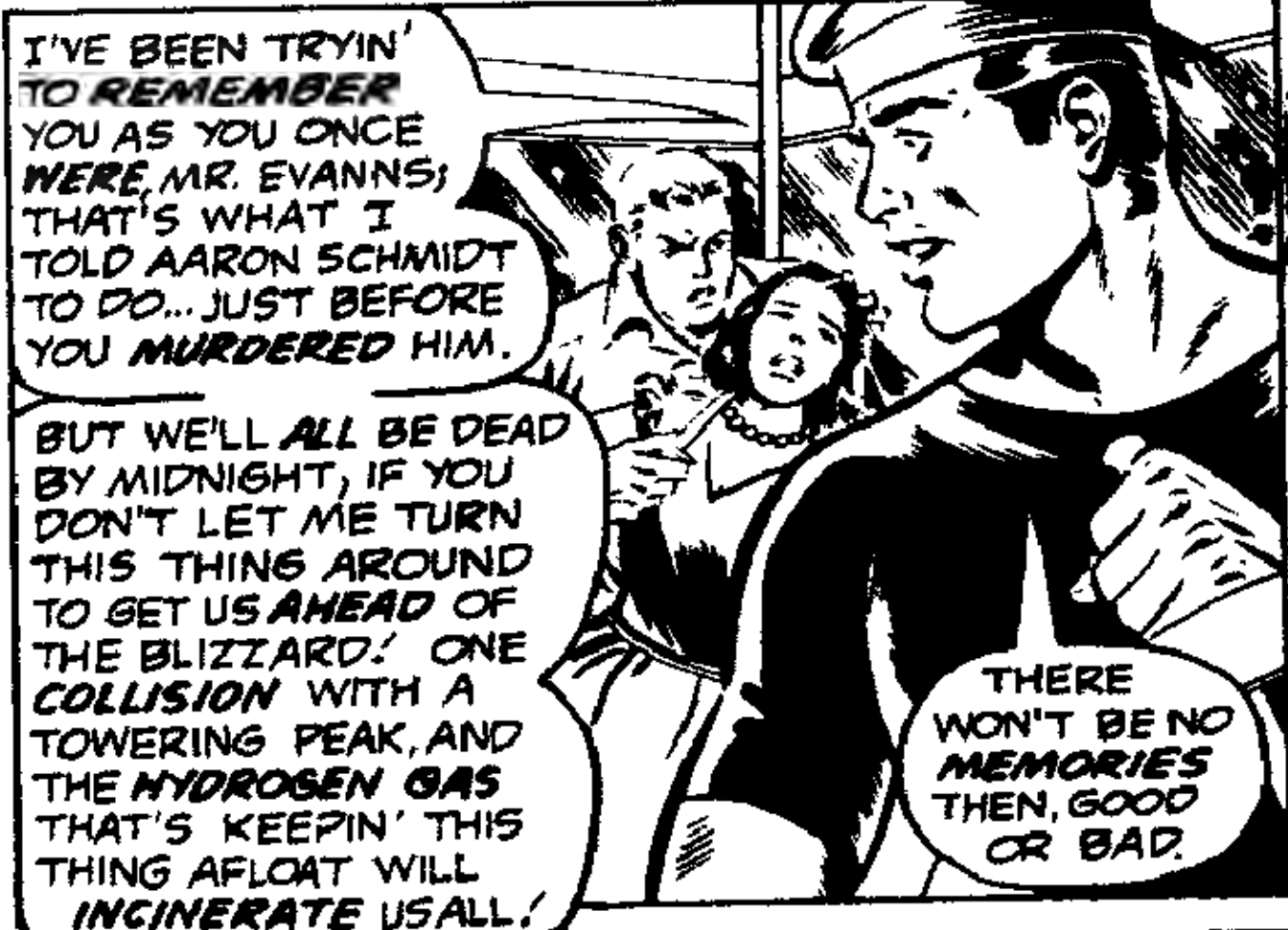




YOU DON'T **MATTER**, ELEANOR. YOU UNDERSTAND THAT? YOU'RE ONLY A **WOMAN**-- I CAN BUY ANOTHER ONE JUST LIKE YOU ANY-TIME I WANT.

JUST THE SAME AS I CAN BUY ANOTHER **CREW**, ANOTHER **ZEPPELIN** LIKE THIS--NONE OF YOU **MATTER**! IT'S ONLY MY **DREAMS** THAT **MATTER**...

...THEY ARE THE **REALITY**, NOT THIS PATHETIC **PSEUDO-EXISTENCE** WE SHARE!



I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO **REMEMBER** YOU AS YOU ONCE **WERE** MR. EVANNS; THAT'S WHAT I TOLD AARON SCHMIDT TO DO... JUST BEFORE YOU **MURDERED** HIM.

BUT WE'LL ALL BE DEAD BY MIDNIGHT, IF YOU DON'T LET ME TURN THIS THING AROUND TO GET US **AHEAD** OF THE **BLIZZARD**! ONE **COLLISION** WITH A TOWERING PEAK, AND THE **HYDROGEN GAS** THAT'S KEEPIN' THIS THING AFLOAT WILL **INCINERATE** US ALL!

THERE WON'T BE NO **MEMORIES** THEN, GOOD OR BAD.



DO YOU THINK I **CARE** WHETHER WE LIVE OR DIE?

DESTINY--MY **DESTINY**... THAT'S WHAT'S IMPORTANT! IF I'M FATED TO **DIE**, THEN THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

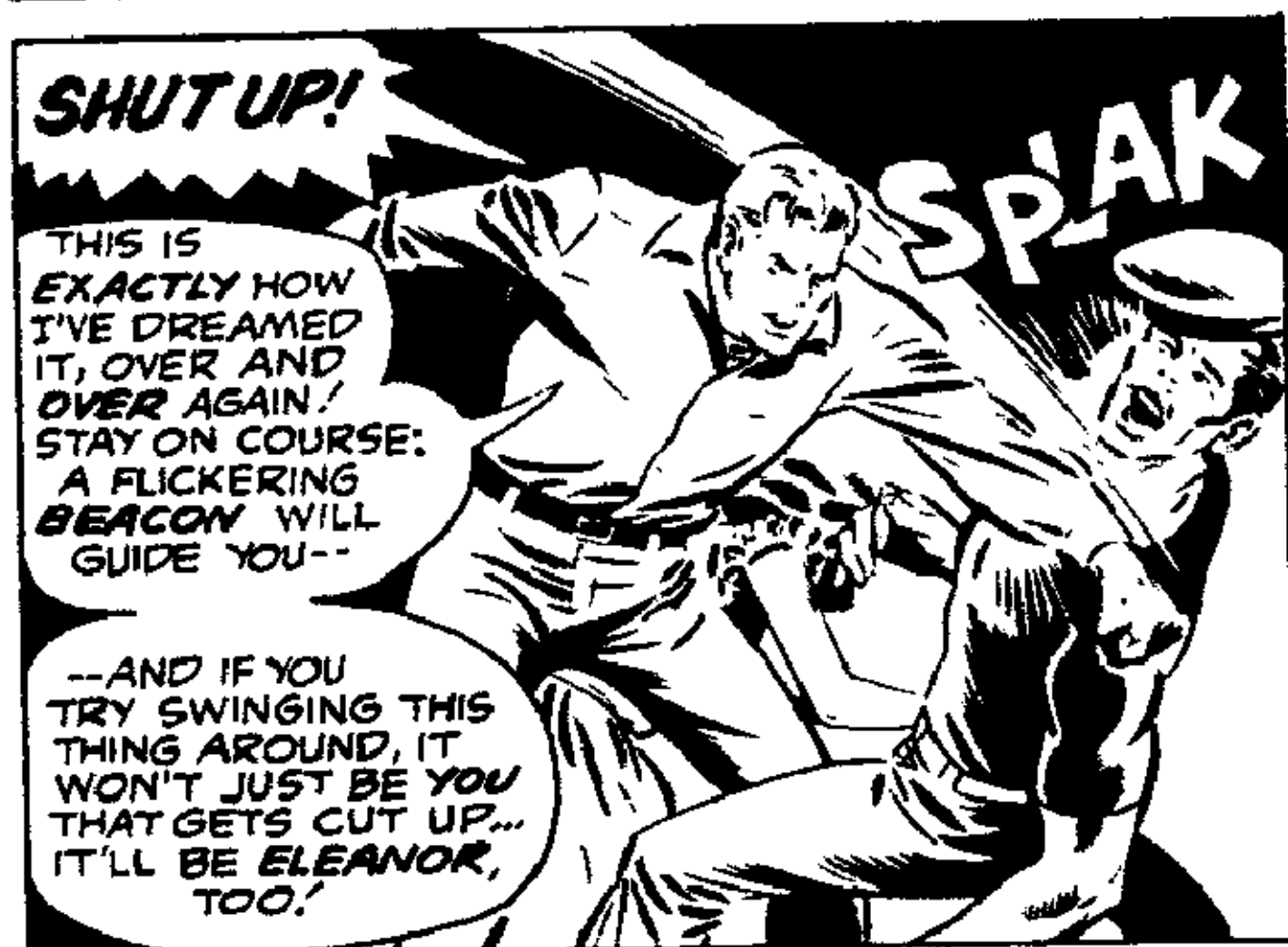


WE'LL **LAUGH** ABOUT ALL THIS, ELLY, SOME NIGHT WHEN WE'RE SITTING BEFORE THE **FIRE PLACE**, REMEMBERING TOGETHER.

JUST YOU AND I.

WE'RE LOST, MR. EVANNS! VISIBILITY IS **ZERO**, AND WE'RE GONNA **CRASH** UNLESS WE TURN BACK NOW!

PLEASE!



SHUT UP!

THIS IS **EXACTLY** HOW I'VE DREAMED IT, OVER AND OVER AGAIN! STAY ON COURSE: A **FLICKERING BEACON** WILL GUIDE YOU--

--AND IF YOU TRY SWINGING THIS THING AROUND, IT WON'T JUST BE YOU THAT GETS CUT UP... IT'LL BE **ELEANOR**, TOO!



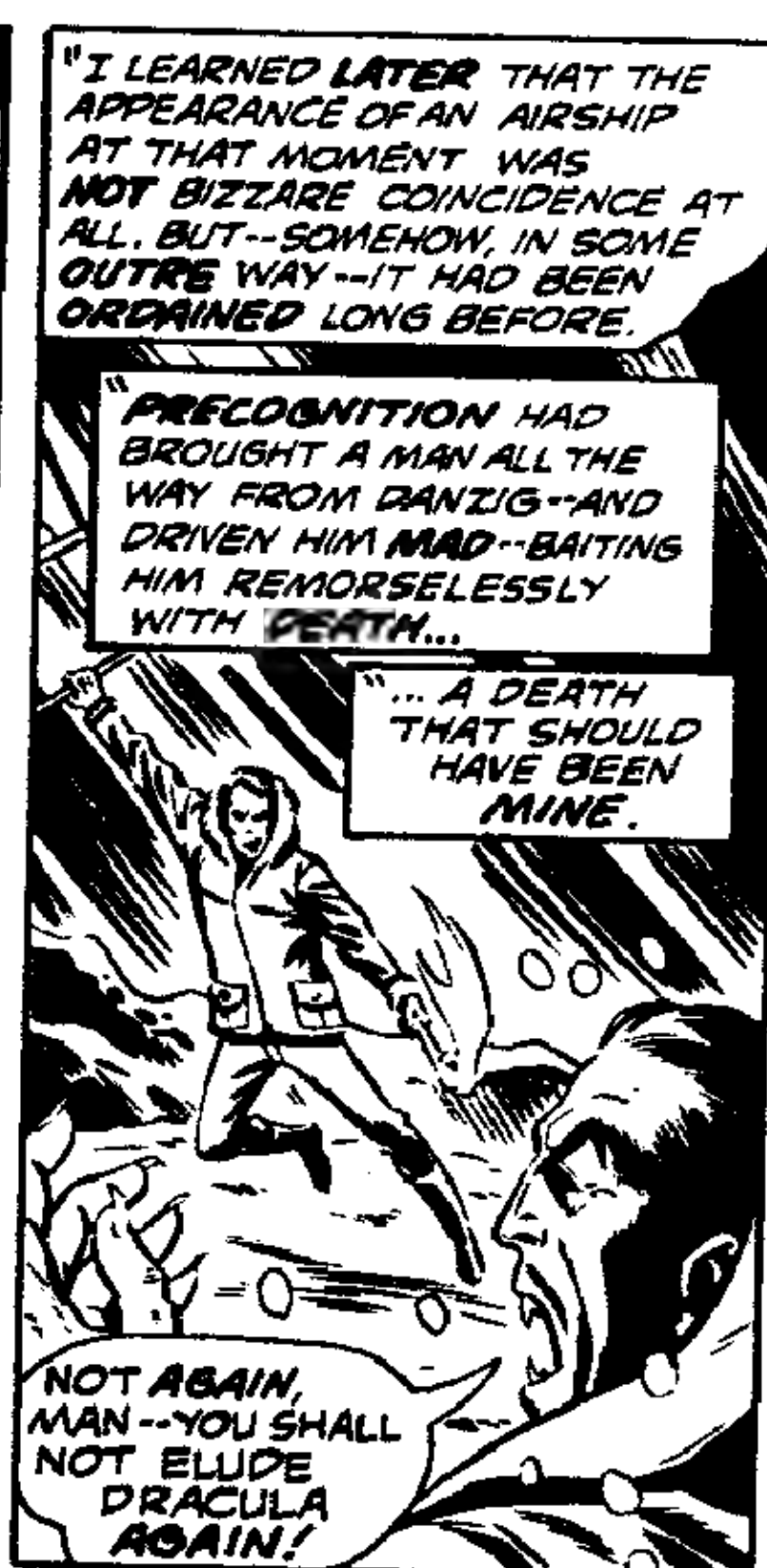
THAT'S IT. THERE IT IS.



GET CLOSER--
GET DIRECTLY
OVER IT!

THIS IS
WHERE MY
DREAM
ALWAYS ENDS
--AND THIS
TIME I'M
GOING
TO FIND OUT
WHY-- I'M
GOING DOWN
THERE!

DROP
A
LADDER.



"I LEARNED LATER THAT THE
APPEARANCE OF AN AIRSHIP
AT THAT MOMENT WAS
NOT BIZZARE COINCIDENCE AT
ALL. BUT--SOMEHOW, IN SOME
OUTRE WAY--IT HAD BEEN
ORDAINED LONG BEFORE.

"PRECOGNITION HAD
BROUGHT A MAN ALL THE
WAY FROM DANZIG--AND
DRIVEN HIM MAD--BAITING
HIM REMORSELESSLY
WITH DEATH...

"... A DEATH
THAT SHOULD
HAVE BEEN
MINE.

NOT AGAIN,
MAN--YOU SHALL
NOT ELUDE
DRACULA
AGAIN!



"MY REPLY WAS AN INARTICULATE
GROWL OF FRANTIC DEFIANCE,
BORN OF A BASIC ANIMAL DRIVE
FOR SURVIVAL--

--AND I ACCOMPANIED IT
WITH CRUDE AGGRESSION--



"-- WHICH
GAINED
ME
WARM
SAFETY
WITHIN
THE
MYSTERIOUS
ZEPPELIN.

HE'S NEARLY
FROZEN--GET
HIM IN HERE.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S DOWN THERE,
BUT THIS PROVES
I'M NOT CRAZY--
NOT OBSESSED BY
EMPTY DREAMS!
TONIGHT, POLCARY
EVANNS CONFRONTS
DESTINY!



THE NIGHT IS
COLD. MAY I
ENTER, ALSO?



COME ABOARD
THERE'S NO NEED TO--

NO!

"ONE INSTANT, **DESPITE** THE OPEN HATCH, DRACULA WAS NEVERTHELESS **BARRED** FROM ENTRY; THE NEXT, HE'D TRICKED HIS WAY IN BY GETTING AN INVITATION FROM THE AIRSHIP'S MASTER--

"--AND MY BELATED ATTEMPT TO **STIFLE** THAT UNFORTUNATE BID TO ENTER WAS WASTED.

A
MANIAC--!

I'LL **DISPOSE** OF HIM!

"THE PAST WEEK--AND MORE ESPECIALLY, THE PAST 24 HOURS--HAD DEPLETED MY RESERVES OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH...

"...BUT I STILL HAD NOT RESORTED TO MY FINAL DEFENSE.

HOLY WATER!

NO! MY FACE-- AGAIN-- IT'S **BURNING... BLISTERING!**

YOUR DEATH WILL BE AN **AGONY** OF IMPALEMENT, HUMAN--AN **AGONY** OF IMPALEMENT! SO SWEARS DRACULA!

YOU'RE **MINE** NOW-- YOU AND THE **REST** OF THE FOOLS ON THIS SHIP! THERE'S **NO PLACE** TO RUN!

"HE WAS RIGHT: MY VICTORY WAS A **SMALL** ONE. HIS FACE WOULD **REGENERATE**, AS IT HAD DONE BEFORE, AND HE WOULD ATTACK AGAIN BEFORE MORNING.

WHAT IS THAT THING.

TELL US, MAN!

"THE **LORD** OF VAMPIRES SOUGHT THE SHADOWS, MERGING WITH THEM. AND, FOR A MOMENT, THERE WAS **SILENCE**. I HAD SEEN THE **EERIE** TRANSFORMATION FROM MAN TO BAT BEFORE; BUT NOT SO FOR ANYONE ELSE PRESENT.

"ABRUPTLY, THERE WERE **QUESTIONS**.

"I TOLD THEM: THE OLD MAN'S DEATH, MY FLIGHT FROM FRANCE, THE RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF DRACULA--ALL COULD SO EASILY HAVE BEEN THE DEATH-FANTASIES OF A NIGHT-FROZEN MAD-MAN...

"... IF NOT FOR THE DARK REALITY OF THE UNDEAD NIGHT-LORD, WHOM THEY HAD SEEN, AND WHO NOW LURKED SOMEWHERE ABOARD THE AIRSHIP,

WE'VE GOT TO REMAIN IN A GROUP HERE IN THE LIGHT, ARMED WITH MAKE-SHIFT CROSSES, STAKES, OR WEAPONS OF ANY KIND, UNTIL DAWN. WE STAND A CHANCE THAT WAY.

OTHERWISE, THE VAMPIRE MAY CATCH ANY ONE OF US ALONE, AND THAT MEANS DEATH--OR WORSE!

"I HAD NO IDEA OF THE HYSTERIA AND INSANITY PERVADING THE MAN WITH THE KNIFE...!"

NOBODY TELLS POLCARY EVANNS WHAT TO DO ABOARD HIS OWN SHIP! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT VAMPIRE WANTS --NOT THE REST OF US!

YOU LIED TO ME, KEPT SECRET THE REAL REASON WHY THAT DEMON THING IS AFTER YOU--BUT I'LL FIND OUT, BEFORE I KILL YOU!



AND YOU, FAITHLESS ANIMAL--YOU'LL GO WITH HIM!

YOU LURED ME ALL THIS WAY WITH PROMISES OF DREAMS AND DESTINY, JUST SO YOU COULD MEET ANOTHER MAN!

ELLY, I--I'M SORRY. I GOT SO ANGRY THAT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS DOING! I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU.

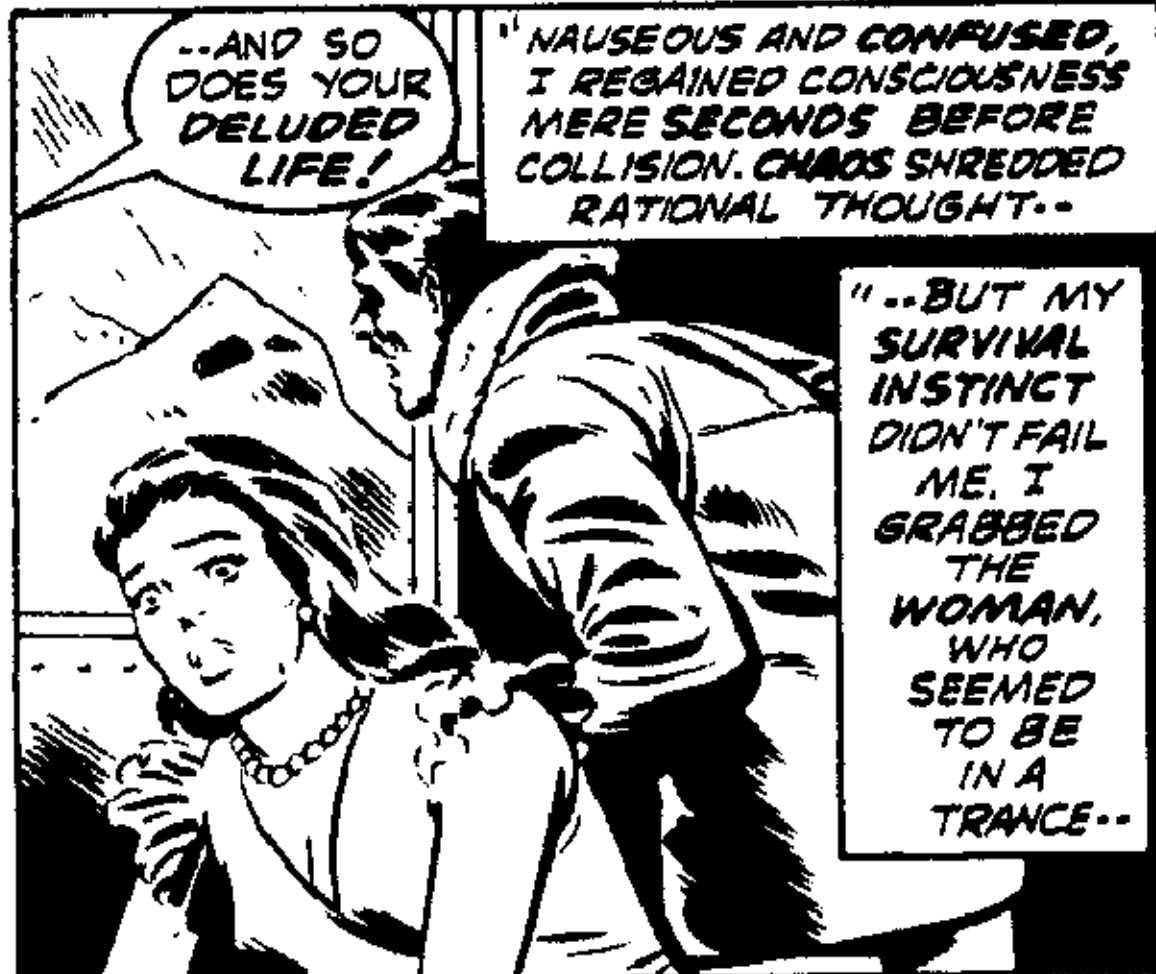
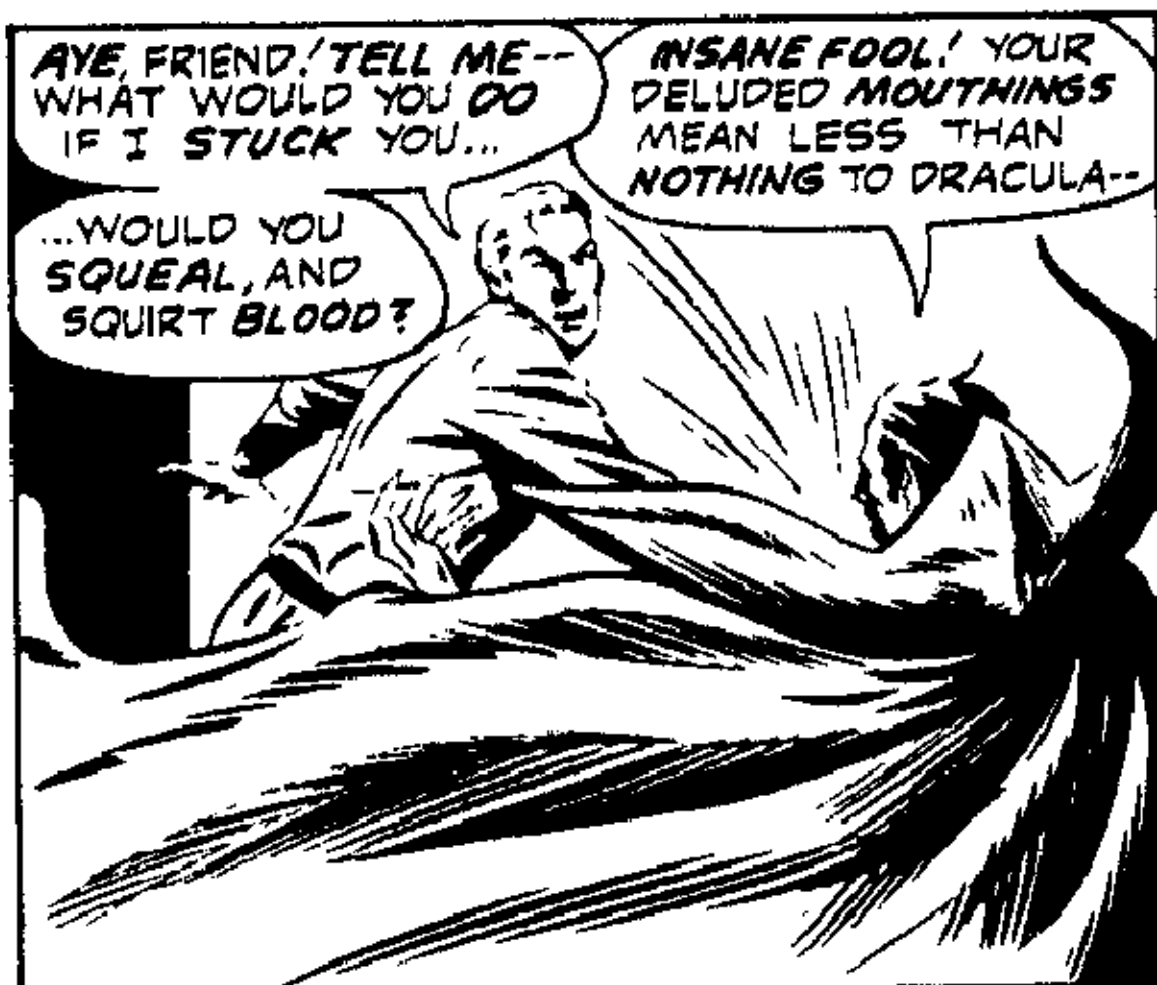
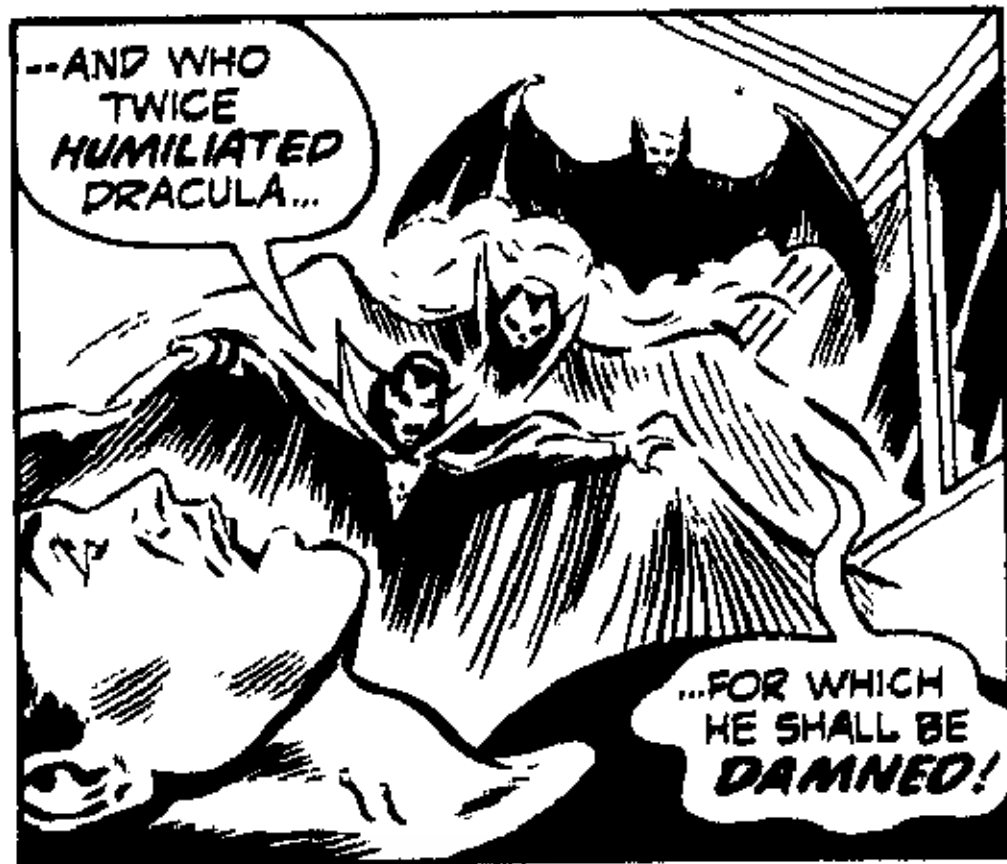



I REALIZE--I'M NOT MYSELF, AND I PROMISE TO SURRENDER TO THE CREWMEN AS SOON AS WE HUNT DOWN THAT MAN BAT. RIGHT NOW, I INTEND TO HELP IN THE SEARCH--

OKAY, MEN--SPREAD OUT, BUT STAY IN PAIRS! COVER THE ENTIRE SHIP AND FIND THAT THING!

--AND IF I'M KILLED BY DRACULA... PLEASE, REMEMBER ME AS I USED TO BE. THAT'S ALL I ASK, ELLY.







'-- AND PROPELLED
HER AHEAD OF ME
INTO THE SUB-ZERO
FURY OF THE
NIGHTSTORM!

'THEN--





**PAK-
KOOOM!!**

'...WE WERE DIVING THROUGH ICE-AIR, AS THE ZEPPELIN STRUCK THE MOUNTAINSIDE AND DISINTEGRATED WITH A ROAR THAT NUMBED THE MIND AND A BLAST OF HEAT THAT BROUGHT SECOND-DEGREE BURNS, DESPITE THE BRUTAL COLD OF THE STORM.'

"WAVES OF SHOCK SLAPPED US OUT OF THE SKY--"

"--AND I NEVER REALLY HAD A CHANCE TO FEEL ANY PAIN WHEN I SMASHED THROUGH THE SNOW CRUST. I DON'T THINK ELEANOR DID EITHER.



"FORTUNATELY, NONE OF THE DEBRIS FROM THE AIRSHIP STRUCK US, THOUGH SOME FELL QUITE NEARBY.

"THE BLIZZARD TRANSFORMED ITSELF INTO LIGHT SNOWFALL SOMETIME BEFORE WE AWOKE--



-- AND I REMEMBER THAT THE FIRST THING I SAW WHEN I FORCED MY FROZEN EYELIDS OPEN--

"--WAS THE PALLID FACE OF THE WOMAN I HAD RESCUED FROM THE ZEPPELIN. SHE DIDN'T LOOK SO GOOD, AND I KNEW SHE HAD TO BE NEAR DEATH FROM THE COLD.

"NEITHER OF US SPOKE; IT WAS ENOUGH JUST TO BE ALIVE. THE IMPORTANT THING NOW WOULD BE TO REMAIN THAT WAY.



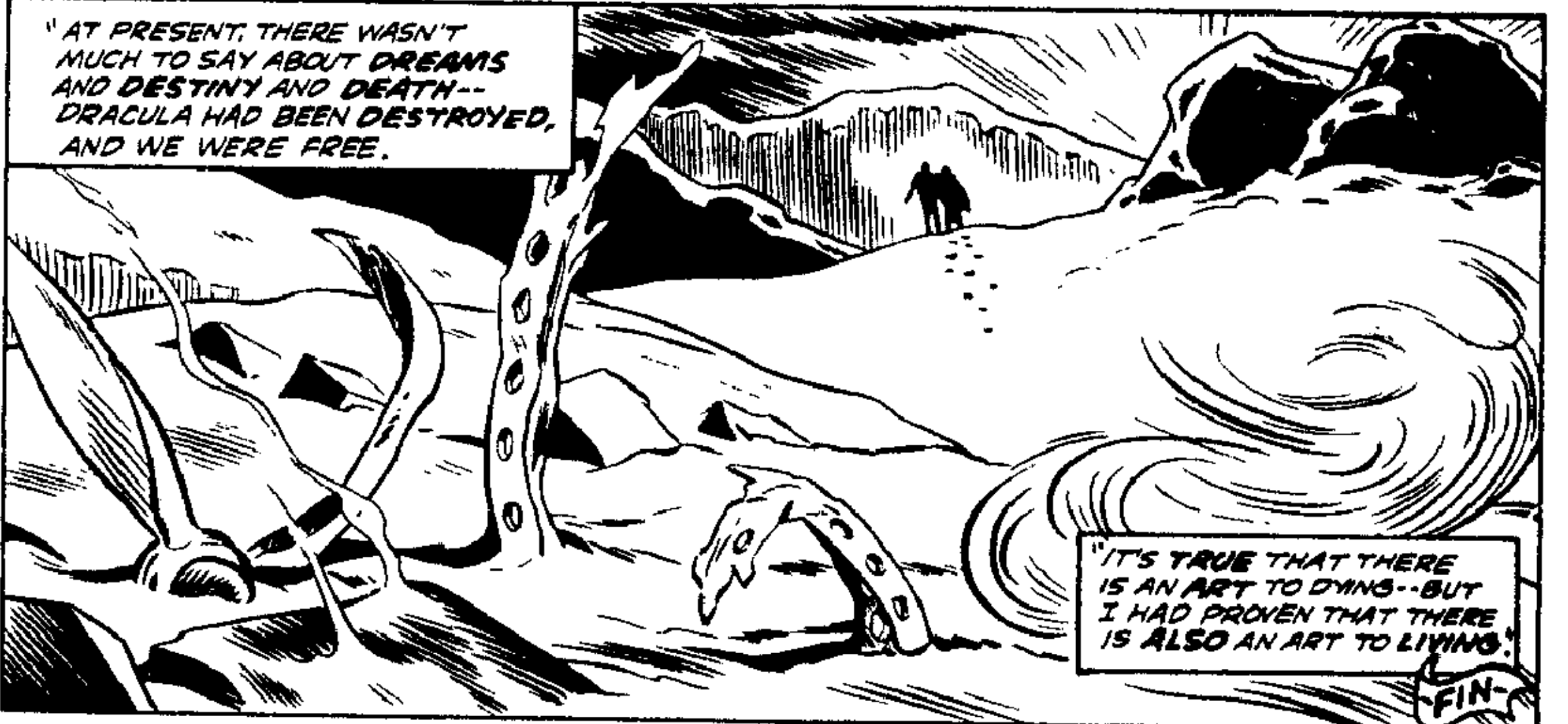
"I OFFERED HER MY PARKA, AND WE WERE BOTH TOO NEAR BASIC REALITY TO PRETEND-- HER SURVIVAL NOW DEPENDS ON SOME WARMTH...

"... AND THOUGH I HAVE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT, GIVEN THE PROPER SITUATION, ANYONE COULD BE MADE TO FIT THE ELUSIVE STATUS OF 'HERO' --WHICH IS RELATIVE AND TOTALLY DEPENDENT UPON CIRCUMSTANCE--



-- I FOUND LATER TO MY PLEASURE, THAT I'D ACHIEVED THAT IMAGE IN HER EYES.

"AT PRESENT, THERE WASN'T MUCH TO SAY ABOUT DREAMS AND DESTINY AND DEATH-- DRACULA HAD BEEN DESTROYED, AND WE WERE FREE.



"IT'S TRUE THAT THERE IS AN ART TO DYING--BUT I HAD PROVEN THAT THERE IS ALSO AN ART TO LIVING."

FIN

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



25¢
©

36
SEPT
02143

THE TOMB

OF



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

JOE ROSEN
LETTERER

TOM PALMER
COLORIST

LEN WEIN
EDITOR

FLIGHT OF FEAR!

FACT IS, DOC, I DON'T
BELIEVE WHAT I
SAW. I DON'T BELIEVE
ANY OF IT.

BUT SINCE
YOU **WANNA**
KNOW EVERYTHING
THE BEST I
REMEMBER IT,
WELL, OKAY--
I'LL **TELL** YA.

BUT
PLEASE,
DOC--
DON'T
SEND ME
TO THE
LOONY
BIN.

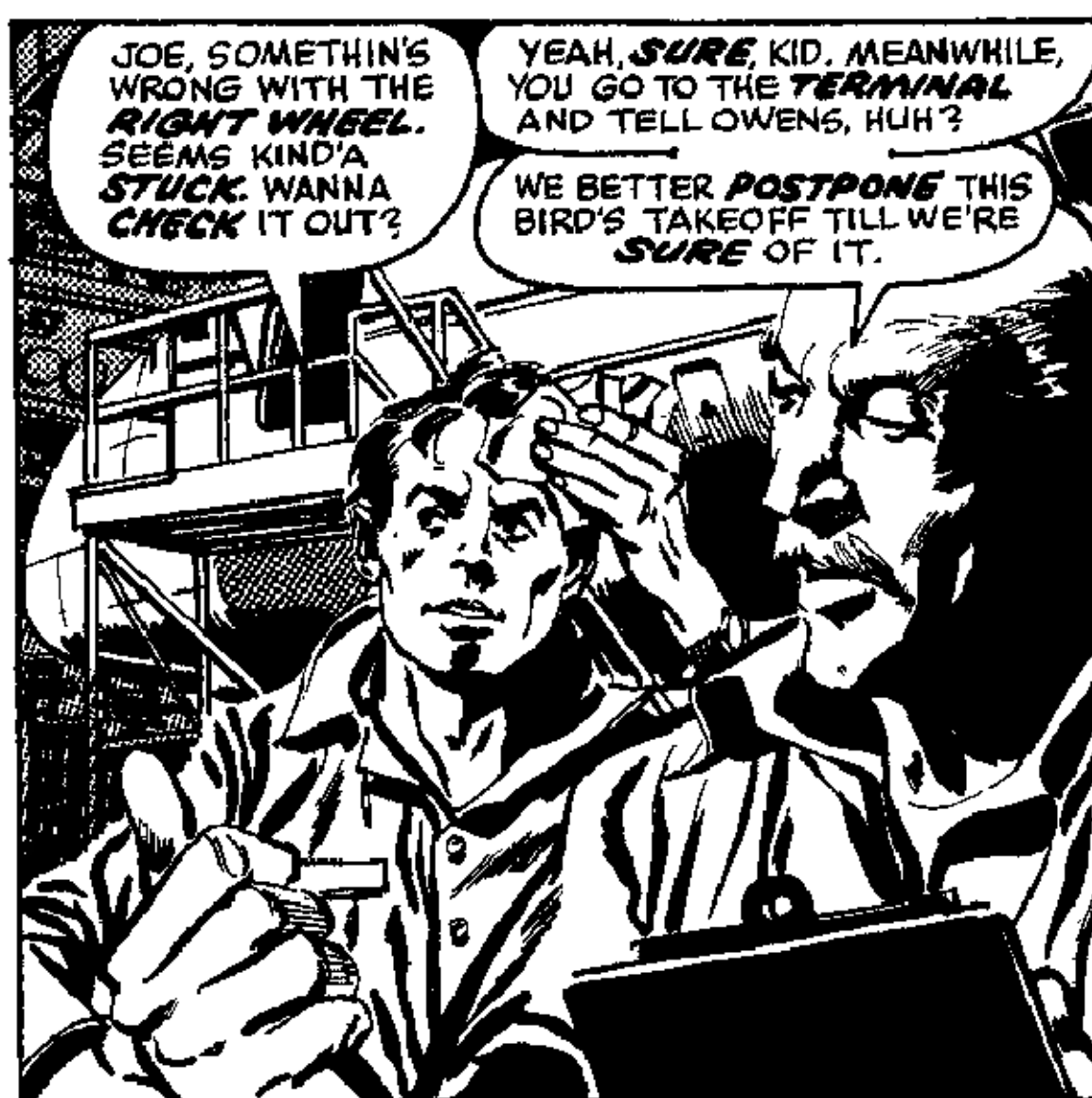
THAT, INSPECTOR
CHELM, IS THE
BEGINNING OF
MR. WILLIAM PERRY'S
EYE-WITNESS
TESTIMONY
CONCERNING
DRACULA.

I THINK IT WILL
PROVE QUITE
INTERESTING.

IT SEEMS
THAT
EVERYTHING
CONNECTED
WITH DRACULA
IS INTERESTING,
DR. SCOTT--

--LET'S
JUST GET
ON WITH IT,
SHALL WE?





"THINGS WERE GOIN' KIND'A **SCREWY** THAT NIGHT ANYHOW. THE PHONES WERE **OUT** 'CAUSE'A THAT **BLACK-OUT** IN TOWN...

"AND NOW **THIS**. MAN, I WISHED I WERE BACK IN **NEWARK**."

"ANYWAY, I WENT TO GIVE THE **BIG BOSS** THE BAD NEWS."

TURNOUT IS POOR, JACK-- SEEMS THE **BLACKOUT'S** KEEPING THE FOLKS **HOM**E FOR THE NIGHT.

DINNA YE **WORRY** ABOUT IT, MR. WALLCHESTER-- AH DINNA THINK I' BE TOO **BAD**.

MR. OWENS, SIR?

THERE'S **TROUBLE** WITH FLIGHT 109, SIR. LANDING WHEEL'S **STUCK**. MR. PETRY SAYS WE'D BETTER **CANCEL**.

CAN NOTHIN' GO RIGHT, LAD? THIS NIGHT'S NA' KEEN ON **TRAVELIN'** AH FEAR.

COME WI' **ME**, LAD-- WE'LL BE SEEIN' WHUT THE **TROUBLE** IS.

OR MEBBE WE SHOULD TROT **DOWN** TO TH' LOCAL PUB AN' **FERGET** THIS MESS, EH?

ME MAGGIE ALWAYS WANTED ME T' BECOME A **PAINTER** ANYHOW.

AH, FER THE LIFE ON **TAHITI**--TA BECOME ANOTHER **GAUGUIN**, RELAXIN' IN THE SUN, LIFTIN' THE AULD BRUSH WHENEVER AH 'AD A HANKERIN' TA.

AHA! IS THAT **YOU**, THERESA? PLEASE PUT OUT A WORD OR **TWO** FER ME, LOVE-- FER THE **FRIENDLY** FOLKS IN THE **TERMINAL**.

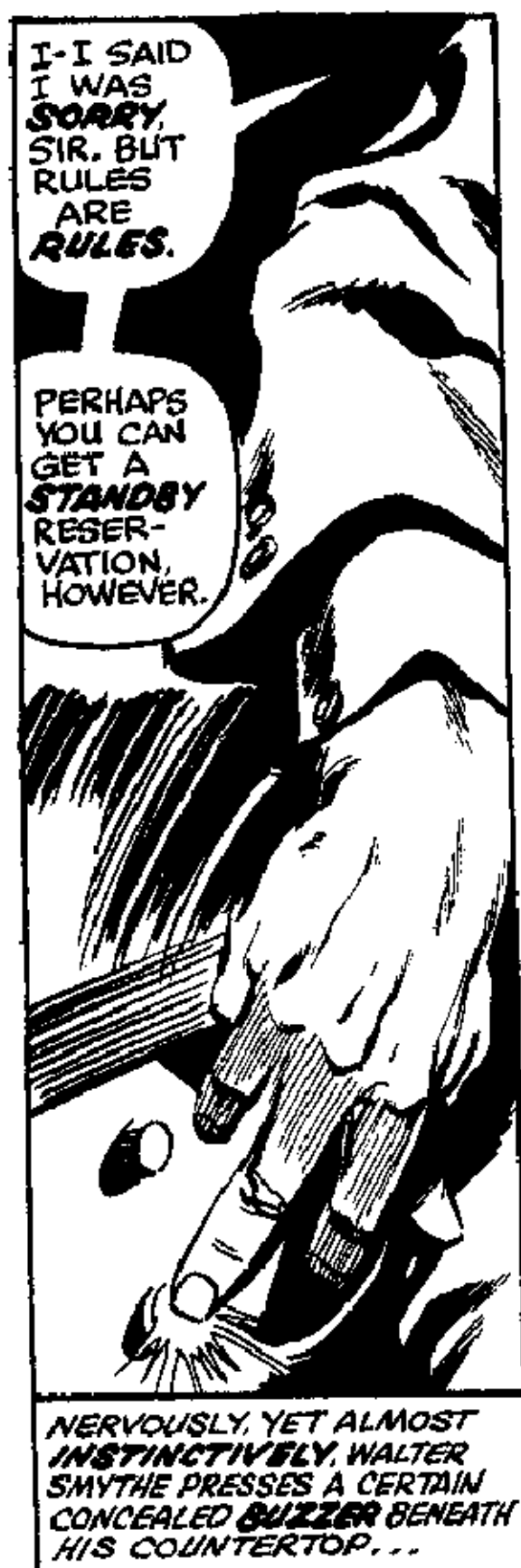
AN' USE YER **SEXIEST** VOICE, LOVE. AH DINNA THINK TH' FOLKS ARE GONNA TAKE **KINDLY** T'WHUT THEY **HEAR**.

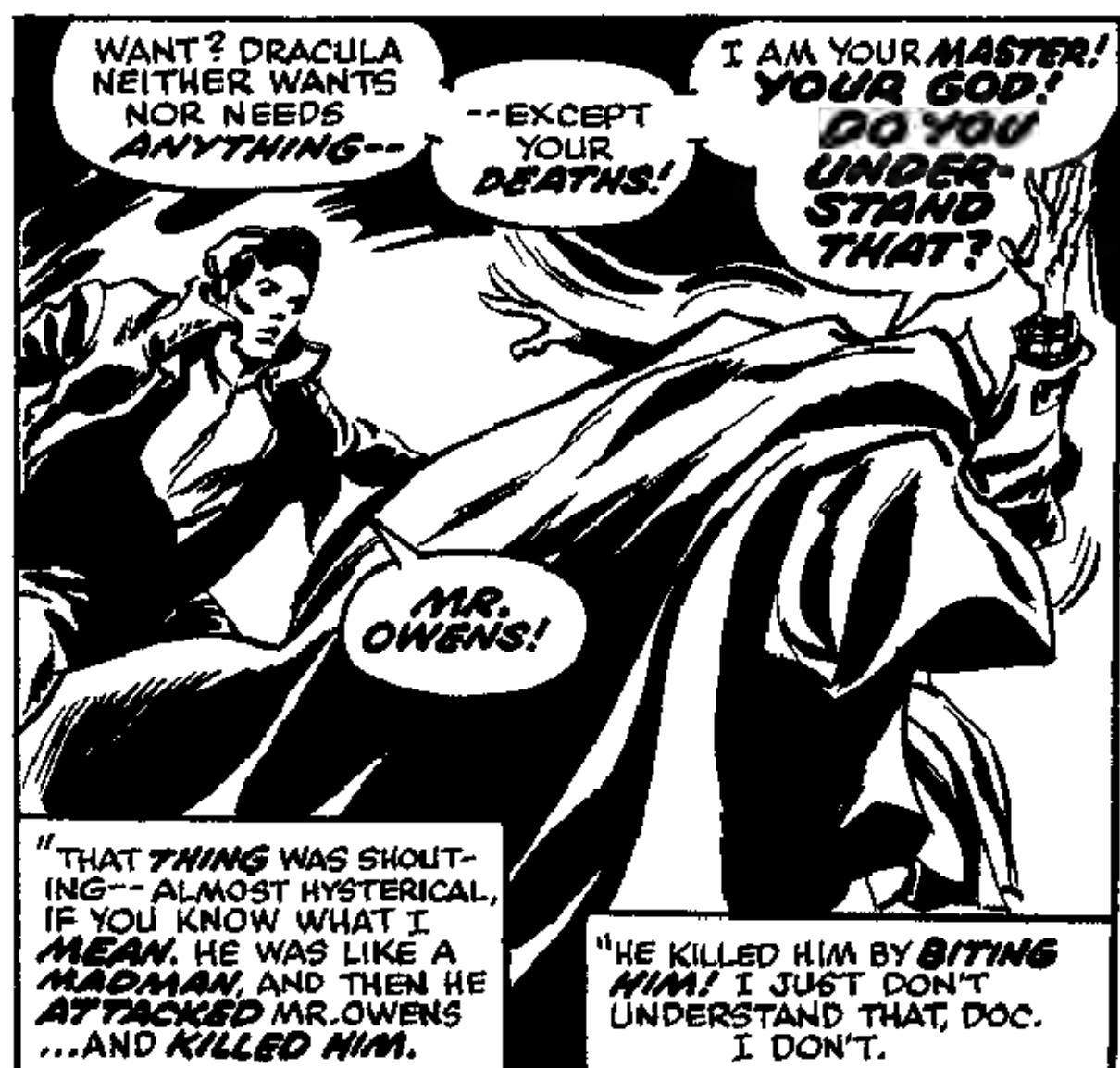
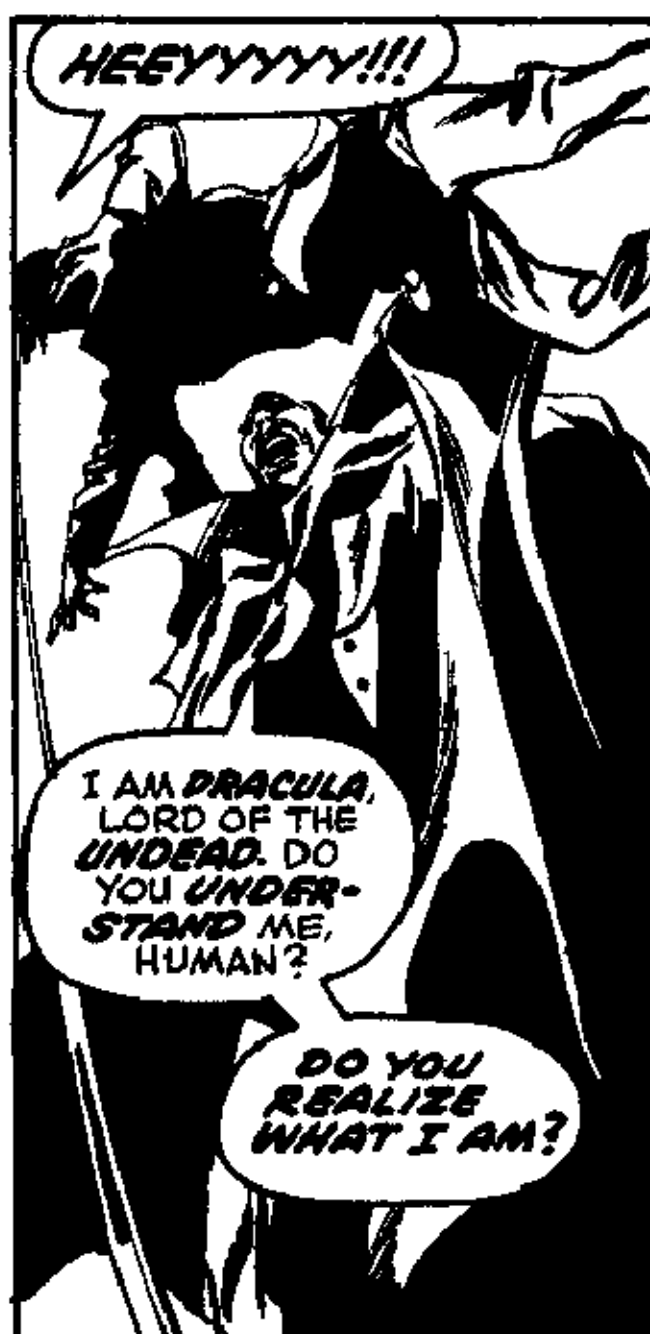
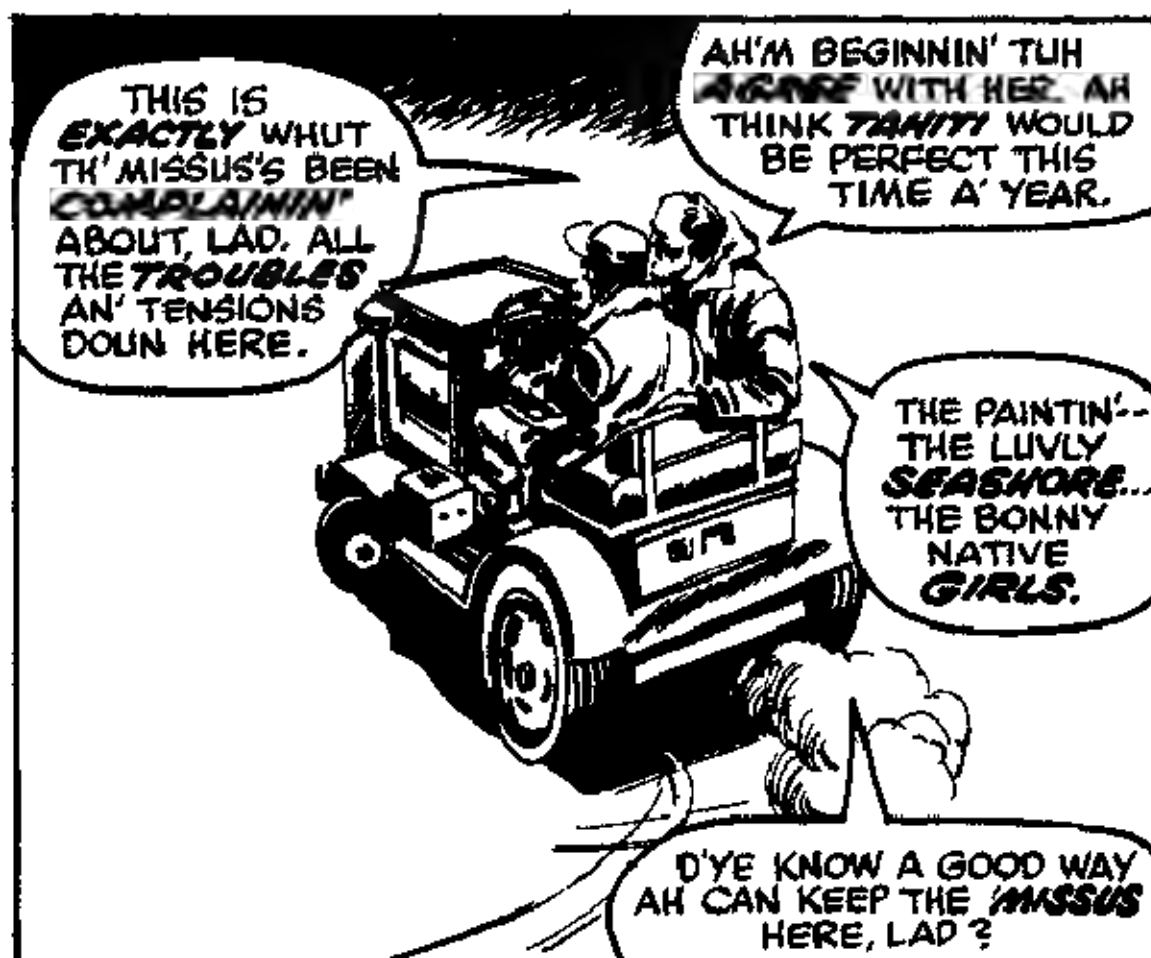
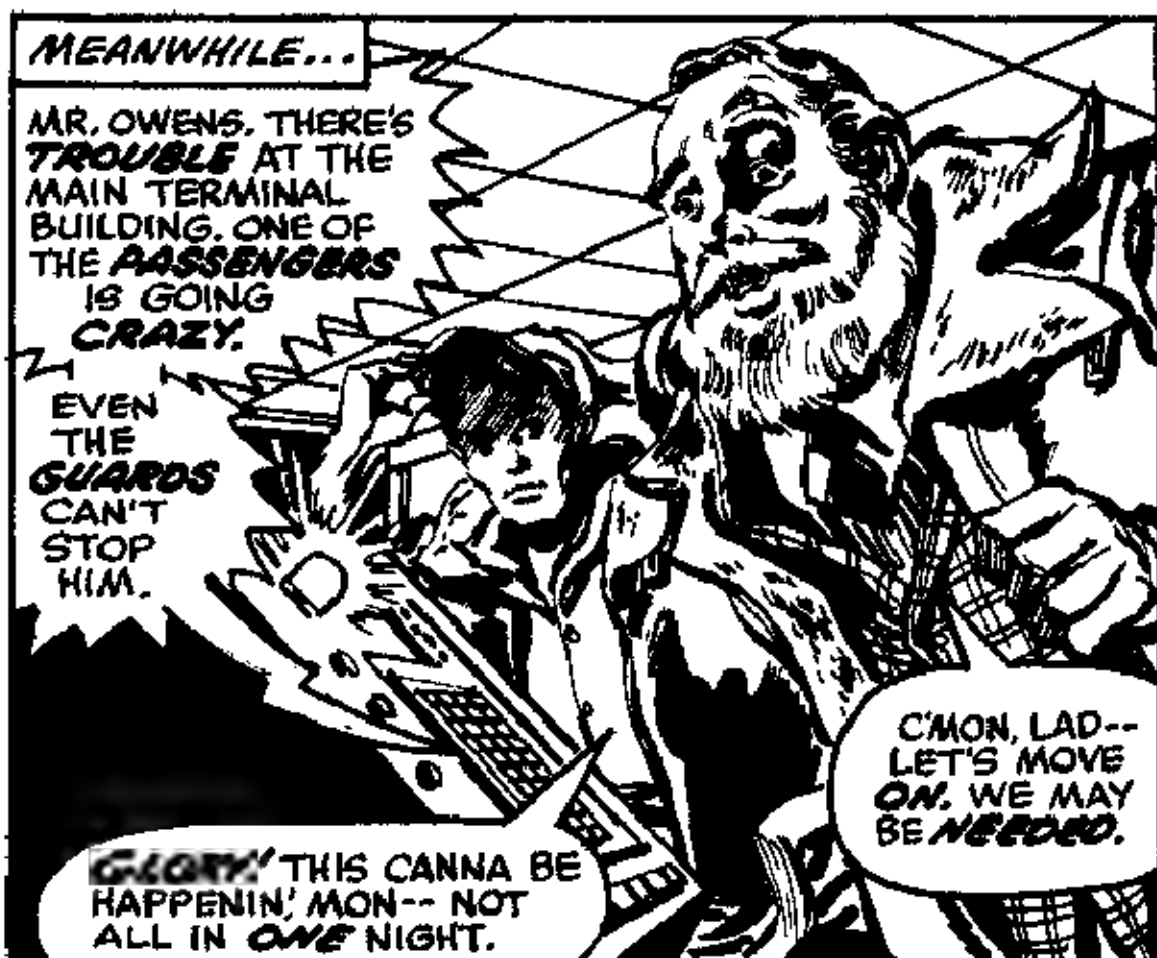
ATTENTION-- ALL PASSENGERS FOR FLIGHT 109 TO BOSTON. THERE WILL BE A **THREE HOUR** DELAY.

PLEASE REPORT TO THE MAIN PASSENGER LOUNGE FOR COMPLIMENTARY **DINNER TICKETS**.

49 AND 5

TO REPEAT...





"MR. OWENS FELL ONTO THE GROUND, HIS EYES WERE **WHITE**, AND THERE WAS **BLOOD** DRIPPIN' FROM HIS NECK LIKE IN THOSE **MOVIES** YOU SEE. HIS LAST WORDS WERE 'MAGGIE, NOW WE CANNA **MOVE**.'"



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, ONLY SUDDENLY THERE WERE GUNSHOTS EVERYWHERE."

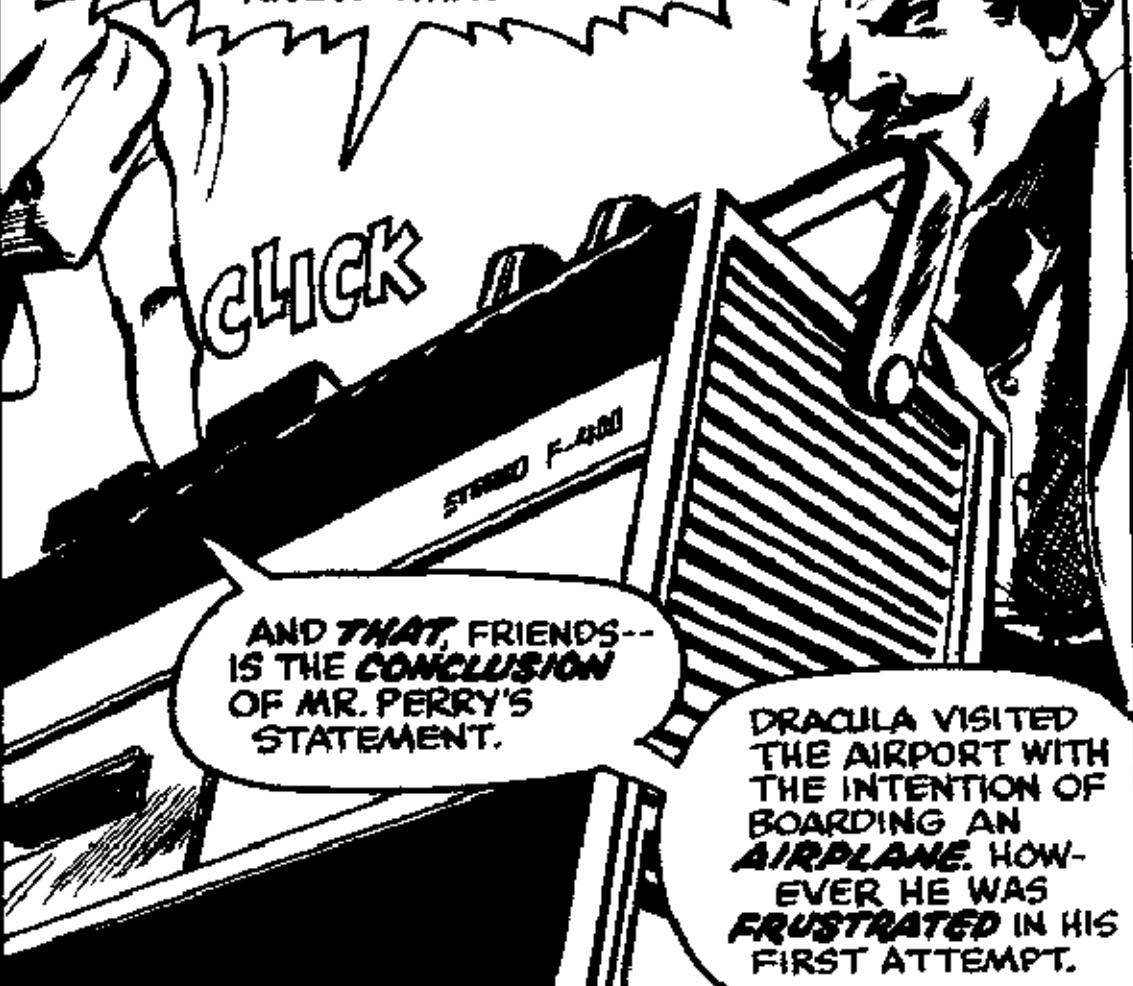
"ALL THE GUARDS, EVERYONE, THEY WERE **FIRING** AT THAT WEIRD GUY."



"ONLY HE WAS **GONE**... IN THAT **FOG** WHICH SUDDENLY SPRUNG UP. BUT YOU KNOW THE WEIRD THING, DOC--THAT **FOG**--IT WAS **INDOORS**."

"HOW COULD A **FOG** GET **INSIDE** THE AIRPORT?"

THAT'S WHY I SAID I DON'T **BELIEVE** ANY OF IT. IT JUST CAN'T BE **REAL**. KNOW WHAT--



AND **THAT**, FRIENDS-- IS THE **CONCLUSION** OF MR. PERRY'S STATEMENT.

DRACULA VISITED THE AIRPORT WITH THE INTENTION OF BOARDING AN **AIRPLANE**. HOWEVER HE WAS **FRUSTRATED** IN HIS FIRST ATTEMPT.

ARE WE GOING TO HEAR **HOW** HE FINALLY GOT THERE, OR DO WE HAVE TO COME BACK **NEXT WEEK** FOR THE **SECOND** THRILLING INSTALLMENT OF "THE VAMPIRE GOES TO **BROOKLYN**?"



IN OTHER WORDS, DOCTOR-- ARE THESE **DRAMATICS** REALLY NECESSARY?

KNOWING **HOW** HE GOT WHERE HE WAS GOING IS **UNIMPORTANT**. WHAT IS **IMPORTANT** IS WHAT **WE** ARE GOING TO DO NEXT.

WRONG, DOCTOR-- THESE TAPES ARE **VERY IMPORTANT**.

THEY WILL SHOW US DRACULA'S **CURRENT** STATE OF MIND... AND HIS **PHYSICAL** CONDITION AS WELL.



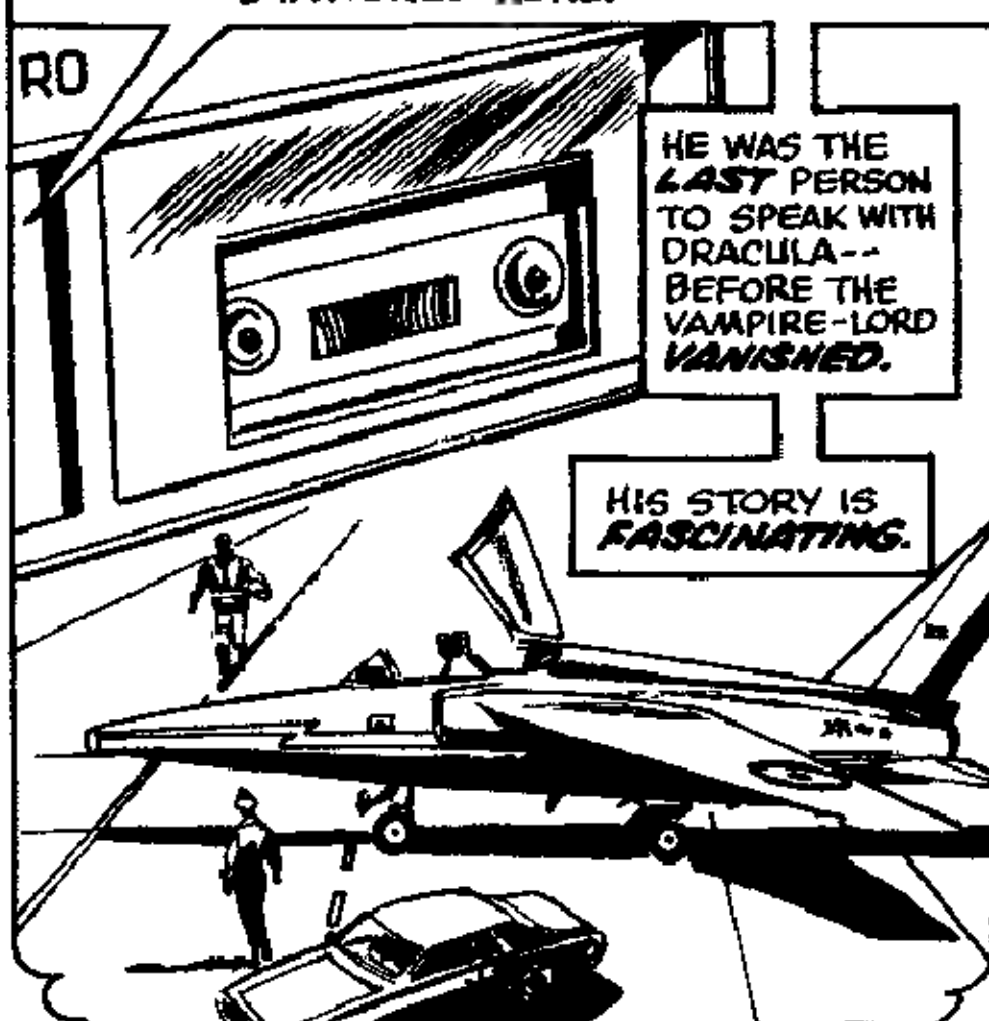
FOR INSTANCE, WE'VE LEARNED ALREADY THAT DRACULA IS WILLING TO SHOW HIMSELF IN **GRONDS**... SOMETHING YOU YOURSELF SAID HE **AVOIDED** IN THE PAST.

WHICH ONLY PROVES HOW **DESPERATE** HIS CURRENT NATURE IS.



SHALL WE BEGIN THE **TAPES** AGAIN?

WE ARE ABOUT TO **HEAR** FROM CAPTAIN SID GREENEY, A U.S. AIR FORCE PILOT, STATIONED HERE.



HE WAS THE **LAST** PERSON TO SPEAK WITH DRACULA-- BEFORE THE VAMPIRE-LORD **VANISHED**.

HIS STORY IS **FASCINATING**.

"I'VE **SEEN** QUITE A BIT, SIR. THINGS MOST MEN WOULD HARDLY **COMPREHEND**. BUT THIS, SIR-- BETTER LET ME **EXPLAIN**. IT BEGAN AFTER MY TALK WITH COLONEL HIGGINS.

GOOD LUCK WITH THIS ONE, CAPTAIN. I **KNOW** HOW IMPORTANT IT IS TO YOU.

THANKS, SIR. I--I JUST HAVE TO **PROVE** THE SYSTEM WORKS-- TO THE **AIR FORCE**... AND TO **MYSELF**.

AND IF EVERYTHING **DOES** WORK, WELL-- IT'S GOING TO BE ONE HECKUVA WEDDING PRESENT.

I **FORGOT** ABOUT THAT, SID. YOU'RE BEING **MARRIED** AT THE END OF THE WEEK, AREN'T YOU?

YESSIR, IN ATLANTA. IN FACT, I'M GOING RIGHT THERE AFTER I LAND IN **WASHINGTON**.

SO YOU CAN IMAGINE, SIR-- BETWEEN THIS TEST AND THE MARRIAGE, I DON'T KNOW **WHICH ONE** TO BE MORE NERVOUS ABOUT.

SO **HE'S** THE BIG HONCHO, EH? FROM THE WAY THEY'RE **HYPER** 'I'M DOWN AT HQ YOU'D THINK HE FOUND A **CURE** FOR THE COMMON **COLD**--

--INSTEAD A' JUST INVENTIN' SOME NEW **CAMERA-GIZMO**.

SHUT UP, HARRY, WILLYA? I'M SICK A' YER GRIPIN'!

SAVE IT FER YER **OLD LADY, WILLYA?**

WASHINGTON? INTERESTING... **QUITE INTERESTING**.

PERHAPS **THIS** SHALL BE MY ENTRYWAY INTO THE UNITED STATES.

WE SHALL SEE. WE SHALL **MOST DEFINITELY SEE!**

PRAY YOU ARE A **GOOD** PILOT, GREENELY--

HA! HA! HA!

--OR YOU MAY **PAY** FOR MY **DISCOMFORT**...

...WITH YOUR **LIFE!**

HAVE A **GOOD FLIGHT**, SID. AND, OFF THE RECORD-- FOR ALL THE **PROBLEMS** YOU HAD GETTING THIS PROJECT OFF THE **GROUND**...

...I HOPE YOU **FLY** THIS LITTLE BABY OF YOURS RIGHT **UP** THE PENTAGON'S BRASS!

"I CHECKED THE TIME, AND IT WAS EXACTLY 9:20. IF ALL WENT ACCORDING TO **PLAN**, I'D BE IN WASHINGTON AT **MIDNIGHT**, THEIR TIME.

"ONLY THINGS DIDN'T GO ACCORDING TO **ANYONE'S** PLANS--

--EXCEPT, MAYBE --THAT **DEMON'S!**

"IT'S **FUNNY**, SIR-- HOW YOUR MIND TRAVELS WHEN YOU'RE **FLYING**. YOU SEE, NO SOONER HAD I SWITCHED THE JET OVER TO SPECIAL **AUTOMATIC**, THAN MY THOUGHTS DRIFTED...

"YOU SEE, I'M FROM ATLANTA, AND JOAN, MY FIANCEE, LIVES THERE, TOO. AND MY PARENTS, WELL, I HAVEN'T SEEN **THEM** IN TWO YEARS, SINCE MY **TOUR** IN EUROPE BEGAN.

"ANYWAY, SIR-- I WAS **THINKING** ABOUT THEM, NOT ABOUT THE JET, OR THE CAMERA, OR THE MISSION.

"THEN AGAIN, SIR-- MY MISSION WAS TO **PROVE** THAT THIS JET WAS TOTALLY **SELF-OPERATIVE**-- THAT IT COULD **TAKE-OFF**, COMPUTE ITS OWN **PATH**, PHOTOGRAPH CERTAIN DESIGNATED OBJECTS, RETURN AND **LAND**-- **ALL BY ITSELF**.

"I'D WORKED ON THIS FOR **TWO YEARS**... WELL, AT LEAST **MY PART** OF THE WHOLE-- THE **CAMERAS**. SO, AS EVERYTHING WENT CLOCK-WORK SMOOTH, I JUST SAT BACK AND **THOUGHT**.

"MAYBE IF I HAD SPENT MORE TIME **LISTENING**, WATCHING...

"MAYBE I WOULD HAVE BEEN **PREPARED**, SIR.

"THOUGH, HOW COULD **ANYONE** HAVE PREPARED HIMSELF FOR **THAT THING**?

GREENELY! ARE YOU NOT GOING TO WELCOME ABOARD YOUR **PASSENGER**?

AFTER ALL THE **TROUBLE** I TOOK IN SEATING MYSELF **FIRST CLASS**.

WHAT?
WHO THE--?

THE NAME IS **DRACULA**, GREENELY. PERHAPS YOU'VE **HEARD** OF ME THROUGH THOSE COUNTLESS **FANTASIES** YOU HUMANS SO **ENJOY**.

ALL BASED, INCIDENTALLY, ON THAT FOOL STOKER'S WORK. **DISTORTIONS! HALF-TRUTHS!**

BUT **THIS** IS NEITHER THE TIME NOR PLACE TO DISCUSS ME, NOW IS IT? THIS IS THE TIME FOR **YOU** TO LISTEN TO MY **COMMANDS**.

YOU ARE TO CHANGE YOUR DESTINATION; I MUST TRAVEL TO **BOSTON**.

UNDERSTAND?

LOOK, MISTER, I DON'T KNOW OR EVEN **CARE** WHO YOU ARE. BUT YOU'RE IN DEEP **TROUBLE**.

THERE ARE SPECIAL **CAMERAS** IN HERE-- DESIGNED TO TAKE PICTURES-- FORWARD THEM BACK TO **BASE**, AND GET AN INSTANT **PRINT-OUT!**

THEY KNOW YOU'RE **IN HERE**, MISTER-- AND THEY'RE NOT GOING TO LET **ANY SPY** GET AWAY SCOT-FREE.

WHICH MEANS, YOU'RE **MY PRISONER**.



YOU HUMANS ARE SO **AMUSING**.

WHAT **CARE** HAVE I OF YOUR CAMERAS, YOUR MISSION, OR YOUR ARMIES?

WHY IN **MY** TIME, I LED SOLDIERS ACROSS HALF OF EUROPE. I HELD CITIES, **COUNTRIES**, IN THE **PALM** OF MY HAND.

...AS **EASILY** AS I CAN CRUSH **YOU**.

AND, WHEN I FINALLY **TIRED** OF POLITICAL GAMES, I **CRUSHED** MY ENEMIES...

YOU **SPEAK** TO ME OF PHOTOGRAPHS. VERY WELL, AMUSING ONE--**SHOW** ME YOUR PRECIOUS PHOTOGRAPH SO WE MAY **BOTH** ENJOY THIS LUDICROUS MOMENT.

"I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HIS GAME WAS THEN, BUT I REACHED FOR THE **PRINT-OUT** AS IT WAS COMING THROUGH.



"... BUT THERE WAS **NO** PICTURE ON IT. HE **DIDN'T** PHOTOGRAPH.

"YET, ABOVE THE EMPTY SPACE, WAS HIS **HISTORY**...ANALYZED FROM THE **MENTION** OF HIS NAME.

VLAD DRACULA, BORN 1431 AD
VAMPIRE. ABILITIES: TURN INTO BAT, MIST, LESSER ANIMALS.
VERY DANGEROUS. BEFORE ENGAGING, CONTACT Q. HARPER THROUGH SCOTLAND YARD.



"SOMEWHERE, ON SOME COMPUTER, HE WAS **LISTED** AND THE FACTS THAT WERE RECORDED WERE ENOUGH TO **CHILL** THE BONE.



ARE YOU **STILL** LAUGHING, GREENELY? DO YOU STILL SEE THE **HUMOR** IN THIS ABSURD SITUATION?

COME...**COME**. LAUGH! CACKLE LIKE A MINDLESS **HYENA**!

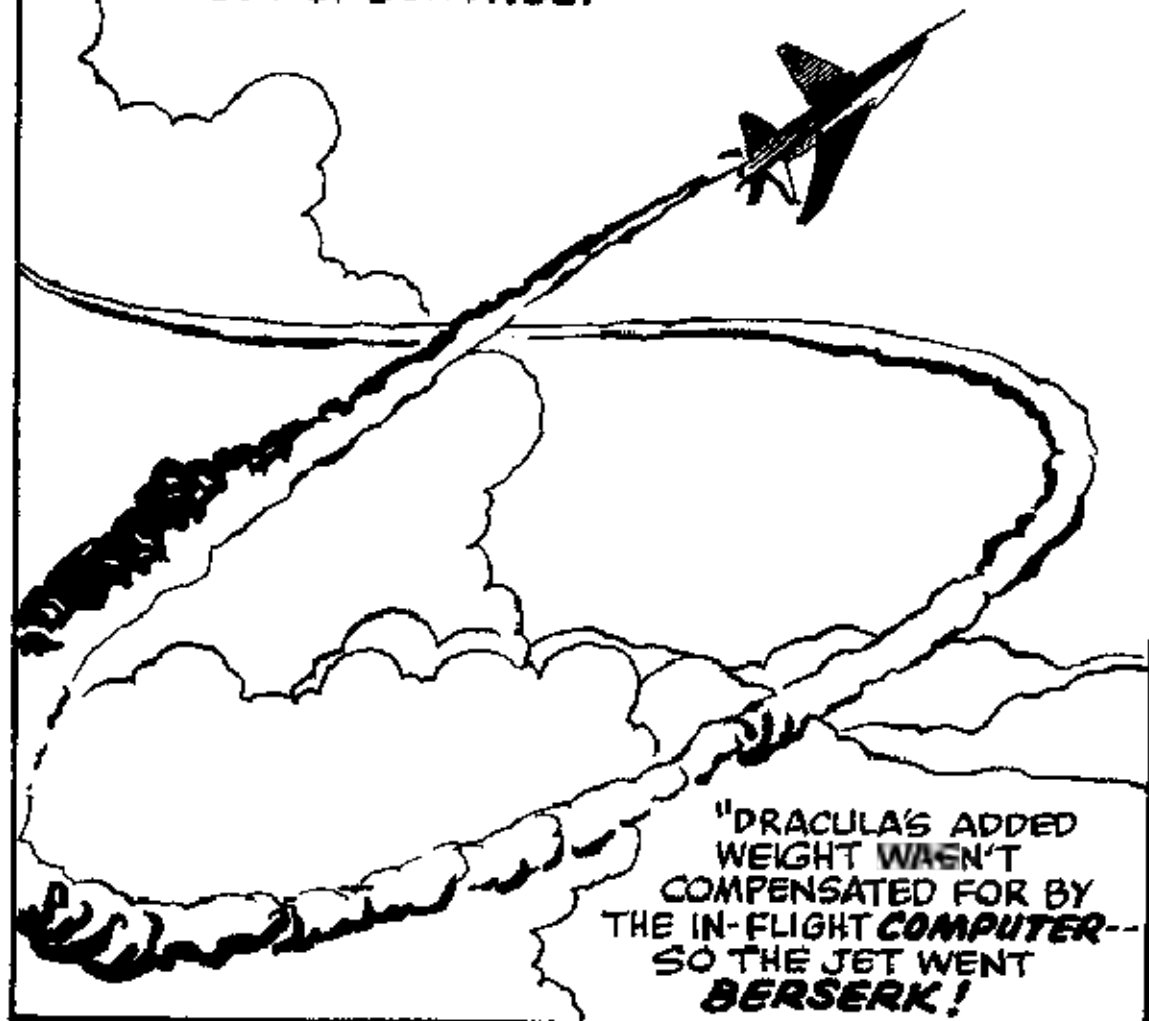


PERHAPS YOU NEED SOME **ENCOURAGEMENT**.

VERY WELL. PERHAPS YOU'LL FIND MORE HUMOR IN YOUR **DEATH**!

"I COULDN'T TAKE IT, SIR. HIS BREATH SPILLED OVER ME, AND IT SMELLED OF DECAYING **CORPSES**. I WAS SICK...SO TOTALLY SICK--

"--THAT I WASN'T EVEN **AWARE** OF IT WHEN THE JET LURCHED UPWARDS... OUT OF **CONTROL**.



"DRACULA'S ADDED WEIGHT WASN'T COMPENSATED FOR BY THE IN-FLIGHT **COMPUTER**--SO THE JET WENT **BERSERK**!

"I HAVE TO ADMIT IT, SIR, BUT I **SCREAMED** LIKE A BABY EVEN THOUGH I **KNEW** THERE WAS NO ONE WHO COULD HELP ME; OVER THE **RADIO** I HEARD GROUND CONTROL **BEGGING** ME TO **EXPLAIN** WHAT WAS HAPPENING.

"BUT THAT **THING** CLAWED... **PULLED** AT ME UNTIL I WAS READY TO GO **INSANE**.

"AND, ON TOP OF **EVERYTHING**, SIR--**SOME-**
HOW THE JET UN-
LEASHED ITS LOAD OF **MISSILES--**

"--WHICH WERE TURNING **BACK ON US!**

"I STRUGGLED OUT OF THAT **THING'S GRASP**, FOR, AS EACH MOMENT PASSED, I COULD SENSE HE WAS **WEAKENING**.

"THEN, AT LAST, I **LUNGED** FORWARD AND SWITCHED THE JET OVER TO **MANUAL CONTROL!**

"I SHOVED MY ELBOW INTO THAT CREATURE'S GUT, AND HE FELL **BACK** INTO THE PANELLING. AT LEAST I HAD A **FEW MOMENTS** TO **DODGE** MY OWN MISSILE ATTACK.

"I ROLLED THE JET AND PRAYED ENGINEERING WAS **CORRECT** ABOUT THIS BABY'S **MANEUVERABILITY**. MY **LIFE** DEPENDED ON IT.

"SOMEHOW, THOUGH, I DIDN'T PUT TOO MUCH **FAITH** IN 'EM, CONSIDERING HOW THE ENGINES WHINED AND CREAKED AT EVERY **TURN**.

"WELL, AT LEAST **MY CAMERAS** WORKED, I PATTED MYSELF ON MY BACK, GRITTED MY TEETH IN MY BEST JOHN WAYNE STYLE, AND WATCHED THE RADAR SCREEN LIKE A **HAWK!**

"IT WAS **HAIRY**, SIR, I'LL TELL YOU THAT MUCH. THREE BLIPS WERE PURSUING ME-- RAPIDLY CLOSING IN --

"--AND THIS 'WONDER JET' WAS CRAWLING ALONG LIKE A **BABY** ON ALL FOURS.

"SIR, I WANTED TO BE **HOME** RIGHT THEN AND THERE, AND IN JOANIE'S ARMS TO MAKE IT **HURT!**

"BUT I KEPT MY EYES **GLUED** TO THE SCREEN...WATCHING...
WAITING...

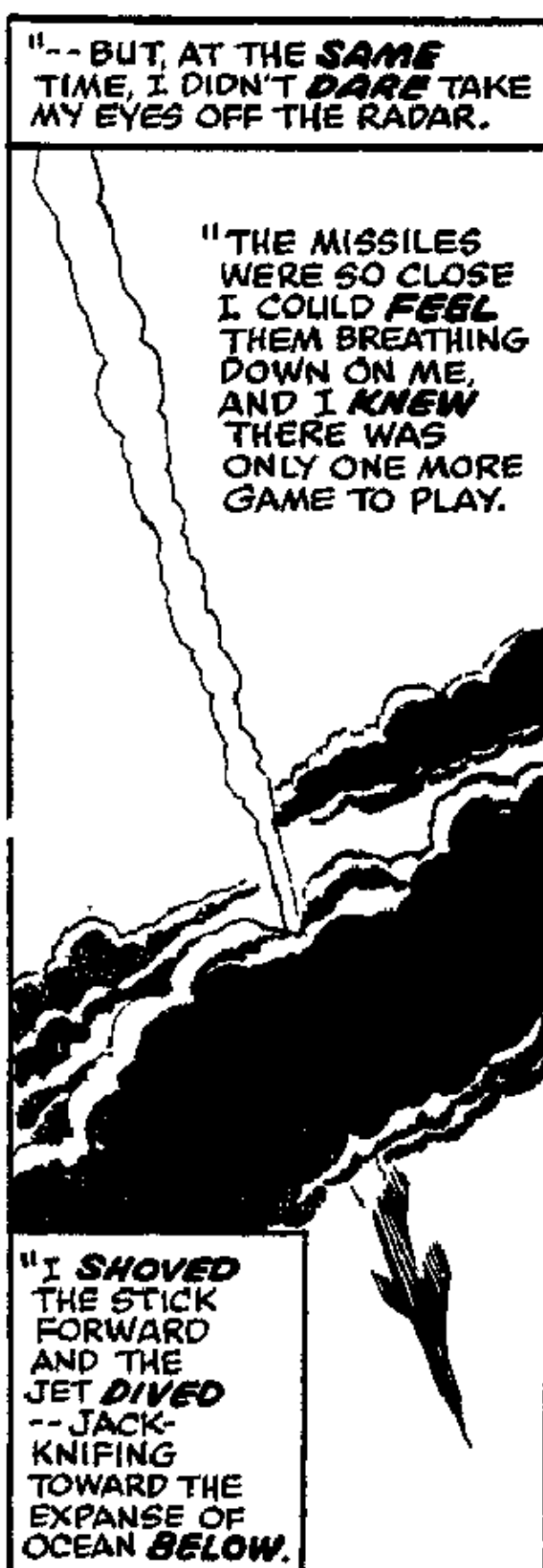
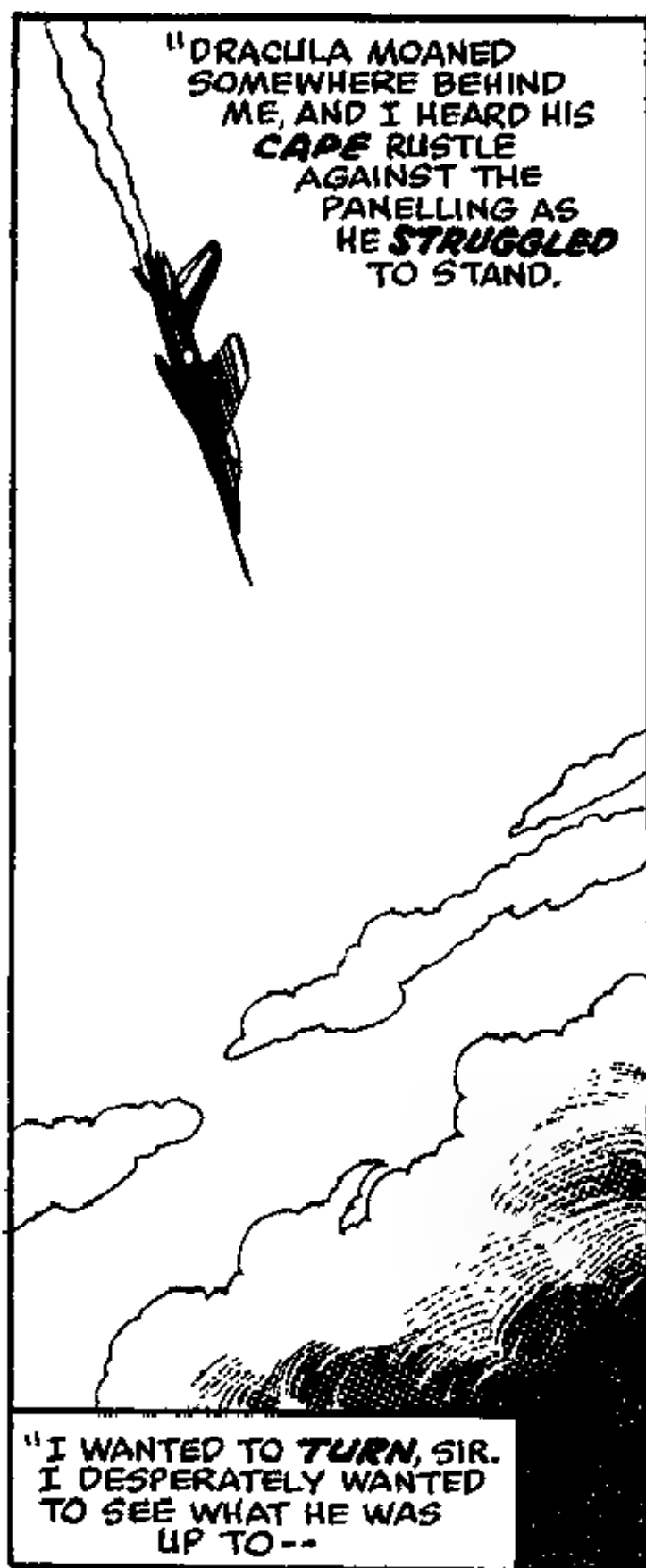
"...AND BOTH **CURSING** AND **PRAYING** AT THE SAME TIME.

"BUT THOSE DAMNED **BLIPS** JUST KEPT ON MOVING CLOSER AND CLOSER

"THAT THING... DRACULA, WAS **CONSCIOUS** AGAIN, AND NOW I HAD A **SECOND** PROBLEM ON MY HANDS.

"I THOUGHT I **MIGHT** BE ABLE TO LAND SAFELY, BUT, I DIDN'T KNOW IF **NED** WOULD GIVE ME THE CHANCE.

"BUT I DIDN'T... **COULDN'T** STOP. I KEPT MY EYES FORWARD AND WAITED. **ANYTHING** COULD HAPPEN NOW.



"SIR, I NEEDN'T TELL YOU WHAT **THOUGHTS** RAN THROUGH MY HEAD AT THAT MOMENT. I WAS **SCARED** THAT SOMETHING WOULD HAPPEN...

"...SCARED THAT I WOULDN'T **STRAIGHTEN** MYSELF OUT IN TIME.

"...SCARED THAT I MAY ...WELL-- **SCARED!**

"I FIGURED THE MISSILES WOULD **IMPACT** IN TWELVE SECONDS, SO I LOWERED THE JET EVEN **MORE**...HOPEFULLY **BELOW** RADAR RANGE.

"I TELL YOU, SIR, FOR AN **ATHEIST** I CONVERTED FAST--

"AT THE VERY **LAST** MOMENT I STRAIGHTENED 'ER OUT-- **BELOW** THE RADAR RANGE OF THE MISSILES. THEY **CAREENED** RIGHT OVER ME, MISSING MY TAIL BY **YARDS**.

"--VERY FAST!

"TWO HUNDRED FEET AWAY, THEY FELL INTO THE OCEAN AND **EXPLODED**.

"--IF **ONLY** FOR THE MOMENT.

VERY **GOOD**, GREENELY. I CHOSE **WELL** WHEN I CAME WITH YOU.

NOW--**RE-ROUTE** THIS FLIGHT OF YOURS AND LAND US IN BOSTON, OR ALL YOUR **AERIAL ACROBATICS** WILL HAVE BEEN FOR **NAUGHT**.

"BUT I WAS **SAFE**--

"SO I **AGREED**, AND LISTENED AS HE SLUMPED BACK AGAINST THE PANELLING AND **SIGNED**...

"DRACULA'S VOICE WAS CRACKING AS HE SPOKE. HIS WORDS WERE **UNCLEAR** AT TIMES, AND YET I SENSED THAT EVEN WITH **WITH** HIS ILLNESS, HE COULD STILL MAKE TRUE HIS **THREAT!**

"...ALMOST **JOYOUS** THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO WAGE ANOTHER BATTLE.

"FOUR HOURS LATER WE WERE CIRCLING BOSTON, AND I NOTICED SMALL FIGURES DARTING ACROSS THE RUNWAY, POSITIONING THEMSELVES FOR OUR LANDING.

"I *KNEW* THAT MY RADIO SIGNALS HAD COME THROUGH LOUD AND CLEAR, FOR A *WELCOMING COMMITTEE* WAS ASSEMBLING.

"AND, SIR, NOW IT WAS *MY* TURN TO BREATHE DEEPLY AND SIGH.

"AS IF EVERYTHING WERE NORMAL, I GAINED *CLEARANCE* FOR LANDING.

"DRACULA, OF COURSE, HAD NO IDEA THAT *PREPARATIONS* WERE BEING *MADE* TO GREET HIM. BUT FOR THE MOMENT, BUSINESS WAS AS USUAL AS I SET THE JET DOWN...

"...FOR A *LANDING!* MY FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR BACK IN GEORGIA WOULD HAVE BEEN *PROUD* OF ME.

"I LANDED SO *SMOOTHLY* THAT I WOULDN'T HAVE BOTHERED A SLEEPING BABE.

SCREEEE

"EVER CAUTIOUS, DRACULA HAD *ME* LEAVE THE JET FIRST... SOMETHING I WAS ONLY TOO *PLEASED* TO DO, FOR I *KNEW* WHAT WAS COMING.

"I *SMELLED* ARMY TROOPS HIDING ON ROOFTOPS, WAITING FOR ME TO MAKE A SUDDEN BREAK AND *RUN*.

"BUT STILL I MOVED SLOWLY, MAKING IT SEEM AS IF NOTHING WAS OUT OF THE *ORDINARY*. I DIDN'T WANT TO *ALERT* DRACULA, FOR THE *COMPUTER PRINT-OUT* WARNED ME OF HIS POWERS OF *ESCAPE*.

"YOU COULD *HEAR* THE SILENCE OUT THERE, SIR-- AS A DOZEN MEN WAITED.

"THEN, BEFORE I HAD GOTTEN TOTALLY *AWAY* FROM THE JET, DRACULA BEGAN HIS CLIMB *OUT* FROM THE COCKPIT.

"HE WAS SHAKY, *UNSURE* OF HIS STEP AS HE LOWERED HIMSELF TO THE GROUND.

"AND AS HIS FOOT TOUCHED THE *TARMAC*...



"ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE!"

"TWELVE WEAPONS FIRED AT ONCE, AND IT WAS LIKE THOSE NIGHTS IN THE JUNGLES IN 'NAM BACK IN '69!"

"INSTINCTIVELY, I DOVE TO THE GROUND, BUT I DIDN'T HAVE TO; THE SOLDIERS WERE ALL **SHARPSHOOTERS**..."

"...AND HARDLY A SINGLE SHOT *MISSED* ITS TARGET."



"BUT DRACULA DIDN'T FALL. I **SWEAR** I SAW A HUNDRED BULLETS SLAM INTO HIM, BUT HE STOOD HIS GROUND AND MOVED SLOWLY TOWARDS THE MEN."



"AND, AS HE STOOD BENEATH THE SOLDIERS, HIS BODY SHIMMERED AMIDST THE RAIN OF **BULLETS** AND **TAR**. SHIMMERED AND CHANGED..."

"...INTO A **BAT**! GOD, THOSE MOVIES I SAW AS A KID WERE **TRUE**."

"I TURNED **AWAY** FROM DRACULA, HUGGED THE GROUND AS A **BABY** DOES ITS MOTHER, AND PROCEEDED TO **LOSE MY LUNCH-- TWICE!**"



AND **THAT'S** IT, I HAVE **TWO MORE** REPORTS IF YOU'D CARE TO HEAR THEM. ONE FROM THE **CABDRIVER** WHO FOUND DRACULA STAGGERING AIMLESSLY DOWN A SIDE-STREET--

AND THE **OTHER** FROM A GIRL WHO BARELY **ESCAPED** WITH HER LIFE WHEN DRACULA TRIED TO **ATTACK** HER FOR BLOOD.

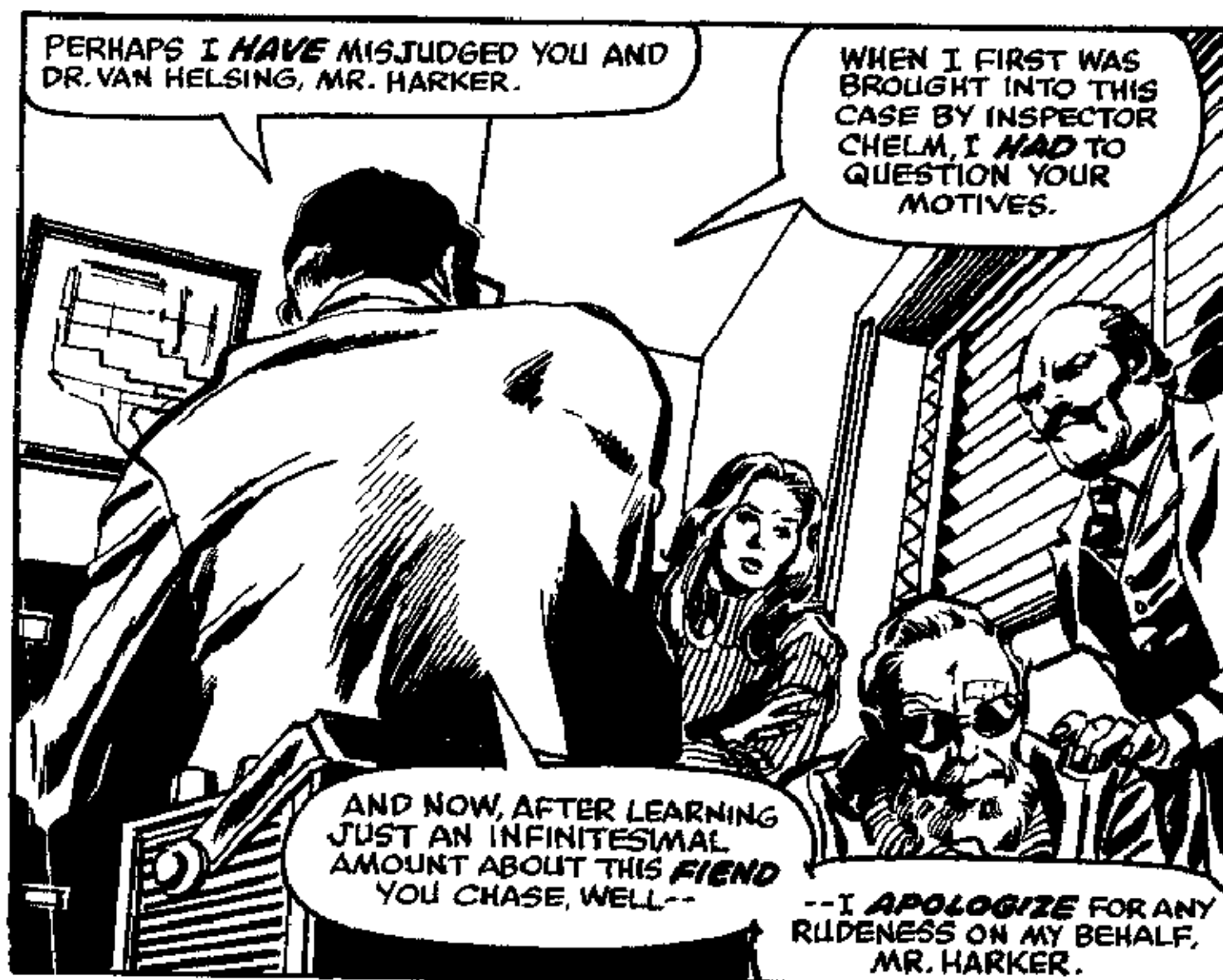
SHE'S IN THE **HOSPITAL**-- HALF-CRAZED WITH **FEAR**.

A HUMAN **VEGETABLE**, BUT ALIVE. GOD, IT'S SICKENING!



WHICH, DR. SCOTT, IS WHY WE **MUST** CONTINUE OUR SEARCH FOR DRACULA NO MATTER **WHAT** THE CONSEQUENCES TO US.

WE MAY FAIL, BUT WE **HAVE** TO TRY.



PERHAPS I *HAVE* MISJUDGED YOU AND DR. VAN HELSING, MR. HARKER.

WHEN I FIRST WAS BROUGHT INTO THIS CASE BY INSPECTOR CHELM, I *HAD* TO QUESTION YOUR MOTIVES.

AND NOW, AFTER LEARNING JUST AN INFINITESIMAL AMOUNT ABOUT THIS *FIEND* YOU CHASE, WELL--

--I *APOLOGIZE* FOR ANY RUDENESS ON MY BEHALF, MR. HARKER.



NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY. WE ALL DO OUR *JOB*, DR. SCOTT.

I'LL MAKE THE *PREPARATIONS* TO FOLLOW DRACULA TO BOSTON, QUINCY.

PERHAPS WITH THIS *WEAKNESS* OF HIS, WE'LL FINALLY *SUCCEED* IN SLAYING HIM.



AND, DOCTOR, I APOLOGIZE AS WELL. I THINK THE *TENSIONS* OF THE PAST WEEKS FINALLY GOT TO ME.

DOCTOR, AS QUINCY SAID, "NO APOLOGIES NECESSARY!"

IT WAS A *PLEASURE*... TRULY A PLEASURE.



BRAZIL!

THAT LOUSY FINK, DANNY SUMMERS, IS PROBABLY SITTING BACK IN HIS *EASY CHAIR* THINKING I'M DEAD.

WAIT UNTIL I GET MY *HANDS* ON HIM, BROTHER VOODOO--

-- I'LL *WRING* THAT SCRAWNY *NECK* OF HIS UNTIL MY *PALMS* MEET.

QUESTION YOUR *VENGEANCE*, FRANK DRAKE--

-- FOR ALL YOU *KNOW*, SUMMERS MAY *NOT* BE AS *GUILTY* AS YOU BELIEVE.



JUST THE *SAME*, VOODOO. I WANNA SEE HIM ON HIS *KNEES*-- BEGGING!

FRANK!

SO, DANNY'S *GONE* AND LEFT HIS LITTLE BIRD, CHASTITY JONES, STILL AROUND, EH?

BEAUTIFUL-- YOU'RE THE ONE WHO *LURED* ME DOWN HERE-- *TOLD ME* THAT DANNY HAD A *JOB* FOR ME.

NOW YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME SOME-THING *ELSE*--

WHERE HAS THAT *STINKIN' CREEP* DISAPPEARED TO?



I D-DON'T *KNOW*. HE JUST RUSHED OUT OF HERE.

DON'T GIVE ME A *FISH STORY* LIKE THAT LADY. IT *SMELLS!*

JUST LIKE THIS WHOLE *JUNGLE* SMELLS--

--OF SOME *ROTTEN* MASTER PLAN TO DO *ME* IN.



IT DOESN'T TAKE A **GENIUS** TO ADD UP ONE AND ONE, CHASTITY. YOU AND DANNY **LURED** ME HERE TO **KILL ME**.

AND IF IT WASN'T FOR BROTHER VOODOO, THOSE MINDLESS **ZOMBIES** FRIENDS OF YOURS WOULD'VE DONE THE JOB-- **IN SPADES!**

NOW **SPEAK**, LITTLE LADY--OR DO I HAVE TO **KNOCK** THE TRUTH OUT OF YOU?

YOU'RE A REAL **BIG MAN**, AREN'T YOU, HANDSOME?



WELL, LOVER, I'LL **TELL** YOU WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW. IT DOESN'T **MATTER** ANY MORE, BECAUSE **I** WAS TAKEN IN BY DANNY, TOO.

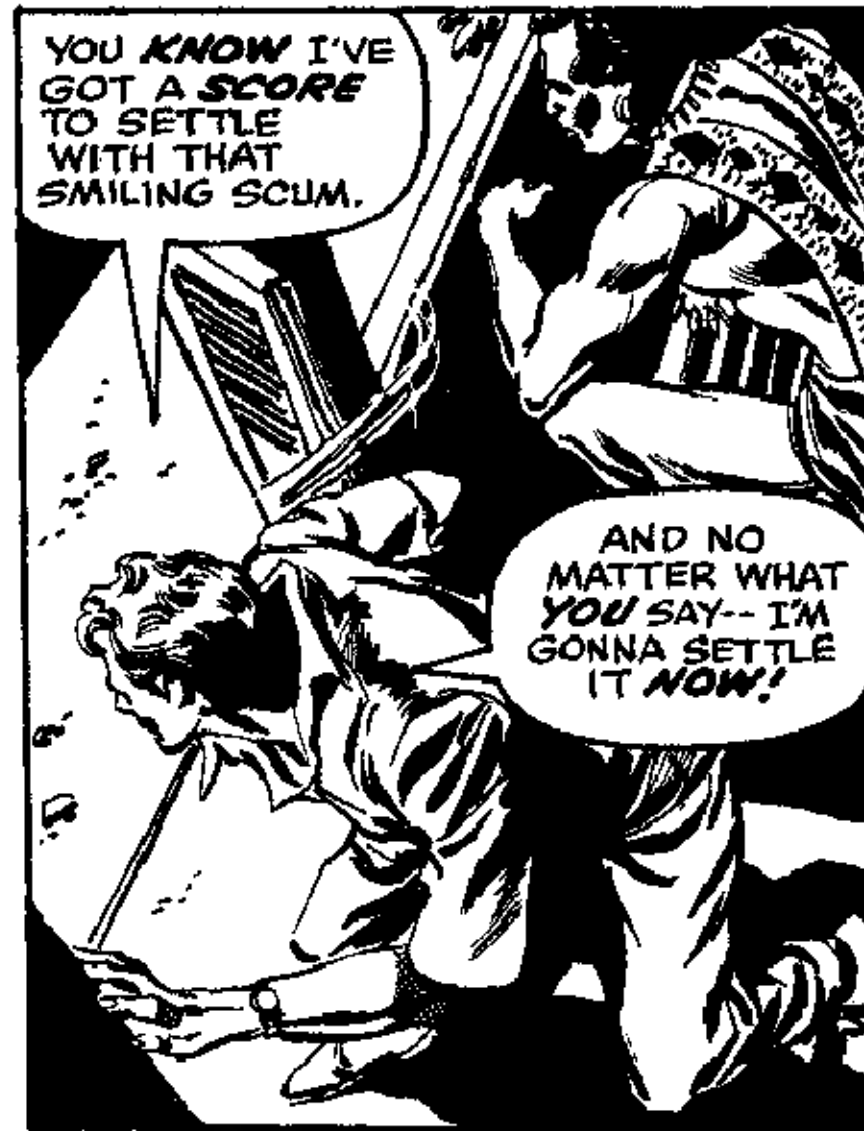
I **BELIEVED** DANNY. AND IF HE LIED TO YOU, WELL, HE LIED TO ME-- **DOUBLE!**

HE **LEFT** WHEN HE SAW YOU **DRIVING UP**, AND HE LEFT **SCARED!**



SHE IS SPEAKING THE **TRUTH**, FRANK DRAKE. I SEE MR. SUMMERS RUNNING TO OUR CAR EVEN NOW.

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU **SAY** SOMETHING, VOODOO?



YOU **KNOW** I'VE GOT A **SCORE** TO SETTLE WITH THAT SMILING SCUM.

AND NO MATTER WHAT **YOU SAY**-- I'M GONNA SETTLE IT **NOW!**



HOLD IT, DANNY-- WE'VE GOT SOME **UNFINISHED BUSINESS** TO ATTEND TO.

YOU SEE, I DON'T EXACTLY **APPROVE** OF MURDER--

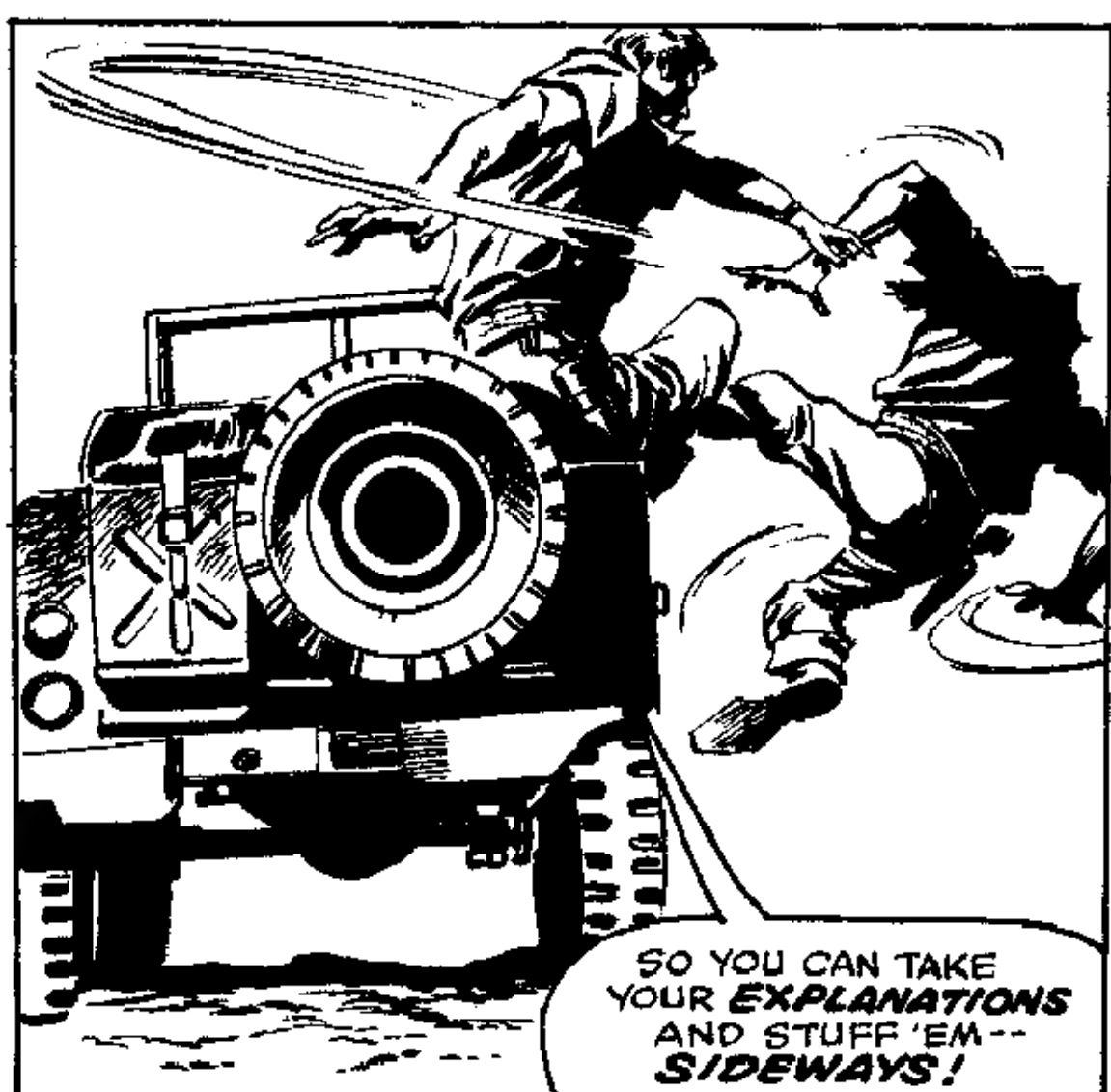
--**ESPECIALLY** MY OWN!

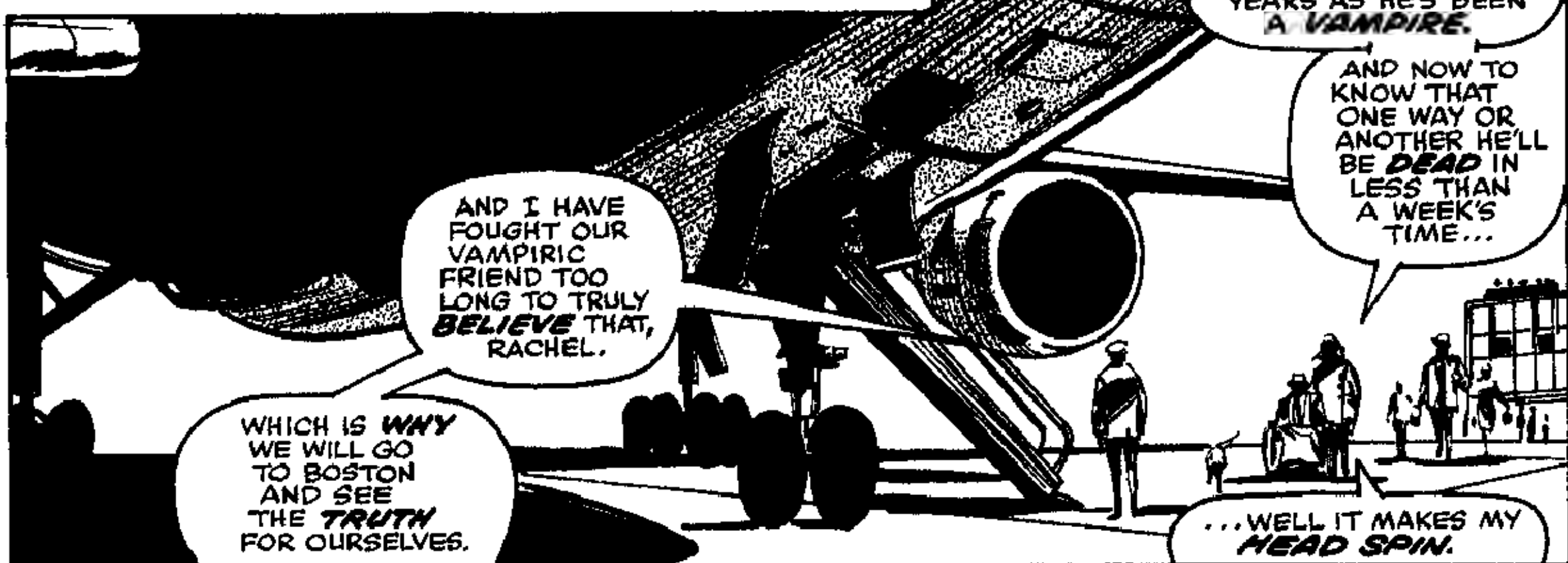
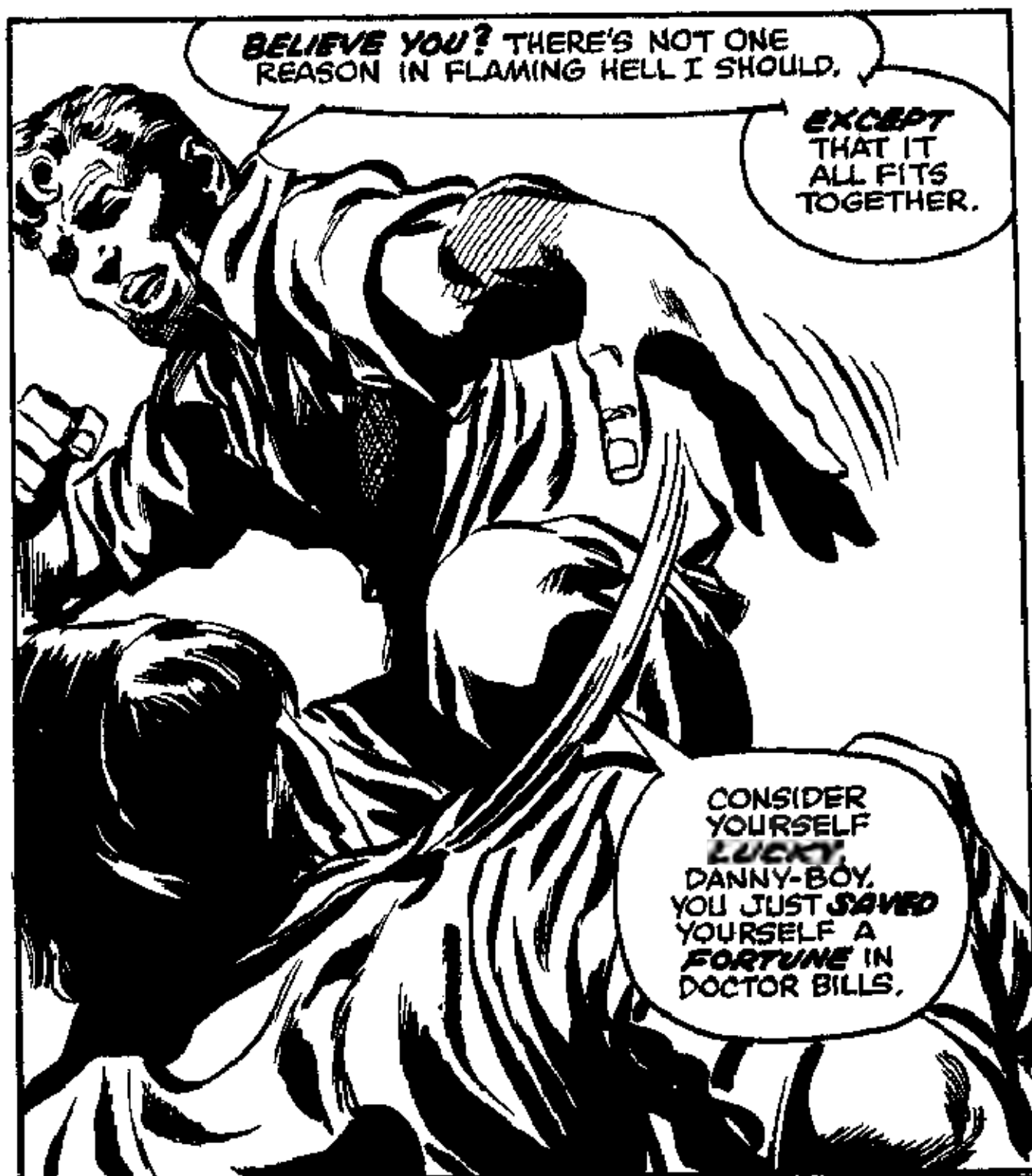
DRAKE!?!?

ER-- FRANKY-BOY. GOOD TO SEE YA!

HEY, MAN-- WHAT'S **BUGGIN'** YA? ANYTHING WE CAN **TALK ABOUT?**

HEY! PUT THAT FIST **DOWN**, BUDDY-BOY. I CAN **EXPLAIN!**





NEXT: DRACULA IN BOSTON! AND: IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT: THE SINISTER SECRET OF AURORA RABINOWITZ!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



25¢
EC

37
OCT
02143

THE TOMB

OF

THE
VAMPIRE
WALKS
AMONG
US!

THE CITY
OF BOSTON
COVERS IN
FEAR AS
THE LORD
OF THE
UNDEAD
STALKS THE
NIGHT!



Hidden in the shadows where legend and reality merge, there are tales of a being who has lived *more than five hundred years*; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of *Hell* itself; they say he thrives upon the *blood* of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the *bravest* man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARV WOLFMAN
writer

GENE COLAN TOM PALMER
artists

JOE ROSEN
letterer

T. PALMER
colorist

LEN WEIN
editor

BOSTON,
MASSACHUSETTS:

LARGEST CITY IN NEW ENGLAND, BOSTON HAS HAD A HISTORY ALMOST AS LONG AS DRACULA'S. DURING ITS THREE HUNDRED PLUS YEARS, BOSTON HAS SEEN THE IMMIGRATION OF PURITANS, THE DUMPING OF TEA, AND THE MINDLESS SLAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

BUT THIS WARM,
SUMMER EVE,
BOSTON WILL SEE
SOMETHING IT
HAD NEVER
EXPECTED TO
WITNESS--

--FOR TWO HUNDRED YEARS AFTER
THE FACT, A MODERN DAY PAUL
REVERE WILL SOON FIND HIMSELF
DRIVING DOWN ITS CITY STREETS
SHOUTING FOR ALL TO HEAR...

THE VAMPIRE
IS COMING!
THE VAMPIRE
IS COMING!

HEY,
JOHNNY--
LOOK AT THAT
DUDE.

KINDA
WILD,
EH?





THEY **STARE** AT ME. IN THE **PAST** I WOULD HAVE **SLAIN** THEM FOR LESS THAN A DISAPPROVING GLANCE.

I WOULD **NEVER** HAVE ALLOWED SUCH HUMAN SCUM TO LOOK AT ME FOR **LONG**!



BUT I HAVE NO **CHOICE** IN THE MATTER NOW. MY **STRENGTH** IS RAPIDLY BEING **DRAINED** BY THE DIABOLICAL DOCTOR SUN.

AND, IF I **FAIL** TO FIND HIM SOON, I FEAR I MAY FINALLY **DIE**.

AND DRACULA MUST **NEVER** DIE AGAIN.

FOR, THIS TIME, I MAY **NOT** RETURN FROM THE GRAVE.

NO! I CAN STAND IT NO LONGER!

WHAT ARE YOU **STARING** AT, FOOLS?

BEGONE!!



HEY, MAN. DON'T GET SO **UPTIGHT**.

I JUST DIG THE WAY YOU'RE **DRESSED**.



YOU WILL **'DIG'** **NOTHING** BUT YOUR OWN GRAVE.

DRACULA DOES NOT **WISH** TO BE STARED AT.

UNDERSTAND?



HE DIDN'T **MEAN** ANYTHING. HE WAS JUST **LOOKING** AT YOU.

PUT HIM DOWN!

VERY WELL, FEMALE. IF YOU FEEL SO **STRONGLY** ABOUT HIM--



--TAKE HIM!!

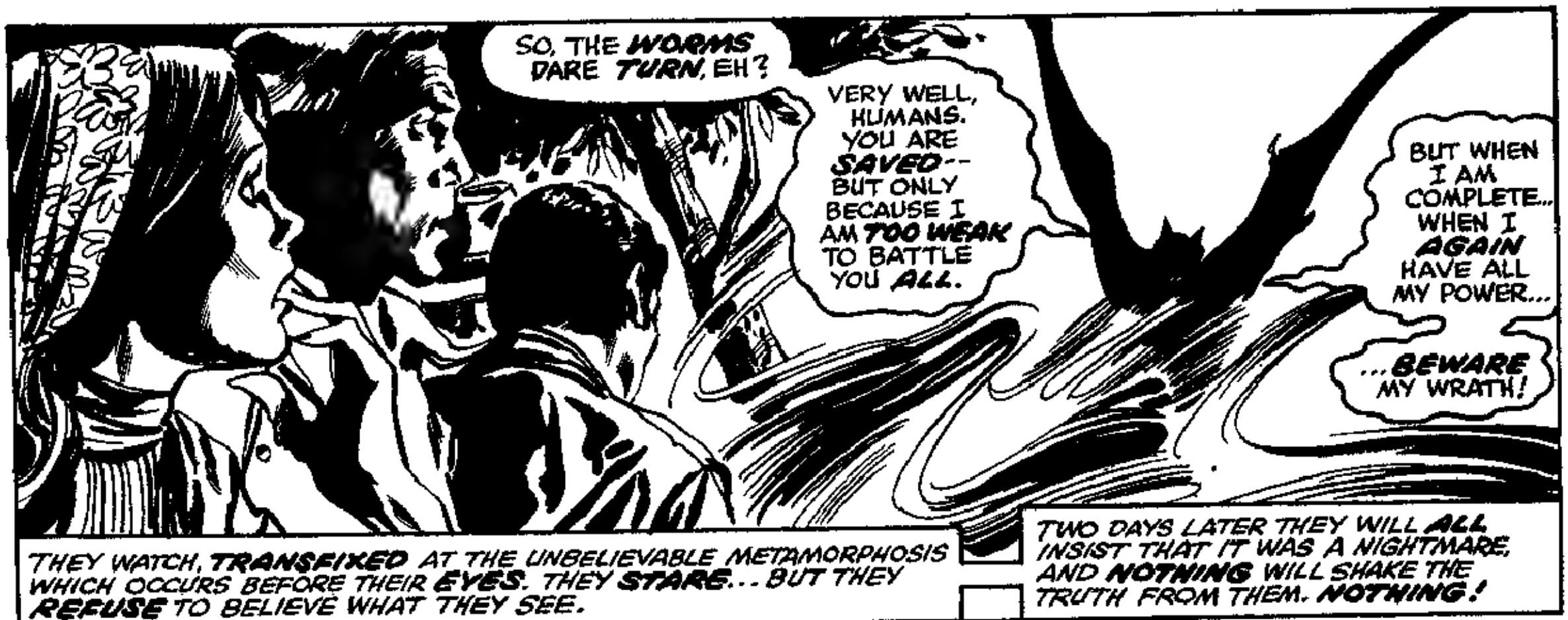
I'VE HAD ABOUT **ALL** I CAN STAND OF YOU.

EVEN **HERE** IN AMERICA YOU HUMANS ARE **MINDLESS**.



HEY! WHAT ARE YOU, ANYWAY? SOME KINDA **NUT**?

YOU DON'T GO **THROWING** PEOPLE AROUND LIKE THEY WERE **NOTHIN'**.



SO, THE **WORMS** DARE **TURN**, EH?

VERY WELL, HUMANS. YOU ARE **SAVED**-- BUT ONLY BECAUSE I AM **TOO WEAK** TO BATTLE YOU **ALL**.

BUT WHEN I AM COMPLETE... WHEN I **AGAIN** HAVE ALL MY POWER...

...**BEWARE** MY WRATH!

THEY WATCH, **TRANSFIXED** AT THE UNBELIEVABLE METAMORPHOSIS WHICH OCCURS BEFORE THEIR EYES. THEY **STARE**... BUT THEY **REFUSE** TO BELIEVE WHAT THEY SEE.

TWO DAYS LATER THEY WILL **ALL** INSIST THAT IT WAS A NIGHTMARE, AND **NOTHING** WILL SHAKE THE TRUTH FROM THEM. **NOTHING!**

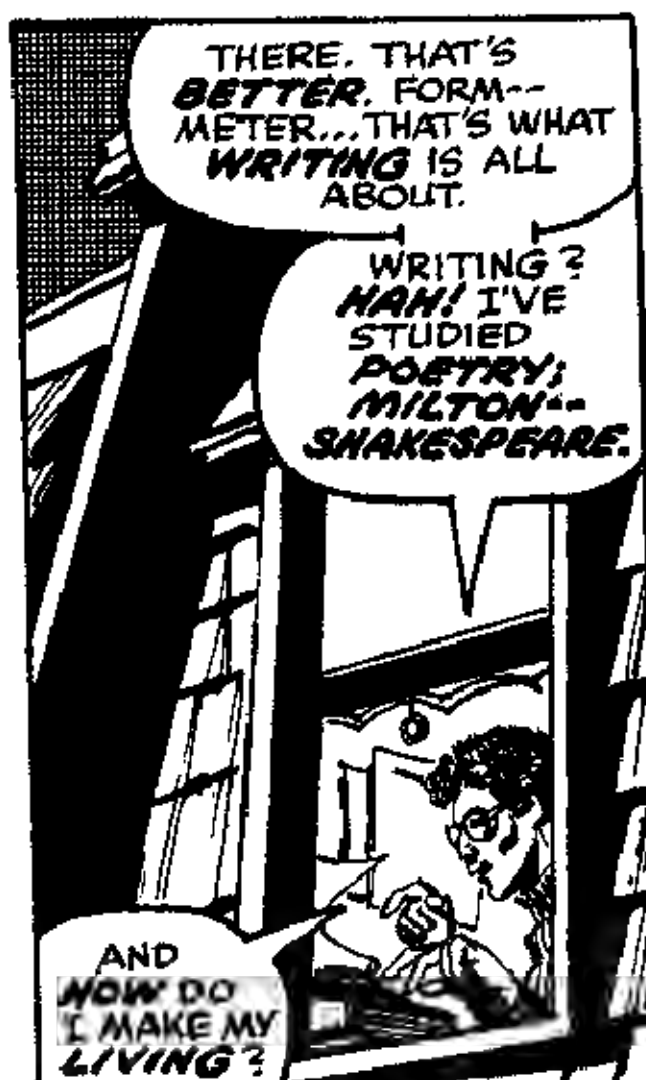
TIME CHANGE: 3:00 P.M. THE AFTERNOON OF DRACULA'S ARRIVAL IN BOSTON.



NO. NO! THAT'S NOT IT.

OH, GOOD GOSH! **DUMMY!**

HAROLD, YOU'RE AN ABSOLUTE **DUMMY!**



THERE. THAT'S **BETTER**. FORM-- METER... THAT'S WHAT **WRITING** IS ALL ABOUT.

WRITING? **HAH!** I'VE STUDIED **POETRY**; **MILTON-- SHAKESPEARE.**

AND **NOW** DO I MAKE MY **LIVING**?



WRITING **SHLOCK!** I'M A **HACK!**

OOOPS, WRONG WORD. I NEED SOMETHING WITH **TWO SYLLABLES**... MAYBE **THREE**.

"UNFLINCHING?" **NAH!**

AHA! I'VE GOT IT! "**UNYIELDING!**"

YEAH?



YEAH, THAT'S A MUCH BETTER WORD. **DRAMATIC**, YET NOT CLICHÉ. **FORCEFUL**, YET NOT **SILLY**.

"THE UNYIELDING VAMPIRE **BATTLED** HIS WAY THROUGH THE THICK AND THIN, COMING UP ONCE **AGAIN** AS A VICTOR IN A MAD **BATTLE** FOR THE PRIZE OF ETERNITY."

THEY'LL **EAT** IT UP. NOW, WHERE'S MY **ERASER**?



OOOPPS, THE PAPERS! GOTTA GET 'EM BEFORE THEY'RE ALL **MESSED** UP. I DON'T HAVE TIME TO **RE-TYPE** THEM BEFORE SHOWING THEM TO MR. GREADELY.



OH NO! WHEN AM I GOING TO **REMEMBER** TO WATCH WHERE I PLACE MY PAP--

THE CHAIR! **THE CHAIR!**

I GOTTA **REMEMBER** TO TAKE OFF THOSE STUPID **WHEELS** SOME DAY.



OKAY, THEY'RE NOT **TOO** MESSED UP. BESIDES, THE WAY GREADELY PAYS, I SHOULD TYPE MY MANUSCRIPTS ON **TOILET PAPER**.

AFTER ALL, HE'S THE ONE MAKING A MINT OFF OF MY **GENU--**

OH NO! **THE WIND!**

MY PAPERS!!



WILAM

BLAST IT! **BLAST IT!** WHY DOES EVERYTHING HAVE TO HAPPEN TO **ME**?

WHAT HAVE I DONE TO ANNOY GOD? ME? HAROLD H. HAROLD?

I'VE BEEN A **GOOD BOY**. I BRUSH AFTER EVERY MEAL!



I SCREAM IN PAIN EVERY TIME I HIT MY **STUPID FIST** AGAINST THAT **STUPIDER WALL**!

TELL ME WHERE I WENT **WRONG**, GOD.

I'LL **CHANGE** MY WAYS. I **SWEAR!**



SOMETHING TELLS ME **HE** ISN'T LISTENING.

NO ONE LISTENS TO **ME**--NOT EVEN **ME**.

SOMETIMES I EVEN **BORE** MYSELF.

OH WELL, MAYBE A **BOOK**--



I NEED SOME NEW **RESEARCH** FOR THIS ARTICLE ON "TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES."

BESIDES, I'M GETTING **TIRED** OF MAKING UP ALL MY TRUE FACTS.



YEECHH! WHEN DID I **LAST** USE THIS BOOK? THERE'S ENOUGH **DUST** ON IT TO REFILL A **DESERT!**



DUST--?

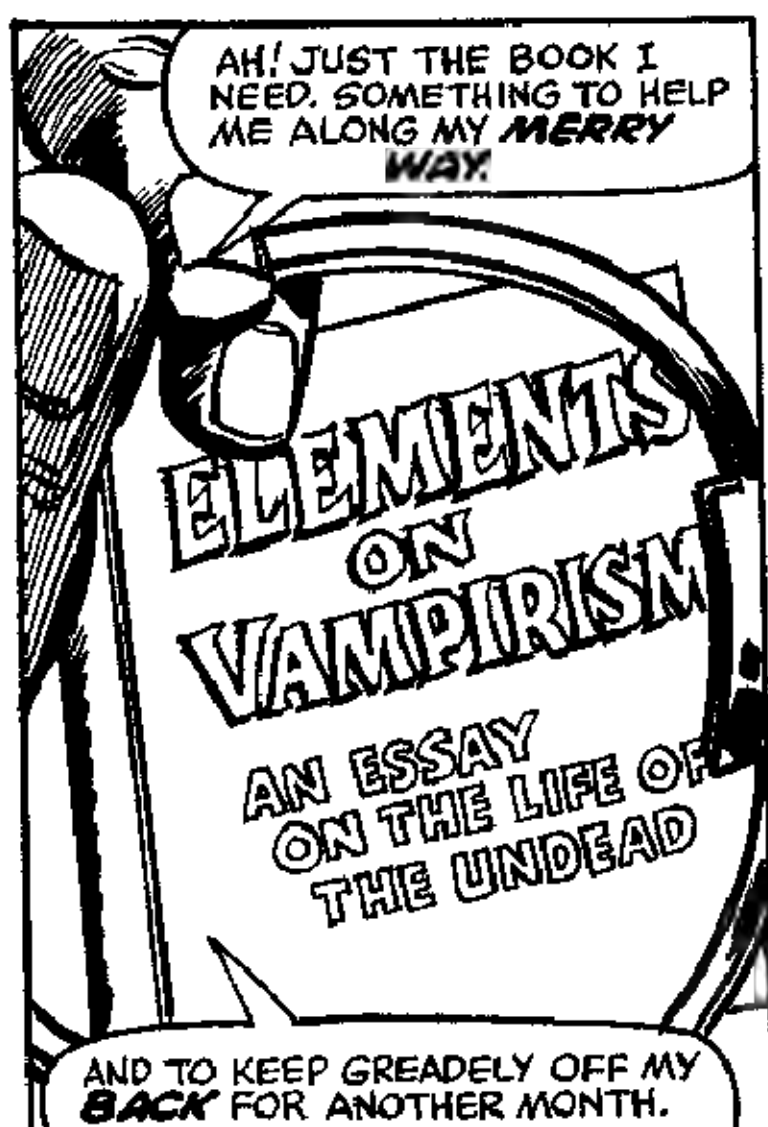
CHOOO



WELL, AT LEAST **THIS** TIME I DIDN'T BREAK MY GLASSES.

WILL SOMEONE **REMEMBER** ME TO **HOLD MY BREATH** THE NEXT TIME I'M NEAR ANY **DUST**?

GOD, I'LL **GET YOU** FOR THE **ASTHMA, TOO. BELIEVE ME!**



AH! JUST THE BOOK I NEED. SOMETHING TO HELP ME ALONG MY **MERRY WAY**.

ELEMENTS ON VAMPIRISM
AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE OF THE UNDEAD

AND TO KEEP GREADELY OFF MY **BACK** FOR ANOTHER MONTH.



I THINK HE'S GETTING **SUSPICIOUS**-- ESPECIALLY SINCE MY **LAST** ARTICLE FOR "TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES" STATED THAT YOU COULD **KILL** A VAMPIRE BY STUFFING **CELERY** INTO ITS CHEST.

MAYBE I WENT TOO **FAR** WITH THAT ONE.



BLAST! I'M GETTING **NOWHERE** SITTING AROUND HERE. IT MUST BE **ANOTHER** OF MY WORLD FAMOUS **WRITER'S BLOCKS**.

COME TO THINK OF IT, THIS ONE'S LASTED **THREE YEARS** NOW.



AND SINCE THERE'S NO REASON TO HANG AROUND MY LOVELY **OFFICE**--

-- WHY NOT POP UP TO MY **FAVORITE PUBLISHING COMPANY**--

MIDNIGHT PUBLISHING & SPECIALISTS IN THE OCCULT

-- ON **THIS BLOCK**.



AURORA, MY LOVELY, YOU'RE RAVISHING AS ALWAYS! HOW **ARE** YOU?

HUNH? OH, IT'S **YOU**, HAROLD. HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN **STANDING** THERE? I DIDN'T SEE YOU.

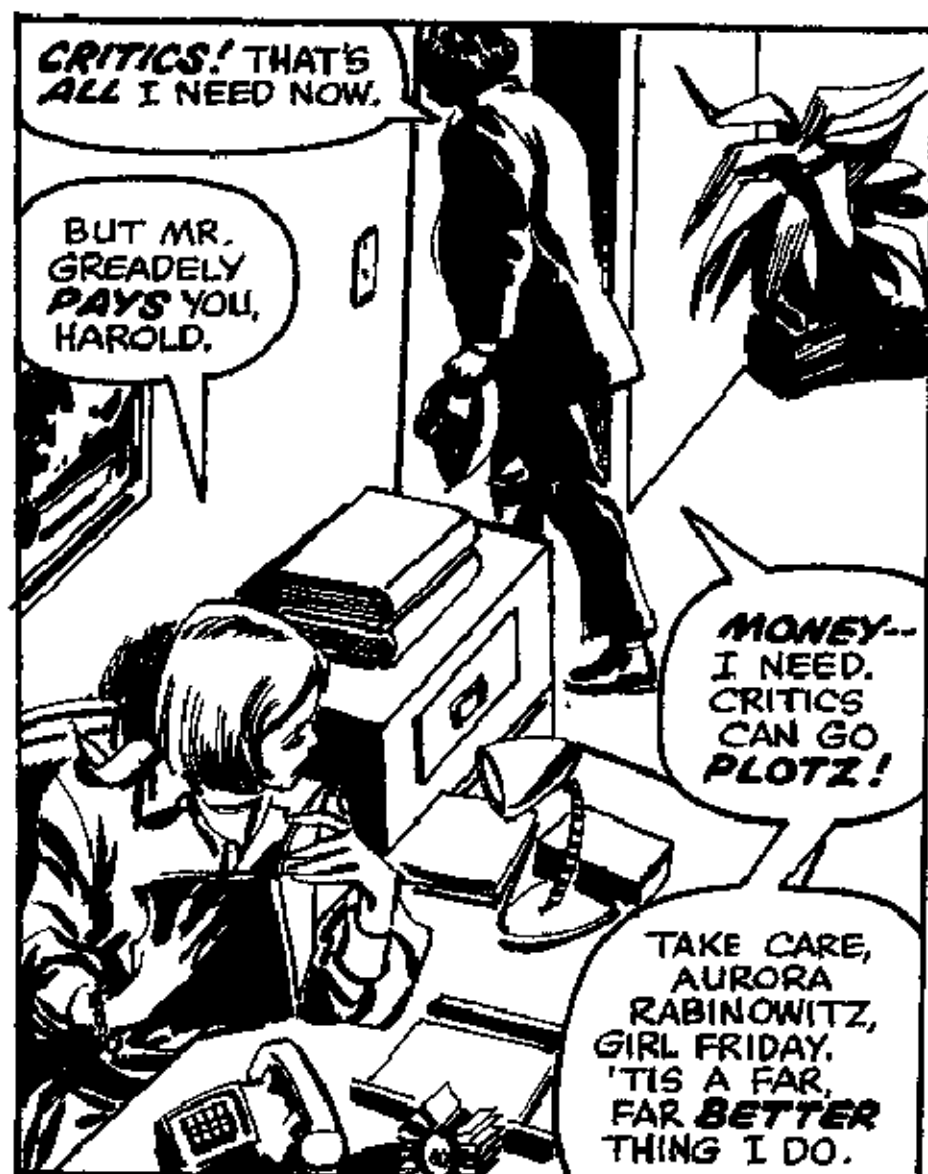
OH, **TEN MINUTES**-- GIVE OR TAKE AN HOUR.

I DIDN'T WANT TO **INTERRUPT** YOU WHILE YOU WERE HAVING THAT DEEP DISCUSSION ON THE DO'S AND DON'T'S OF "DIPPITY DO!"

BESIDES, A GIRL WHO **LOOKS** LIKE YOU DOESN'T ALSO NEED **BRAINS**.

THANK YOU, HAROLD.

I THINK.





NOW WHAT HAVE I **DONE** TO MYSELF?

WHERE IN THE WORLD DO I FIND A **VAMPIRE** TO INTERVIEW?

HMMM. MAYBE I CAN INTERVIEW A **WEREWOLF** INSTEAD. THEN I CAN--



NO, SUSIE-- HERBAL ESSENCE IS MUCH, MUCH-- OH, HOLD ON.

WERE YOU **FIRE**D, HAROLD?

NO, LOVELY ONE-- JUST **BURNED** AROUND THE COLLAR.

TAKE CARE, AURORA, SHINING LIGHT OF MY DAY.

SUSIE, I'LL CALL BACK. I THINK MY **NOSE** IS SHINY.



TIME CHANGE:
1:30 A.M.

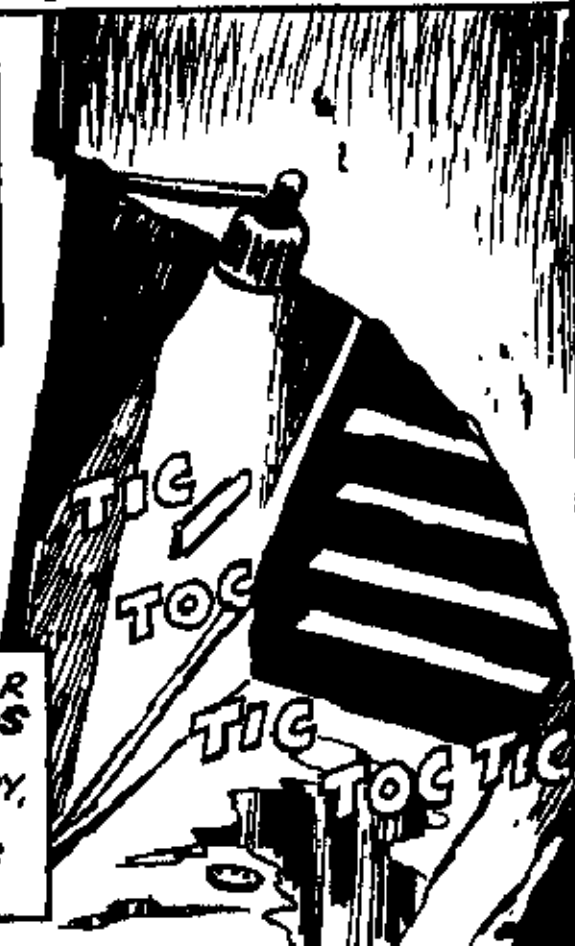
BOSTON IS QUIET... SLEEPING...

...**OBLIVIOUS** TO THE HORROR WHICH IS ABOUT TO **UNFOLD**.

THE **STREETS** ARE CLOAKED IN DARKNESS. HERE AND THERE A **SOLITARY FIGURE** CAN BE FOUND, USUALLY ACCOMPANIED BY A TUGGING **DOG**.

SILENCE: YOU CAN HEAR EVERY FOOTSTEP FALL, EVERY BREATH AS IT'S TAKEN.

YOU CAN HEAR THE **SECONDS** TICK FURIOUSLY BY, ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE DAWN.



SILENCE: CRICKETS CHIRrup IN THE DISTANCE. CATS **MEOW**; SCRAPE AT DOORS BEGGING FOR MILK.

ALL THE QUIET SOUNDS OF NIGHT CAN BE **HEARD**.



BUT NOT A **SHADOW-DRAPE**D FOOTSTEP.

A GLOVED **HAND** GRABS A DOORKNOB AND **TWISTS**. BUT THERE IS NO SOUND.



THE DOOR GIVES **WAY**-- OPENS. BUT THERE IS NO **CREAKING**

INSIDE A DARK, MUSTY ROOM, A **BLIND MAN** SITS SMOKING HIS HOOKAH. HIS FACE IS **WARM** WITH THE GLOW OF A BURNING CANDLE.

THERE ARE NO SOUNDS AS THE **STRANGER** APPROACHES THE OLD MAN.



ONLY **SILENCE**.

YET, THE OLD MAN **NODS** HIS HEAD, AND **ACCEPTS** THE STRANGER'S PRESENCE.



THE GLOVED HAND REACHES OUT, GRASPS THE BURNING CANDLE...



...AND TWISTS ITS WOODEN BASE...

TO HIS LEFT, A BOOKCASE OF LYRICS AND POEMS, OF METAPHORS AND SIMILES, OF GENTLE THOUGHTS AND FRAGILE IMAGES, SHIFTS NOISELESSLY FORWARD--



--OPENING UPON A TUNNEL WHERE ONLY DARKNESS CAN BE SEEN.

HE ENTERS, AND IS QUICKLY SWALLOWED.



THE STRANGER PAUSES FOR A MOMENT AS HIS FEET LEAVE THE WOODEN STAIRWELL AND TOUCH A FLOOR OF STONE.



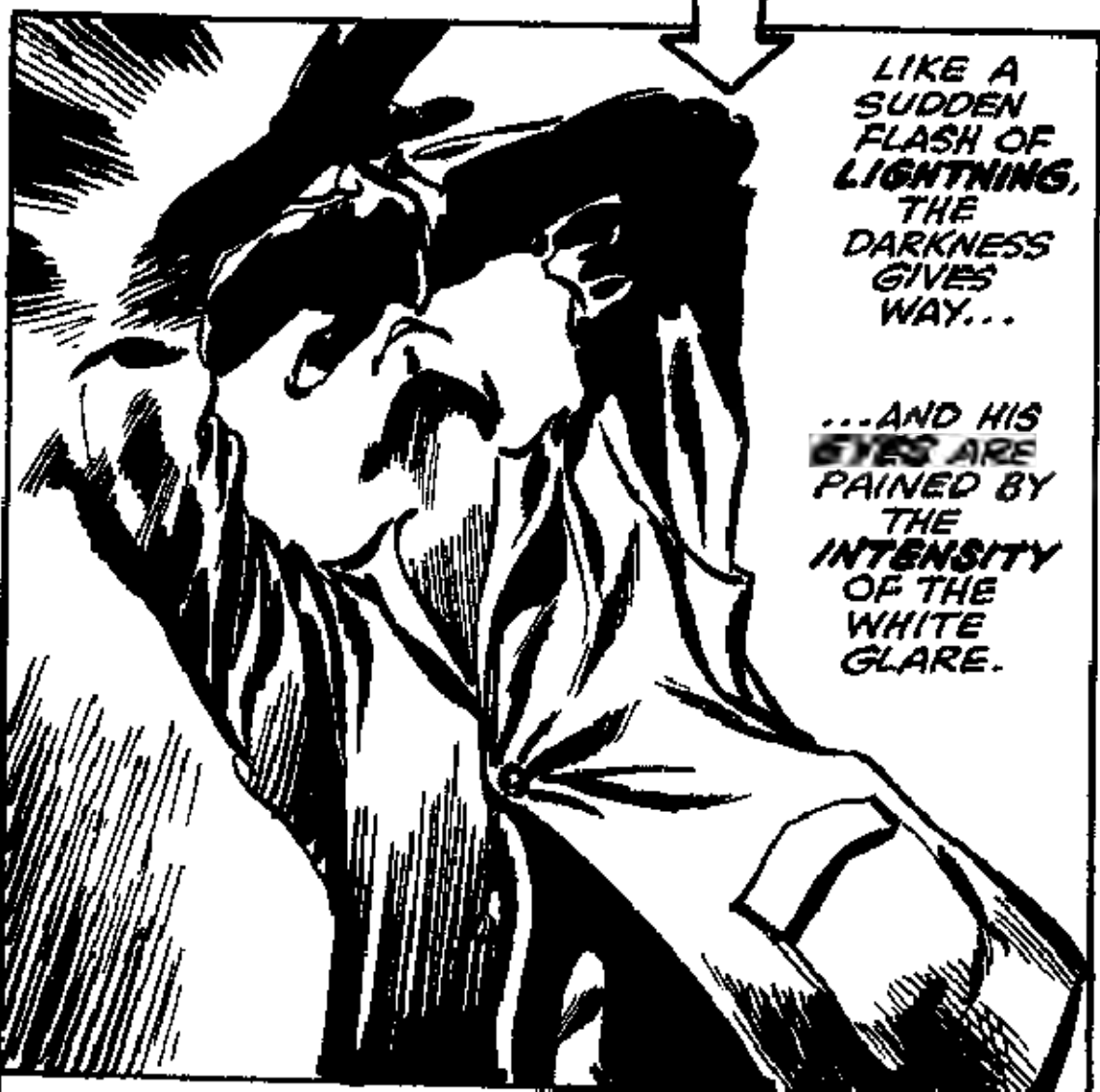
THEN DECIDING THIS IS AS FAR AS HE SHOULD GO, HE STANDS, SILENTLY, AND WAITS

...AS WELL HE SHOULD BE, WHEN ENTERING INTO AN AGREEMENT WITH DOCTOR SUN.

I HAVE AWAITED YOUR PRESENCE, JUNO. DRACULA IS ALREADY IN THIS CITY. HARKER AND HIS CLAN ARE ASSEMBLING.

HAS YOUR TRAINING PREPARED YOU SUFFICIENTLY?

YES, DOCTOR SUN.



LIKE A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHTNING, THE DARKNESS GIVES WAY...

...AND HIS EYES ARE PAINED BY THE INTENSITY OF THE WHITE GLARE.

INSTINCTIVELY, HE REACHES UP TO PROTECT HIMSELF. HE IS CAUTIOUS...





2:00 A.M.

JANET GOLIN AND STU SUMMERS ATTEND SCHOOL AT HARVARD. STU IS STUDYING LAW, WHILE JANET WORKS TO BECOME A DOCTOR.



ALONG WITH THREE OTHER MEN AND FOUR WOMEN, THEY SHARE A BROWNSTONE IN BEACON HILL.



TOMORROW, THEY TAKE THEIR FINALS, AND BOTH JANET AND STU HAVE SPENT THE NIGHT STUDYING.



AT 1:30 A.M., STU FELT HIMSELF FALLING ASLEEP AND SAID HE NEEDED FRESH AIR. JANET SUGGESTED THEY TAKE A RIDE TO AWAKEN THEM BOTH.



FOR, IF THEY HAD, THEY WOULD NOT HAVE HAD TO DIE!

JANET NEVER SAW THE EBONY SHAPE FLITTER BEFORE THE CYCLE. SHE HEARD STU SCREAM, SHE FELT THE WHEELS SWERVE, AND THE CYCLE SLIP FROM UNDER HER. THEN SHE SENSED SHE WAS FLYING HELPLESSLY THROUGH THE AIR.



STU, HOWEVER, HAD SEEN THE BAT. HE SAW ITS WINGS MELT INTO ARMS... ITS CLAWS FADE INTO GRASPING FINGERS...



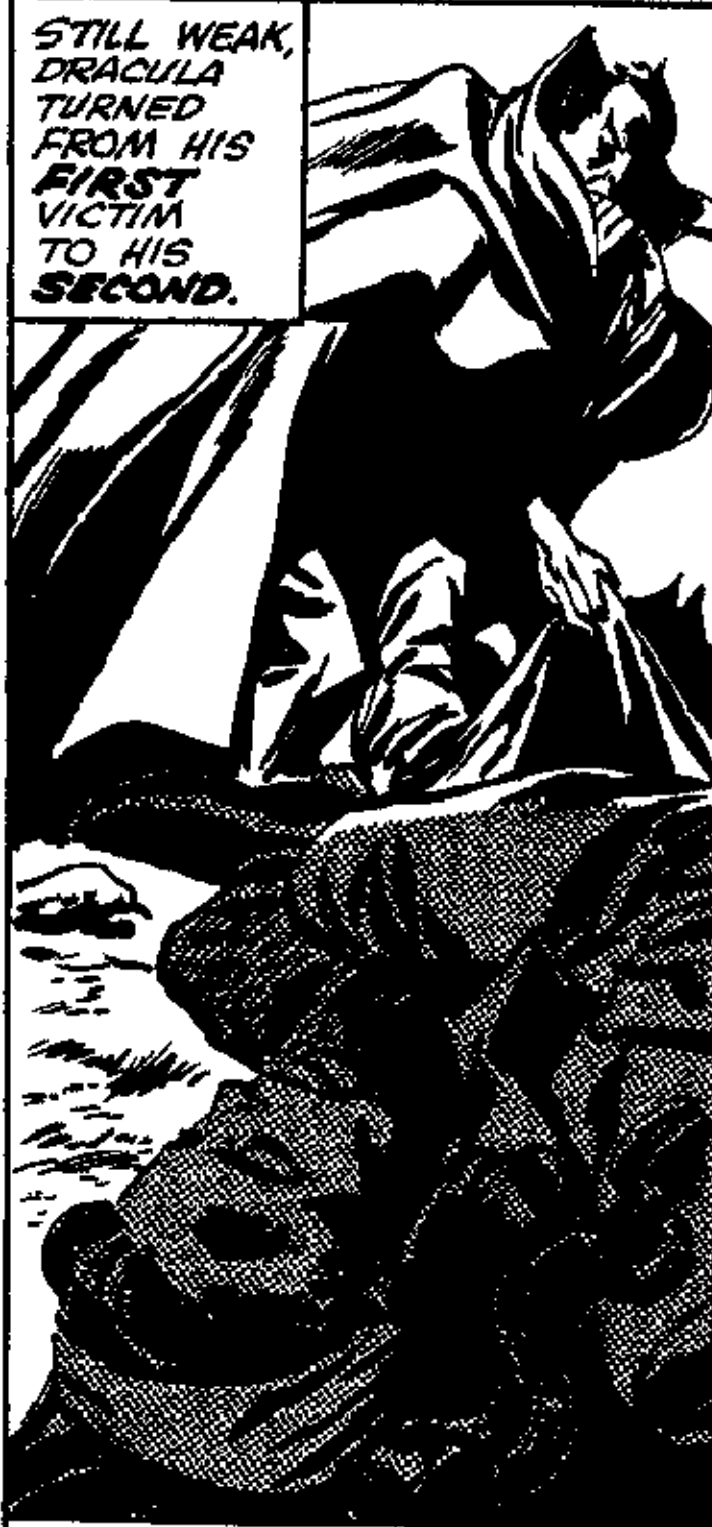
STU TRIED DESPERATELY TO SCREAM, BUT DRACULA'S BONY HANDS HAD ALREADY GRABBED HIS THROAT.



HE SAW HIS MURDERER FOR ONLY A MOMENT; HE FELT ITS SULPHURIC BREATH SPILL OVER HIM.

AND, A SECOND BEFORE HE DIED, STU SENSED THE FLESH ON HIS NECK SPLIT, AND WARM BLOOD GUSH FROM HIM.

STILL WEAK, DRACULA TURNED FROM HIS FIRST VICTIM TO HIS SECOND.



JANET LAY THERE ALMOST ANGELICALLY, AND DRACULA THOUGHT TO HIMSELF THAT HE WOULD ENJOY THE BLASPHEMY OF MURDERING AN ANGEL.

HIS LONG FINGERS CARRESSED HER FRIGHTENED FACE FOR A MOMENT. YES, DRACULA WOULD ENJOY THIS KILL. HE WISHED SO DESPERATELY TO DESTROY HER INNOCENCE BEFORE IT COULD TOUCH HIM.

HE HAS ALLOWED TOO MUCH TO TOUCH HIM OF LATE. FAR TOO MUCH.



AND ALL HE HAS RECEIVED FROM INNOCENCE HAS BEEN PAIN.



JANET AWAKENS AS HER **BLOOD** RUSHES SENSUOUSLY FROM THE TWIN PUNCTURES IN HER NECK! SHE FEELS DRACULA'S TONGUE LICK THE WOUND AS SHE TRIES TO **PROTEST**.

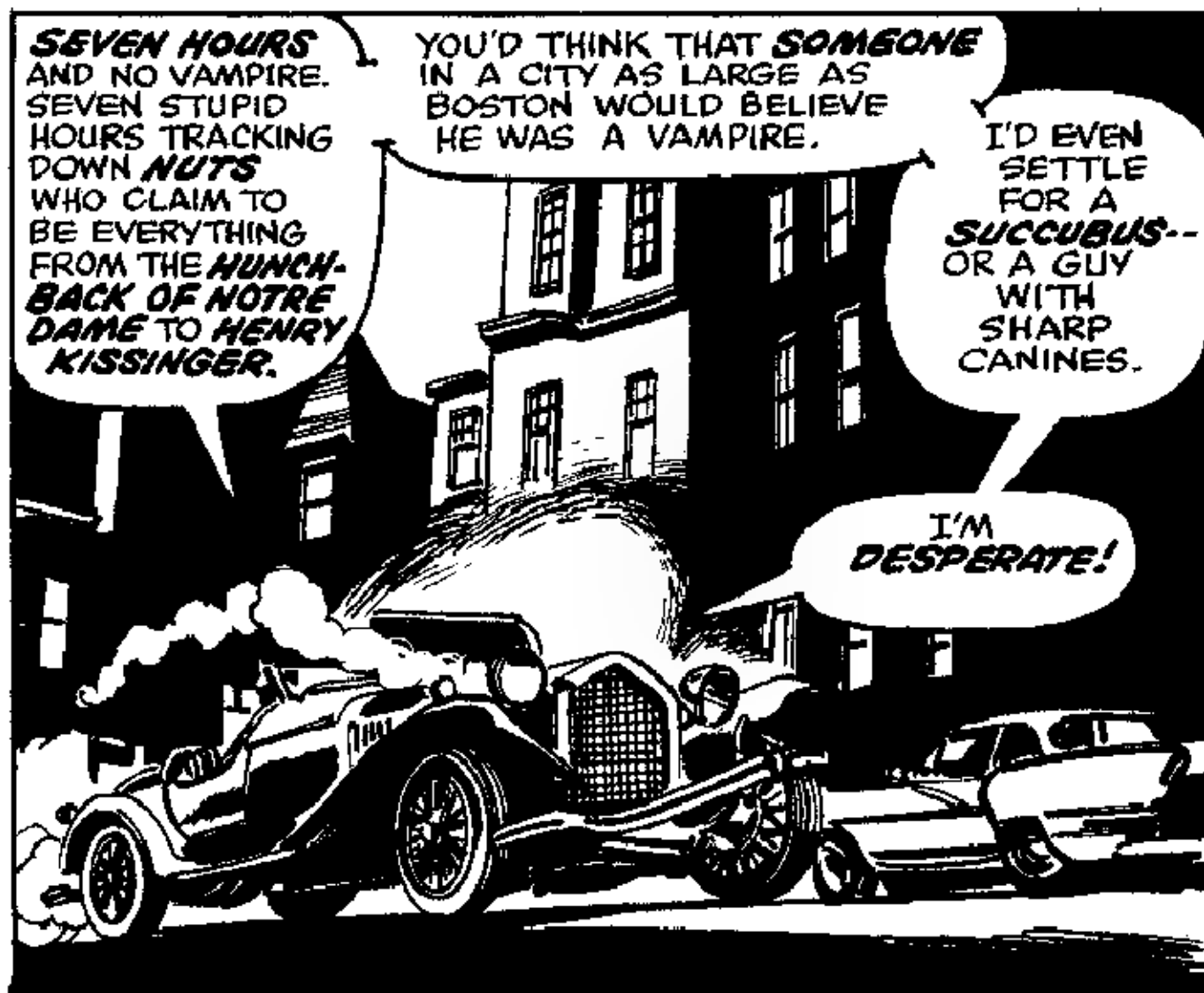


SHE SQUIRMS, SHE SCREAMS, BUT, IN THE **END...**



...ALL SHE DOES IS **DIE**.

IN THREE WEEKS SHE WILL DIE AGAIN AS RACHEL VAN HELSING'S WOODEN ARROW CLEAVES HER VAMPIRIC HEART IN **HALF**.



SEVEN HOURS AND NO VAMPIRE. SEVEN STUPID HOURS TRACKING DOWN **NUTS** WHO CLAIM TO BE EVERYTHING FROM THE **HUNCH-BACK OF NOTRE DAME** TO **HENRY KISSINGER**.

YOU'D THINK THAT **SOMEONE** IN A CITY AS LARGE AS BOSTON WOULD BELIEVE HE WAS A VAMPIRE.

I'D EVEN SETTLE FOR A **SUCCUBUS**—OR A GUY WITH SHARP CANINES.

I'M **DESPERATE!**



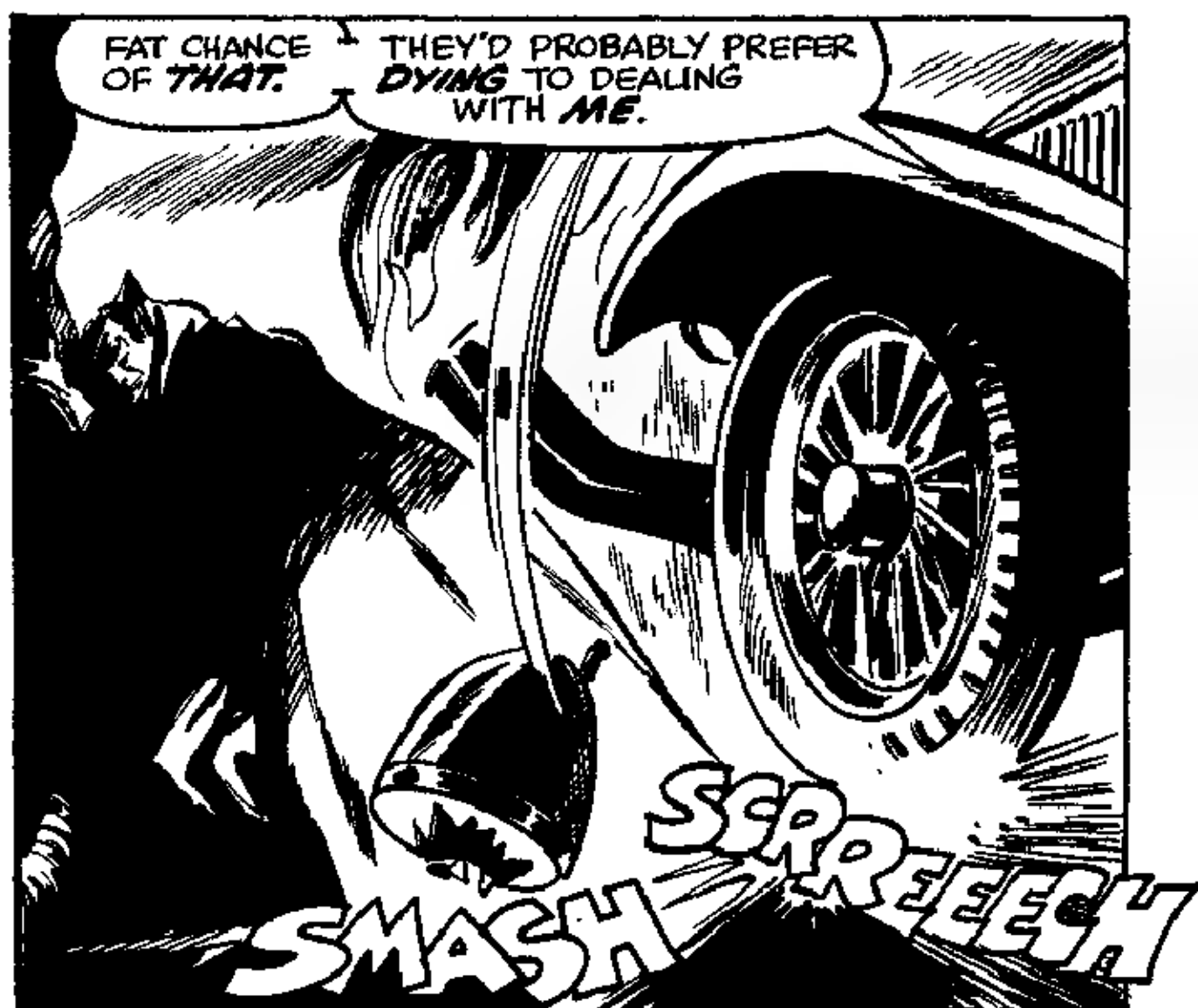
BUT GREADELY WANTS **PROOF**, AND I HAVEN'T THE **TIME** TO **FAKE** EVERYTHING.

SO, IF I WANT TO KEEP MY **JOB**, I'D BETTER FIND A REAL, HONEST-TO-MOTHER-AND-APPLE-PIE VAMPIRE--**PRONTO!**



YOU KNOW, I THINK EVERYONE IS RIGHT. I **AM** A PUTZ!

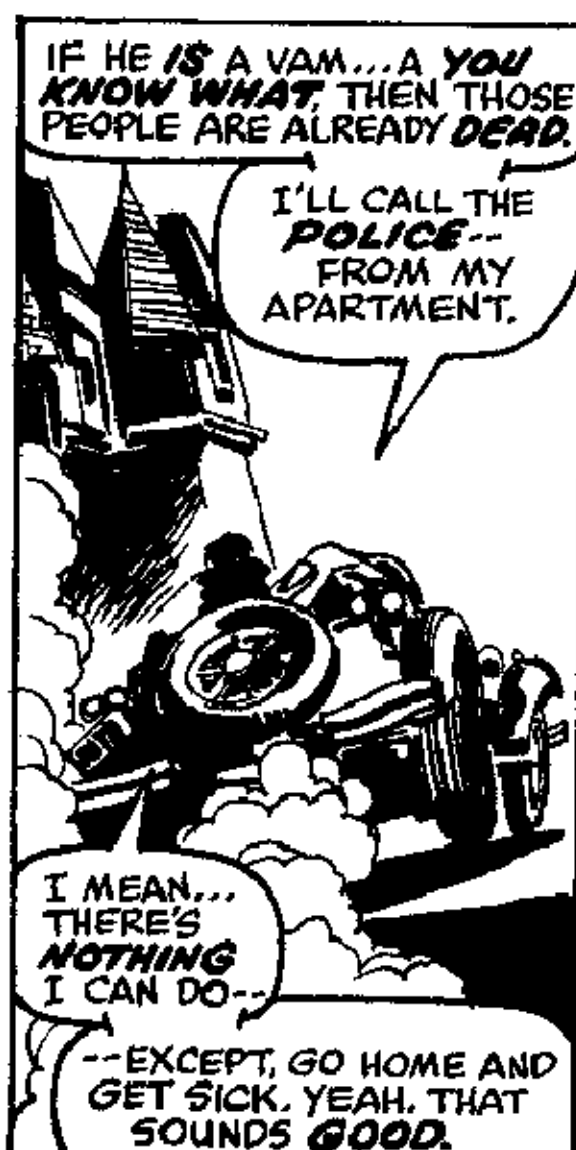
HUNK? AN **ACCIDENT!** MAYBE THEY NEED MY **HELP!**

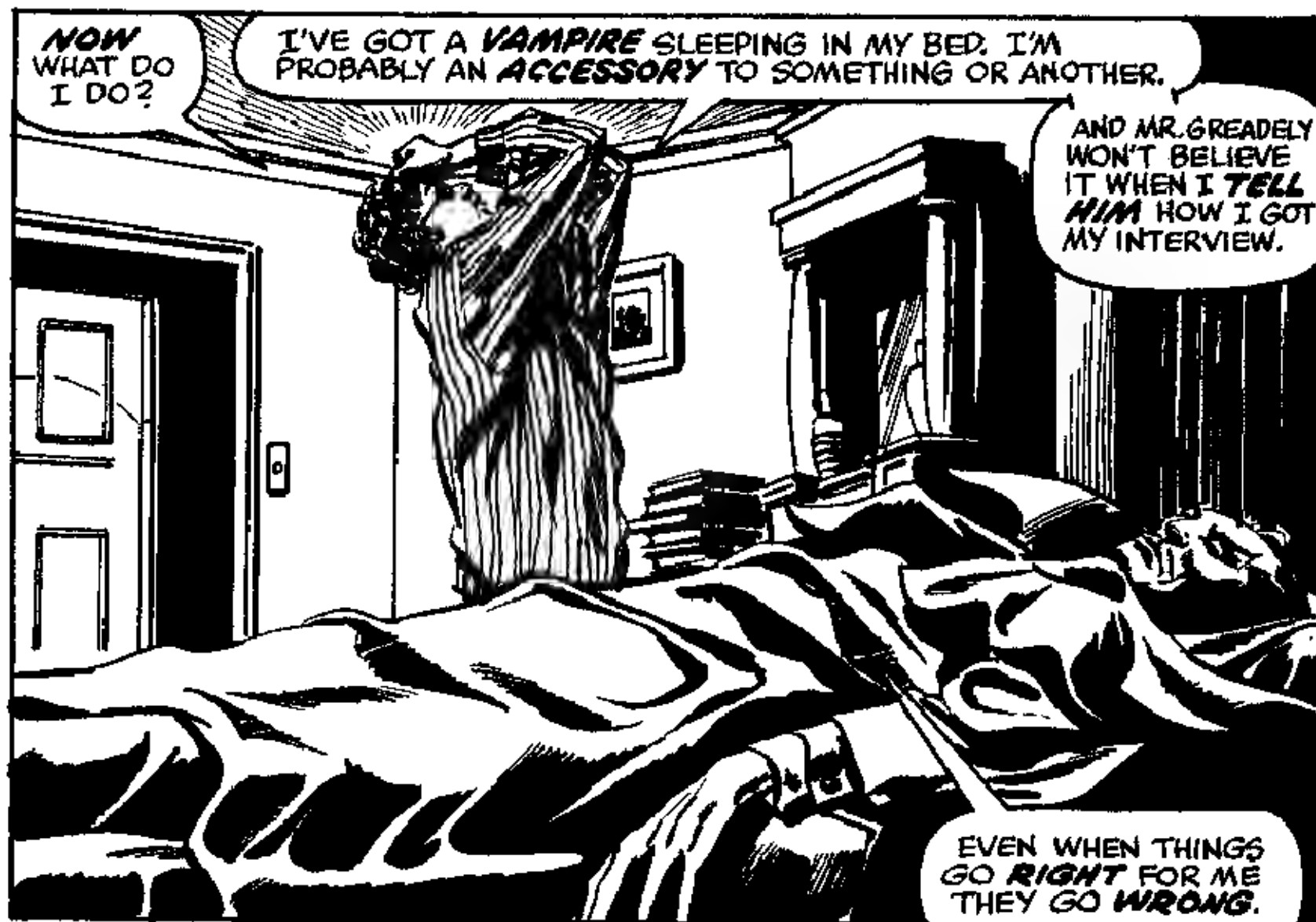


FAT CHANCE OF **THAT**.

THEY'D PROBABLY PREFER **DYING** TO DEALING WITH **ME**.

SMASH **SCREECH**





NOW
WHAT DO
I DO?

I'VE GOT A **VAMPIRE** SLEEPING IN MY BED. I'M
PROBABLY AN **ACCESSORY** TO SOMETHING OR ANOTHER.

AND MR. GREADELY
WON'T BELIEVE
IT WHEN I **TELL**
HIM HOW I GOT
MY INTERVIEW.

EVEN WHEN THINGS
GO **RIGHT** FOR ME
THEY GO **WRONG**.



BUT I GOTTA TELL
SOMEONE... ANYONE!

WHICH IS A
PROBLEM:
I DON'T
KNOW
ANYONE.

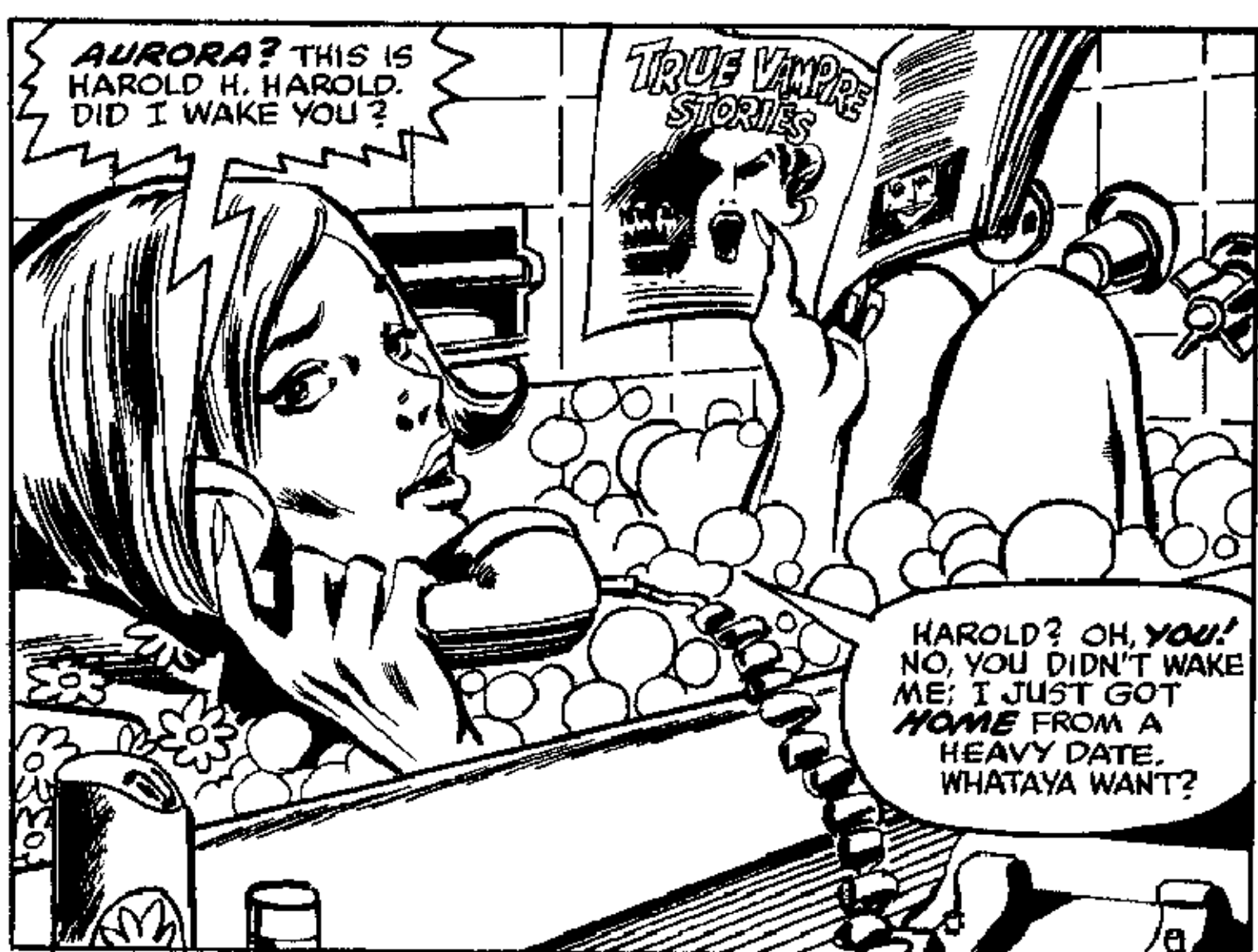


MAYBE--?
NAH!

SHE NEVER
LIKED ME.
BESIDES, SHE'S
PROBABLY
ASLEEP.

HECK!
I'LL DO
IT.

SHE CAN
ONLY KILL
ME ONCE...
I **HOPED!**



AURORA? THIS IS
HAROLD H. HAROLD.
DID I WAKE YOU?

HAROLD? OH, **YOU!**
NO, YOU DIDN'T WAKE
ME; I JUST GOT
HOME FROM A
HEAVY DATE.
WHATAYA WANT?



YOU FOUND
A **WHAT**,
HAROLD?
YOU **GOTTA**
BE KIDDING?

I LIVED IN
BOSTON ALL
MY **LIFE** AND
I NEVER FOUND
ONE OF **THEM**.

YOU'RE **NOT** KIDDING?
HE'S SLEEPING
ON YOUR **BED**?

I THOUGHT THEY
ONLY SLEPT IN
DIRT OR
SOMETHING.



OKAY, HAROLD, DON'T BE SO **NERVOUS**.
I'LL JUST SLIP INTO SOMETHING AND
COME OVER.

BUT, IF YOU'RE
DRUNK AND
PULLING MY
LEG, I'LL--



IT'S BEEN **TEN MINUTES**. WHERE IS SHE?

CALM YOURSELF DOWN, HAROLD. SHE'LL BE HERE, PROVIDING SHE CAN FIND THE FRONT **DOOR**.

SHE'S A GOOD KID, BUT A **MIND LIKE A TURNIP**.

I THINK HER **IQ** IS ACTUALLY **SMALLER** THAN HER **IQ**.



HUNH? DID HE **MOVE**? I **THOUGHT** I HEARD...

NO, HE'S STILL **SLEEPING**. THANK GOODNESS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO IF HE **AWOKE**.



MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE BECOME AN **AGNOSTIC**. LEASTWISE I MIGHT HAVE HAD A SPARE **CRUCIFIX** AROUND.

AS IT IS, THE **CLOSEST** THING I HAVE TO ANY RELIGION, IS A PERSONALLY SIGNED **PHOTOGRAPH** OF SALLY FIELD AS "THE FLYING NUN."



C'MON, AURORA. **WHERE ARE YOU?**

MAYBE HER **CAR** WAS **STOLEN**.

AFTER ALL, HER **MIND** WAS.



HEY, I'M BEING **MEAN**. SHE **SAID** SHE'D BE HERE, AND I'M **SURE** SHE WILL BE.

AURORA'S A NICE GIRL, A LITTLE **DIPPY**, BUT VERY NICE ... BESIDES, SHE'S AWFULLY **PRETTY**.

HMMMM. MAYBE, IF I PLAY MY **CARDS** RIGHT....?

OH WELL, WE'LL **SEE** WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SHE **COMES**.









NEXT:

A MAD SEARCH FOR BLOOD THROUGH THE HALLS OF HARVARD!

AND, THE DEADLY DOCTOR SUN STRIKES! ALL THIS AND MORE IN "BLOODY TRACKDOWN!"

DON'T DARE MISS IT. ON SALE IN JUST THIRTY DAYS!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



25¢
©

38
NOV
02143

THE TOMB

OF

COMICDOM'S
NUMBER 1
MAGAZINE OF
FEAR!

HE
STALKS THE
LORD OF DARKNESS
WITH HIS DEADLY
SILVER
STAKE!

AND NOT EVEN
DRACULA
CAN STOP HIM!

BLOODLUST FOR A DYING VAMPIRE!

Stan Lee
PRESENTS!

TOMB OF DRACULA!

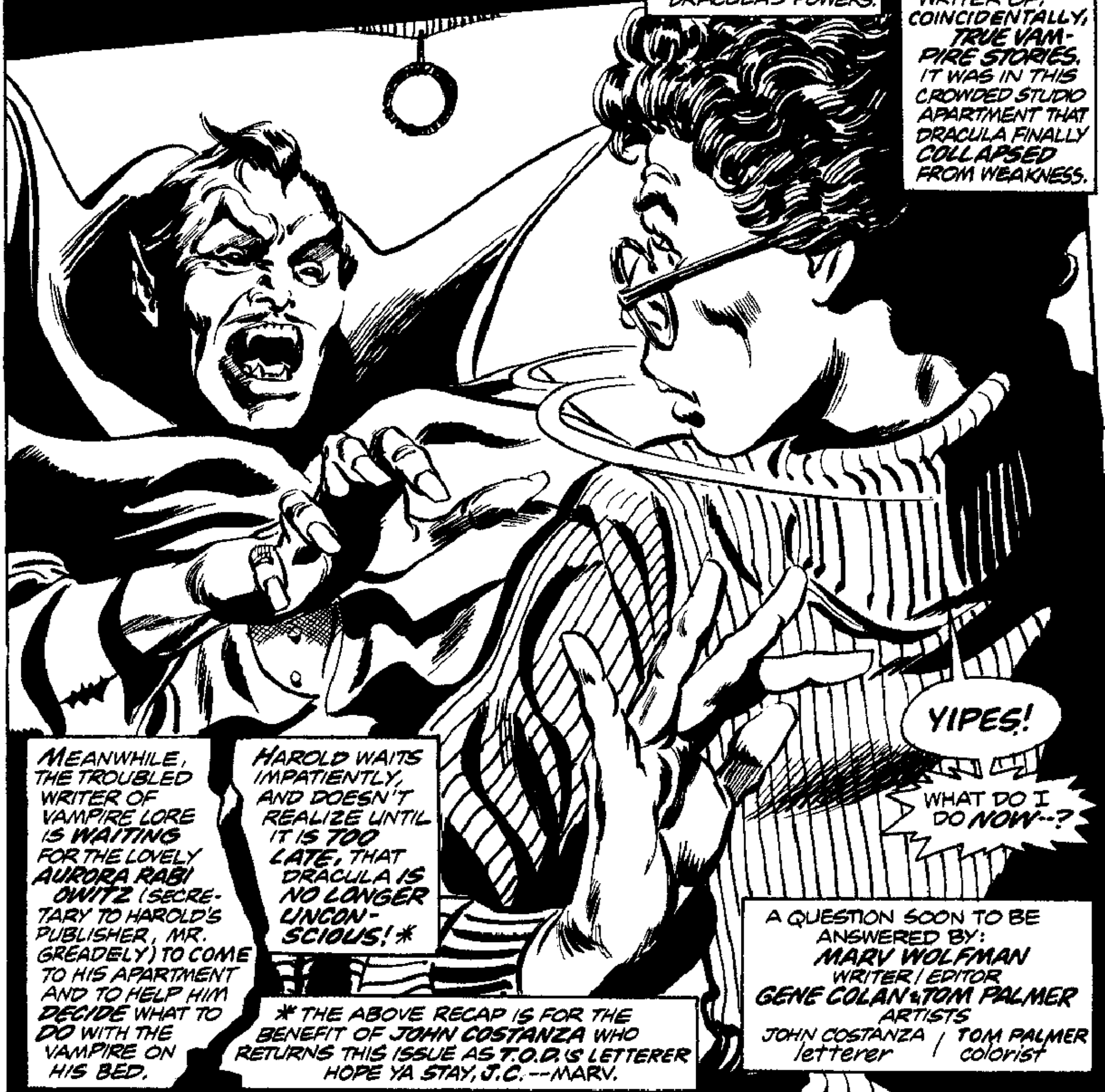
BLOOD-RUSH!

HIS VAMPIRIC POWERS
RAPIDLY BEING DRAINED
...HIS IMMORTAL LIFE
QUICKLY COMING TO AN
AGONIZING AND SEEM-
INGLY PERMANENT END--

--DRACULA, LORD OF
DARKNESS, PRINCE OF
EVIL, HAS TRAVELLED
TO THE CITY OF BOSTON,
IN THE STATE OF
MASSACHUSETTS,
IN THE COUNTRY OF
THE UNITED STATES...

...TO SEARCH FOR
AND STOP THE
DIABOLICAL DOCTOR
SUN-- THE LIVING
BRAIN-ORGANISM
WHO HAS BEEN
RESPONSIBLE FOR
THE SYPHONING OF
DRACULA'S POWERS.

IN BOSTON, THE
VAMPIRE LORD
FOUND HIS WAY
INTO THE APART-
MENT OF
HAROLD H.
HAROLD, A
FREELANCE
WRITER OF,
COINCIDENTALLY,
TRUE VAM-
PIRE STORIES.
IT WAS IN THIS
CROWDED STUDIO
APARTMENT THAT
DRACULA FINALLY
COLLAPSED
FROM WEAKNESS.



MEANWHILE,
THE TROUBLED
WRITER OF
VAMPIRE LORE
IS WAITING
FOR THE LOVELY
AURORA RABI
OWITZ (SECRE-
TARY TO HAROLD'S
PUBLISHER, MR.
GREADELY) TO COME
TO HIS APARTMENT
AND TO HELP HIM
DECIDE WHAT TO
DO WITH THE
VAMPIRE ON
HIS BED.

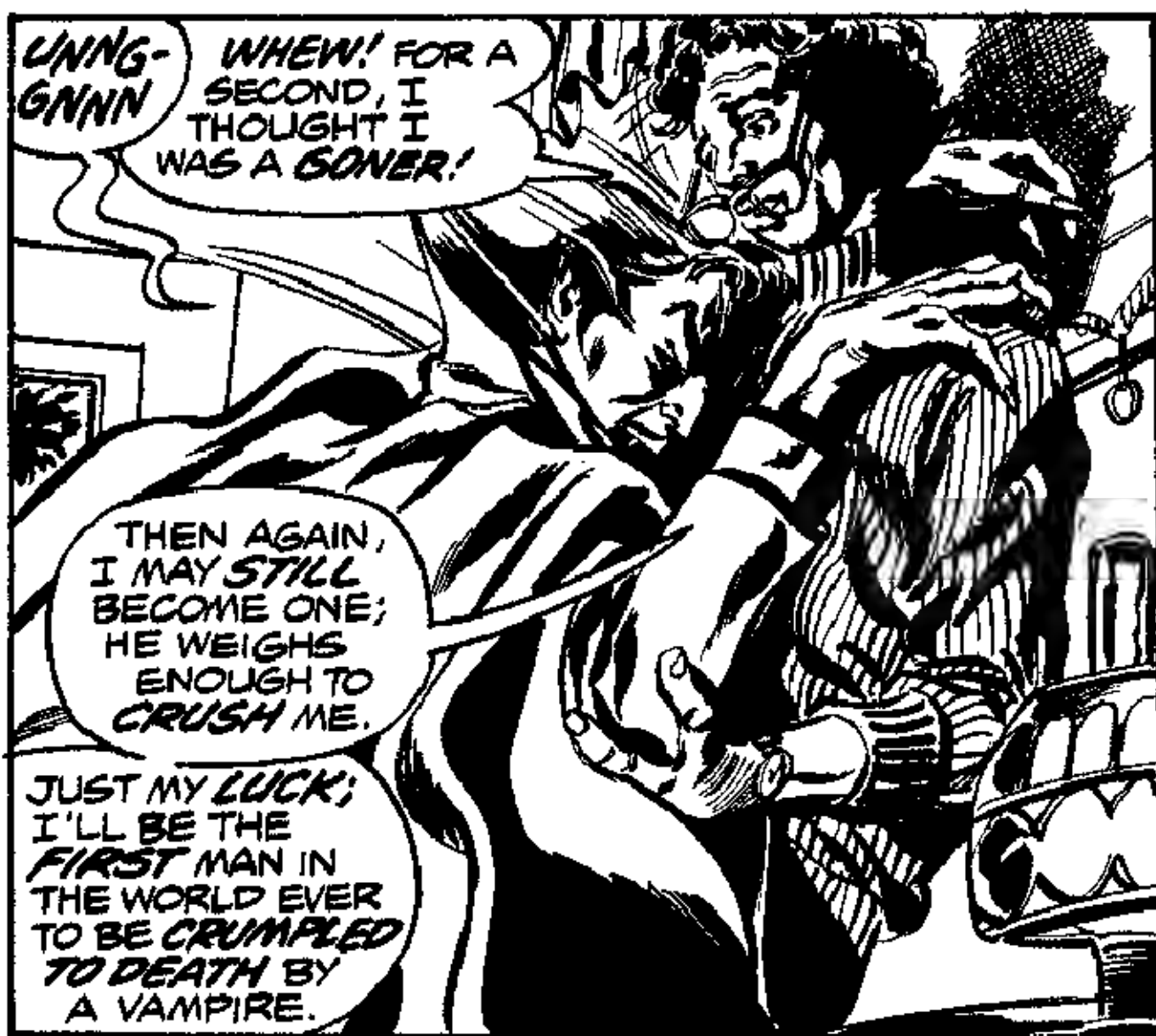
HAROLD WAITS
IMPATIENTLY,
AND DOESN'T
REALIZE UNTIL
IT IS TOO
LATE, THAT
DRACULA IS
NO LONGER
UNCON-
SCIOUS! *

* THE ABOVE RECAP IS FOR THE
BENEFIT OF JOHN COSTANZA WHO
RETURNS THIS ISSUE AS T.O.D.'S LETTERER
HOPE YA STAY, J.C. -- MARV.

YIPES!

WHAT DO I
DO NOW--?

A QUESTION SOON TO BE
ANSWERED BY:
MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER / EDITOR
GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS
JOHN COSTANZA / TOM PALMER
letterer / colorist





I REALLY DON'T THINK THAT'S THE CASE HERE, AURORA.

THIS IS THE REAL MCCOY!

HE'S CUTE. I COULD REALLY LEARN TO DIG HIM. YOU THINK HE'LL LIKE ME?

I DOUBT IT, AURORA. VAMPIRES ARE DEAD-- PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY.

THAT'S NOT A NICE THING TO SAY, HAROLD-- ESPECIALLY ABOUT SOMEONE AS CUTE AS HIM.



HAROLD! LISTEN! I THINK HE'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING.

SHHHH! LET ME HEAR HIM.

BLOOD... MUST HAVE BLOOD...



BLOOD--?

OF COURSE! HE NEEDS BLOOD TO SURVIVE.



BUT WHERE THE HECK ARE WE GOING TO FIND BLOOD-- ESPECIALLY AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT?

OH, THE POOR, POOR, MAN. WE'VE GOT TO HELP HIM, HAROLD. HE'LL DIE IF WE DON'T.

I TOLD YOU--HE'S ALREADY DEAD!

THEN HE'LL BE DEADDER IF WE DON'T HELP HIM.



DON'T ARGUE WITH ME, HAROLD. I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND BLOOD.

I SAW SOME AT HARVARD WHEN I WENT THERE A FEW YEARS BACK.

YOU WENT TO HARVARD?

AS WHAT--? A POOR EXAMPLE FOR THE JUVENILE PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT?

DON'T BE DUMB HAROLD. OF COURSE I WENT TO HARVARD.

AFTER ALL, MY BOYFRIEND WAS QUARTER-BACK FOR THE "CRIMSONS."

AND I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER SEEING BLOOD WHEN I VISITED HIM IN THEIR HOSPITAL!

THERE IS A FULL MOON THIS NIGHT--
A MOON PARTIALLY
OBSCURED BY THE
DARK CLOUDS--

--WHICH
BLANKET
THE NEW
ENGLAND
SKIES.

THUS, THE NIGHT IS
AS DARK--

--AS THE SOUL OF THE BEING WHO CALLS
HIMSELF... DOCTOR SUN.

ALL IS
READY?

ALL THE PARTS
OF THE PUZZLE
WILL FIT INTO
PLACE. THAT I
GUARANTEE
YOU, JUNO.

AND THEN IT
SHALL BE YOUR
TIME TO ACT.

PREPARED?

ALWAYS,
DOCTOR SUN.

THEN HAVE PATIENCE
JUST A WHILE LONGER.
FOR THE FINAL PUZZLE-
PIECE IS EVEN NOW
BEING SET IN PLACE.

LISTEN
CLOSELY,
JUNO.

BROTHER VOODOO SHOWED ME THE
WAY, RACHEL, AND I THINK THIS TIME I MAY
FINALLY HAVE FOUND WHAT IS RIGHT FOR ME.

THAT'S ALL THAT
EVER REALLY
MATTERED,
FRANK.

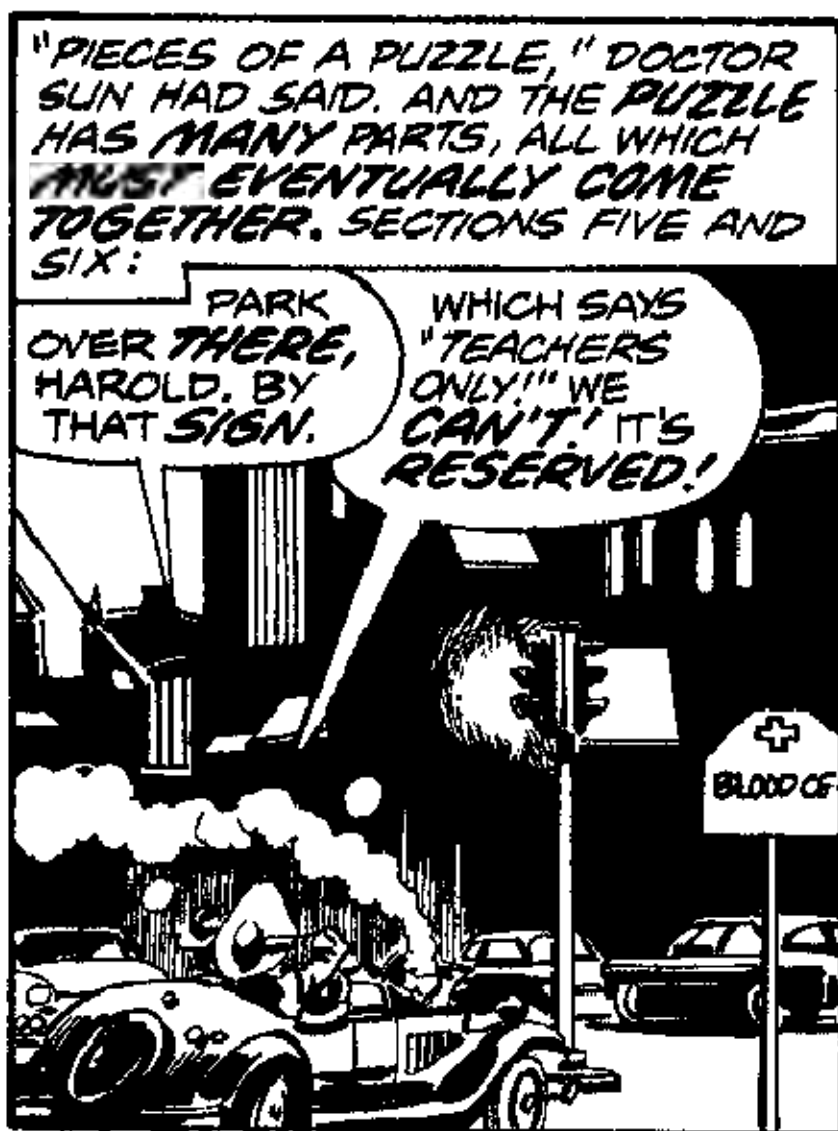
I HATE TO SAY THIS,
BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS
BEEN YOUR OWN
WORST ENEMY.

AND YOU'VE REFUSED
TO BELIEVE, OR MAYBE
ACCEPT, THAT I'VE
LOVED YOU, FRANK.

BUT I ALWAYS
HAVE--

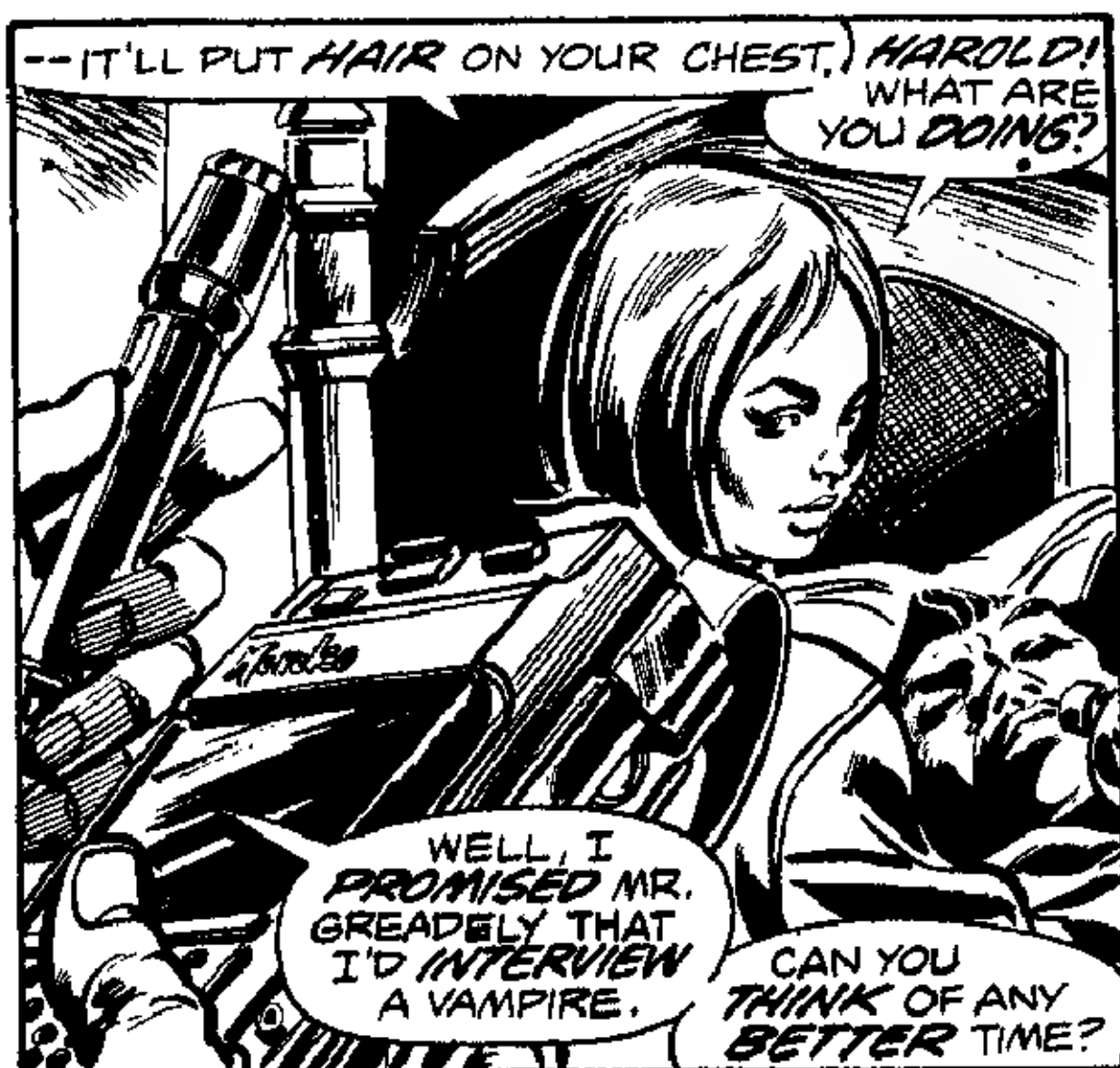
YOU MEAN THAT,
RACHEL--?

I DON'T WISH
TO SOUND LIKE
AN OLD SPOIL-
SPORT, BUT WE
DO HAVE SOME
BUSINESS
TO ATTEND TO.











EFFORTLESSLY, THE GIANT LIFTS THE CRIPPLED QUINCY HARKER IN ONE ARM, THE WHEELCHAIR, IN THE OTHER, AND THEN PROCEEDS DOWN A FLIGHT OF WOOD HEWN STEPS...

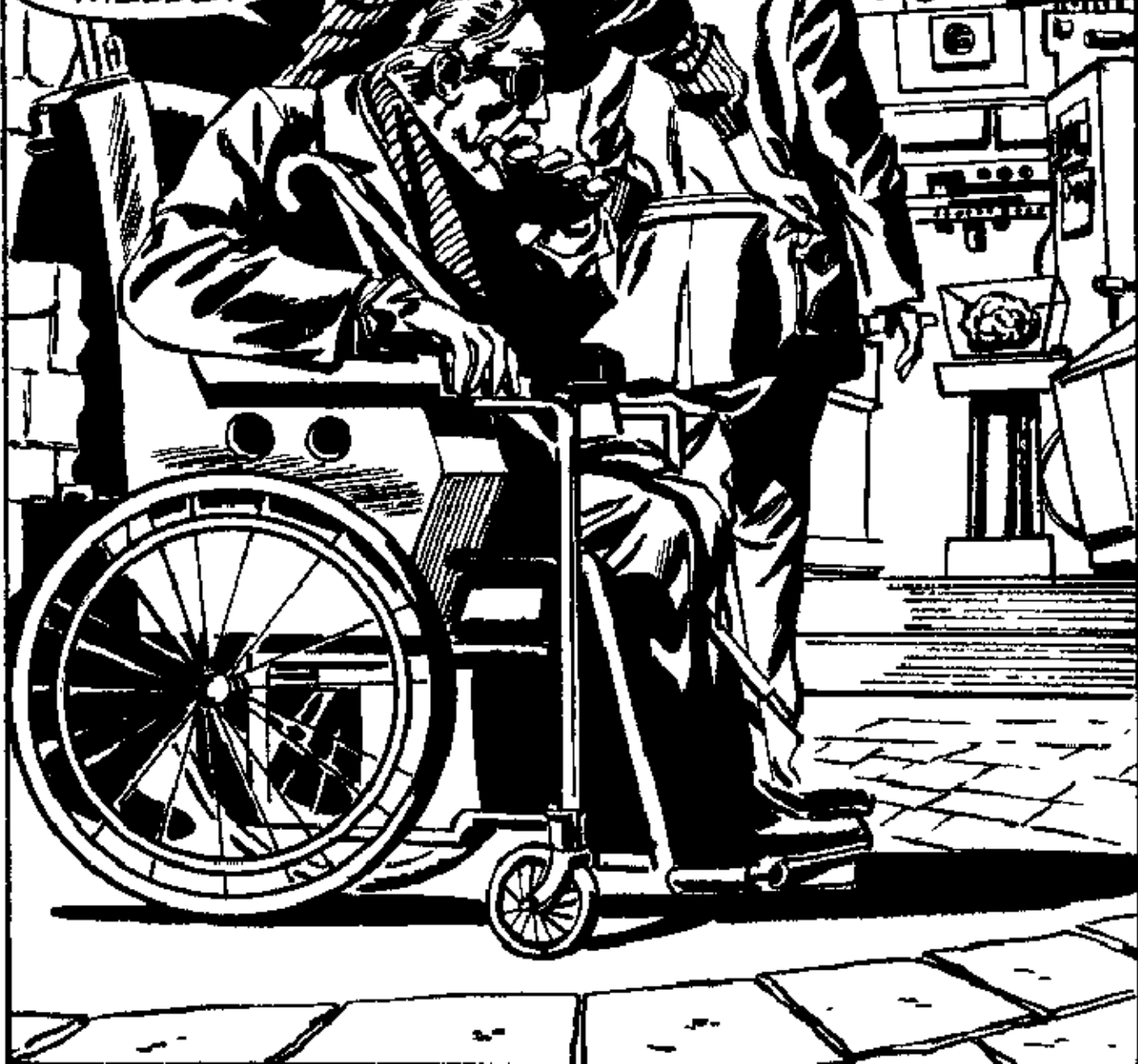


HATE TO ADMIT IT, BUT YOU WERE RIGHT, RACHEL--

DRACULA'S PLAYED US FOR THE FOOL AGAIN.

I'M NOT SO SURE, MR. DRAKE-- LOOK ABOUT YOU.

ELECTRONICS IS NOT A TOOL WHICH DRACULA WIELDS.



SILENCE! YOU STAND HERE!

QUINCY! RACHEL! --LOOK!

IT'S--

YEAH, WE MAY WANT THE SAME THING, SUN-- BUT NOT FOR THE SAME REASONS.

SORRY, BUT WE DON'T PLAY BY YOUR RULES.

SAVE THE ARGUMENTS, FRANK-- I DON'T THINK SUN HAS ANY INTENTION OF LISTENING.



YOU RECOGNIZE ME, AFTER A YEAR'S TIME. HOW GOOD. AND ALSO HOW GOOD OF YOU TO FOLLOW THE HOLOGRAM IMAGE WHICH LED YOU HERE. IT WAS SIMPLY ANOTHER DISPLAY OF MY POWER... A POWER THAT HOPEFULLY YOU WILL NOT ATTEMPT TO DEFEY.

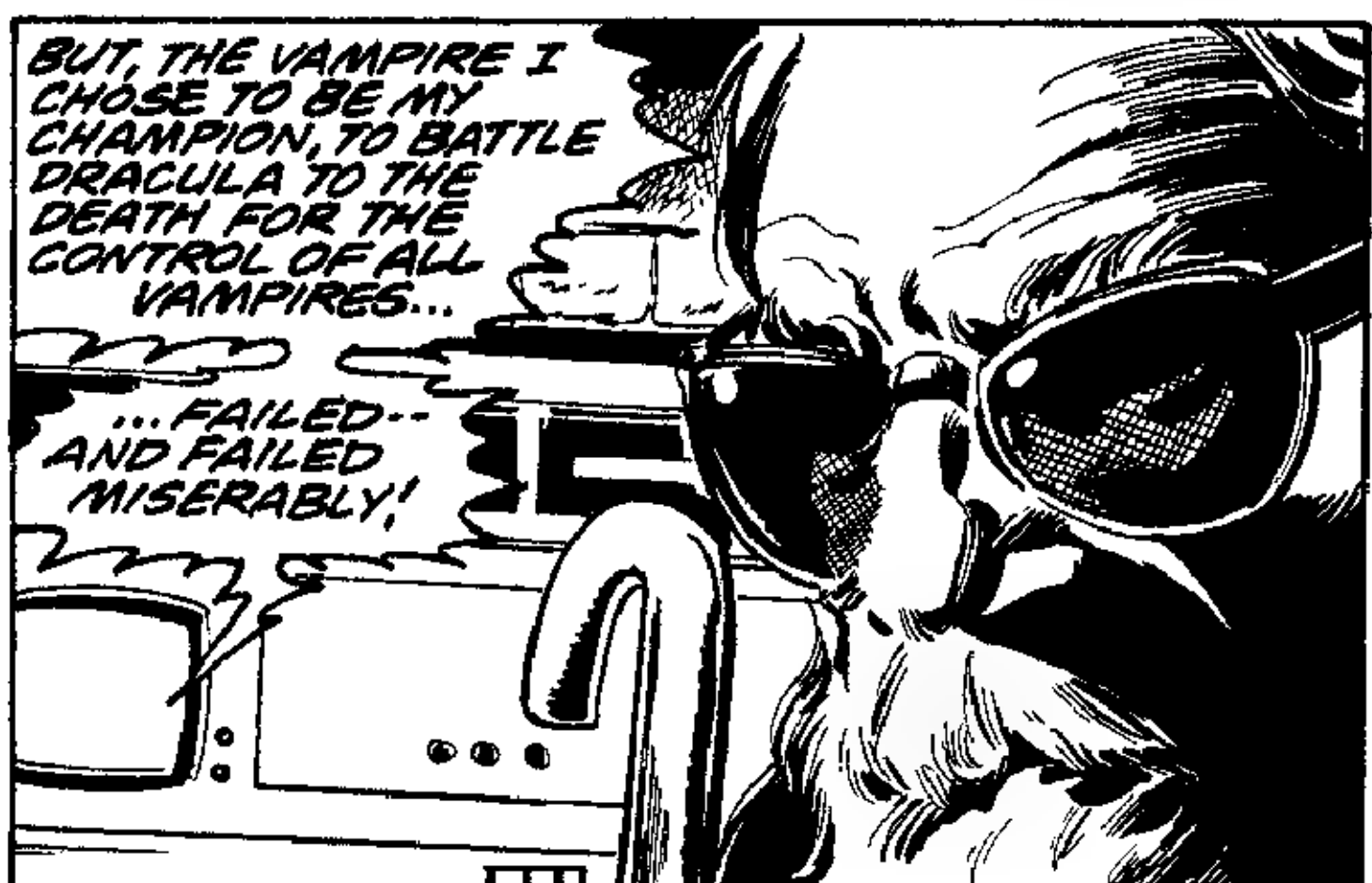
YET, THERE IS NO REASON TO DEFEY ME-- WE ARE AFTER THE SAME GOAL-- THE DESTRUCTION OF DRACULA!

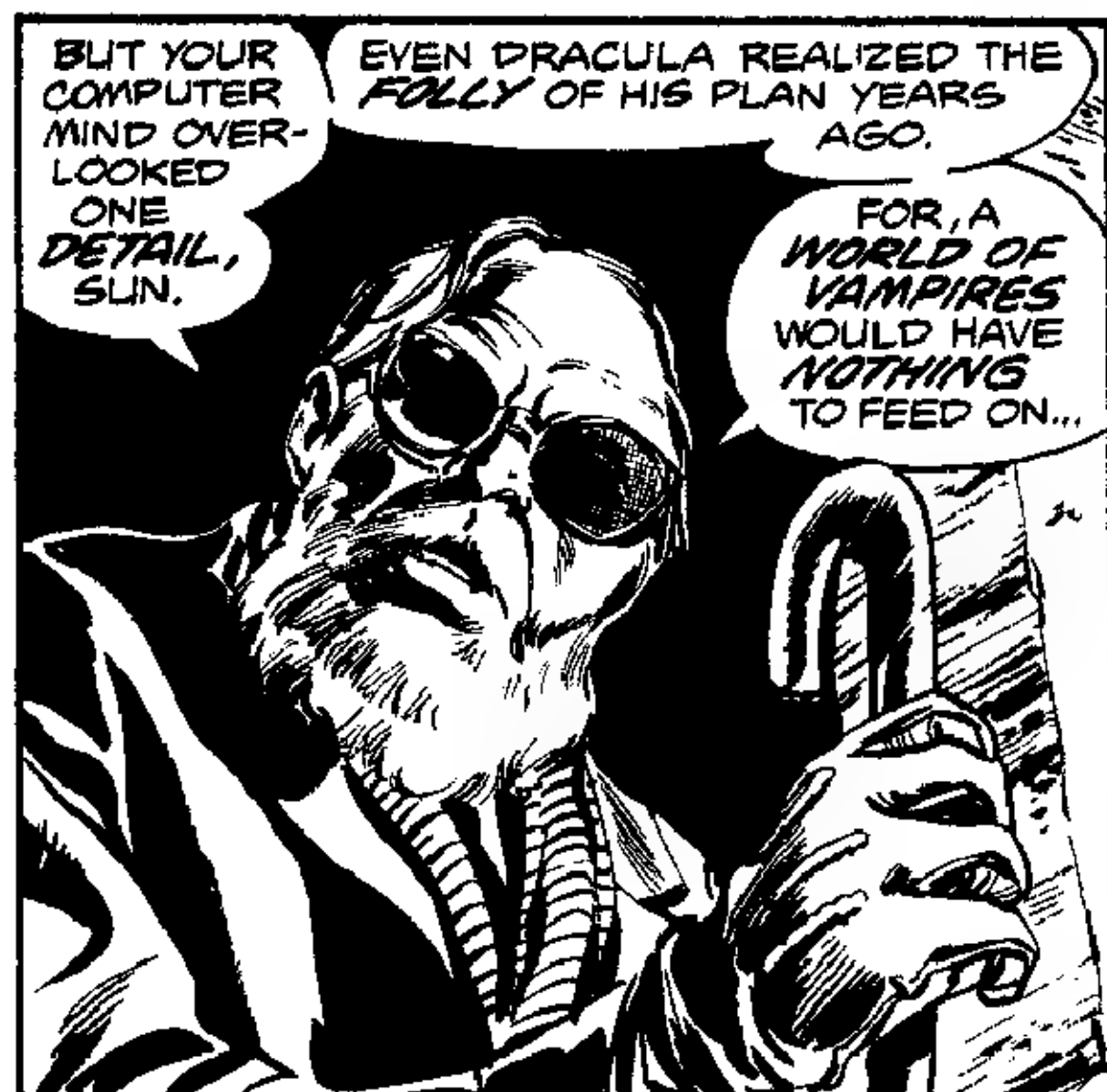
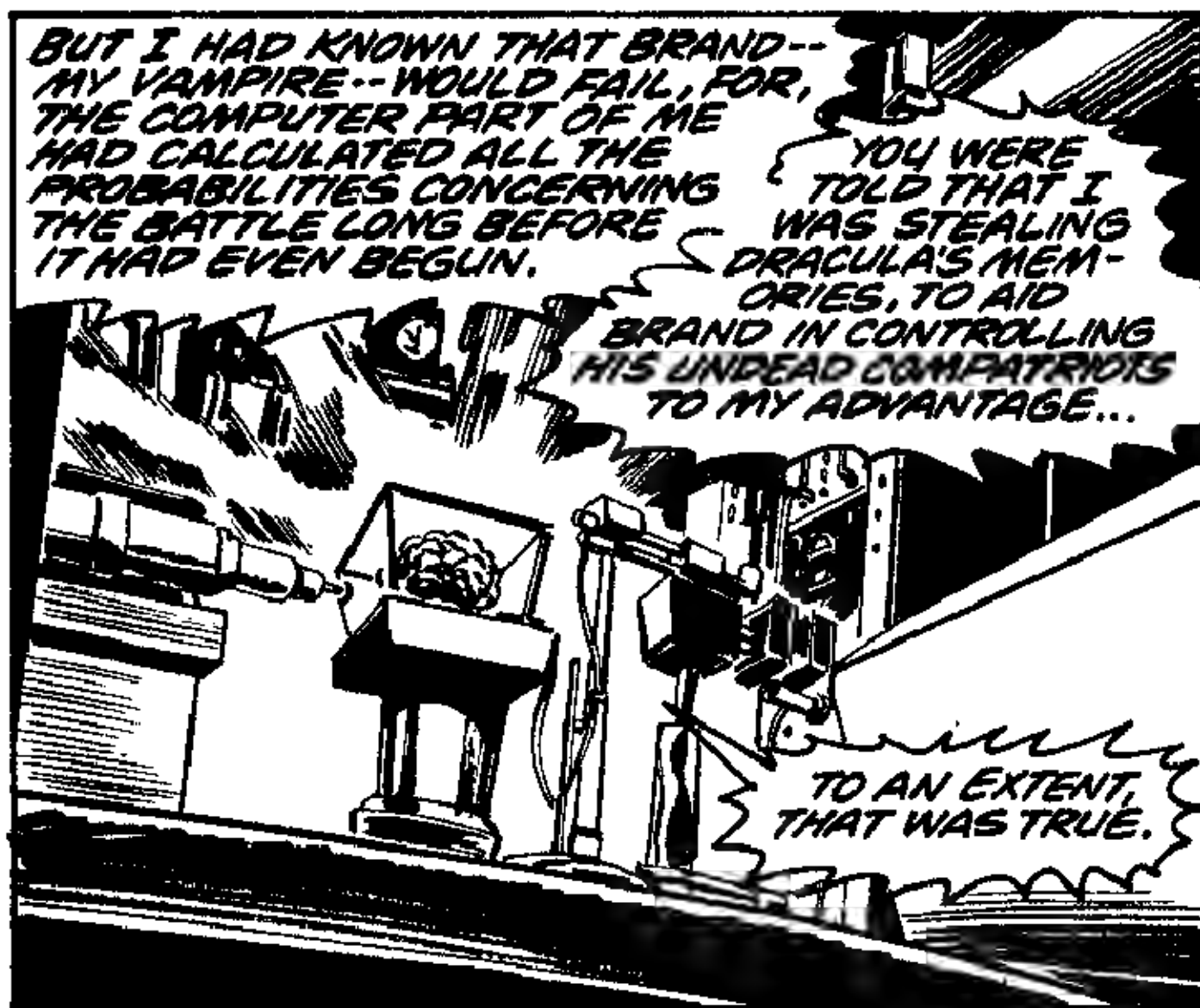


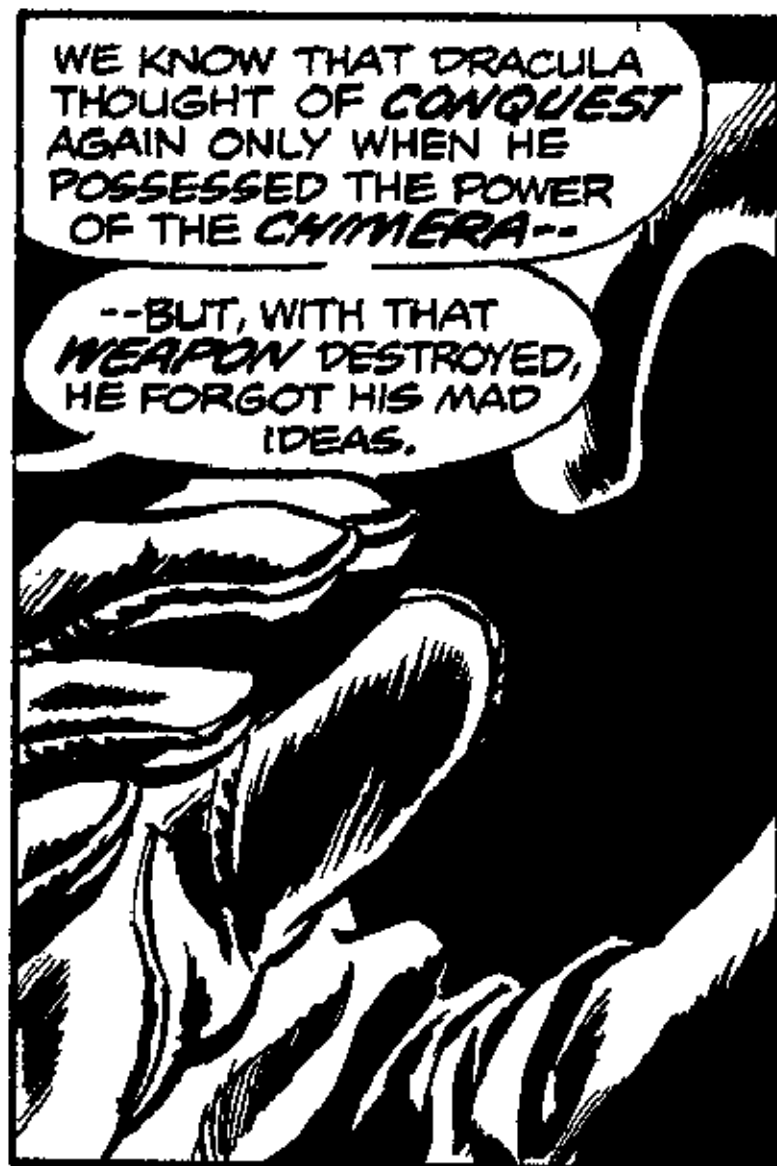
VAN HELSING IS CORRECT, DRAKE. THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME, YET, YOU MAY ACTUALLY OUTLIVE THIS MEETING IF YOU DECIDE TO FOLLOW ME.

AND YOU MAY, ONCE YOU HEAR ME THROUGH.



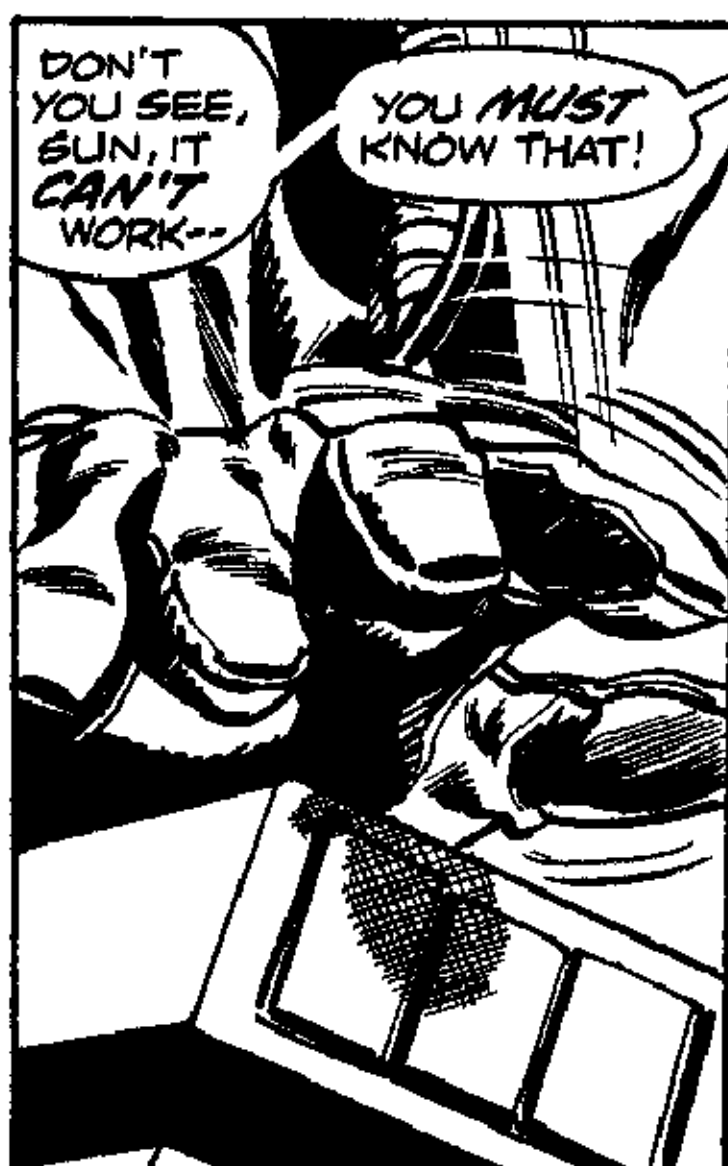






WE KNOW THAT DRACULA
THOUGHT OF *CONQUEST*
AGAIN ONLY WHEN HE
POSSESSED THE POWER
OF THE *CHIMERA*--

--BUT, WITH THAT
WEAPON DESTROYED,
HE FORGOT HIS MAD
IDEAS.



DON'T
YOU SEE,
SUN, IT
CAN'T
WORK--

YOU *MUST*
KNOW THAT!



BUT MORE-- I CAN NOT
EVEN *ALLOW* YOU TO
TRY!

SPUT!



JUNO!
STOP
HIM!

TOO LATE, SUN.
PERHAPS YOU *IGNORED*
THE DEVICES IN MY
WHEELCHAIR BECAUSE
YOU THOUGHT THEY
WERE ONLY THERE TO
FIGHT *VAMPIRES*...



...BUT, THEY
CAN BE USED
FOR *MUCH*
MORE!

ITS *WOODEN SHARDS*
WOULD *DESTROY* ITS
VICTIM, AS THE EX-
PLOSIONS DESTROYED
YOUR *COMPUTER.*

YOU *RUINED*
DOCTOR SUN--

--AND ONCE
INSIDE, TO
EXPLODE!

MY NEW
EXPLOSIVE
PARTS WERE
DESIGNED TO
PENETRATE
A VAMPIRE'S
FLESH--

--BUT *JUNO*
WILL CLAIM
VENGEANCE
FOR HIM!

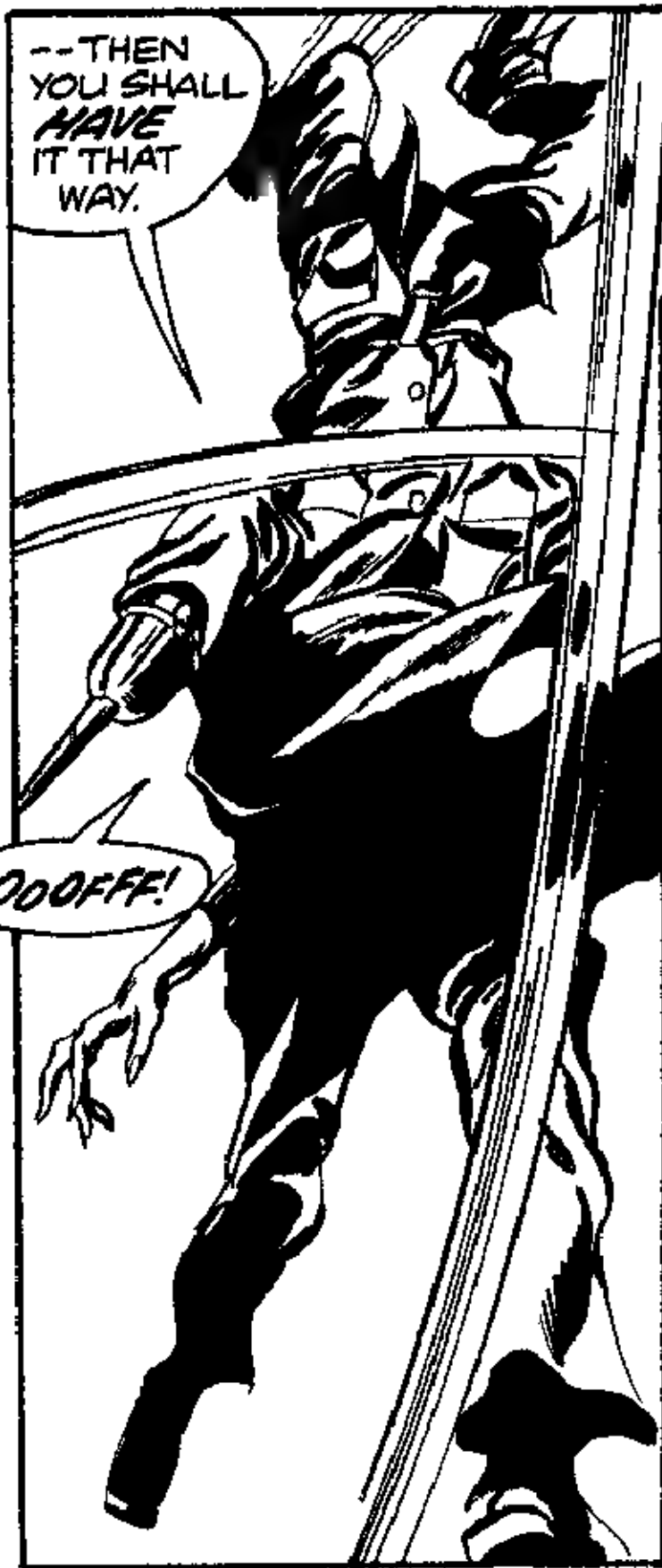
SNAP!



NOT SO FAST, BALDY--

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE ME ON, BEFORE YOU GO AFTER A HELPLESS CRIPPLE.

YOU WISH IT THAT WAY--



--THEN YOU SHALL HAVE IT THAT WAY.

OOOFFF!



THERE WILL BE NO WAY FOR YOU TO STOP ME FROM KILLING THE OLD MAN--

--FOR YOU WILL BE LONG DEAD--

...AND YOUR FLESH WILL BE ROTTING IN ITS GRAVE!

BETTER DO YOUR BEST, BALDY, 'CAUSE IF YOU FLUB THIS, I'M COMIN' BACK TO HAUNT YOU!



ENOUGH! HARKER AND HIS CLAN MUST NOT DIE...

RELEASE HIS FOOLISH PROTECTOR!



AS YOU WISH, DOCTOR SUN. I HAD THOUGHT YOU SLAIN.



HARKER'S ACTIONS HAVE NOT TERMINATED MY FUNCTIONS, BUT THEY HAVE DESTROYED THE UNIT WHICH WAS DRAINING DRACULA'S POWERS.

NO MATTER, THAT HAD ALREADY BEEN FORESEEN, THOUGH I HAD WISHED TO PREVENT THE DELAY IN ACTION.

ALL PLANS NEED A NECESSARY SECONDARY PLAN. YOU, JUNO, ARE MINE.



I HAD YOU BROUGHT HERE FROM CHINA TO DESTROY THE VAMPIRE SHOULD ANYTHING STOP THE SYPHONING PROCESS.

NOW, YOU WILL HAVE THE CHANCE TO PROVE YOURSELF TO ME...

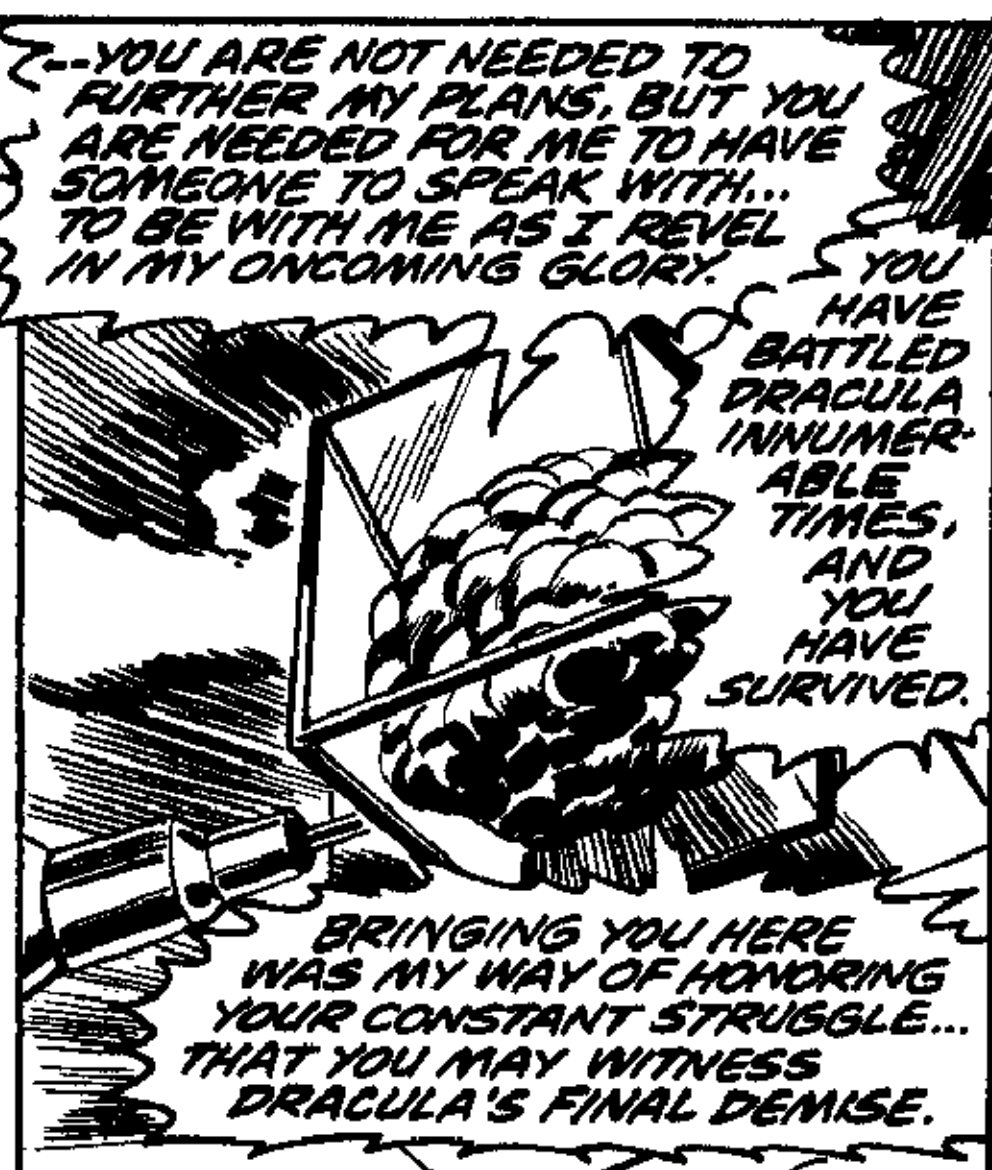
...OR, TO DIE IN THE TRYING!



YOU FORGET ABOUT US, SUN? HOW DO WE FIT INTO YOUR MADNESS?

YOU ARE CORRECT, HARKER...

AS FAR AS I CAN SEE THERE IS NO NEED FOR ANY OF US.



...YOU ARE NOT NEEDED TO FURTHER MY PLANS, BUT YOU ARE NEEDED FOR ME TO HAVE SOMEONE TO SPEAK WITH... TO BE WITH ME AS I REVEL IN MY ONCOMING GLORY.

YOU HAVE BATTLED DRACULA INNUMERABLE TIMES, AND YOU HAVE SURVIVED.

BRINGING YOU HERE WAS MY WAY OF HONORING YOUR CONSTANT STRUGGLE... THAT YOU MAY WITNESS DRACULA'S FINAL DEMISE.



AFTERWHICH, YOU MAY CHOOSE TO JOIN ME.

THOUGH, UNDOUBTEDLY, YOU WILL NOT.

BUT, THE CHOICE WILL BE YOURS.



WHILE...

HE ALWAYS LOOKED PERFECT TO ME.

YOU LOOK A WHOLE LOT BETTER.

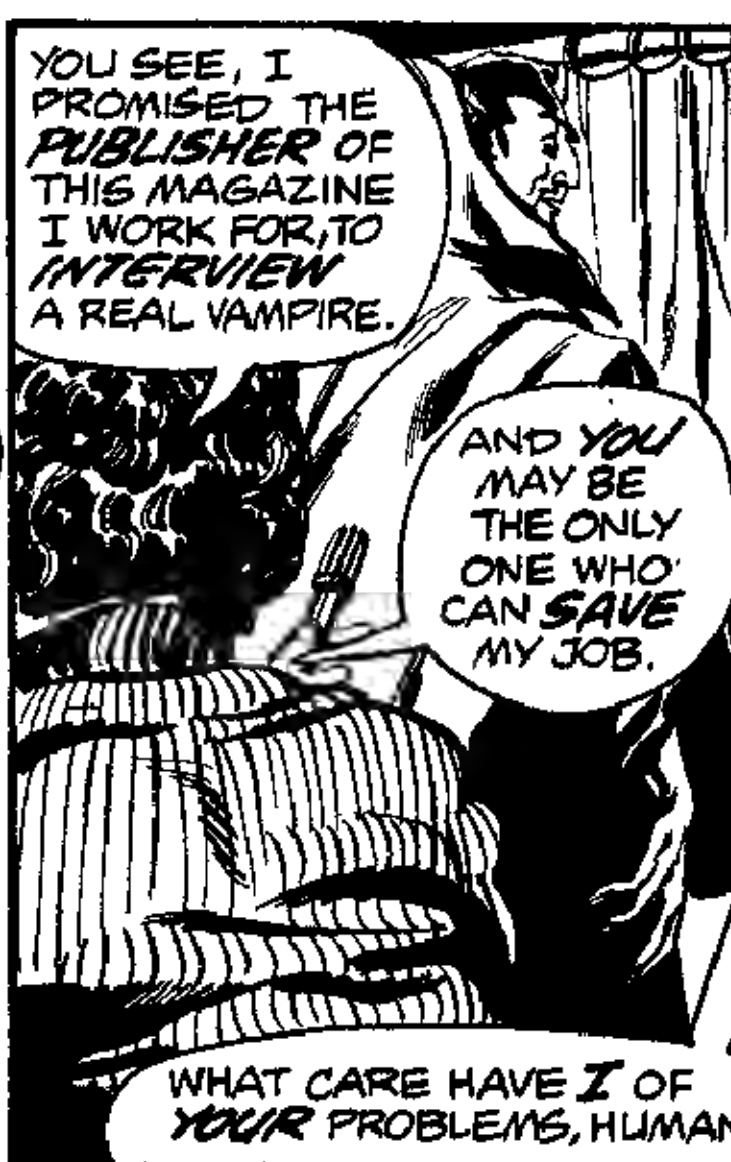
I HAVE IMPROVED INFINITELY; THE BLOOD YOU FED ME ADDED A MUCH NEEDED STRENGTH TO MY BONES.

I THANK YOU, HUMAN, AND DRACULA'S THANKS ARE NOT GIVEN LIGHTLY.



DRACULA--? OH WOW! THE BIG HONCHO HIMSELF!

ER, DRACULA, SIR--? COULD I SPEAK WITH YOU, JUST FOR A MOMENT OR SO?



YOU SEE, I PROMISED THE PUBLISHER OF THIS MAGAZINE I WORK FOR, TO INTERVIEW A REAL VAMPIRE.

AND YOU MAY BE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE MY JOB.

WHAT CARE HAVE I OF YOUR PROBLEMS, HUMAN?



I GAVE YOU THANKS, AND THAT IS MORE THAN YOU SHOULD EXPECT.

BE THANKFUL THAT I DO NOT SLAY YOU FOR BLOOD.

FOR, I MAY HAVE NEED OF YOU SHORTLY, AND THEREFORE YOU WILL BE SPARED.

GOSH, THANKS, DRACULA--SIR! REALLY... THANKS!





SHORTLY...

WELCOME
TO MY HOME,
DRACULA--

--IT IS GOOD
OF YOU TO
COME--

...ESPECIALLY AS
YOU SHALL NEVER
BE PERMITTED TO
LEAVE!

BETTER BELIEVE THE GOOD DOCTOR, DRACOPHILES, 'CAUSE WE'VE BEEN
FORCED TO TITLE OUR NEXT ISSUE: **THE DEATH OF DRACULA?**

AND THIS
TIME, THERE'S
NO WAY TO
SAVE HIM!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



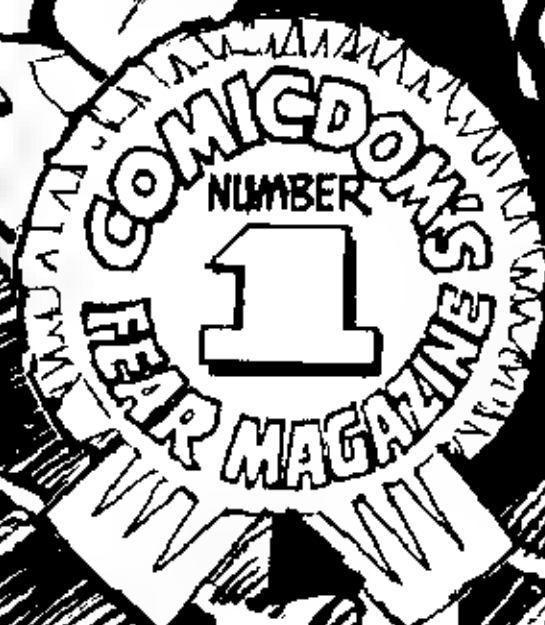
25¢
©

39
DEC
02143

THE TOMB OF DRACULATM LORD OF VAMPIRES

THIS IS IT!
THE FINAL
DEATH
OF
DRACULA!

IT IS TIME,
MY SLAVE--
SLAY
THE VAMPIRE!



Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

The DEATH of DRACULA!

SYNOPSIS: DRACULA NOW FACES THE DIABOLICAL DOCTOR SUN, THE LIVING BRAIN-ORGANISM WHICH HAS SLOWLY BEEN STEALING THE VAMPIRE LORD'S POWERS.

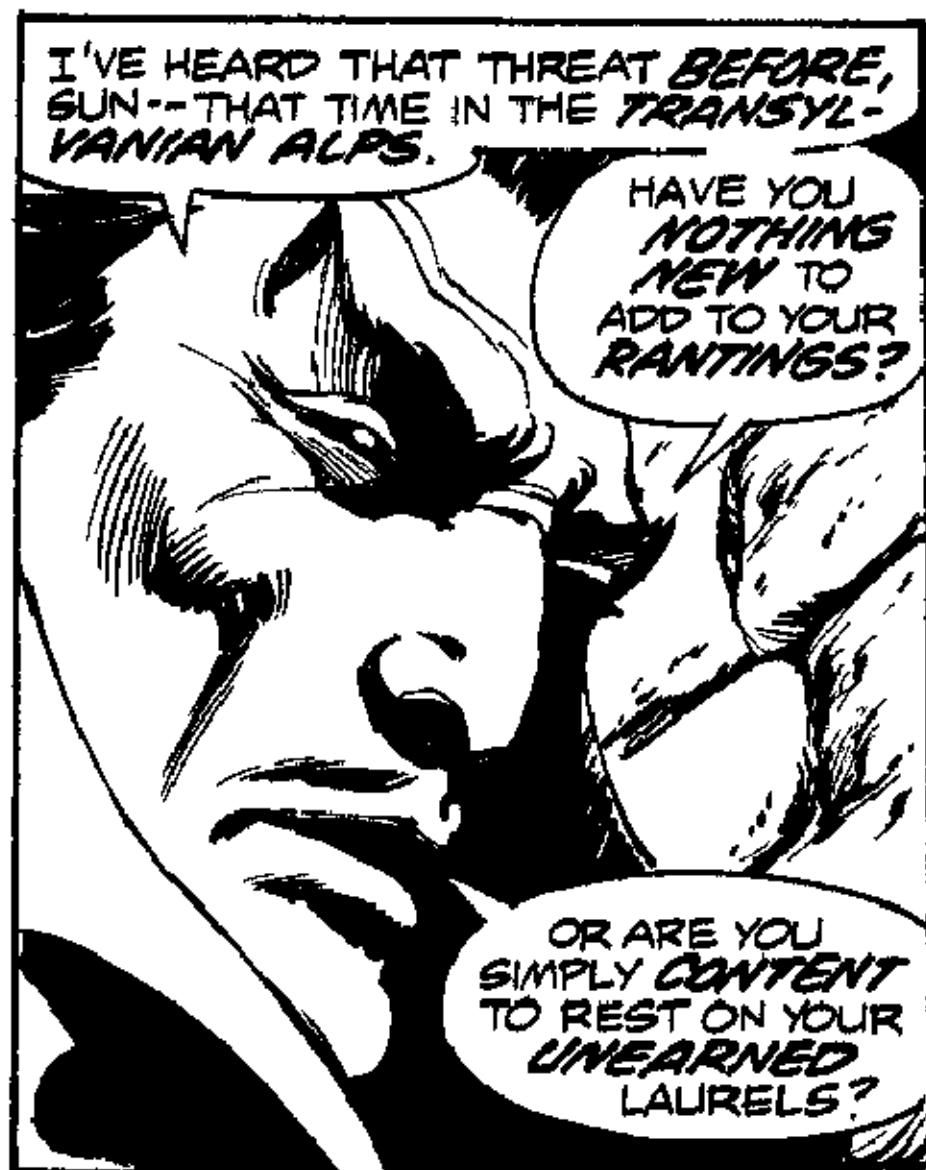
NEED
WE SAY
MORE...?

WELCOME
TO MY HOME,
DRACULA--

--IT IS GOOD
OF YOU TO COME...

...ESPECIALLY
AS YOU SHALL
NEVER BE
PERMITTED
TO LEAVE!

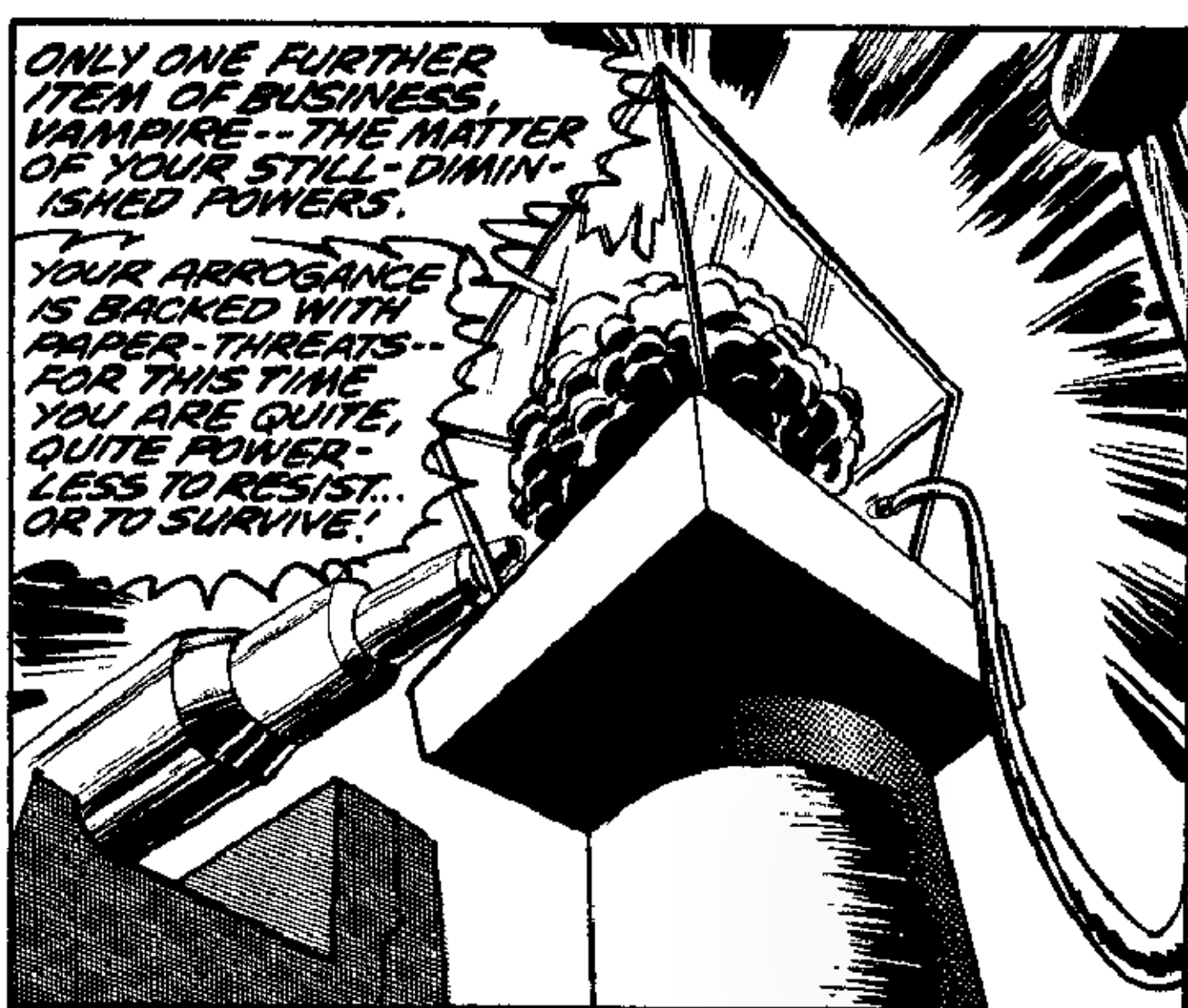
MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER / EDITOR
GENE COLAN and
TOM PALMER
ARTISTS
JOHN COSTANZA
letterer
TOM PALMER
colorist



I'VE HEARD THAT THREAT BEFORE, SUN-- THAT TIME IN THE TRANSYLVANIAN ALPS.

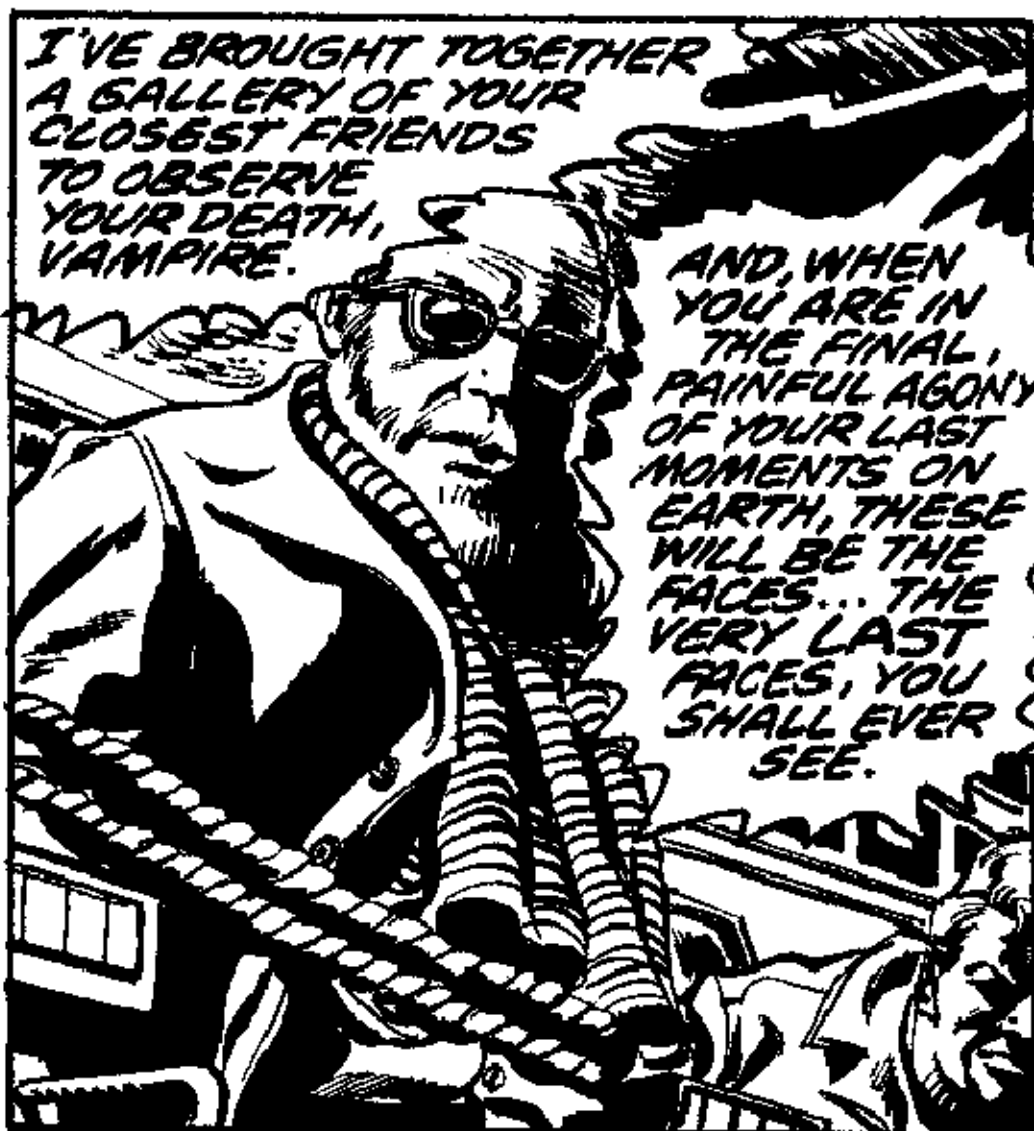
HAVE YOU NOTHING NEW TO ADD TO YOUR RANTINGS?

OR ARE YOU SIMPLY CONTENT TO REST ON YOUR UNEARNED LAURELS?



ONLY ONE FURTHER ITEM OF BUSINESS, VAMPIRE-- THE MATTER OF YOUR STILL-DIMINISHED POWERS.

YOUR ARROGANCE IS BACKED WITH PAPER-THREATS-- FOR THIS TIME YOU ARE QUITE, QUITE POWERLESS TO RESIST... OR TO SURVIVE!



I'VE BROUGHT TOGETHER A GALLERY OF YOUR CLOSEST FRIENDS TO OBSERVE YOUR DEATH, VAMPIRE.

AND, WHEN YOU ARE IN THE FINAL, PAINFUL AGONY OF YOUR LAST MOMENTS ON EARTH, THESE WILL BE THE FACES... THE VERY LAST FACES, YOU SHALL EVER SEE.

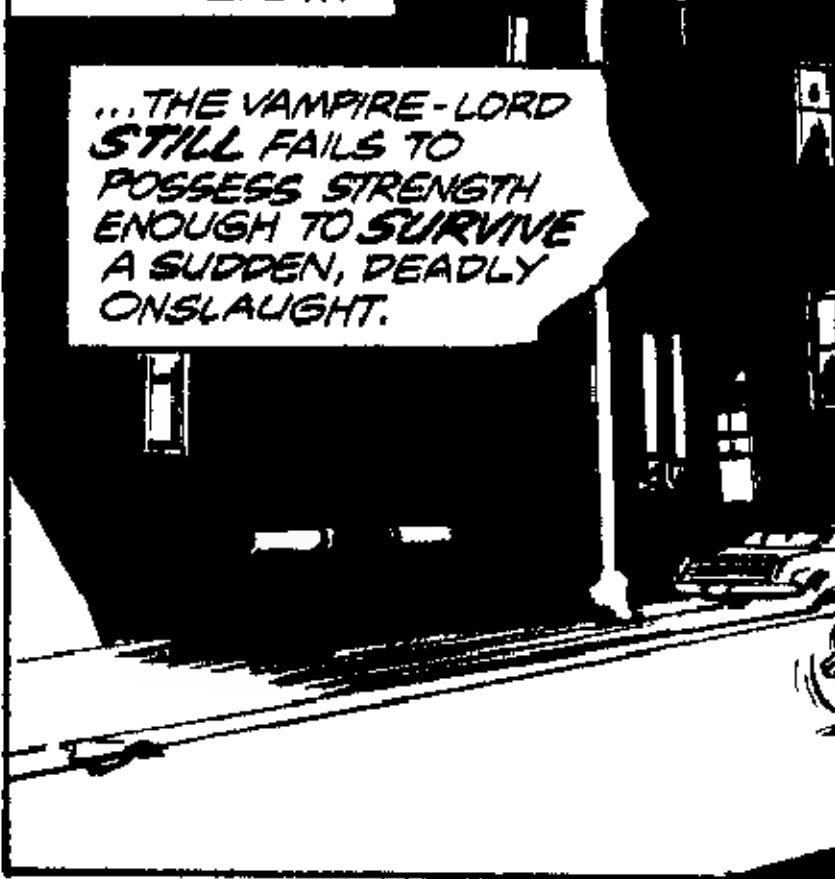


JUNO, ARE YOU READY?

IT WILL ONLY TAKE A MOMENT, DOCTOR SUN.

THEN PREPARE: THE ENTERTAINMENT WILL SOON COMMENCE.

DRACULA TENSES HIMSELF: HE KNOWS SUN'S WORDS RING TRUE. THOUGH QUINCY HARKER HAD DESTROYED THE COMPUTER-SECTION WHICH WAS DRAINING HIS POWERS...



...THE VAMPIRE-LORD STILL FAILS TO POSSESS STRENGTH ENOUGH TO SURVIVE A SUDDEN, DEADLY ONSLAUGHT.

HURRY UP, HAROLD! WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'VE ALREADY DONE TO DRACULA.

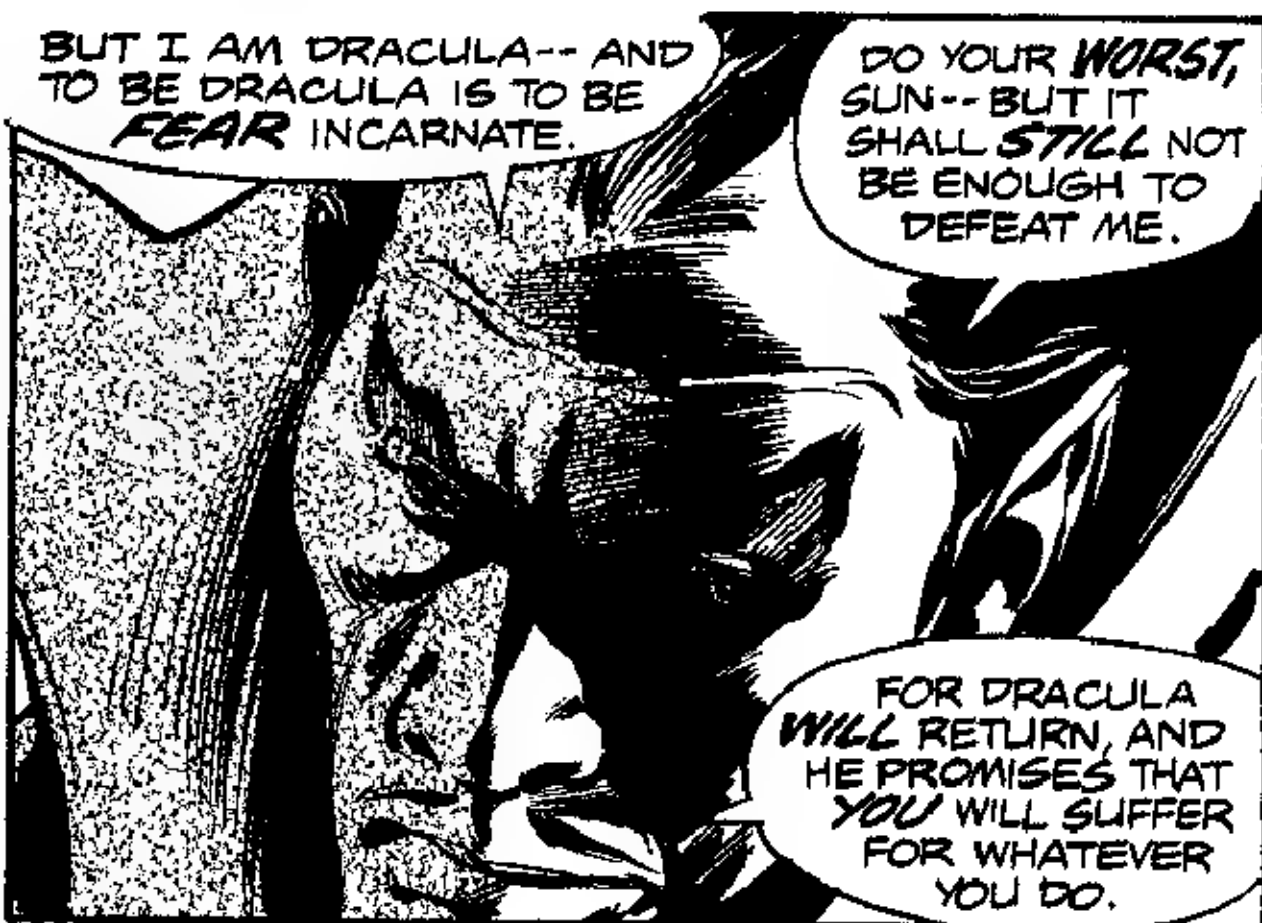
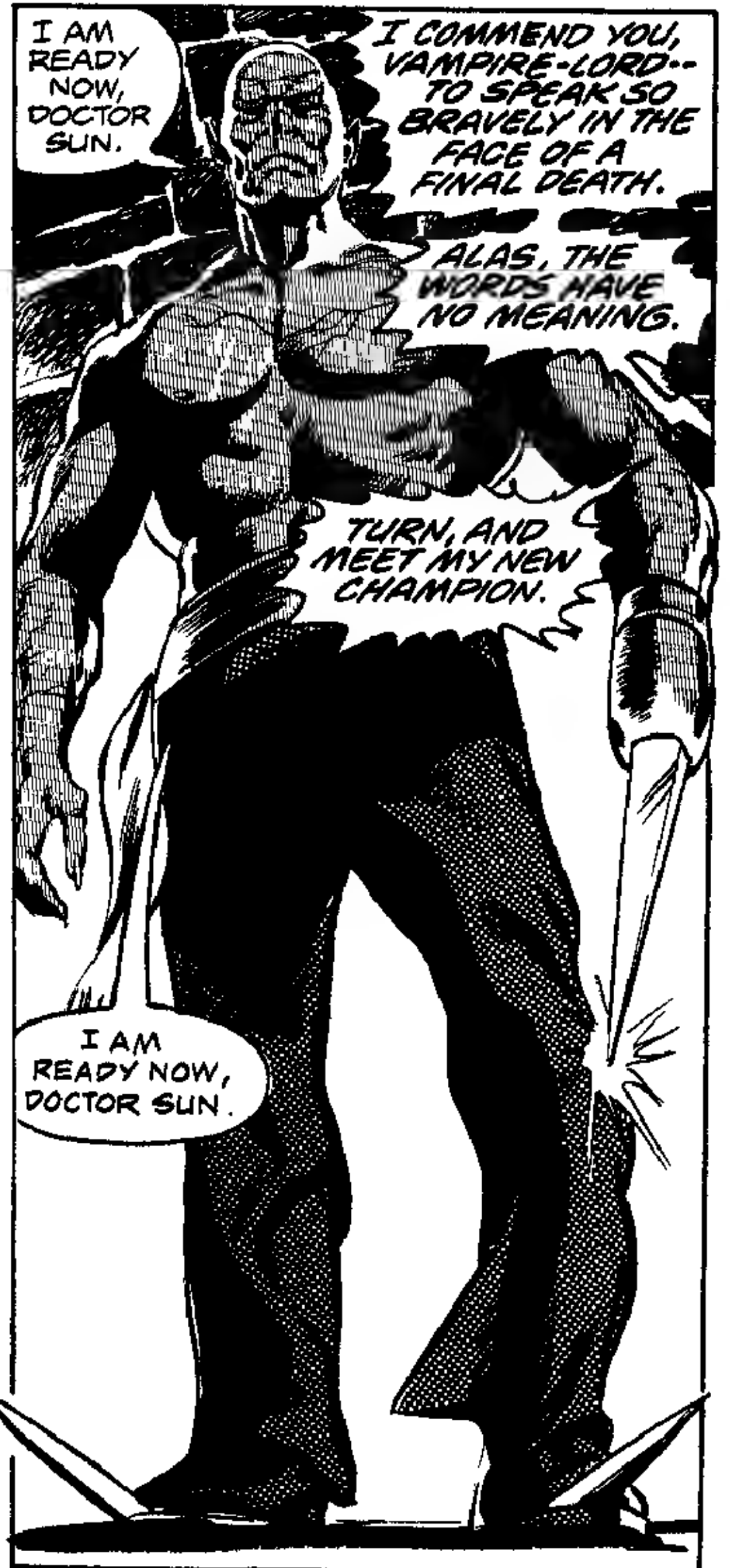
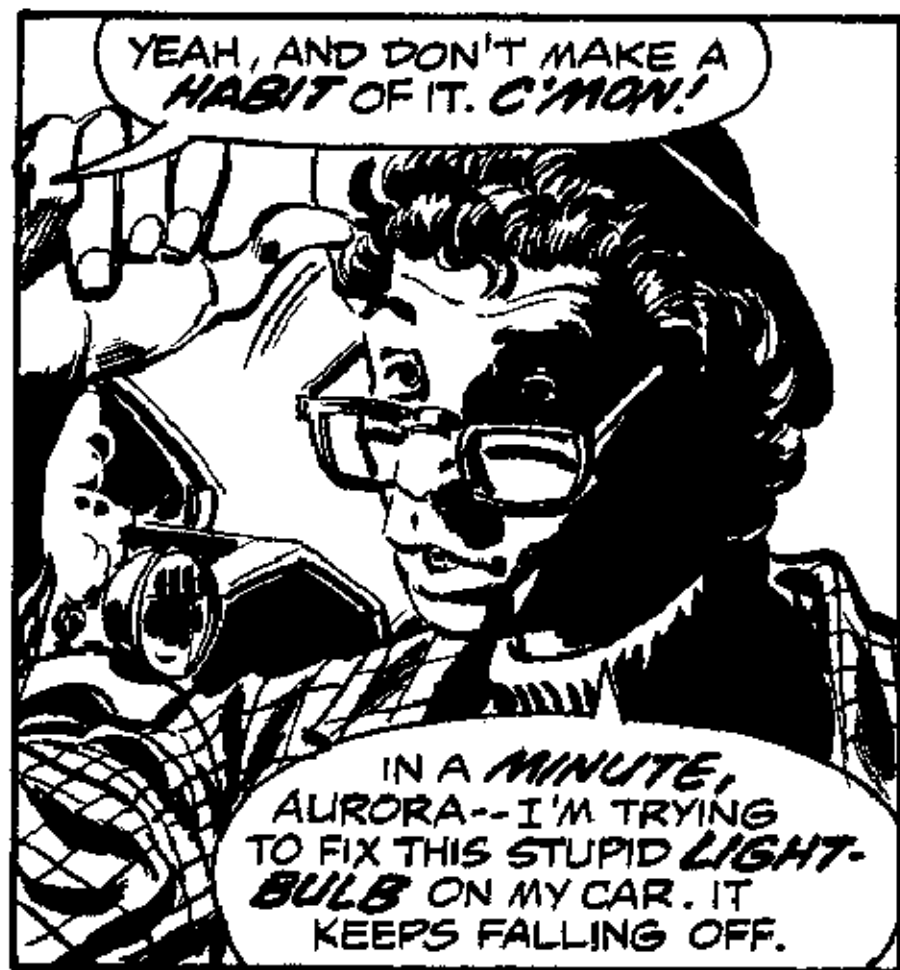
MEANWHILE, A MAKESHIFT AND WHOLLY INADEQUATE CALVARY SPEEDS TO DRACULA'S RESCUE-- A CALVARY COMPOSED OF FREE-LANCE WRITER HAROLD H. HAROLD, AND EXECUTIVE SECRETARY AURORA RABINOWITZ.

I'M HURRYING! I'M HURRYING! IT'S THIS STUPID CAR OF MINE THAT ISN'T.

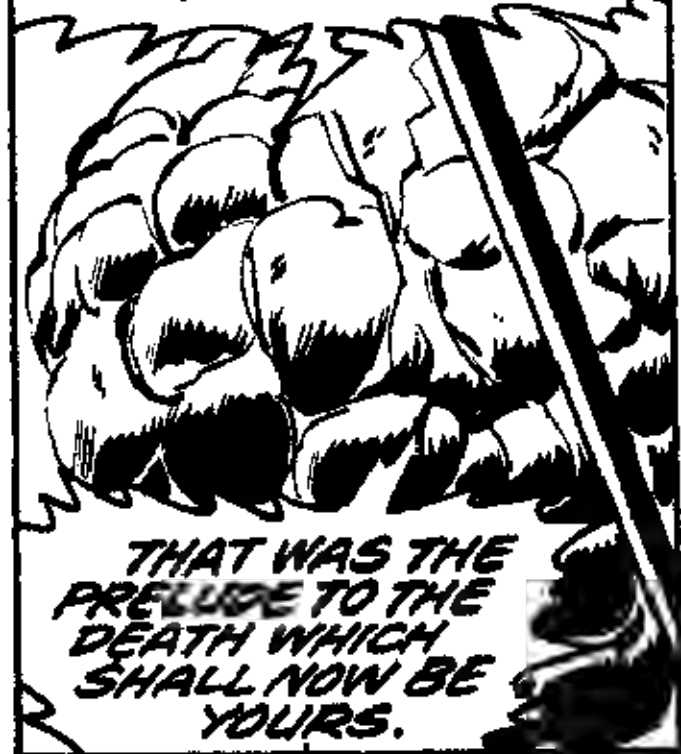
IT ABSOLUTELY REFUSES TO GO OVER THIRTY MILES PER HOUR.

MAYBE IF I TRY WHIPPING IT...?





FOR THE PAST MONTHS
YOU HAVE WATCHED AS
YOUR VAMPIRIC POWERS
WANE. YOUR MIND
BECAME CONFUSED.
YOUR ACTIONS WERE
NO LONGER DEFINITE.
YOUR WORDS NO
LONGER CALCULATING.



THAT WAS THE
PRELUDE TO THE
DEATH WHICH
SHALL NOW BE
YOURS.

I HAVE **EXISTED** FIVE
HUNDRED YEARS, SUN.
IN THAT TIME I'VE
BATTLED ENEMIES
FAR **GREATER**
THAN YOU.

AND THEY ARE
ALL **DEAD** NOW--
AND TOSSED LIKE
COMMON **TRASH** INTO
A MAGGOT-INFESTED
GRAVE.

BUT I STILL
SURVIVE,
REMEMBER THAT,
SUN. I **STILL**
SURVIVE.



WE SHALL
SOON SEE,
DRACULA.
JUNO!
BEGIN!

YES,
DOCTOR
SUN.

FOR YOU,
I SHALL **SLAY**
THE VAMPIRE.

FOR YOU,
I SHALL
KILL!







THEN
SUDDENLY
LUNGES
FORWARD.

TWAGK!

DRACULA
TURNS AND
DUCKS AS
THE SILVER
STAKE FLASHES
MENACINGLY
BY HIS
FACE.

ONE HAIR CLOSER,
AND THE LIFE-BLOOD
THE LORD OF VAMPIRES
SO DESPERATELY
NEEDS, WOULD HAVE
BEEN SPILT, WASTED
UPON THE GROUND.



BUT NOW THERE IS A MOMENT TO
PAUSE, A MOMENT TO GIRD HIM-
SELF--

--BEFORE RETURNING
THE DEADLY ONSLAUGHT.

STUCK, OAF?
CAN'T YOU REMOVE
THAT RIDICULOUS
WEAPON OF YOURS
FROM THE WALL?



AH, IT SEEMS
THAT YOU CAN
NOT...

...WHICH
MAKES IT
MORE
THE PITY.

FOR WHEN
YOU ARE
DEAD, YOU
WILL SIMPLY
HANG THERE
UNTIL YOUR
FLESH CRUM-
BLES TO ASH.



I AM NOT
HELPLESS,
VAMPIRE.

WHAT MY HANDS CAN-
NOT FIGHT, MY FEET
MAY STILL DESTROY.



SATAN-
SPAWN!
MY FACE--!!

YOU'VE
RIPPED OPEN
MY FACE!!



SOON IT SHALL BE *MORE* THAN YOUR FACE WHICH FEELS MY POWER, VAMPIRE.



SOON MY SILVER STAKE WILL TEST THE METTLE OF YOUR *CHEST*.



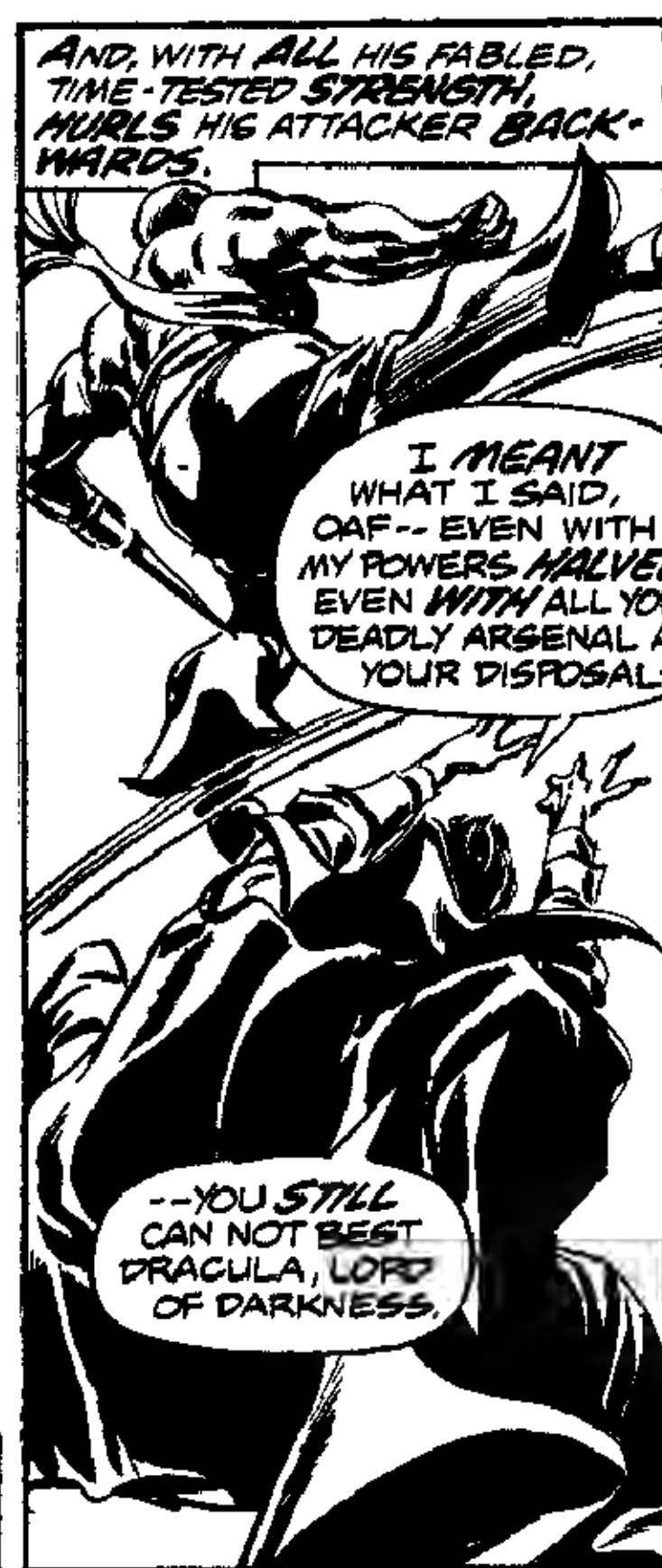
--AND *SOON* IT SHALL BE *STAINED* BY THAT FETID LIQUID YOU CALL YOUR *BLOOD*.

ARE YOU *PREPARED* TO PERISH, VAMPIRE?



NEVER!

BREATHLESS, DRACULA STRAINS AS HIS HANDS GRAB AT JUNG'S RAPIDLY DESCENDING *BOOT*--



AND, WITH ALL HIS FABLED, TIME-TESTED *STRENGTH*, HURLS HIS ATTACKER *BACKWARDS*.

I MEANT WHAT I SAID, OAF-- EVEN WITH MY POWERS *HALVED*-- EVEN WITH ALL YOUR DEADLY ARSENAL AT YOUR DISPOSAL--

--YOU *STILL* CAN NOT BEST DRACULA, LORD OF DARKNESS.



DRACULA'S *BOASTING*-- I CAN TELL. HE'S MOVING MUCH TOO *SLOWLY* TO STOP THAT MAN.

YOU'RE *ROOTING* FOR FANGS?

AS QUINCY SAID, FRANK-- "THE DEVIL YOU KNOW VERSUS THE DEVIL YOU *DON'T*!"

WHAT *CHOICE* HAVE WE?

DOCTOR SUN'S INTENTIONS ARE EVEN MORE **GHASTLY** TO THINK ABOUT THAN DRACULA'S.

FOR, WHATEVER DRACULA HAS WISHED FOR, THE WORLD **STILL** CONTINUES TO TURN--**WITHOUT** MANY MAJOR CHANGES.

YET, IF SUN SHOULD BE **VICTORIOUS**...

...I **SHUDDER** TO THINK HOW THE **FUTURE** WILL BE CHANGED.

EEEEEEYAH!!

QUINCY! FRANK!... **LOOK!**

DRACULA'S **DOWN!**

DOWN BUT HARDLY **OUT**, MY DEAR.

I WAS, AS THE AMERICANS SO QUAINLY PUT IT-- "PLAYING **FOSSUM**."

WAITING FOR THE OAF TO **CHARGE** ME--

--THAT I MAY TURN HIS ATTACK **AGAINST** HIM.

THUD

DOCTOR SUN WATCHES **CONTENTEDLY**. HIS CALCULATIONS HAVE PROVEN **89% ACCURATE**.

NOT **ALTOGETHER** BAD FOR HIS **NON-COMPUTER** HALF.

AND, IF A **SMILE** OF SATISFACTION COULD COME, IT WOULD.

BUT THEN-- **YOU** TWO--? FROM THE **APARTMENT**--? BUT **HOW**???

DRACULA!?!

DO **SOME-THING**, HAROLD. HE LOOKS **HURT**.



WHO THE DEVIL--? DRACULA SEEMS TO KNOW THOSE TWO.

HE UNDOUBTEDLY MADE SOME ACQUAINTANCES WHILE IN BOSTON.

BUT THOSE TWO HARDLY SEEM HIS TYPE.

CONFUSION: IT MAY LAST ONLY A MOMENT, BUT IN THAT BRIEF INSTANT WHEN DRACULA PAUSES TO STARE AT THE UNEXPECTED INTRUDERS--



--JUNO ACTS--



...WITH DEADLY ACCURACY.

WHAT?!!



VERY GOOD, OAF--YOU TOOK PROPER ADVANTAGE OF ME...

...AS I WOULD... HAVE ~~CHOKED~~ DONE WITH YOU.

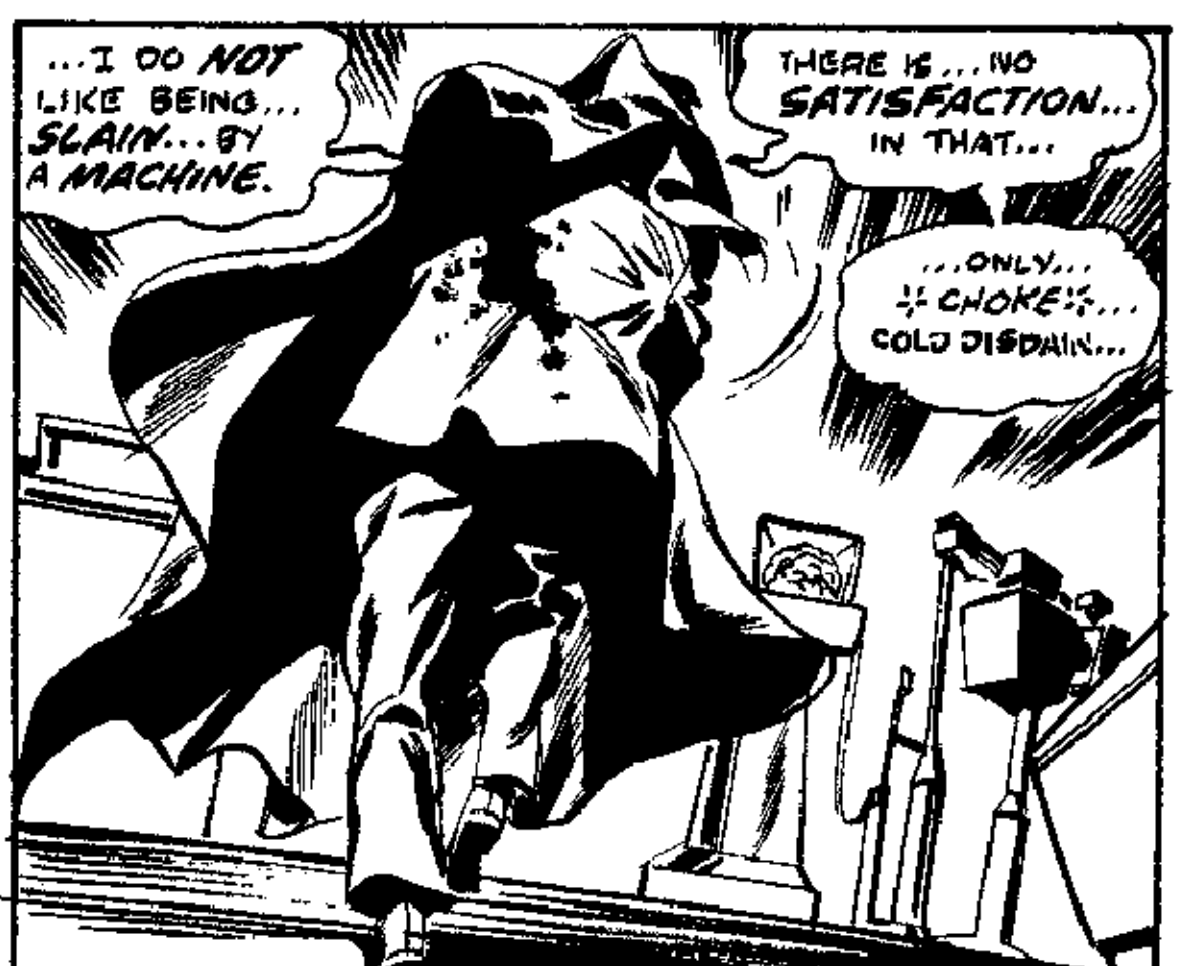
...HARKER...VAN HELSING...I AM SORRY FOR YOU--



--IT SHOULD... HAVE BEEN... YOU WHO... SLAYED ME...

~~CHOKED~~... YOU WHO... I HAVE... RESPECTED AS MY GREATEST OF FOES...

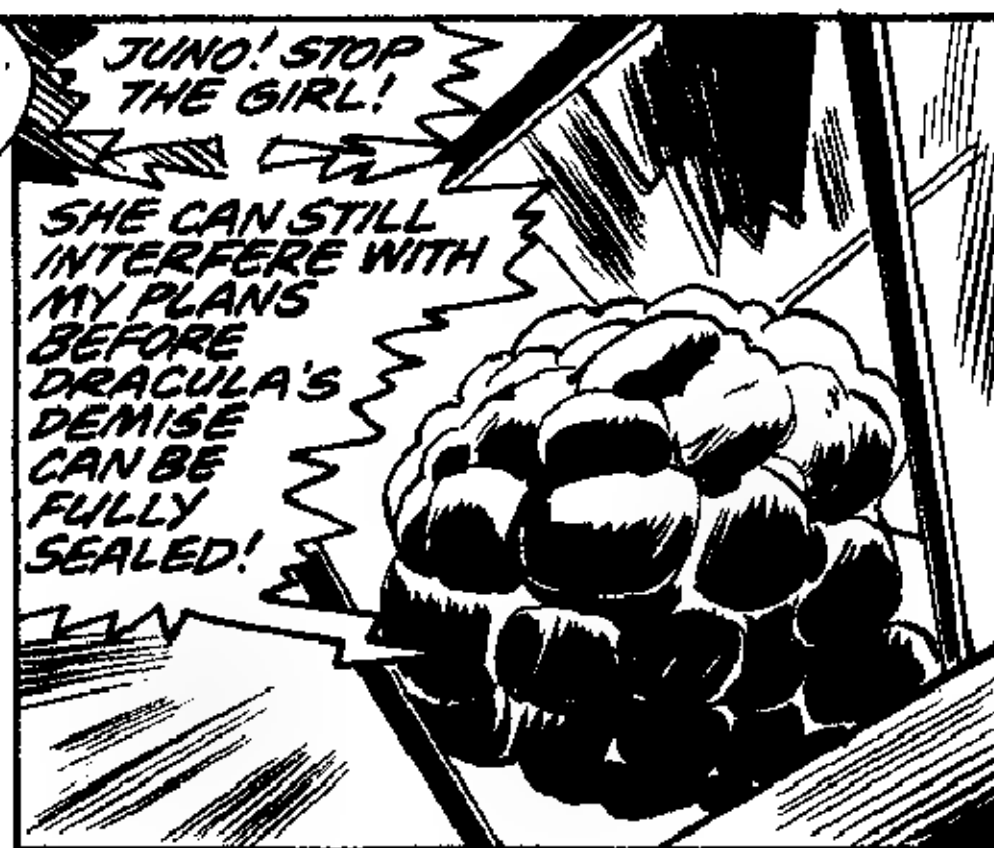
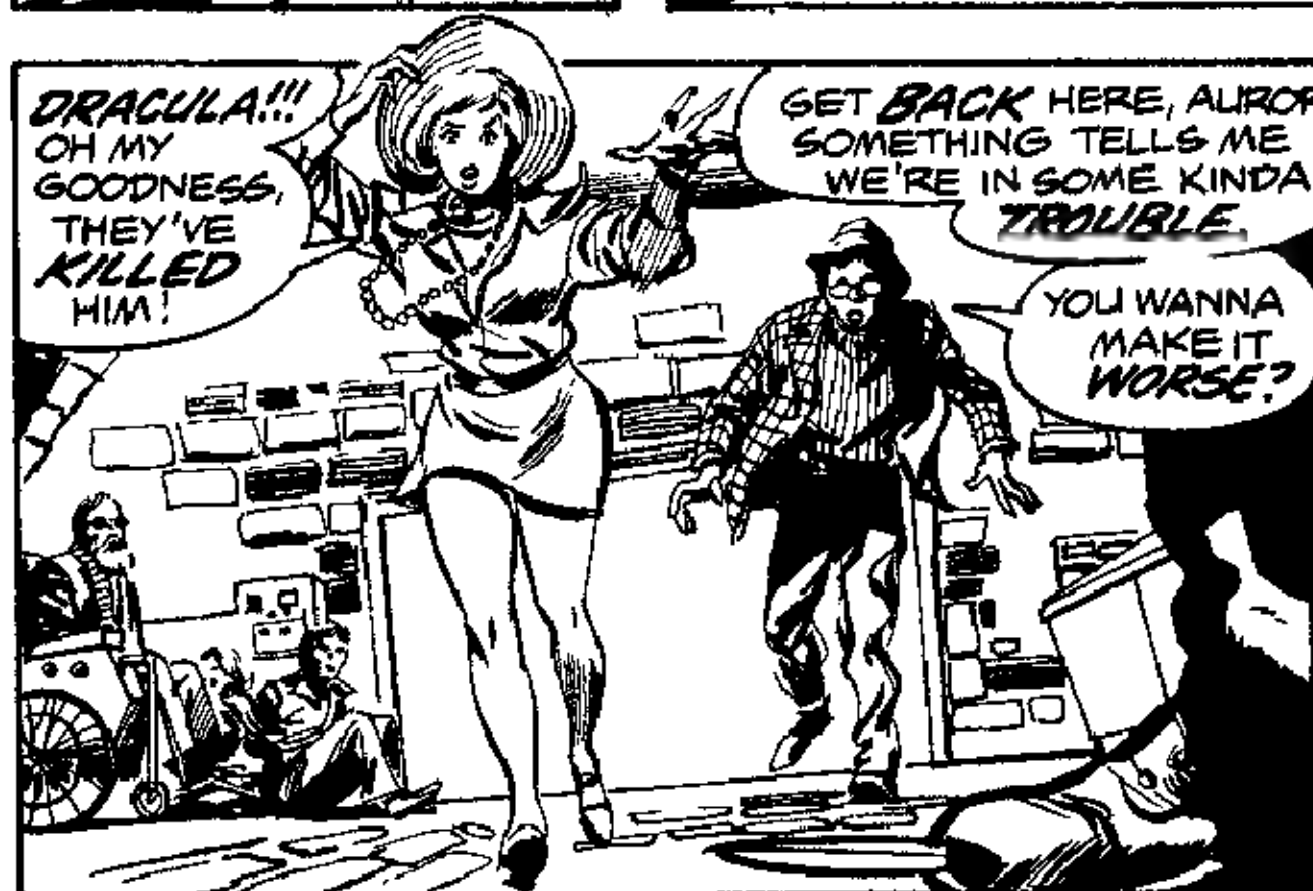
...ALAS... THERE ARE... GRUEL FATES...

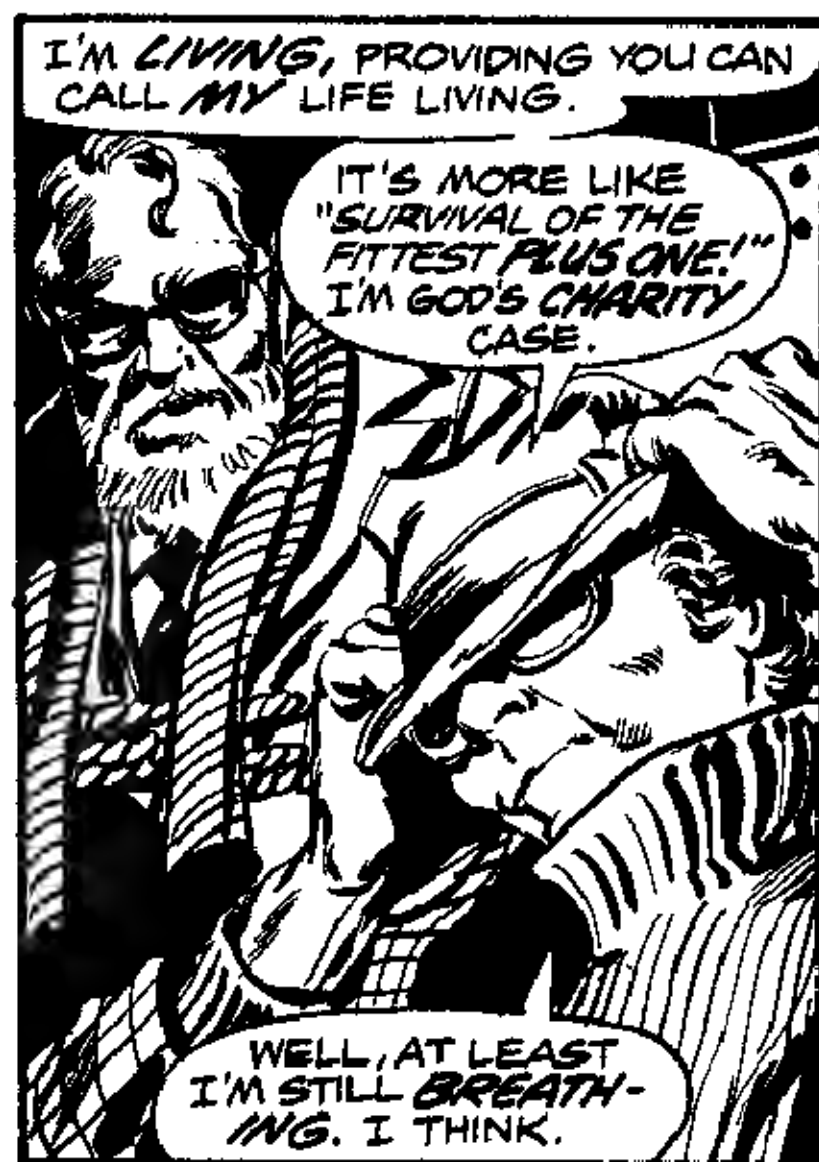


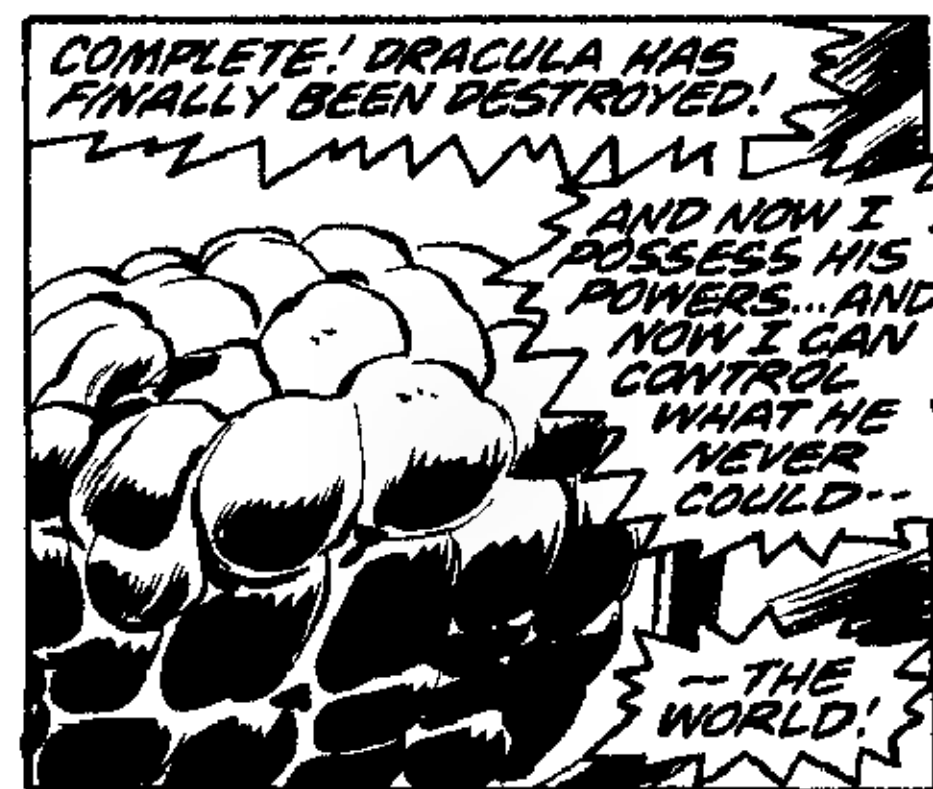
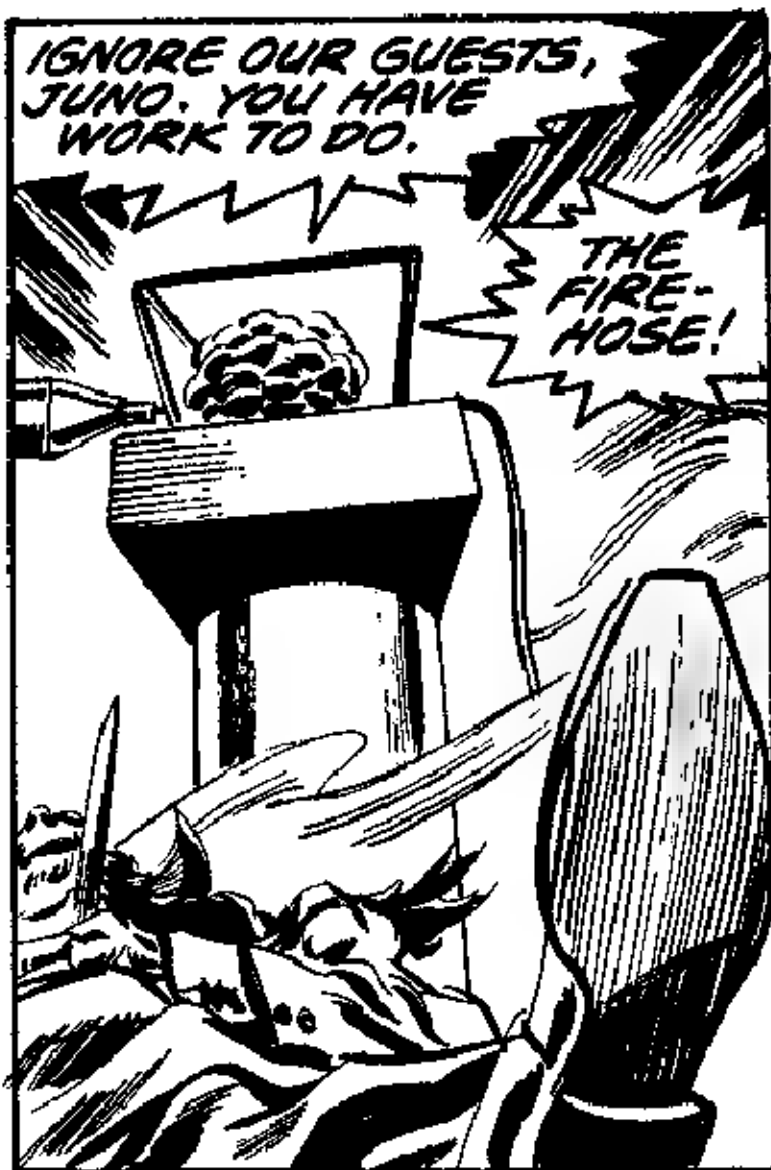
...I DO NOT LIKE BEING... SLAIN... BY A MACHINE.

THERE IS... NO SATISFACTION... IN THAT...

...ONLY... ~~CHOKED~~... COLD DISDAIN...









FOR, ONLY ONE FURTHER
PHASE TO MY PLAN
REMAINS. ONE WHICH
REQUIRES OUR GUESTS,
TIMELY ESCAPE.

PLACE
THEM IN
THE
PREPARED
ROOM,
JUNO.



SHORTLY... WE'VE GOTTA
GET OUTTA
HERE.

GREADELY
WILL NEVER
FORGIVE ME
IF I MISS HIS
DEADLINE.

WORRYING
WON'T
HELP ANY,
EH--?

HAROLD H. HAROLD,
SIR. WRITER, JOURNAL-
IST, AND FREELANCE
PACER.

AND THE LOVELY BEDECKED
VISION YOU SEE CRYING OVER
THERE IS THE INCOMPARABLE
AURORA RABINOWITZ, SECRETARY
TO MY BOSS, ADOLPH HITLER, JR.



HOW CAN YOU MAKE JOKES
AT A TIME LIKE THIS, HAROLD?

DRACULA'S DEAD,
MAYBE FOREVER,
IF NOT LONGER.

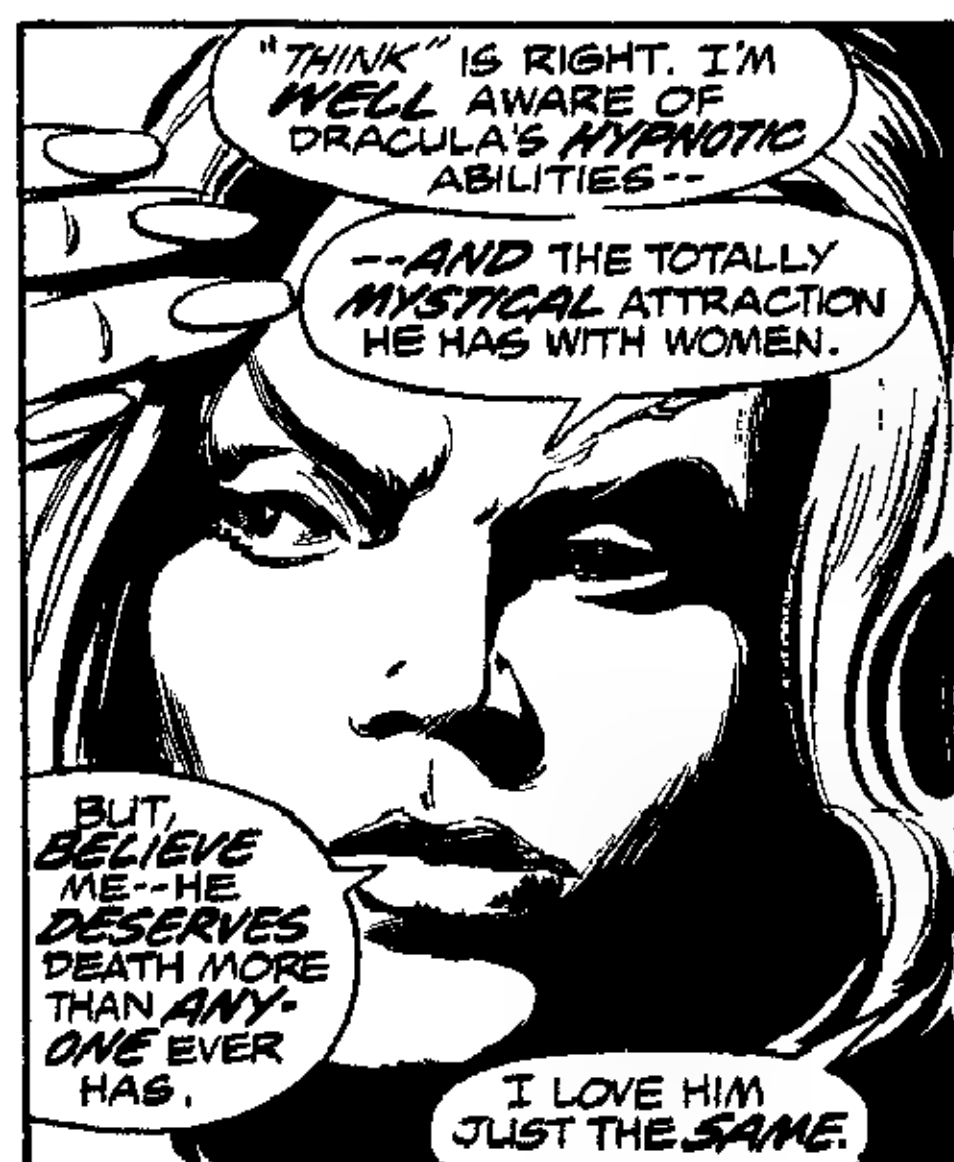
WE SHOULD
BE FIGHTING
TO SAVE HIM,
OR SOMETHING.



DRACULA WAS A MURDERER,
AURORA-- ONE WE'VE HUNTED
FOR YEARS.

I'M NOT ABOUT
TO CHANGE MY
FEELINGS NOW.

BUT I
THINK I
LOVE
HIM.

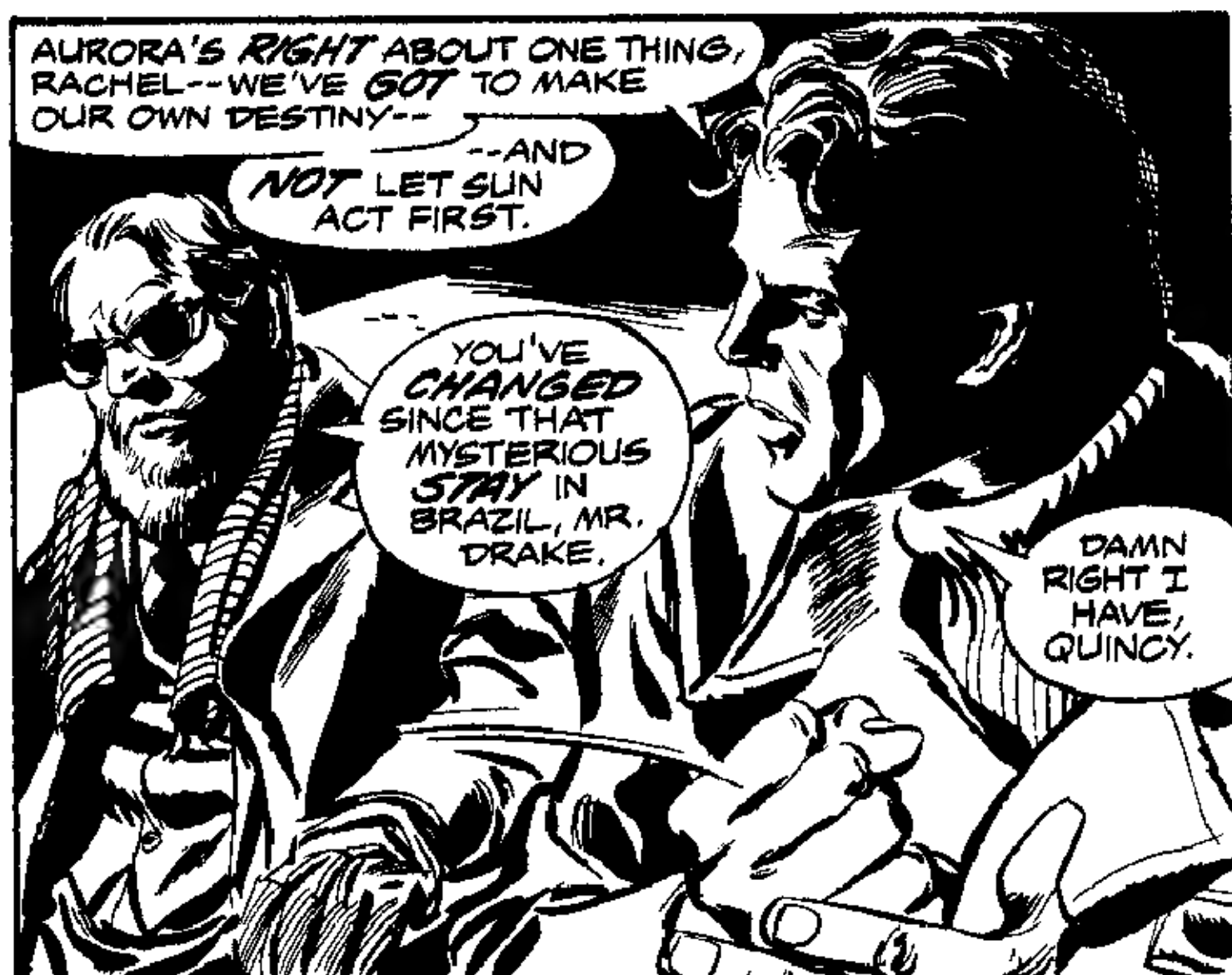


"THINK" IS RIGHT. I'M
WELL AWARE OF
DRACULA'S HYPNOTIC
ABILITIES--

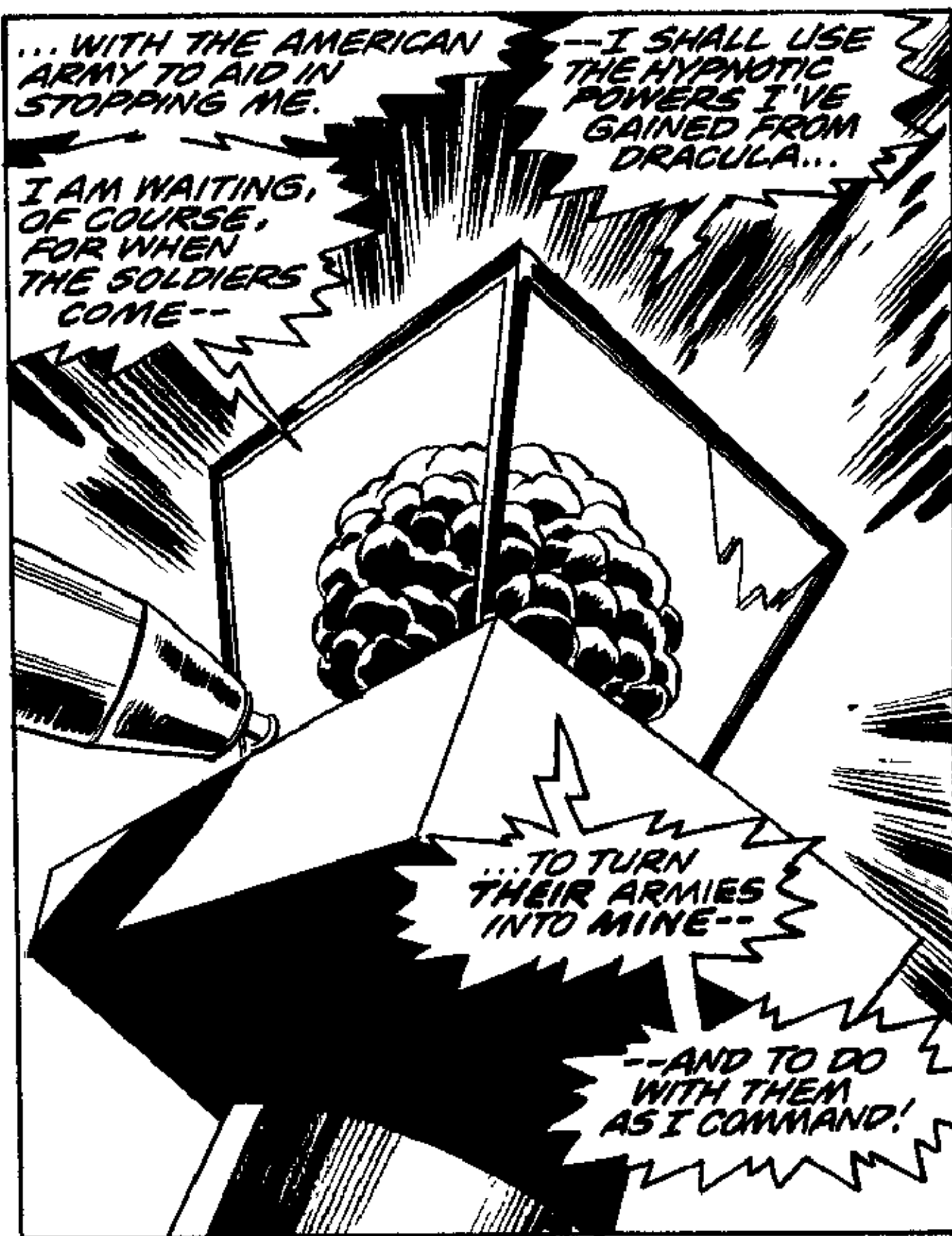
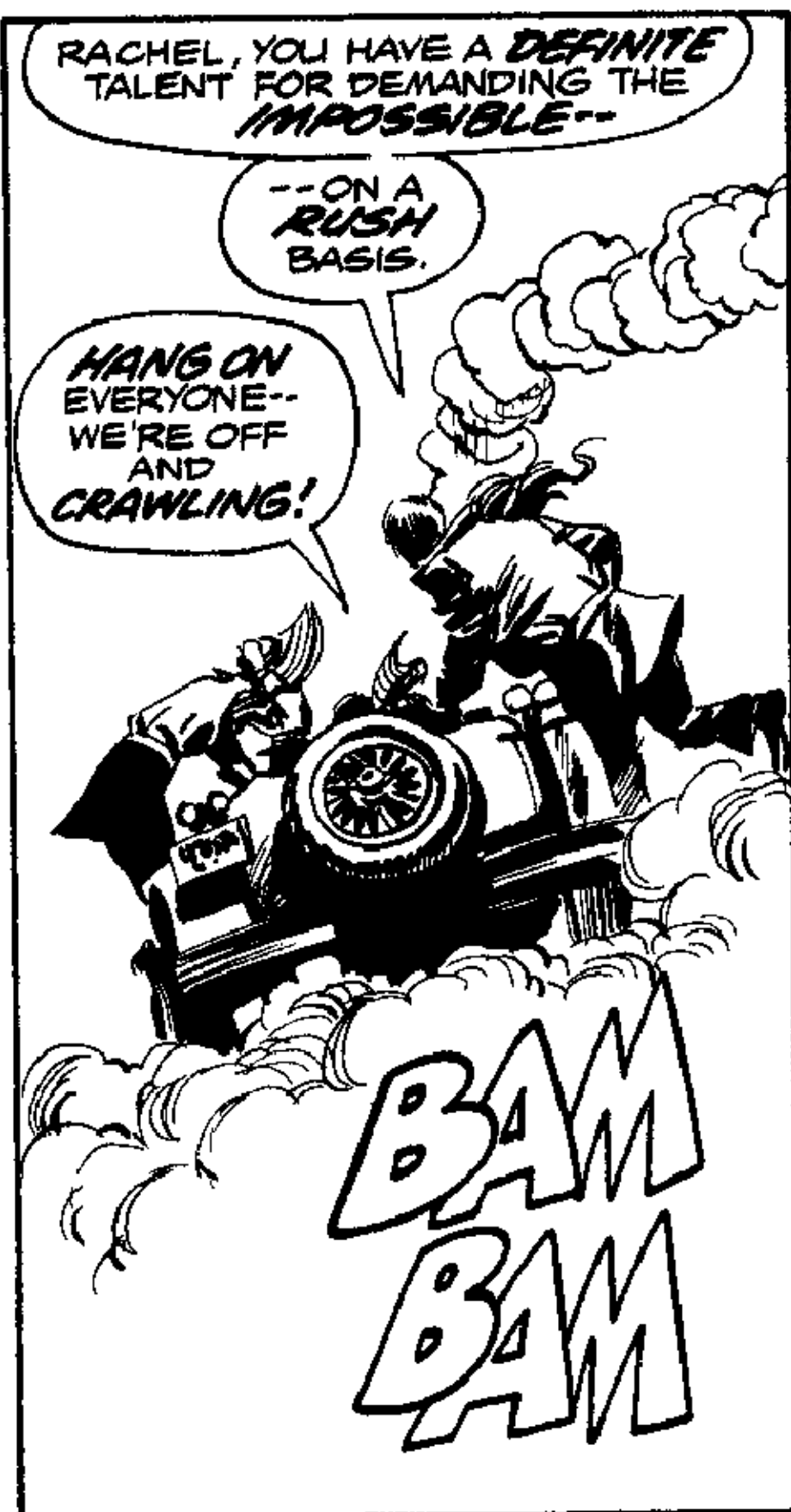
--AND THE TOTALLY
MYSTICAL ATTRACTION
HE HAS WITH WOMEN.

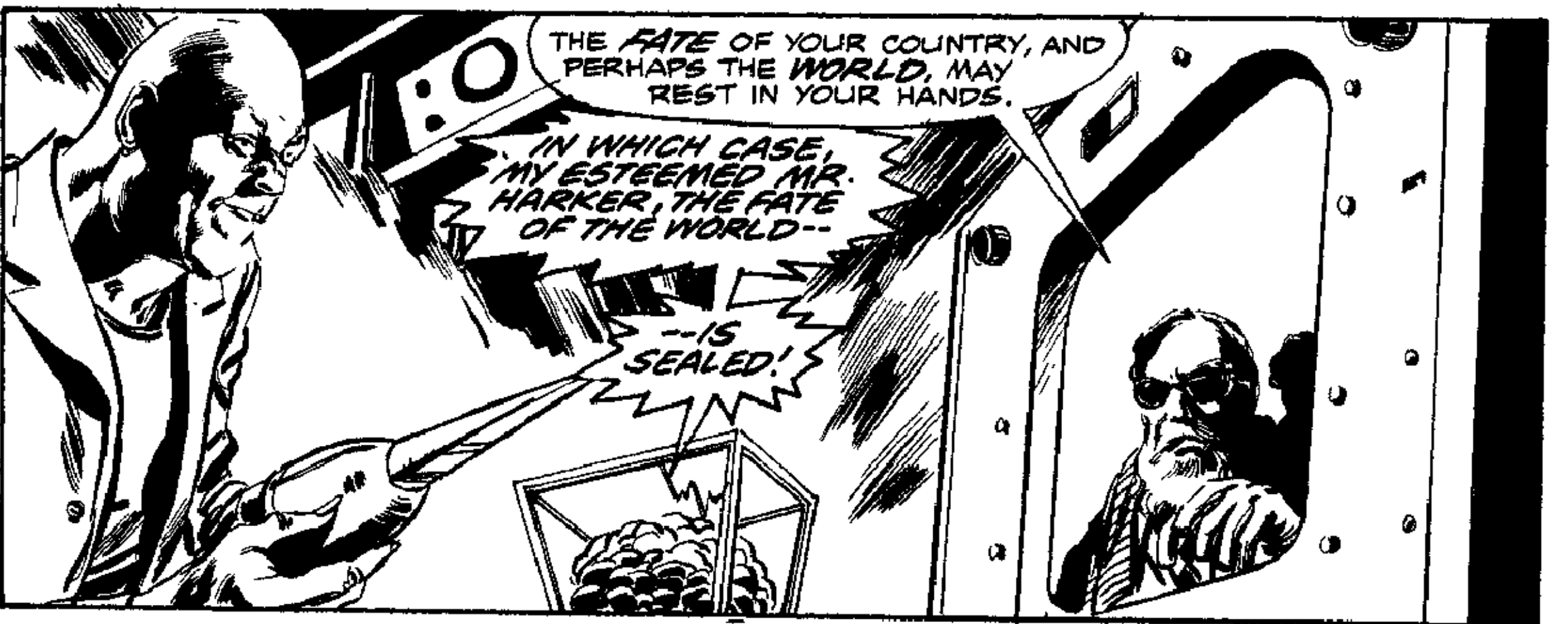
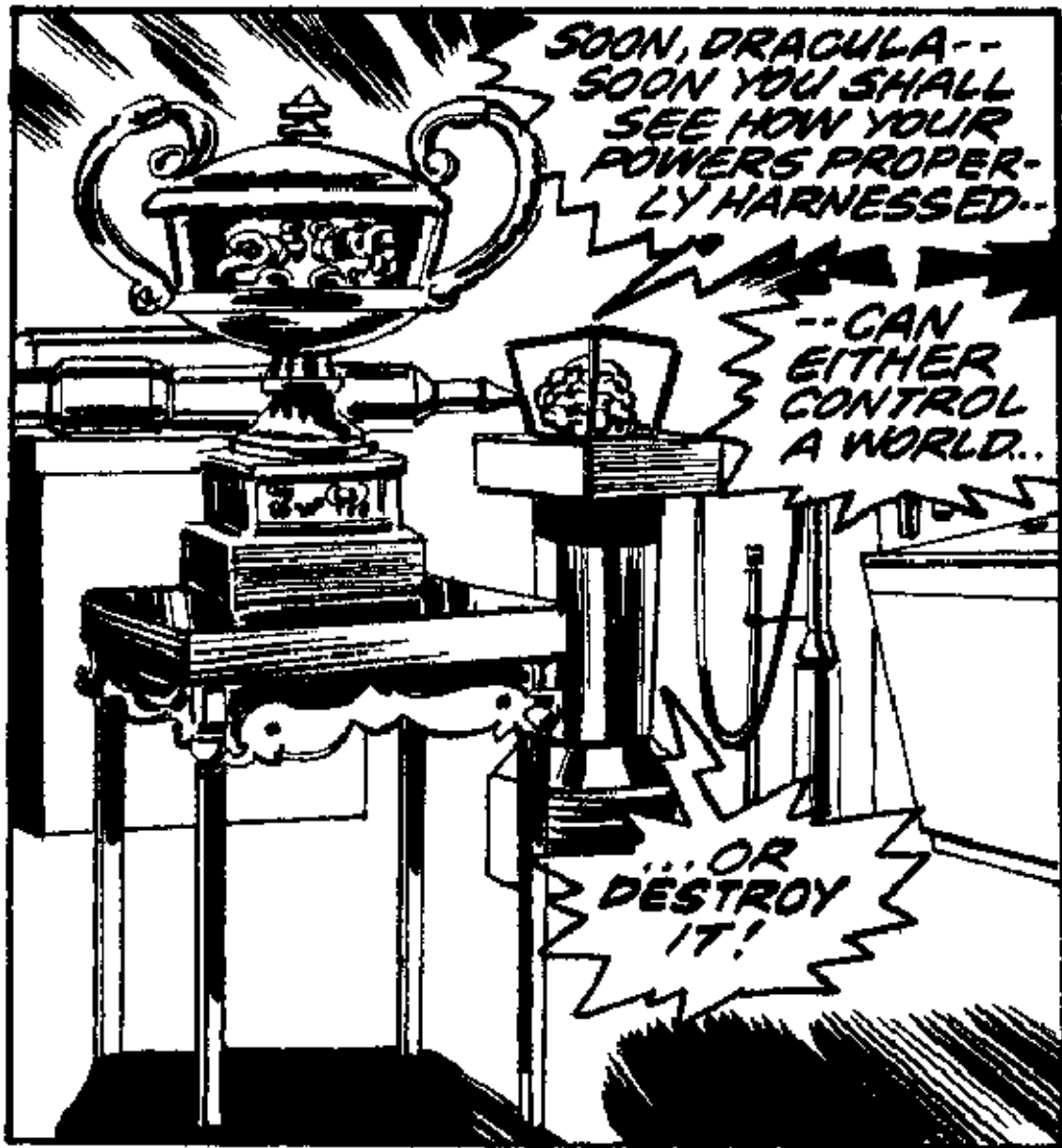
BUT,
BELIEVE
ME--HE
DESERVES
DEATH MORE
THAN ANY-
ONE EVER
HAS.

I LOVE HIM
JUST THE SAME.









NEXT: AN ARMY AT WAR! A COUNTRY DESTROYED!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



25¢
©

40
JAN
02143

THE TOMB OF

DRACULA

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

DRACULA
IS TRULY
DEAD!

AND HE'S LEFT
US TO FACE HIS
GREATEST FOE--
ALONE!



THE TRIUMPH OF DR. SUN!

Hidden in the *shadows* where legend and reality merge, there are *tales* of a being who has lived *more than five hundred years*; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of *Hell* itself; they say he thrives upon the *blood* of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the *bravest* man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!™

NIGHTMARES OF A LIVING DEADMAN!

THE BATTLE
IS ENDED,
DRACULA...

...THE ONLY
WAY IT
COULD HAVE--

--WITH
YOUR
DEATH!

HIS BONES ARE TOO TIRED,
TOO WRACKED WITH PAIN TO
LIFT THEM IN A SHOW OF
DEFIANCE.

BUT STILL HE TRIES,
LORD, STILL HE TRIES.

BLACKNESS FLOODS
ACROSS HIS BROW; A
TIDE OF EBONY DEATH
WASHES OVER HIS
MIND; AND THICK,
DARK BLOOD OZES
PASTE-LIKE FROM
THE OPEN RIP IN HIS
CHEST.

IT CAN NOT BE
STOPPED: DEATH HAS
COME TO DRACULA.
DEATH HAS
FINALLY COME
RIDING!

AND ITS WELCOME
IS A LONG AND
TERRIFIED SCREAM!

MARV WOLFMAN • GENE COLAN • TOM PALMER
WRITER/EDITOR ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA • TOM PALMER
letterer colorist

HE LAUGHS OFF THE PAIN AND THE BLOOD! HE **PRETENDS** IT DID NOT HAPPEN. HE TRIES EVER SO DESPERATELY TO **LIFT** HIS DECAYING FLESH TO FIGHT THE ROTTING, CRUMBLING BONES THAT DECAY WITH EVERY STRUGGLING MOVEMENT HE MAKES. AND HE RISES DESPITE THE FACT THAT HE **CAN NOT RISE!** AND THEN HE **SPEAKS**, WHEN ALL LOGIC DEMANDS HE SHOULD **NOT BE ABLE TO SPEAK.**

SCUM! I'LL NOT DIE THIS NIGHT...

...DRACULA IS IMMORTAL!

DRACULA MUST NEVER DIE!

ARRGGHHH!!!

NOTHING CAN GO ON FOREVER, DARK ONE. NOTHING!

-- YOU SHALL NEVER LIVE AGAIN!

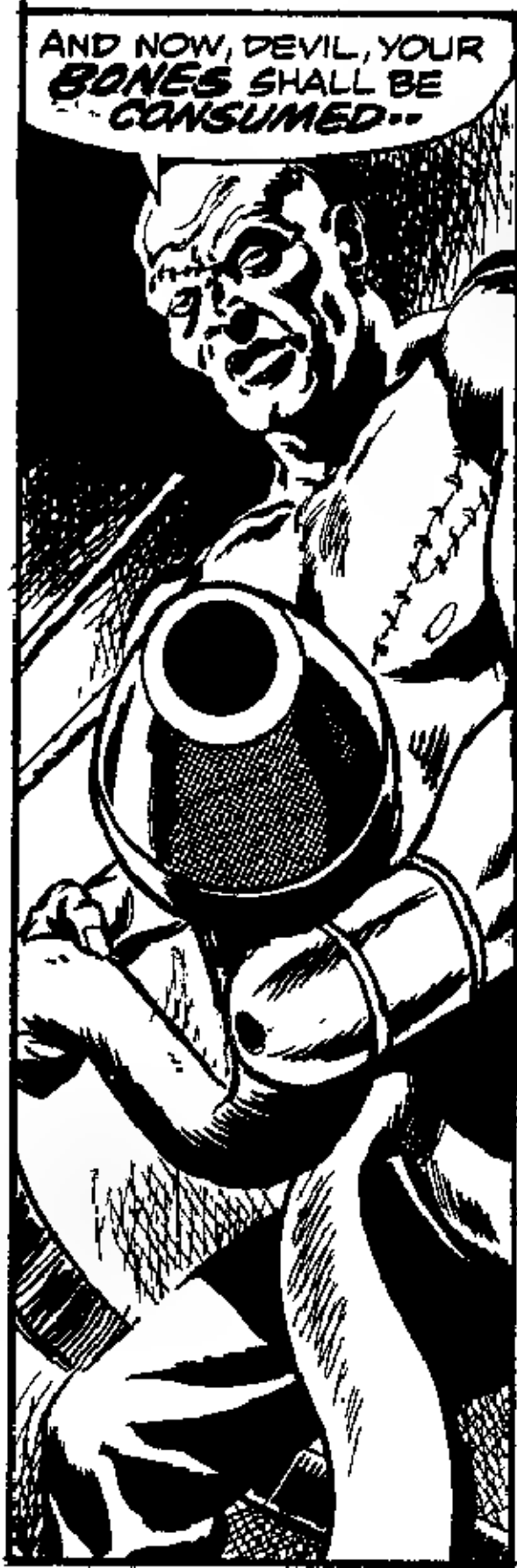
RATHER, YOU SHALL BE CON-SIGNED TO A HELL GREATER THAN EVEN YOUR IMAGINATION CAN CONJURE!

AND YOU, SELFISH DEMON THAT YOU ARE--

DIE, DRACULA, DEMON OF THE AGES, LORD OF THE UNDEAD, PRINCE OF THE DARKLING SOULS OF HELL.

DIE AND KNOW THE PAIN, THE TERROR WHICH YOU INSPIRED SO LONG IN OTHERS.

DIE! DIE! DIE!!



AND NOW, DEVIL, YOUR BONES SHALL BE CONSUMED--



--WITH FIRES MORE FIERCE THAN THE BRIMSTONE FLAMES OF HELL!



REST IN PEACE, DRACULA, FOR IT SHALL BE A LONG REST INDEED.

BLACKNESS

END

COLD SWEAT, IT--IT IS HORRIBLE!

BLACKNESS!

YEEEEEE



AND THEN: LIGHT.

AURORA?!? WHAT'S WRONG? YOU WERE SCREAMING!

DID YOU HAVE A NIGHTMARE?

OH--IT WAS AWFUL, SIMPLY AWFUL!

OR MAYBE YOU WERE JUST THINKING ABOUT ME!

CLICK

YEAH! SHE WAS DREAMING ABOUT ME!

I--I WAS WATCHING DRACULA BEING KILLED AGAIN. AND I FELT... I REALLY FELT THE FLAMES!





GET **AWAY** FROM ME, DRACULA. I HAVE A **CRUCIFIX**.

AND I'LL **BURN YOU TO HELL** IF I HAVE TO.

TSK, TSK. SUCH **VIOLENT** THOUGHTS FROM SUCH A YOUNG, PRETTY **CHILD**.

YOU DON'T REALLY WISH ME **HARMED** NOW, DO YOU?



I AM NOT A DEMON, RACHEL. I AM YOUR **FRIEND**-- YOUR VERY **GOOD** FRIEND.

AND I WISH ONLY TO **SHARE** AN IMMORTAL LIFE WITH YOU.

LOOK AT ME, RACHEL. DON'T YOU **FEEL** THAT I AM YOUR FRIEND? DON'T YOU TRULY **KNOW** THAT I CAN BE **MORE** THAN ANY FRIEND COULD EVER **HOPE** TO BE?

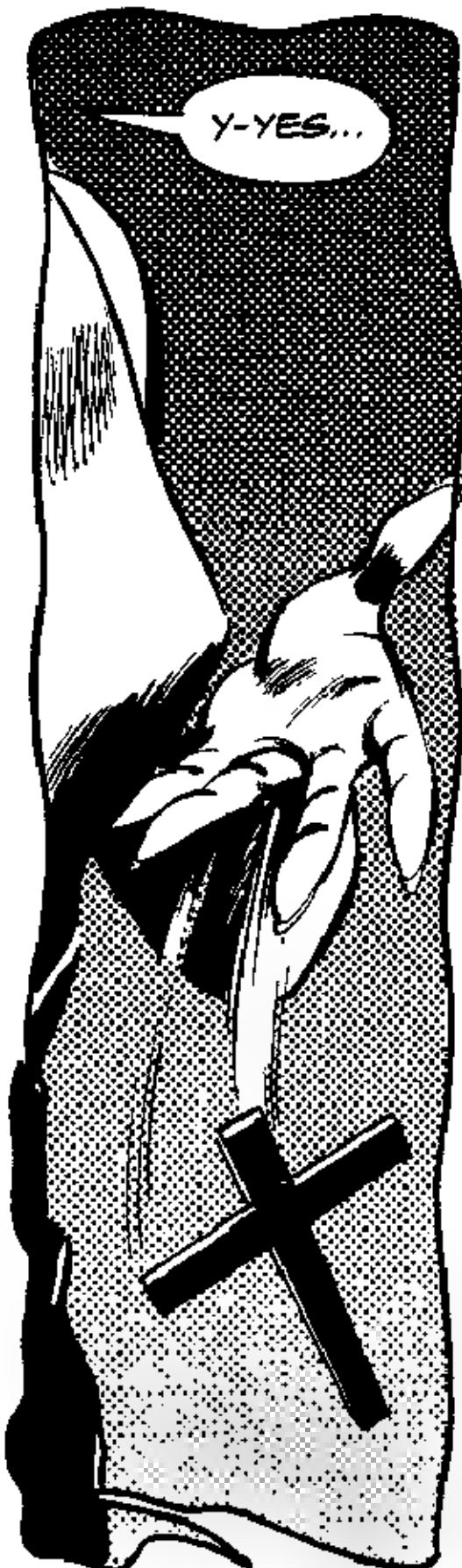


Y-YES...



VERY GOOD, MY DEAR. AND NOW, RACHEL, **GIVE** ME YOUR HAND.

YOUR **EMPTY** HAND.



Y-YES...



YOU **ARE** LOVELY, MY DEAR. DO YOU WISH ME TO **KISS** YOU, RACHEL?

Y-YES...



ARE YOU **SURE**, MY DEAR. ARE YOU **SURE**? SAY IT!

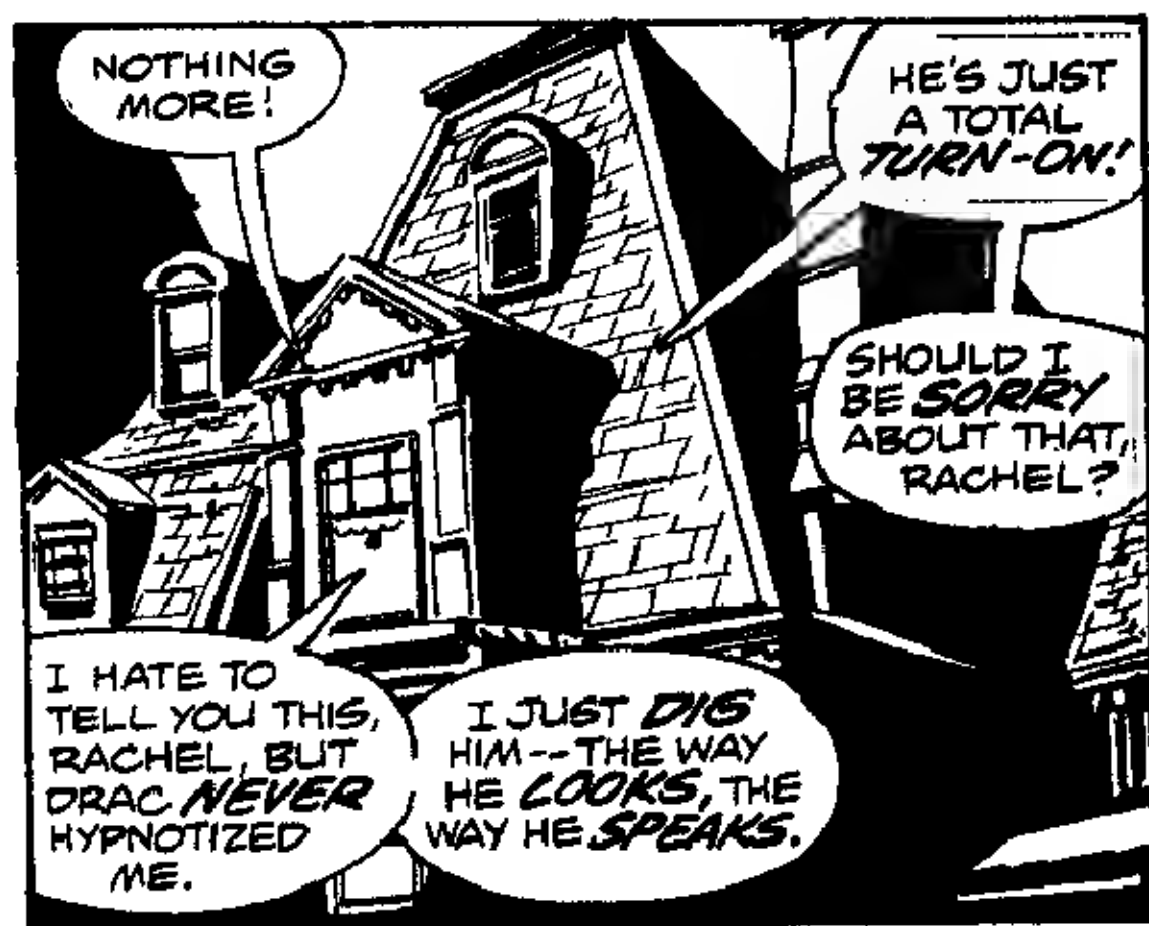
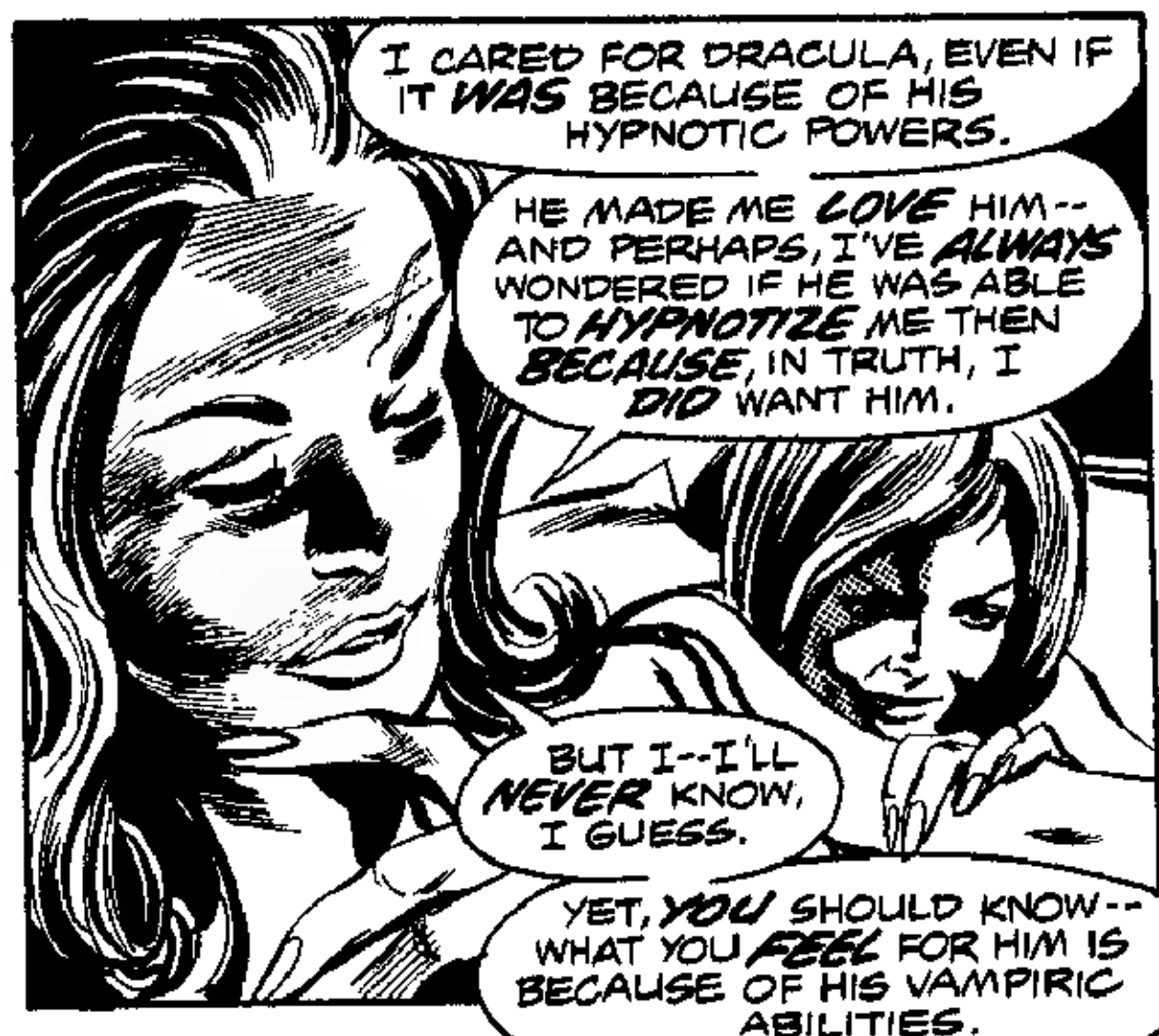
YES... I AM **SURE**...

...PLEASE... PLEASE KISS ME... PLEASE, DRACULA... PLEASE...

SINCE THAT IS WHAT YOU **WISH**, CHILD--

--I FEEL **DUTY** BOUND TO DO AS YOU DESIRE.

...KISS ME, DRACULA... PLEASE KISS ME...





AND, SHORTLY... THE GENERAL HAS SOME NEWS.

I ONLY PRAY THAT IT IS **GOOD NEWS**. LORD, I CAN USE SOME NOW.



GOOD MORNING, MR. HARKER. I HOPE YOU GOT A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP. I BELIEVE YOU'LL **NEED IT**.

YEAH! THIS **PROVES IT!** GOD'S DEFINITELY **NOT** ON MY SIDE.

THE WORD'S FILTERED DOWN THAT I AM TO **SUPPLY** YOU WITH A SMALL PLATOON.



I **ARGUED** AGAINST THIS, I MUST TELL YOU.

TO MOUNT A VIRTUAL WAR IN THE CENTER OF BOSTON OFFENDS MY **SENSIBILITIES**

BUT, MAY I BE **FORGIVEN** FOR THE CLICHE-- I AM ONLY **FOLLOWING ORDERS!**



ORDERS WHICH WERE DISPATCHED THROUGH MY ORGANIZATION, GENERAL!

ORDERS WHICH WILL SOON GIVE ME THE POWER-BASE I DESPERATELY REQUIRE!



PREPARE YOURSELF FOR OUR LITTLE GAME, JUNO...

...WHEN THE AMERICAN TROOPS COME, I WILL UNLEASH MY SCIENTIFICALLY AMPLIFIED **HYPNOTIC POWERS--**

THE VERY SAME **HYPNOTIC POWERS I STOLE FROM DRACULA...**

...AND SOON, SO VERY SOON, WILL I HAVE THIS COUNTRY'S **GREATEST SOLDIERS UNDER MY COMMAND!**

ALL DOES GO WELL, DOCTOR SUN. **VERY WELL!**

MORNING PLANS FADE INTO EVENING ACTIVITIES. MEN ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER, LOGISTICS ARE EXPLAINED, POSITIONS MADE CLEAR, AND WEAPONRY ASSEMBLED...

AND, IT IS AFTER SIX-THIRTY IN THE EVENING BEFORE THE FINAL OPERATIONS BEGIN...



YOU UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING, CAPTAIN? THE AREA IS TO BE CLEARED OF ALL NON-ESSENTIAL PERSONNEL.

LOOK AT ALL THESE TANKS, HAROLD. IT'S SO EXCITING!

HEY! THERE'S A CUTE SOLDIER OVER THERE. DO YOU THINK--?

CALM DOWN, AURORA. THAT JOCK MAY NEVER MAKE IT BACK FROM THIS MISSION...



...WHILE I WILL ALWAYS BE HERE TO SERVE YOU.

OH WELL, I GUESS I'VE GOTTA TAKE THE BAD WITH THE GOOD.

IT'S TIME, MEN--
MOVE ON!
KEEP IN FORMATION!

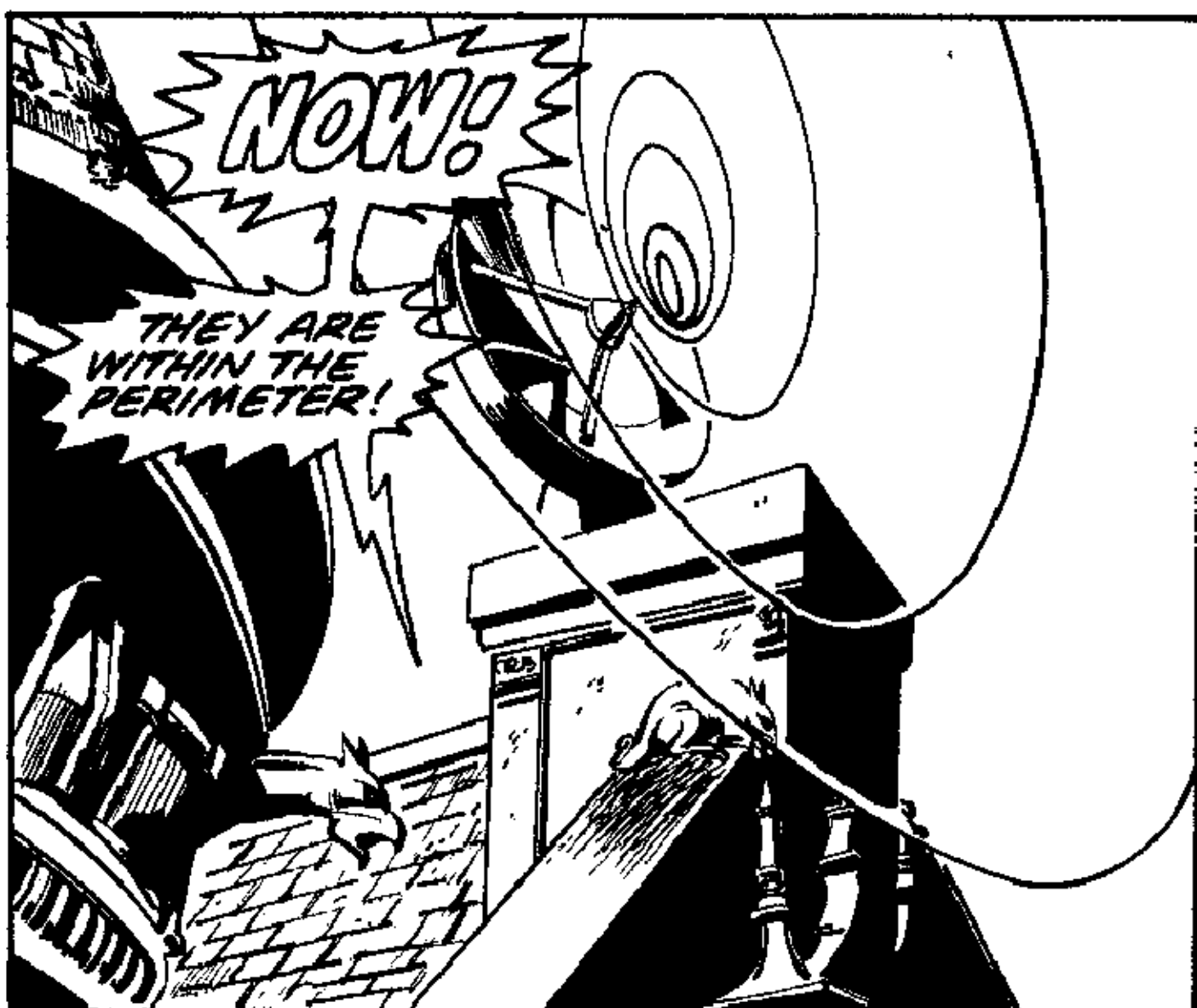
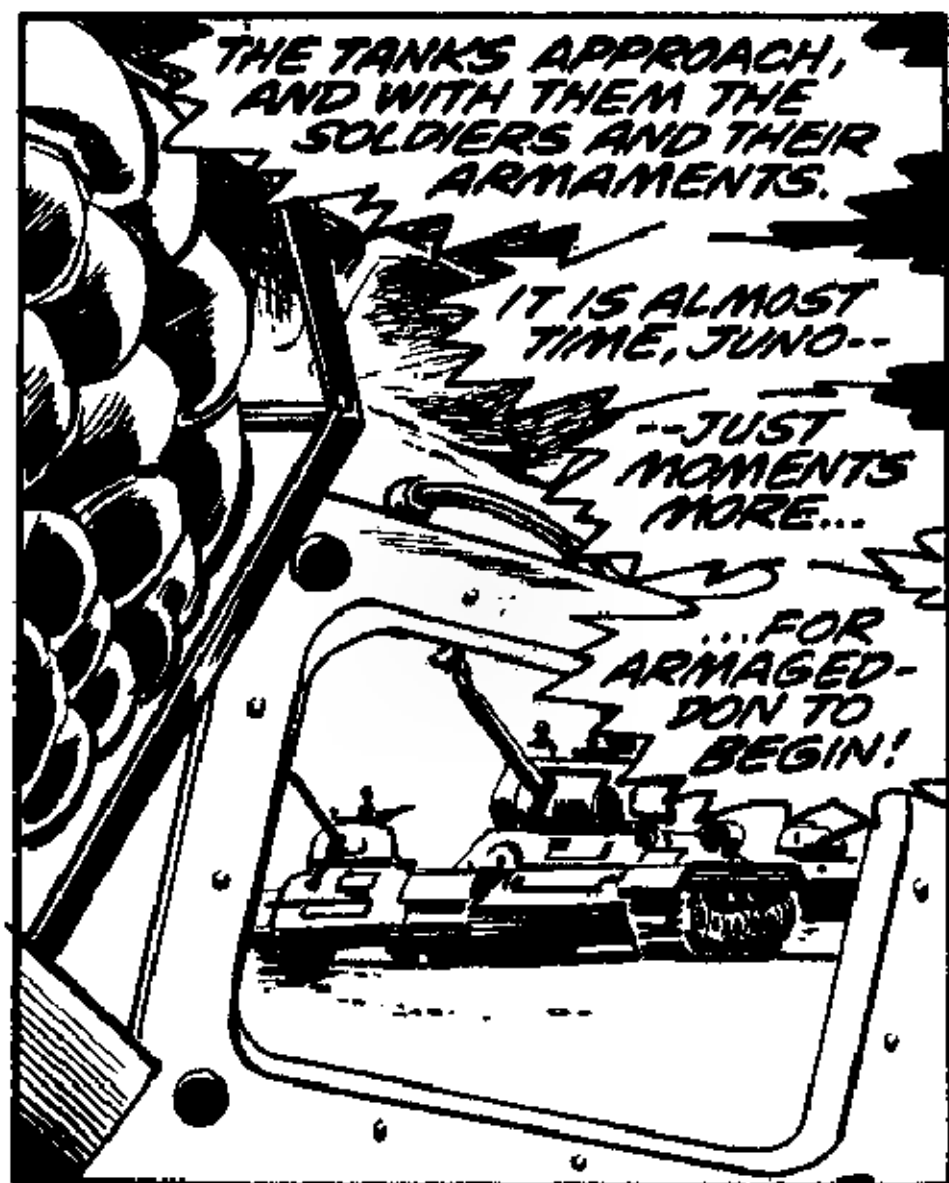
RRRRUNNMBLE



I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU, MR. HARKER, THAT THE PRESS IS GOING TO CHEW US INTO FODDER FOR THIS OPERATION--

--SHOULD ANY OF YOUR INFORMATION PROVE TO BE INCORRECT!

I'M NOT WRONG, GENERAL CODER. I ONLY WISH I WERE!







THEN, SUDDENLY, FROM THE SHADOWS...

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS-- THE HAROLD TAXI EXPRESS IS HERE.

CLIMB ABOARD!



I COULD KISS YOU FOR THIS!

RACHEL I WOULDN'T MIND, BUT YOU, FRANK. WELL--

LOOK, LET'S GET MOVING. I DON'T THINK THIS IS THE PLACE TO DISCUSS OUR RESPECTIVE MANLINESSSES.

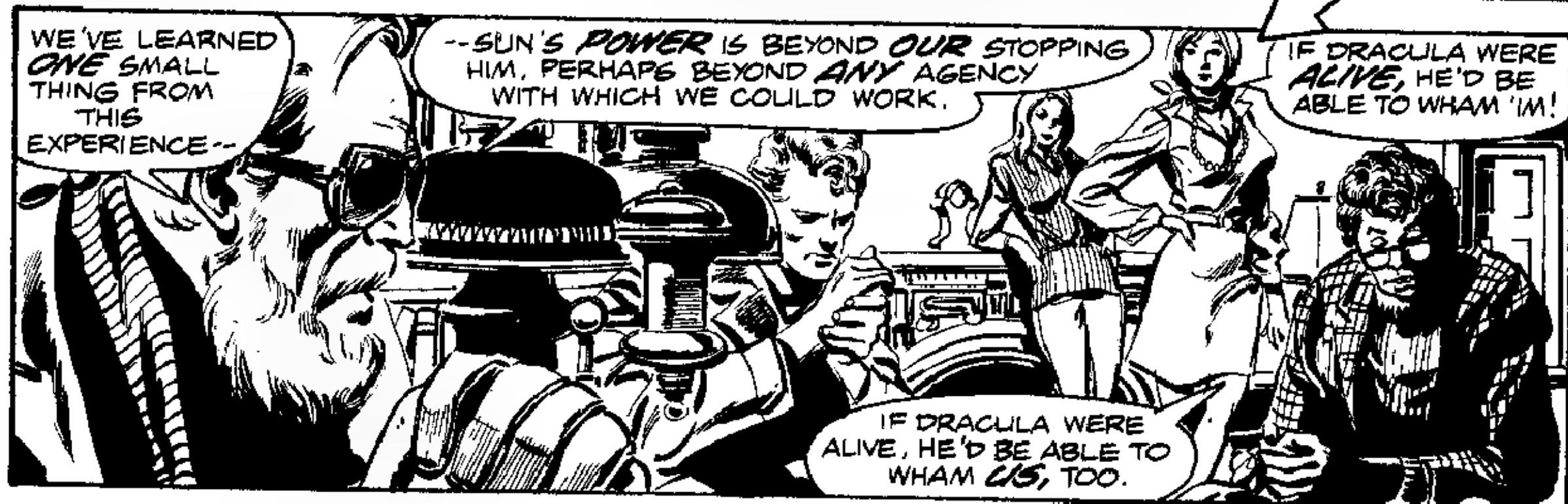
NOT THAT I HAVE MUCH MANLINESS TO DISCUSS, THAT IS.



HOME, JAMES?

HOME, HAROLD!

SHORTLY...



WE'VE LEARNED ONE SMALL THING FROM THIS EXPERIENCE--

--SUN'S POWER IS BEYOND OUR STOPPING HIM, PERHAPS BEYOND ANY AGENCY WITH WHICH WE COULD WORK.

IF DRACULA WERE ALIVE, HE'D BE ABLE TO WHAM 'IM!

IF DRACULA WERE ALIVE, HE'D BE ABLE TO WHAM US, TOO.



LET'S NOT FORGET ABOUT US, AURORA. ESPECIALLY ABOUT ME!

BUT THEN WE'RE BACK TO THE OLD PROBLEM--

IN A SENSE, AURORA'S RIGHT. DRACULA AT LEAST HELD SUN OFF BEFORE.

WHICH ONE OF THEM IS WORSE -- DRACULA OR SUN?



THIS ISN'T GETTING US ANYWHERE, RACHEL.

BUT I DON'T WANT TO EVEN THINK ABOUT USING DRACULA. HE'S ONE MENACE WHO IS GONE--

WE CAN'T STOP SUN, AND IT'S NOW DAMN SURE THE ARMY IS HELPLESS AS WELL.

--HOPEFULLY FOR GOOD AND FOREVER!

MR. DRAKE, WHEN YOU HAVE LIVED AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU LEARN *NEVER* TO SAY NEVER.

I-I HAVE FOUGHT DRACULA FOR ALL MY LIFE, AND NOW, WHEN *ALL* THAT I HAVE LIVED FOR IS DONE--

--I CAN FEEL *NO* JOY, *NO* HAPPINESS, AND *ONLY* REMORSE.

A FEW DAYS AGO I THOUGHT WE HAD FINALLY *SLAIN* DRACULA-- FOR HE LAY THERE DYING IN MY HOME, HIS FLESH TURNING TO *DUST*, HIS BONES TO *ASH*.

BUT I HAD TO LET HIM *LIVE*, AND IN SO DOING, PART OF *ME* DIED.

YET, I HAD MADE A *DECISION*, AND THOUGH IT WAS ONE I HAD TO REGRET EVEN IN THE MAKING, IT WAS *STILL* A DECISION.

JUST AS I MUST MAKE ONE *NOW*, IT SEEMS.

I FEEL LIKE *ATLAS*--HOLDING THE WEIGHT OF A WORLD ON MY SHOULDERS, YET THIS *MUST* BE A BURDEN I HAVE TO CARRY.

GOD HELP ME, I MUST MAKE THIS DECISION, I *MUST*!

WHAT HAS DRACULA MEANT TO *YOU*, MR. DRAKE? YOU ARE HIS DESCENDANT--YOU JOINED OUR BATTLE BECAUSE OF RACHEL.

I HAVE BEEN INVOLVED WITH THIS FOR MANY YEARS--*TOO MANY YEARS*.

FIRST WHEN DRACULA HAD IMPRISONED MY FATHER IN HIS TRANSYLVANIAN CASTLE.

"THEN WHEN HE KILLED MY MOTHER'S BEST FRIEND, AND HAD *ALMOST* SLAIN MY MOTHER AS WELL.

"AND, MAY THE LORD KEEP HER SOUL IN *ETERNAL REST*--

"-- WHEN HE KILLED MY *WIFE*, ELIZABETH.

"FOR, HE HAD AS WELL AS KILLED HER--BY *ATTACKING* HER, DRIVING HER TO THE BRINK OF *INSANITY*.

"AND WHEN *SHE* DIED YEARS LATER, IT WAS STILL BY *HIS* HANDS.

"BUT MY DARLING ELIZABETH WASN'T THE *ONLY* DEATH THAT VISITED ME BECAUSE OF THE FIEND.

"A YEAR AGO-- I WATCHED AS HE TURNED MY *DAUGHTER*, EDITH, INTO HIS *SLAVE*--

"--AND I *SCREAMED* IN HORROR AS SHE KILLED *HERSELF*, RATHER THAN BE FORCED TO SUBMIT TO THE *TYRANNY OF UNLIFE*.

"I *STILL* REMEMBER WATCHING DRACULA *SLAY* MY PARENTS. I REMEMBER THEM PLEADING WITH HIM, THEM *BEGGING* WITH HIM, AND I REMEMBER HIM *LAUGHING* AT THEM.

"LAUGHING AS HE SANK HIS FANGS INTO THEIR NECKS, AND *DRAINED* THE BLOOD WHICH GAVE THEM LIFE.

A DECISION *MUST* BE MADE TONIGHT, MR. DRAKE-- AND WHICHEVER WAY IT GOES, TOO MANY GOOD PEOPLE WILL DIE FOR THE DECISION.

BUT I *MUST* DECIDE. I *MUST*.

THERE IS NO DECISION FOR *ME*, QUINCY-- DRACULA *MUST REMAIN DEAD*--

--AND *ANOTHER* METHOD *MUST* BE FOUND TO *STOP* DOCTOR SUN.

I CARRY MY GRUDGES *LONG*, QUINCY. NOT AN *ADMIRABLE* TRAIT, BUT THAT IS THE WAY THINGS ARE.

I *DON'T* WANT TO SEE DRACULA *LIVE*.

I WANT HIM *BURIED-- FOREVER*.

BUT, QUINCY, AS ALWAYS-- I WILL RESPECT *YOUR* DECISION.



YOU SAY THAT
ALREADY *KNOWING*
MY ANSWER,
RACHEL.

WE HAVE
SLAIN DRACULA
MANY TIMES
IN THE PAST. *NO ONE*
CAN DESTROY
DOCTOR SUN.

NO ONE,
IT SEEMS, BUT
DRACULA.



I'VE CALLED ON GOD *OFTEN* THESE
PAST YEARS--AND I DO SO AGAIN.

I CALL ON GOD
TO GIVE ME
THE STRENGTH
TO GIVE *LIFE*
ANEW TO
GOD'S GREATEST
BLASPHEMER!



I JUST FEEL *ALL* OF US
INVADING SUN'S HEADQUARTERS
WOULD BE *DISASTROUS*.

I'LL GO *ALONE*--
AND BRING
DRACULA'S
ASHES
BACK
WITH ME.

I WILL GO *WITH* YOU, FRANK.

NO WAY, DARLING--
YOUR PLACE IS
HERE, WITH QUINCY.

FRANK, I'VE NEVER
SAID THIS TO YOU
BEFORE--BUT,
MISTER-- *YOU'VE*
FLIPPED
YOUR LID!

I GO--I'M
BETTER *SUITED*
FOR BATTLE THAN YOU
ARE. I'VE *TRAINED*
FOR THIS.



WELL,
HAROLD,
WHAT
ABOUT
YOU?

UH, *THREE'S*
A CROWD, AURORA.
I'D REALLY
RATHER *NOT*
FORM A CROWD.

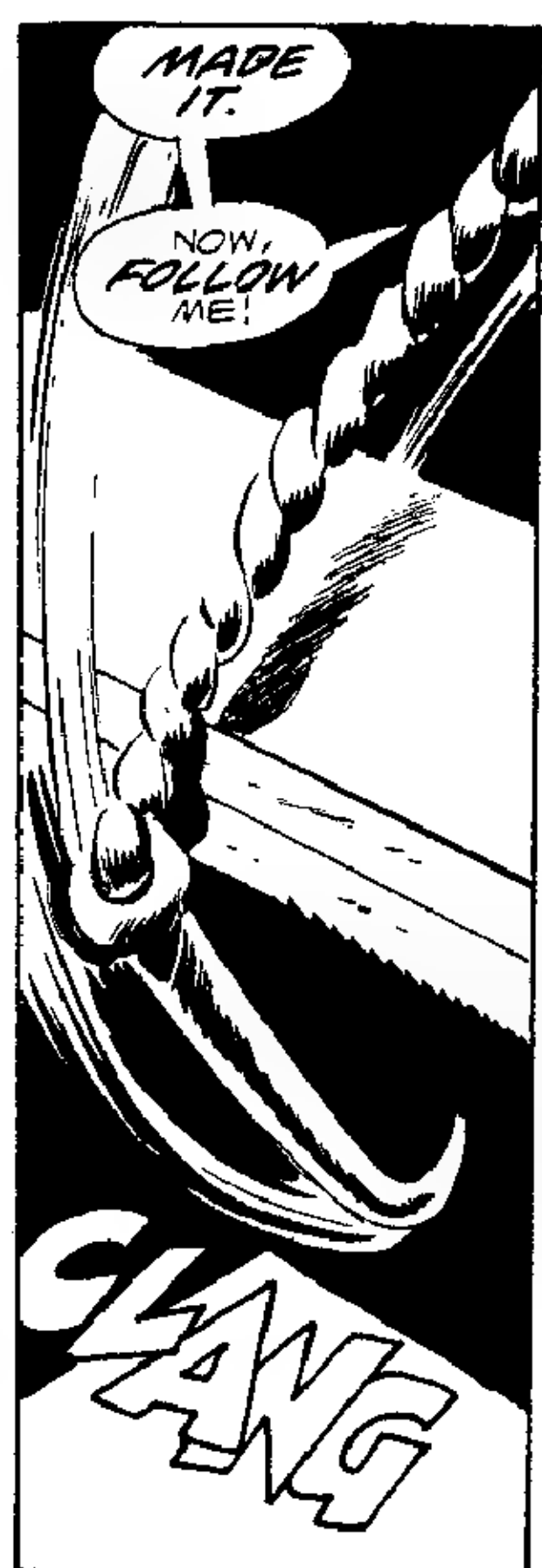
BESIDES, VAMPIRE-
FIGHTING CAN BE
DANGEROUS--
TO MY HEALTH.



DON'T
STRAIN
YOUR
BRAIN
LOVELY
ONE.
I AM
A COWARD.
I REALLY
AM.

I'M
HAROLD H.
HAROLD--
THE
LIVING
COWARD!

HAROLD,
SOMETIMES
I THINK
YOU'RE
A LILY-
LIVERED
COWARD.



C'MON, BUDDY, YOU'RE DOING JUST *FINE*.

I'D RATHER BE DOING BETTER-- AT *HOME*.

FACT IS, I'D RATHER BE DOING *ANYTHING* AT HOME.

IT'S TOO *LATE* FOR THAT, HAROLD. YOU'VE COMMITTED YOURSELF.

YOU'RE WRONG, FRANK. I *SHOULD* BE COMMITTED-- FOR GOING THRU THIS INSANITY.

QUIET, HAROLD. THE MOST DANGEROUS PART IS *AHEAD*.

NOW HE TELLS ME!

I'M SUPPOSED TO *JUMP*? I CAN'T EVEN JUMP OFF A *CURB* WITHOUT TRIPPING.

MY LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A COPY OF *TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES* WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH THIS.

NOT THAT *TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES* IS WORTH *ANYTHING* IN THE FIRST PLACE.

MR. GREADELY, IF I *LIVE* THROUGH THIS NIGHTMARE, I'M COMING BACK TO *HAUNT* YOU.

WHAT I *DO* FOR A WRITING ASSIGNMENT!

DOWN HERE--THROUGH THE *SKYLIGHT*.

UPSY-DAISY, HAROLD. I'VE GOT YOU.

I'M GLAD *SOMEONE'S* GOT ME, I CERTAINLY DON'T!

OKAY, HAROLD-- YOU JUMP DOWN, I'LL CATCH YOU.

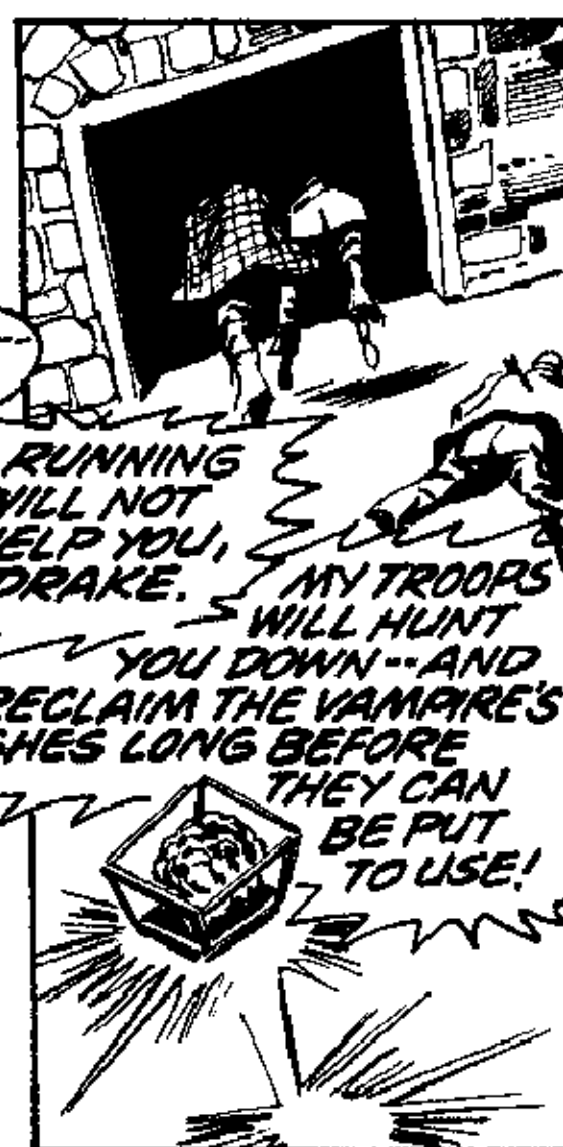
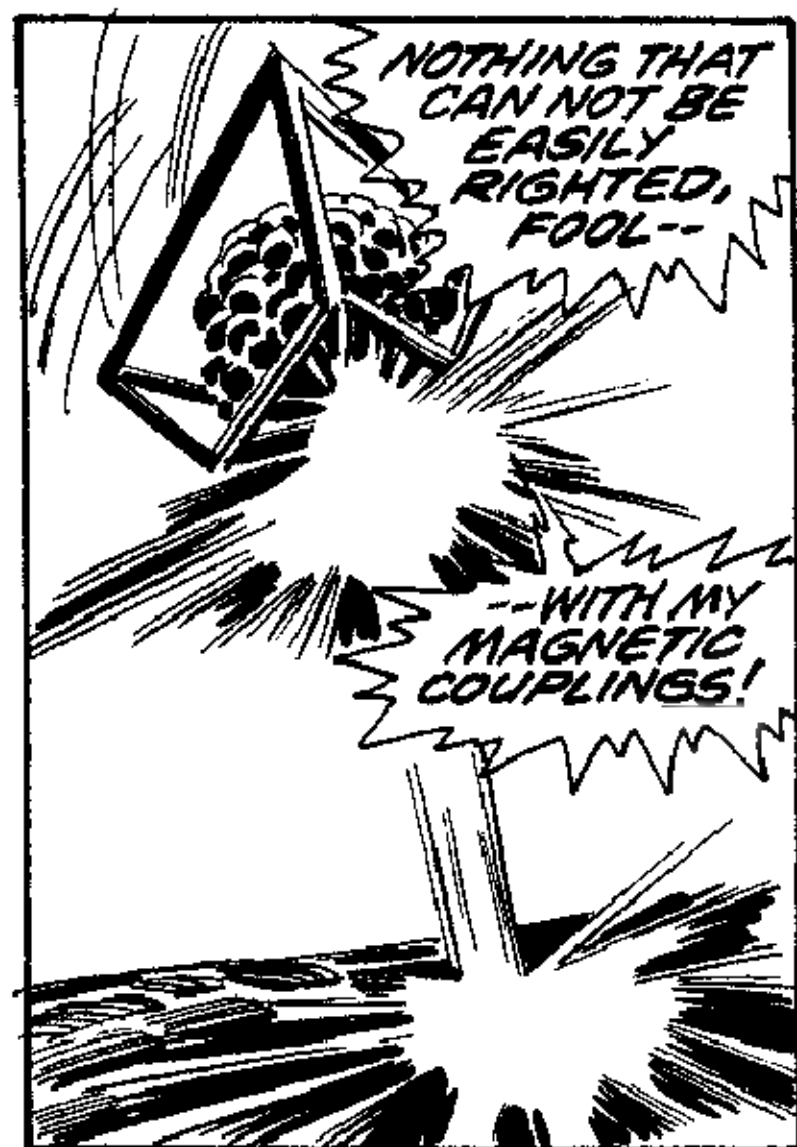
AND TO THINK I FLUNKED OUT OF *GYM CLASS*--

--FOR REFUSING TO TAKE *SHOWERS* WITH THE OTHER GUYS.

GOTCHA, HAROLD. SEE? NO SWEAT!

NO SWEAT, EH? SAY HELLO TO HAROLD H. HAROLD-- THE ONE-MAN *ATLANTIC OCEAN*!





TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

25¢
©

41
FEB
02143

THE TOMB OF DRACULA LORD OF VAMPIRES!

A HALLOWEEN
HOLOGAUST!

AWAY, WHIMPERING PUPS--
DRACULA
LIVES AGAIN!

AND HE
LIVES TO
SLAY!

EXTRA!
THE FEAR-FRAUGHT
RETURN OF
BLADE
THE VAMPIRE
SLAYER!

THE NUMBER 1 FEAR MAGAZINE!

Hidden in the *shadows* where legend and reality merge, there are *tales* of a being who has lived *more than five hundred years*; they say he is a creature born not on earth, but in the deepest bowels of *Hell* itself; they say he thrives upon the *blood* of innocents, that he is the King of Darkness...the Prince of Evil and that even the *bravest* man quakes in fear at the merest mention of his name...

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER / EDITOR

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA
letterer

TOM PALMER
colorist





WE DON'T HAVE ANY *CHOICE*, HAROLD. WE *MUST* FIND A WAY TO BRING DRACULA BACK FROM THE GRAVE.

OR DOCTOR SUN WILL CONQUER US ALL!

KEEP CHECKING YOUR *BOOKS*. PERHAPS THERE'S SOME WAY THAT WE'VE ALL BEEN *OVERLOOKING*.



I SUGGEST WE TRY THE *GOVERNMENT* AGAIN-- CONTACT SOMEONE IN *WASHINGTON*.

I STILL *DIS-APPROVE* OF REGENERATING ONE MENACE TO BATTLE ANOTHER.

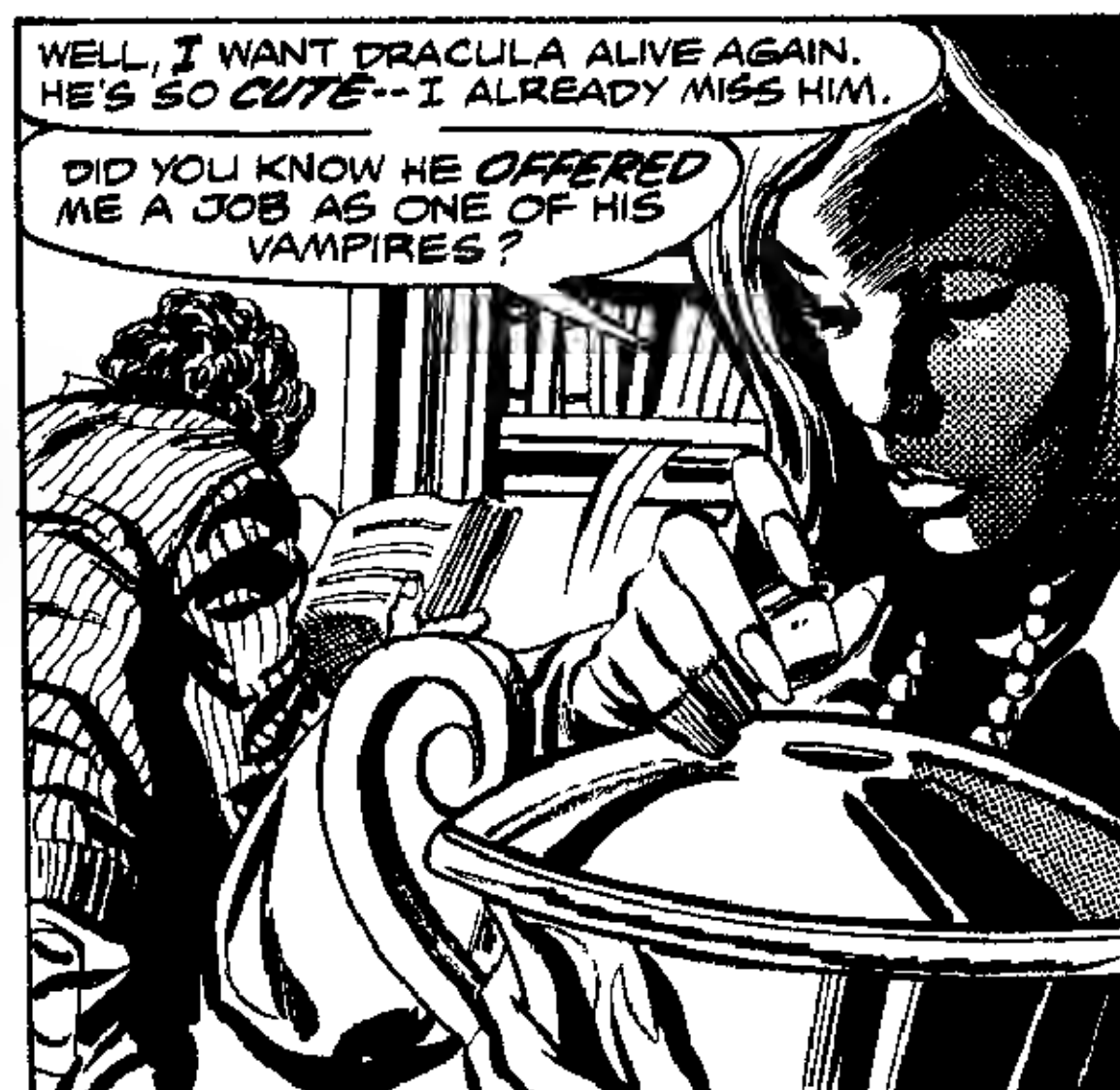


WHAT *ELSE* CAN WE DO, RACHEL? SUN'S ALREADY PROVEN HE CAN *CONTROL* THE ARMY.

DO WE SEND IN *MORE* TROOPS FOR HIM TO TAKE OVER?

LOOK, I DON'T LIKE THE *IDEA* ANY MORE THAN YOU DO--

--BUT I FEAR THAT DRACULA MAY BE THE *ONLY* ONE WHO CAN HELP US NOW,



WELL, I WANT DRACULA ALIVE AGAIN. HE'S SO *CUTE*-- I ALREADY MISS HIM.

DID YOU KNOW HE *OFFERED* ME A JOB AS ONE OF HIS VAMPIRES?



I SEE HIM DOWN THERE. GOSH--EVEN HIS *ASHES* ARE CUTE.

WE'VE JUST GOT TO FIND A WAY TO BRING HIM *BACK* TO ME, HAROLD.

I'M *LOOKING* FOR ONE, AURORA. *BELIEVE* ME!



AH HA! FRIENDS, ROMANS, AND RESIDENTS OF BOSTON PROPER--

--GIVE THE KID WITH GLASSES A *GOLD STAR*!

I THINK I MAY HAVE *FOUND* THE ANSWER WE'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR.



IT'S HERE, UNDER
"VAMPIRE
REVIVIFICATION."

OH, DRACULA,
PLEASE COME
BACK TO ME.
I MISS YOU. I
REALLY DO.

DRACULA?
DO YOU
HEAR ME?

PLEASE
COME BACK
TO ME.

IT SAYS THAT
"EITHER THE BLOOD
OR THE TEARS OF A
VIRGIN-PURE CAN RE-
ANIMATE THE ASHES
OF A VAMPIRE-
DAMNED."



THEY'VE GONE
OUT OF STYLE
LIKE THE ICE-
MAN AND G-
RATED MOVIES.

OH WELL,
BACK TO
THE OLD
READING
ROOM, I
GUESS.

OH WELL, I
THOUGHT
WE HAD
SOMETHING.

BUT WHERE THE HECK
ARE WE GOING TO FIND A "VIRGIN-
PURE" THESE DAYS?



THE URN--IT'S
GETTING HOT!

OH MY
GOODNESS.
I CAN'T
HOLD ON!



S-SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
INSIDE THAT URN.
IT'S BEGINNING
TO GLOW.

AND IF IT
MEANS WHAT
I THINK
IT DOES--

I'M GOING
TO BE SICK...
I REALLY AM!



THE ROOM'S
GETTING
HOT.

I THINK
A **FIRE'S**
STARTING!

BUT I CAN'T LET
IT REACH MY **RESEARCH**
BOOKS--IF I CAN'T
FIND STUFF TO **STEAL**
IN THOSE BOOKS--

--I'M OUT OF
A **JOB!**

BUT THE FIERY GLOW DOES
RAGE...

...AND **BURNS**...

...AND **GROWS**...

...AND **ENVELOPES** THE
SMALL STUDIO APARTMENT.

RACHEL GAZES HELP-
LESSLY THROUGH CLENCHED,
BITTER EYES. SHE **KNOWS**
WHAT IS HAPPENING--AND
ITS VERY **THOUGHT**
SICKENS HER.

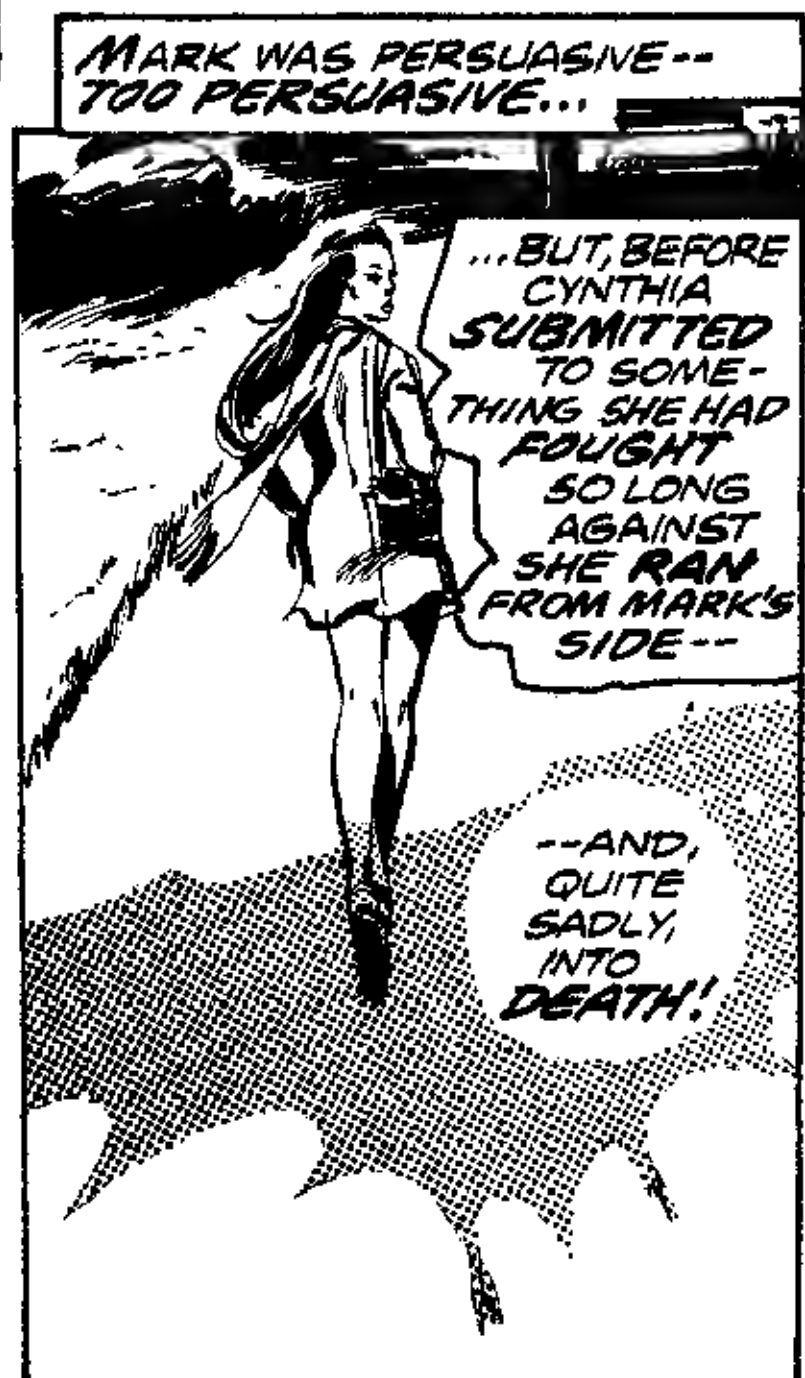
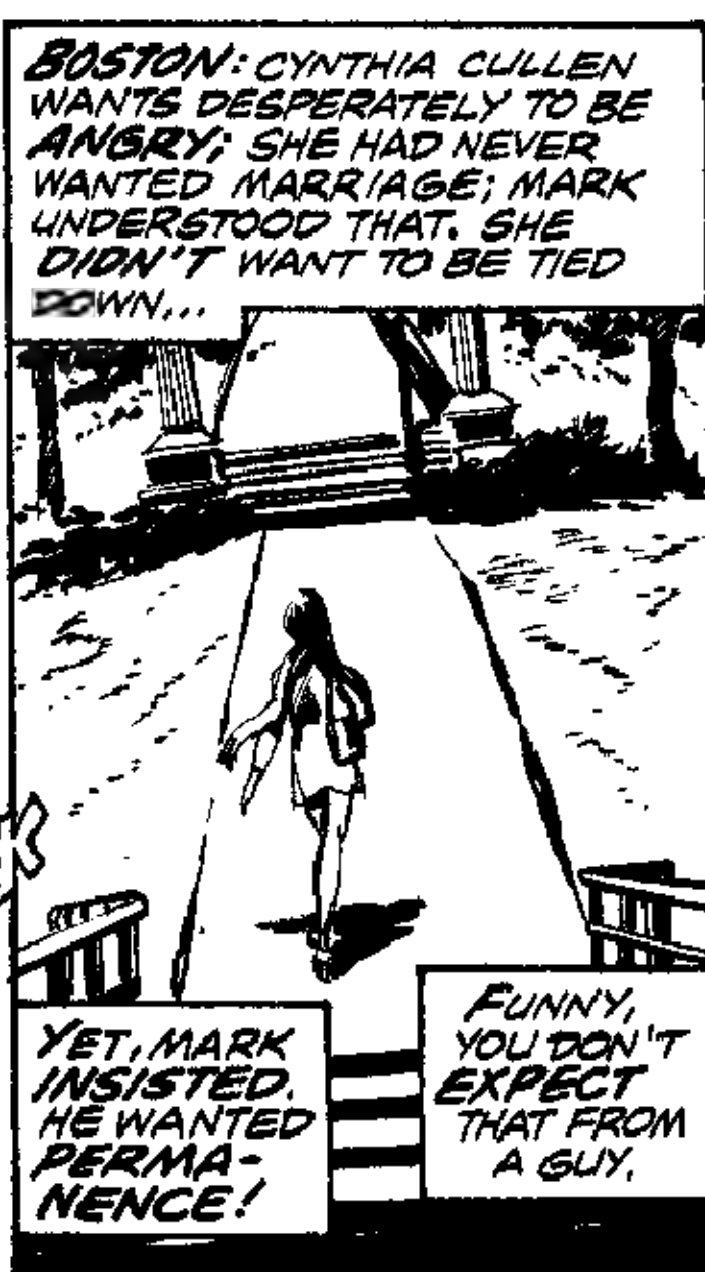
HAROLD'S FLESH
BEGINS TO **SIZZLE**,
AND THE STENCH
OF BURNT MEAT
STRUGGLES ITS
WAY THROUGH
THE ROOM.

QUINCY HARKER CHOKES
ON THE CHARCOAL **STINK**
AS HE **GRABS** FOR A
HANDKERCHIEF TO HOLD
CLOSE TO HIS NOSE AND
MOUTH.

AURORA AND FRANK
STARE ALMOST **OBLIVIOUS**
TO THE SWIRLING SMOKE
AND ASH THAT RISES
TORNADO-LIKE IN THE
APARTMENT.

THE ASHES FUSE
TOGETHER FORMING
BONE. AND ON THE
BONE, **MUSCLE**
TISSUE GROWS.
AND OVER THE
TISSUE, **FLESH**
FORMS, AND OVER
THE FLESH, THE
NIGHT-BLACK
CLOAK OF A
BEING WHO HAD
BEEN **TRULY**
DEAD RUSTLES
AS THE BODY
BENEATH IT
TWITCHES IN ITS
UNEXPECTED
GRASPING
AT LIFE.

HE LIVES AGAIN! **DRACULA**
TRULY LIVES AGAIN!



SHE KNOWS SHE IS GOING TO DIE.

NOT EVEN WHEN THE HEAVY BODY CRUSHES HER'S TO THE GROUND. NOT EVEN WHEN THE RAZOR-SHARP TALONS RAKE ACROSS HER FACE, AND BLOOD SPURTS MADLY FROM THE DEEP, INCISOR WOUNDS.

SHE RAN FROM MARK ANGRILY, AND SHE SUBMITS TO DEATH WILLINGLY.

PERHAPS THAT IS WHY CYNTHIA DOES NOT STRUGGLE.

SHE DOESN'T CRY; SHE DOESN'T EVEN WANT TO. SHE IS AT EASE AS THE RICH BLOOD FLOWS FROM HER NECK AND INTO THE MOUTH OF THE VELVET-CLOAKED FIEND. FOR THE FIRST SECONDS SHE FEELS PAIN, THEN PLEASURE, THEN HEAT, THEN WHITENESS, THEN BLACKNESS, THEN--

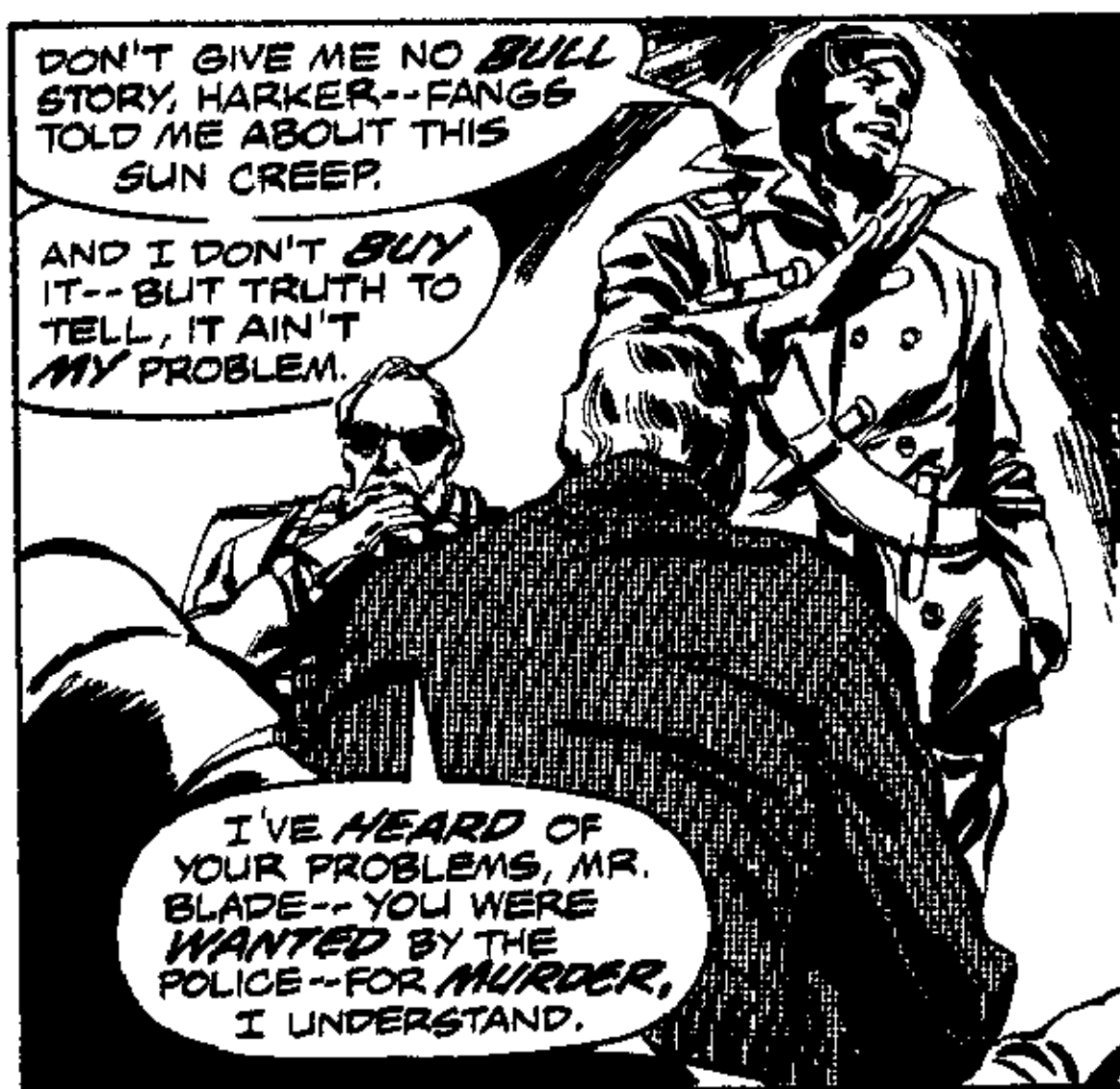
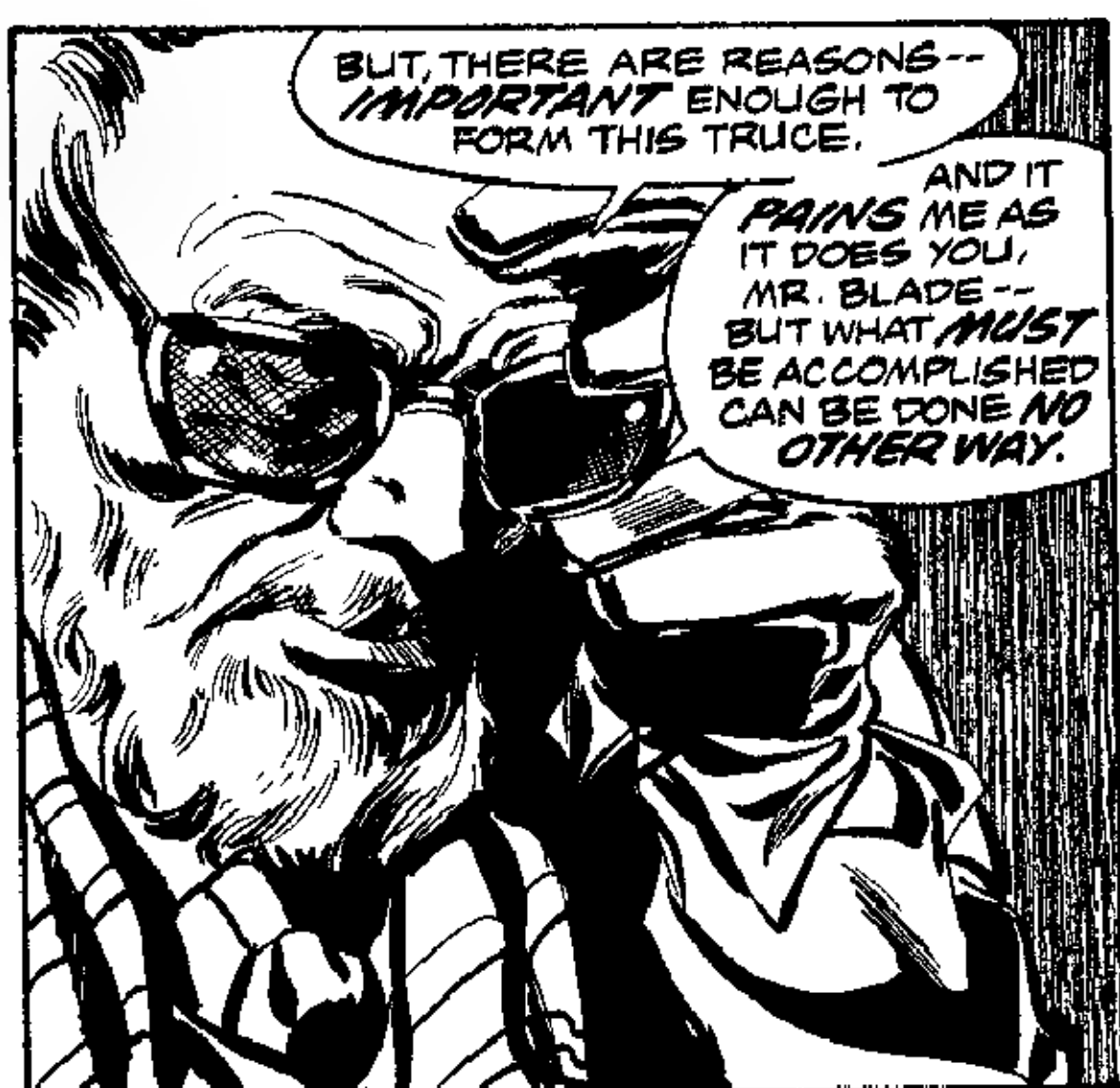
--NOTHING.

SUCH SWEET BLOOD, MY DEAR. IT HAS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I THIRSTED ON ANY SUCH AS YOURS.

AND VERY SOON YOU YOURSELF SHALL KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO THIRST, AND I PRAY TO MY UNHOLY GODS, THAT YOU FIND BLOOD THAT TASTES AS SWEET.

AND CYNTHIA CULLEN WILL, AND SO, EVENTUALLY, WILL MARK.







BUT THEIR SCHEME **FAILED**,
AND NOW **ANOTHER** PLOT,
FROM **ANOTHER** **FOE**,
MUST FAIL AS WELL.

FOR, THE **DESTRUCTION** OF
DOCTOR SUN IS FAR MORE
IMPORTANT THAN MY SLAYING
YOU, BLADE.

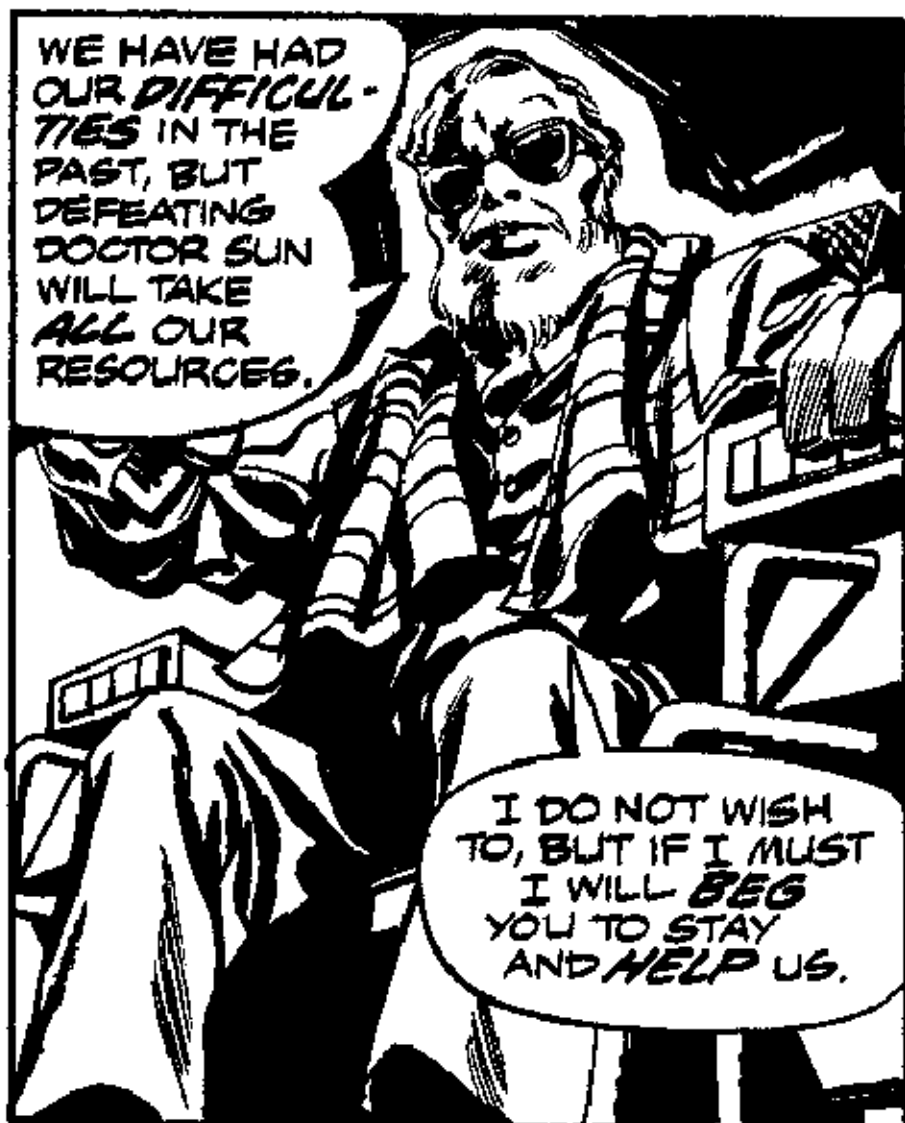


THAT SINKS IT, MAN--YOU CAN
TAKE YOUR PARTNER AND
STUFF 'IM, HARKER.

BLADE!

AS FER ME--I GOT
OTHER THINGS TO DO
--LIKE FIND THAT
STINKIN' **MOTHER-
KILLER**.

I **TRACED** HIM TO
BOSTON, AND MAN,
I GOTTA **FIND** HIM, AND
I GOTTA **KILL** HIM!



WE HAVE HAD
OUR **DIFFICUL-
TIES** IN THE
PAST, BUT
DEFEATING
DOCTOR SUN
WILL TAKE
ALL OUR
RESOURCES.

I DO NOT WISH
TO, BUT IF I MUST
I WILL **BEG**
YOU TO STAY
AND **HELP** US.



YOU BROUGHT FANGS BACK TO LIFE,
HARKER, NOW YOU GO PLAY WITH
HIM--**ALONE!**

MAYBE YOU
FORGOT WHAT WE'VE BEEN
FIGHTING THAT **KILLER** FOR--

--OR, ARE
YOU WAITIN'
FOR HIM TO BITE
A **CHUNK**
OUTTA THIS KID'S
NECK?

LIKE HE DID
THAT KID IN
THE **PARK?**

WANNA SEE
HER CORPSE,
HARKER?



DRACULA WOULDN'T HARM
ME, I **LOVE** HIM.

BABY, HE'D
SLAUGHTER YOU
WITHOUT EVEN **THINK-
ING** ABOUT IT IF HE
HAD A **WHIM** TO.



AN' THEN HE'D LICK
YOUR BONES **DRY**
JUST FOR **FUN!**



ENOUGH! GET OUT OF HERE,
BLADE-- **GET OUT!**

WE DON'T
NEED YOU--
AND WE
DON'T WANT
YOUR HELP.



I SPLITTIN', BEAUTIFUL, AN' WHILE I'M OUT SEARCHIN' FOR A KILLER, YOU CAN PLAY YOUR GAMES WITH DRAC.

DON'T BOTHER SHOWIN' ME THE WAY OUT, GANG --I CAN FIND THE DOOR MYSELF.

TOODALOO, CHUCKLES, HAVE FUN!



A TOTALLY INFURIATING MAN.

YEAH, A MILLION LAUGHS.

SLAM



WAS HE RIGHT, DRACULA? WOULD YOU REALLY KILL ME LIKE HE SAID?

OF COURSE, MY DEAR, BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO AS LONG AS YOU AMUSE ME.



SEE, HAROLD? I TOLD YOU DRACULA REALLY CARED ABOUT ME.

AURORA, SOMETIMES I REALLY WORRY ABOUT YOU.

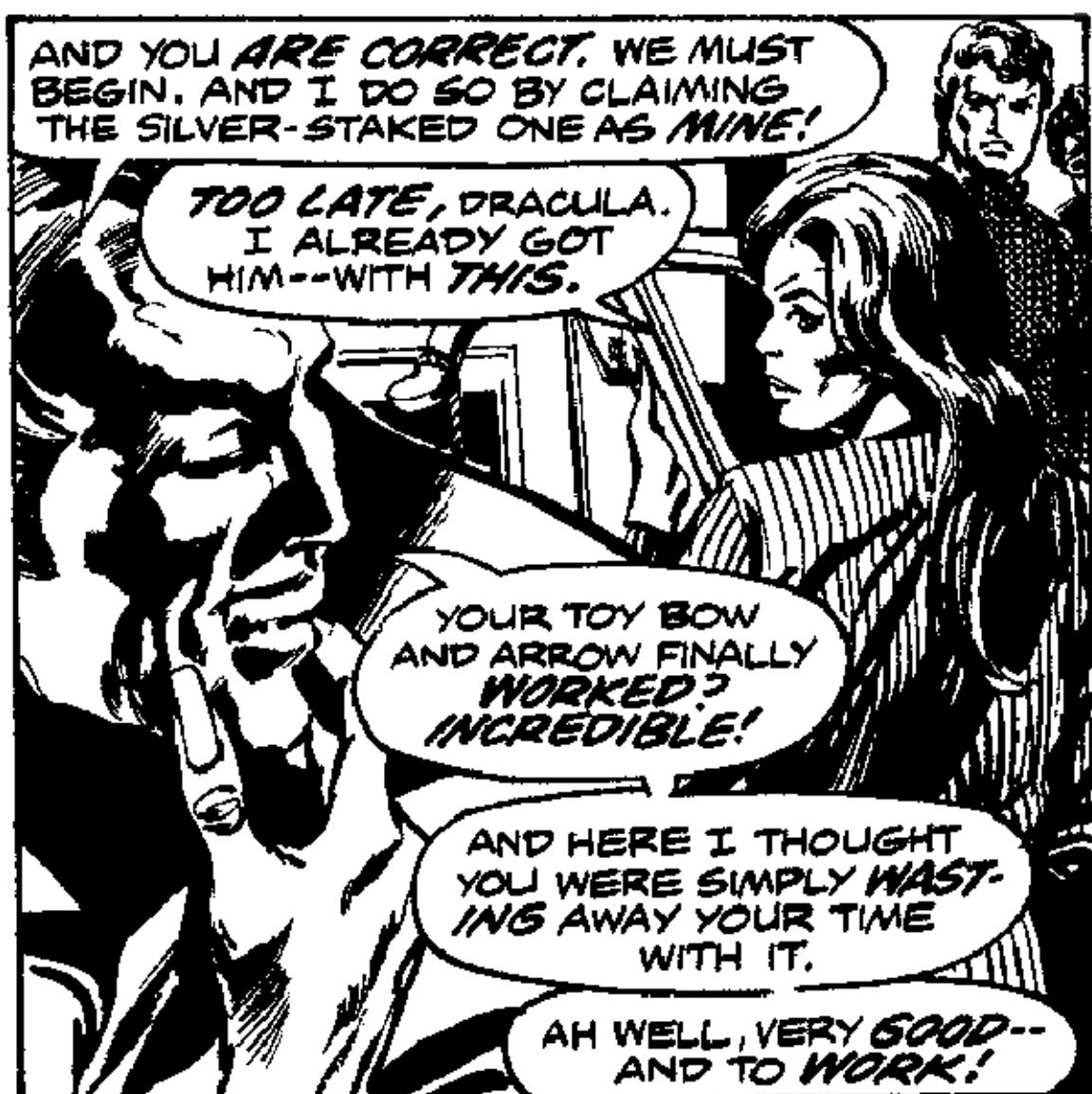


WE'VE BEEN SHOOTING THE BREEZE TOO LONG. I WANT ACTION!

AHH, IT SEEMS AS IF MY FOPPISH DESCENDANT HAS ALTERED HIS COWARDLY ATTITUDE OF LATE.

ONCE HE WOULD HAVE RUN WHEN DANGER BECKONED.

PERHAPS THERE IS SOME OF MY BLOOD IN YOU AFTER ALL, DRAKE. JUST PERHAPS.



AND YOU ARE CORRECT. WE MUST BEGIN. AND I DO SO BY CLAIMING THE SILVER-STAKED ONE AS MINE!

TOO LATE, DRACULA. I ALREADY GOT HIM--WITH THIS.

YOUR TOY BOW AND ARROW FINALLY WORKED? INCREDIBLE!

AND HERE I THOUGHT YOU WERE SIMPLY WASTING AWAY YOUR TIME WITH IT.

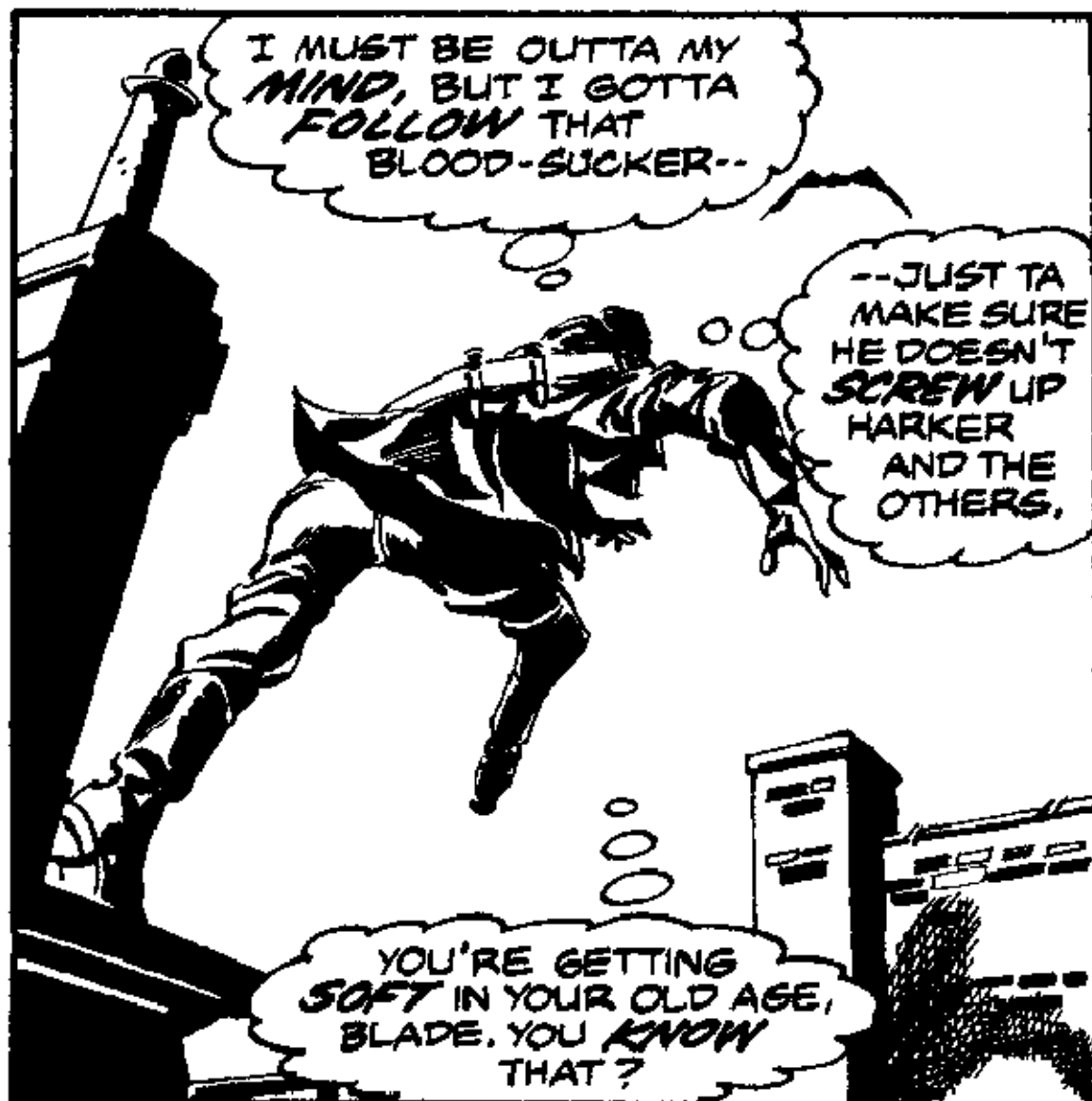
AH WELL, VERY GOOD--AND TO WORK!



YOU REMAIN HERE WHILE I SCOUT SUN'S HIDEOUT!

A SOLDIER LEARNS THAT PREPARATION TAKES ONLY TIME, AND THAT TIME MAY SAVE LIVES!

WAIT AND I WILL RETURN!





A GUARD! I SHOULD HAVE REMEMBERED THAT SUN HAD POSITIONED ONE THERE. DRAKE TOLD ME THAT HE AND VAN HESING CAME THIS WAY TO RETRIEVE MY ASHES!

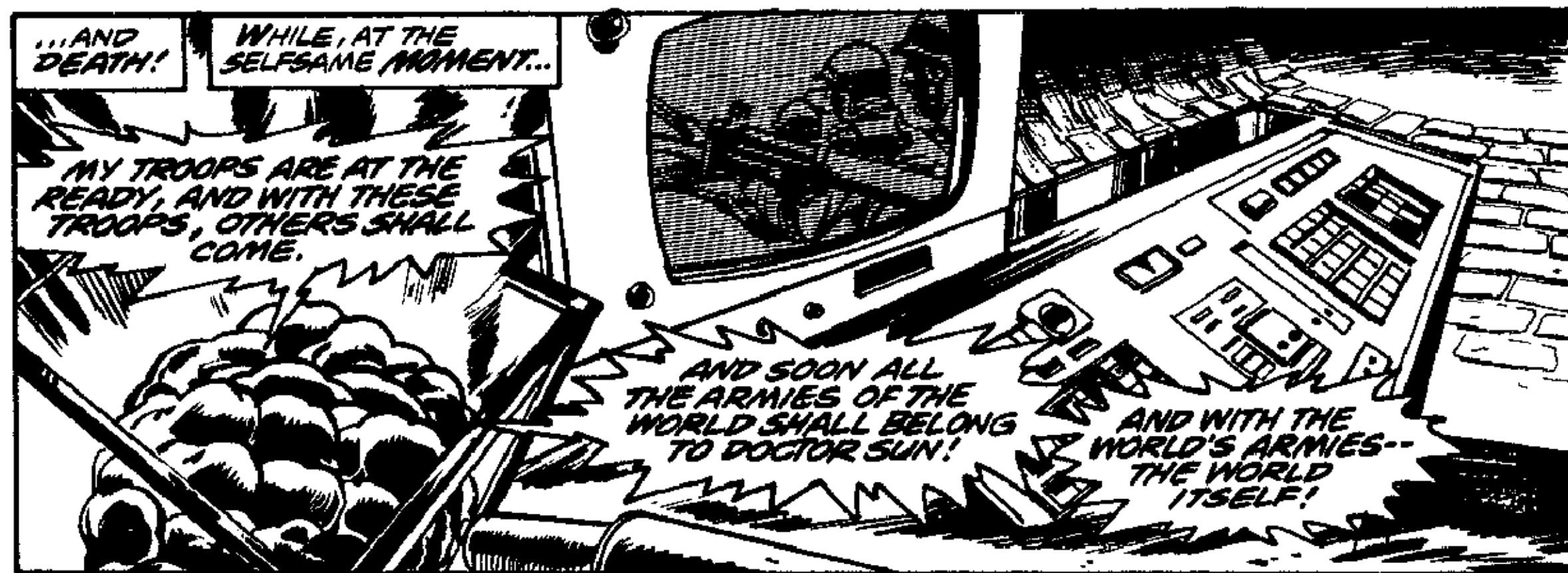


BUT SUN SHOULD HAVE INFORMED HIS SOLDIERS THAT MERE BULLETS CAN NOT KILL ONE WHO IS ALREADY DEAD!



THOUGH POSSESSING THAT KNOWLEDGE DOES YOU LITTLE GOOD, DOES IT, LITTLE MAN?

THE GUARD STARES IN TERROR AS THE VAMPIRE LORD'S FANGS LOWER THEMSELVES ABOUT HIS NECK. HE FEELS THE PAIN FOR ONLY AN INSTANT BEFORE HE SUCCEUMBS TO-- UNCONSCIOUSNESS...



...AND DEATH!

WHILE, AT THE SELFSAME MOMENT...

MY TROOPS ARE AT THE READY, AND WITH THESE TROOPS, OTHERS SHALL COME.

AND SOON ALL THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD SHALL BELONG TO DOCTOR SUN!

AND WITH THE WORLD'S ARMIES-- THE WORLD ITSELF!



UNIT TWO-- REPORT INSIDE!

THE WAIT IS OVER, AND NOW YOU MUST DIE IF NECESSARY FOR YOUR NEW MASTER!

HOLY CRUD! HARKER WAS RIGHT. THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR THEM.

BETTER CALL 'EM AND LET 'EM KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' DOWN HERE.

'CAUSE FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE!



SUN'S READY TO MOVE, AND WHO THE HELL KNOWS WHAT FANSS IS UP TO.

SO IT LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING'S DUMPED ON ME!

AND MAN, THIS IS ONE EARTH-SHATTERIN' TASK I'D RATHER NOT BE INVOLVED WITH.

IF I DO IT RIGHT, I'M A HERO. BUT IF I SCREW IT UP, I'M THE GOAT THAT PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON THE END OF THE WORLD!

GREAT! THOUGHTS LIKE THAT REALLY GIVE A GUY CONFIDENCE!



WHILE... OUR POWER IS SMALL-- OUR DESIRE: GREAT!

AND YOU, MY NEWLY WON TROOPS, SHALL BE THE VANGUARD OF MY POWER!



BUT NOW YOU SHALL RETURN TO YOUR BASE... INFILTRATE... BRING NEW CONVERTS TO ME--

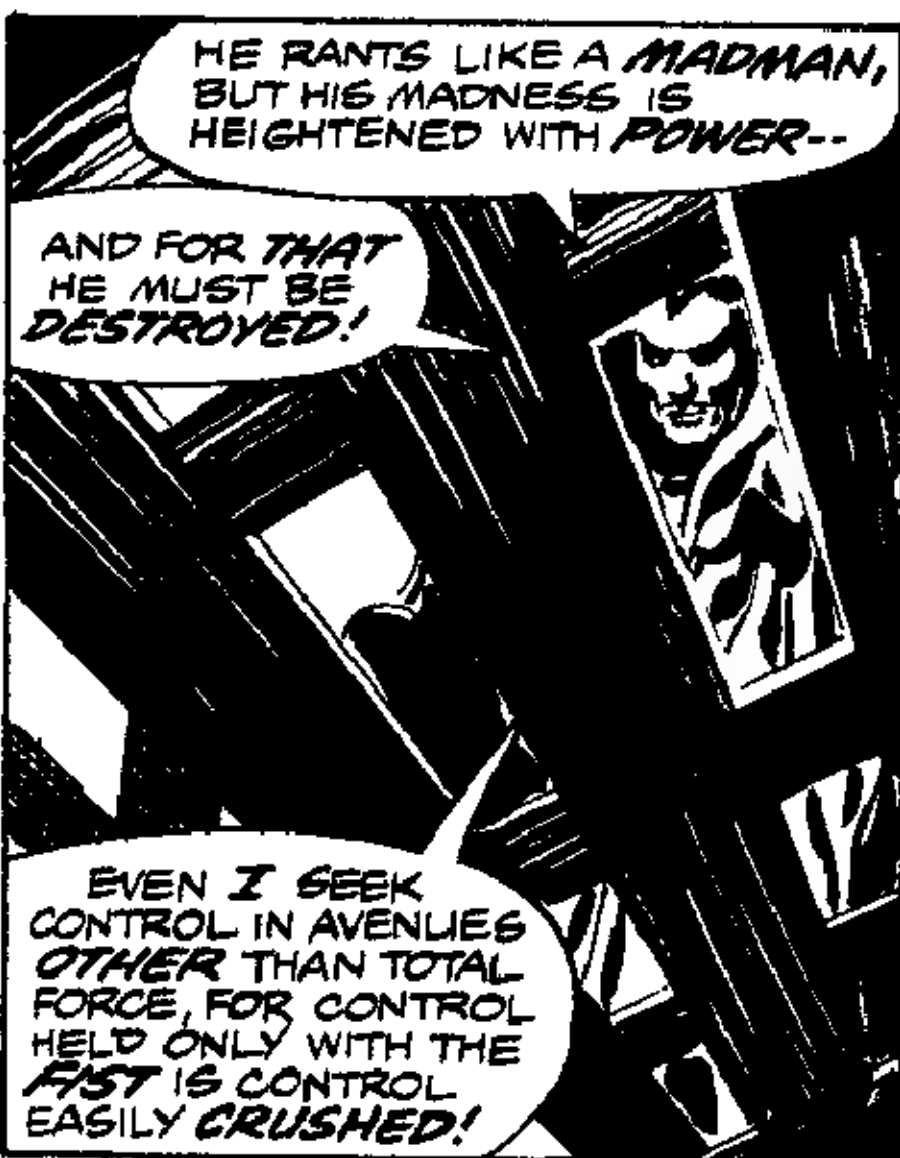
--AND BRING WITH THEM NEW WEAPONS TO BE USED FOR MY PURPOSES!

YEARS AGO I WAS THE CREATION OF ONE GOVERNMENT...



...BUT SOON ALL GOVERNMENTS WILL BE MINE... TO CONTROL--

--TO CRUSH!



HE RANTS LIKE A MADMAN, BUT HIS MADNESS IS HEIGHTENED WITH POWER--

AND FOR THAT HE MUST BE DESTROYED!

EVEN I SEEK CONTROL IN AVENUES OTHER THAN TOTAL FORCE, FOR CONTROL HELD ONLY WITH THE FIST IS CONTROL EASILY CRUSHED!



TOTAL CONTROL IS SOMETHING TO BE MOLDED, SHAPED THEN RESHAPED AND GIVEN THE ILLUSION THAT IT IS GOOD!

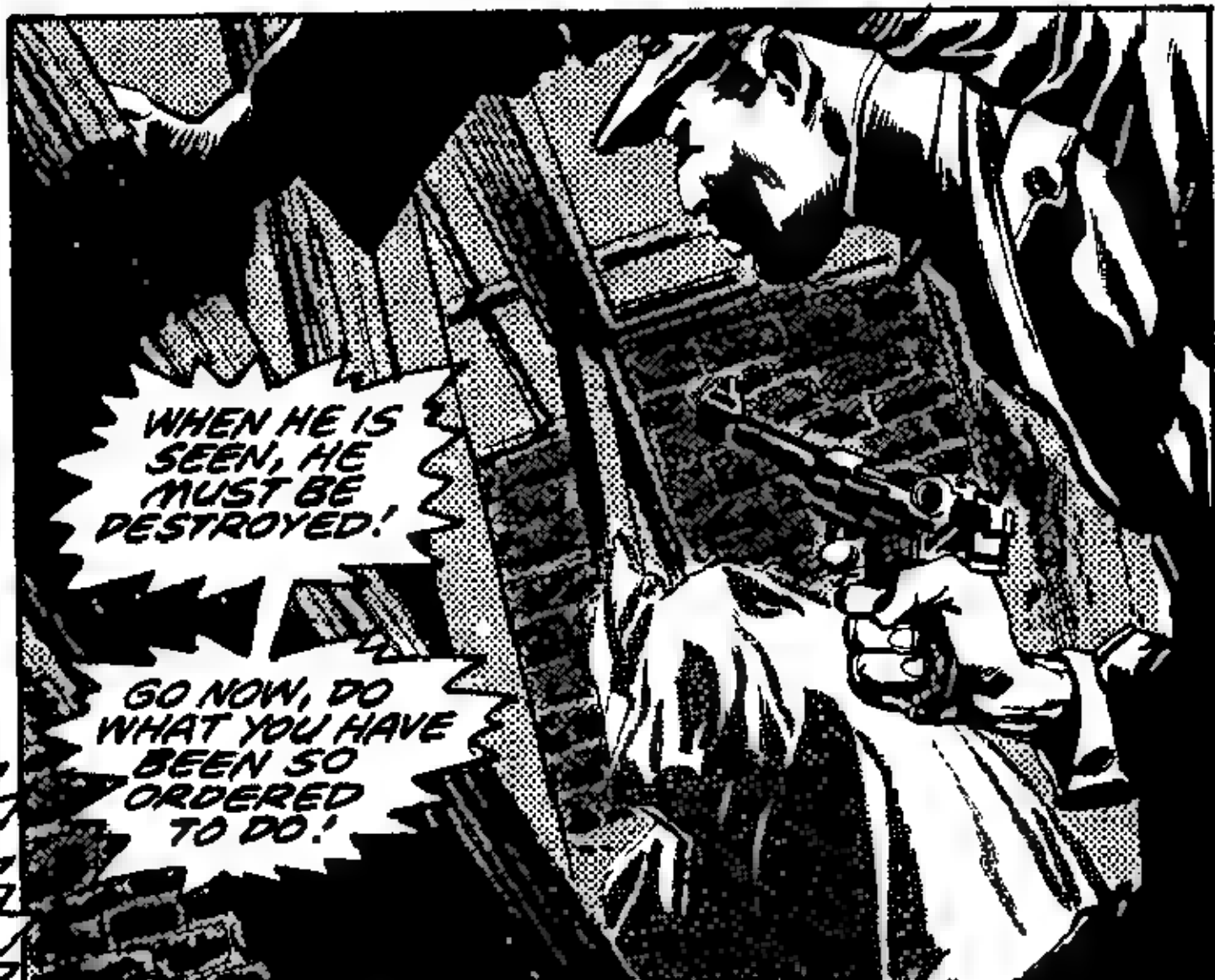
AND THAT ILLUSION MUST BE CONSTANTLY FED, FOR WHEN THE "GOOD" BECOMES AN OBVIOUS ILLUSION, AGAIN IT CAN-- AND WILL-- BE CRUSHED!

IF ONE WISHES TO RULE WITH A HAND OF IRON, ONE MUST MAKE IT APPEAR THAT THE HAND HOLDS ONLY SUGAR!



NOW GO--TAKE THE WEAPONS
I'VE SUPPLIED YOU WITH--

--FOR THE VAMPIRE
STILL RUNS LOOSE,
AND YOUR WEAPONS
CONTAIN BULLETS COATED
WITH SILVER!



WHEN HE IS
SEEN, HE
MUST BE
DESTROYED!

GO NOW, DO
WHAT YOU HAVE
BEEN SO
ORDERED
TO DO!



SORRY, BROTHER, BUT
YOU'RE NOT USIN' THAT
LITTLE PLAYTHING
ON FANGS--

--NOT RIGHT
NOW, AT
LEAST!



NOT THAT I NECESSARILY WANT
TO WORK WITH THAT KILLER,
BUT UNTIL HE'S FINISHED
POIN' WHAT
HARKER
WANTS
HIM TO DO--

DRACULA'S
GONNA BE
WALKIN' WITH
HIS OWN
POWER!

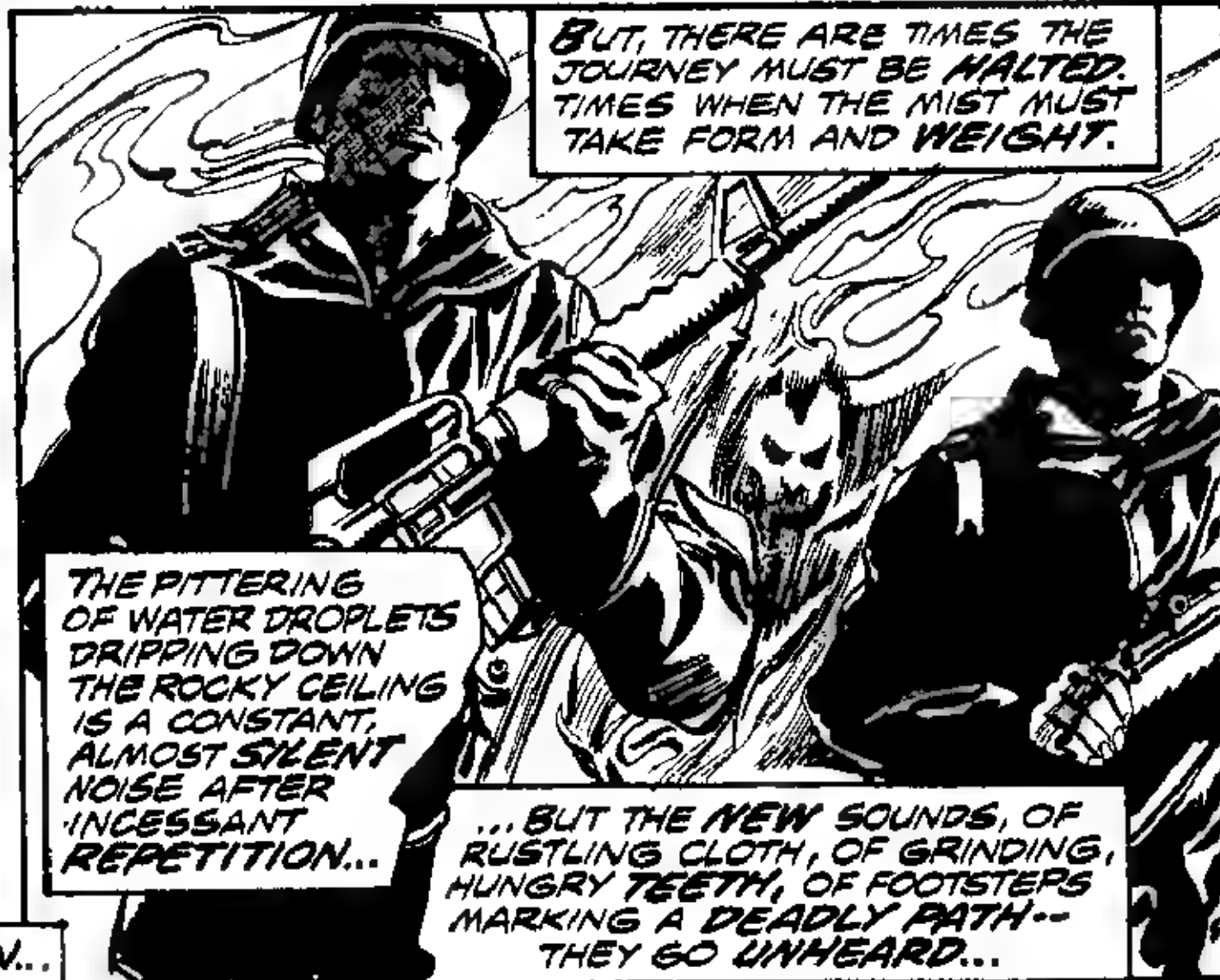
DIG?

DARKNESS HIDES THE SWELLING
MIST WHICH SWIRLS WITH DIRECTION
TOWARDS THE CENTER OF SUN'S
OPERATION.



ANOTHER
CORRIDOR IS
PASSED,
DOWN A
SECOND
LEVEL THE
INTANGIBLE
MIST
SWOOPS.

TOWARDS SUN... ALWAYS TOWARDS SUN...



BUT, THERE ARE TIMES THE
JOURNEY MUST BE HALTED.
TIMES WHEN THE MIST MUST
TAKE FORM AND WEIGHT.

THE PITTERING
OF WATER DROPLETS
DRIPPING DOWN
THE ROCKY CEILING
IS A CONSTANT,
ALMOST SILENT
NOISE AFTER
INCESSANT
REPETITION...

... BUT THE NEW SOUNDS, OF
RUSTLING CLOTH, OF GRINDING,
HUNGRY TEETH, OF FOOTSTEPS
MARKING A DEADLY PATH--
THEY GO UNHEARD...



...UNTIL
IT IS TOO
LATE.

FAR
TOO
LATE.

THE VAMPIRE-LORD SAYS *NOTHING*
AS THE ALMOST MINDLESS WARRIORS
REACT TO HIM IN DIMWITTED *HORROR*.



BUT DRACULA
REACTS
QUICKLY,
AND BEFORE THE
POOR SOLDIERS
CAN GIVE *VOICE*
TO THEIR FEARS--

--THEY ARE DEAD!

AT LEAST, *MOST* OF
THEM ARE.



BOW POW POW

BULLETS?
SOME
MORE OF
SUN'S
ZOMBIES?

BUT THESE MUST
BE *NEW* RECRUITS
--FOR, THEY STILL
LACK A FORMIDA-
BLE WEAPON TO
FIGHT ME.



A SHAME
THEN--

FOR, THOUGH THEY ARE BUT
PAWNS IN THIS WAR--

--THE
INNOCENT ALWAYS
MUST DIE WHEN
BATTLE IS WAGED!

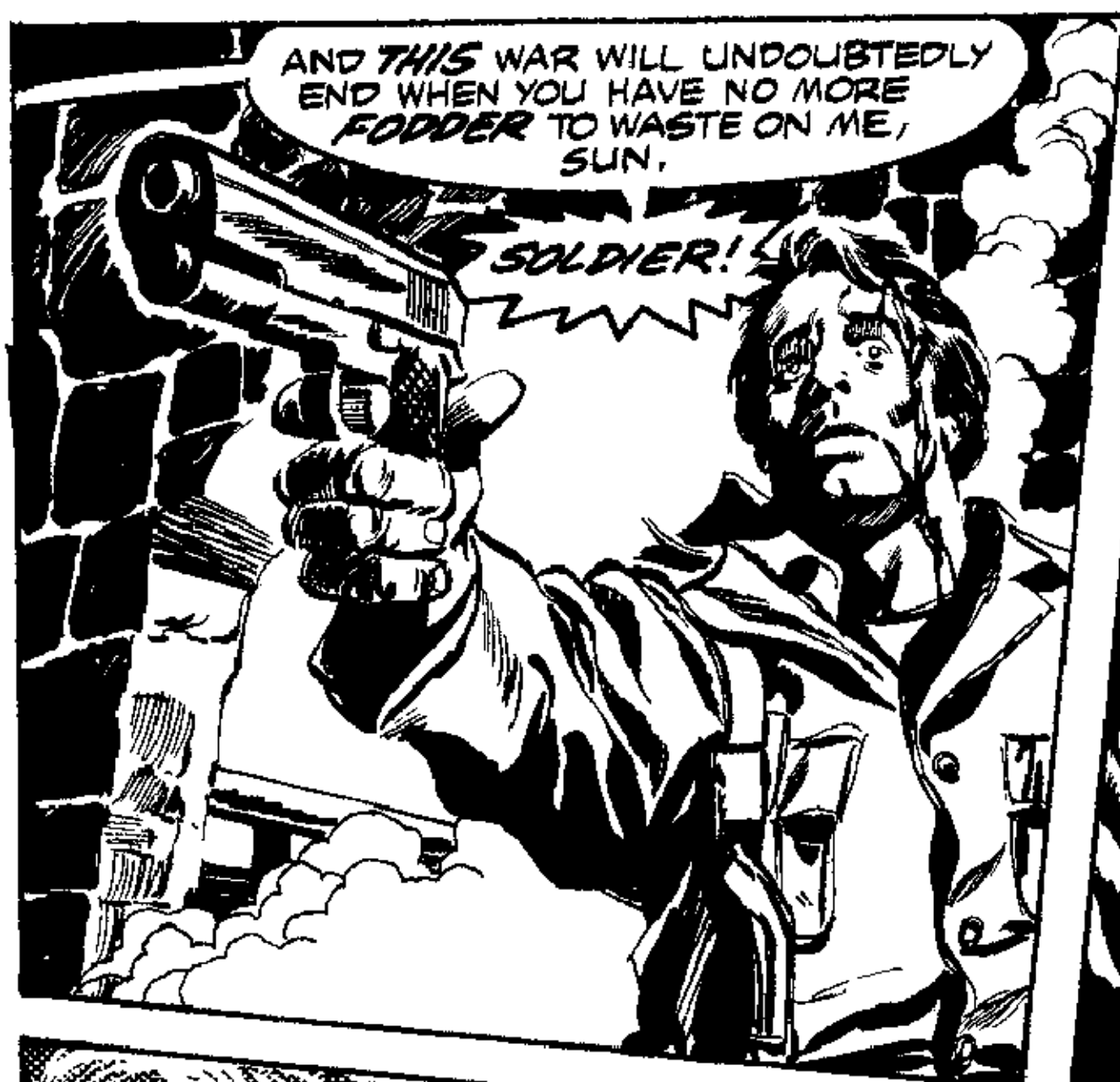
--FOR
THEM,
AT LEAST.

SUCH HAVE WARS
ALWAYS BEEN.
AND SUCH SHALL
IT ALWAYS BE!

A STRUGGLE IS ONLY
ENDED WHEN THE LAST
FOOT SOLDIER HAS
BREATHED HIS FINAL
BREATH...

...WHEN THE
LAST *WEAPON*
IS SPENT...

...AND THE
GENERALS
ARE FORCED
TO *MEET*!



AND *THIS* WAR WILL UNDOUBTEDLY
END WHEN YOU HAVE NO MORE
FODDER TO WASTE ON ME,
SUN.

SOLDIER!



YOU HAVE BEEN
ORDERED TO *SLAY*
THE VAMPIRE
DRACULA!

BUT YOU ARE
THE VAMPIRE!
YOU ARE
DRACULA!



YOU HAVE YOUR
ORDERS,
SOLDIER!

OBEY THEM!
INSTANTLY!



YOUR NUMBERS
DIMINISH *QUICKLY*,
SUN, AND THAT MEANS
THE TIME OF *FINAL*
BATTLE APPROACHES.

AND, WHEN
THAT HOUR
COMES, SO
SHALL COME
VICTORY!



BUT FOR
ONLY
ONE
OF US.

THAT IS
TRUE,
VAMPIRE.
ONLY ONE
OF US SHALL
SURVIVE
THIS
MEETING!



AND THAT ONE
MUST BE--

EH?

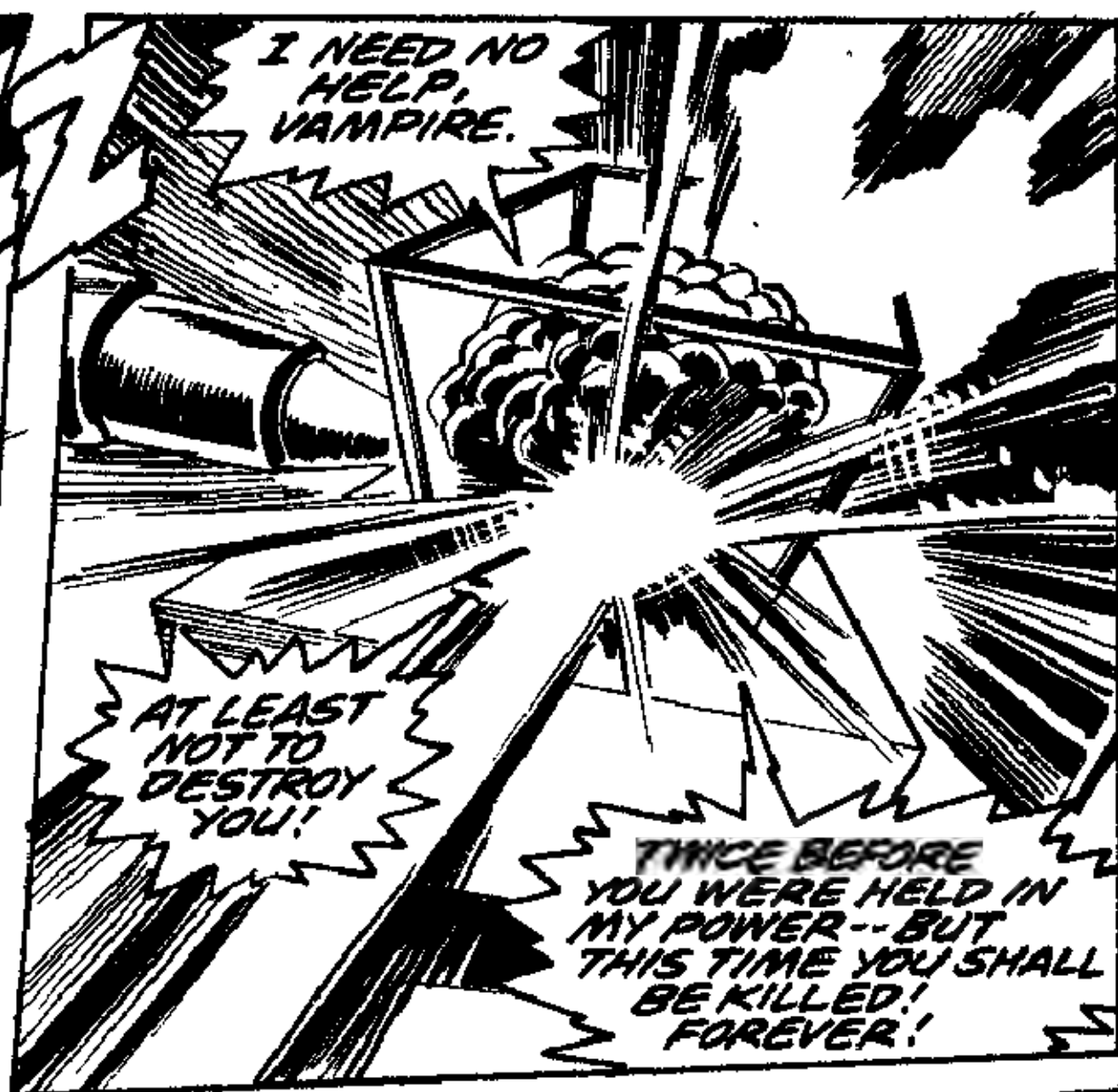


I DON'T LIKE THIS, BILLY--THERE ARE *SOLDIERS*
IN THE FRONT YARD.

MAYBE THE
OWNER WON'T
LIKE BEING
BOtherED.

LET'S GO,
BILLY,
PLEASE?

NO, ANNA. I WANNA *SEE*
WHO LIVES HERE.



*ISSUES 20, 21 AND NOW.--METICULOUS MARV,



NEXT
ISSUE / A FINAL BATTLE WAGED!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

25¢
©

42
MAR
02143

THE TOMB OF DRACULATM LORD OF VAMPIRES!

YOUR **SOLDIERS**
MAY SLAY BLADE,
DOCTOR SUN--

--BUT
DRACULA
WILL
**DESTROY
YOU!**

BLADE
BATTLING
SIDE BY SIDE
WITH THE
**PRINCE of
DARKNESS!**

COMICDOM'S
NUMBER
1
YEAR MAGAZINE

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

DARKNESS HUGS BOSTON'S
BEACON HILL IN A BLACK DEADLY
GRIP.



THE SPIRITS OF HALLOW-
EEN'S HELLIONS HAVE
RETURNED TO THEIR MOUNTS
BENEATH THIS NIGHT'S FULL,
FEARFUL MOON...



...AND ONLY THE TWICE-
DAMNED DARE VENTURE
FORTH.

THERE IS A CRACKLING LAUGH
BOOMING FULL...



...A LAUGH THAT CAN ONLY
COME FROM THE FRIGHTENING
UNDEAD!

A FINAL BATTLE WAGED!

JUNO IS DEAD;
AN ARROW
FROM RACHEL
VAN HELSING'S BOW
SPLIT HIS HEART
IN HALF.

DRACULA HAS
RETURNED; RE-
FORMED FROM
THE ASHES AS
IT WERE.

BLADE, VAMPIRE-SLAYER
SUPREME, APPEARS; READY
TO FIGHT SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH
THE ONE HE HAS SWORN TO
KILL.

DOCTOR SUN
SITS CALCULATING
WITHIN HIS
COMPUTERIZED
CRADLE--

--AND ONLY HE KNOWS
HOW THE TIDE OF BATTLE
WILL TURN.

MARY WOLFGAN, GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
WRITER / EDITOR ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA • TOM PALMER
letterer colorist

ALSO KNOW, BUT
THEY AREN'T TELLING.

HE OBSERVES THE ACTIVITY BELOW HIM, KNOWING FULL WELL THAT BLADE AND DRACULA BATTLE A THIRD MENACE TO HIS PLANS.



PERHAPS, HE FEELS THEY WILL SLAY EACH OTHER.

HIS SLICK, WHITE HAIR CATCHES THE SILVER MOON-LIGHT; THE NIGHT-RICH AIR REFRESHES HIM AFTER HIS LONG JOURNEY.



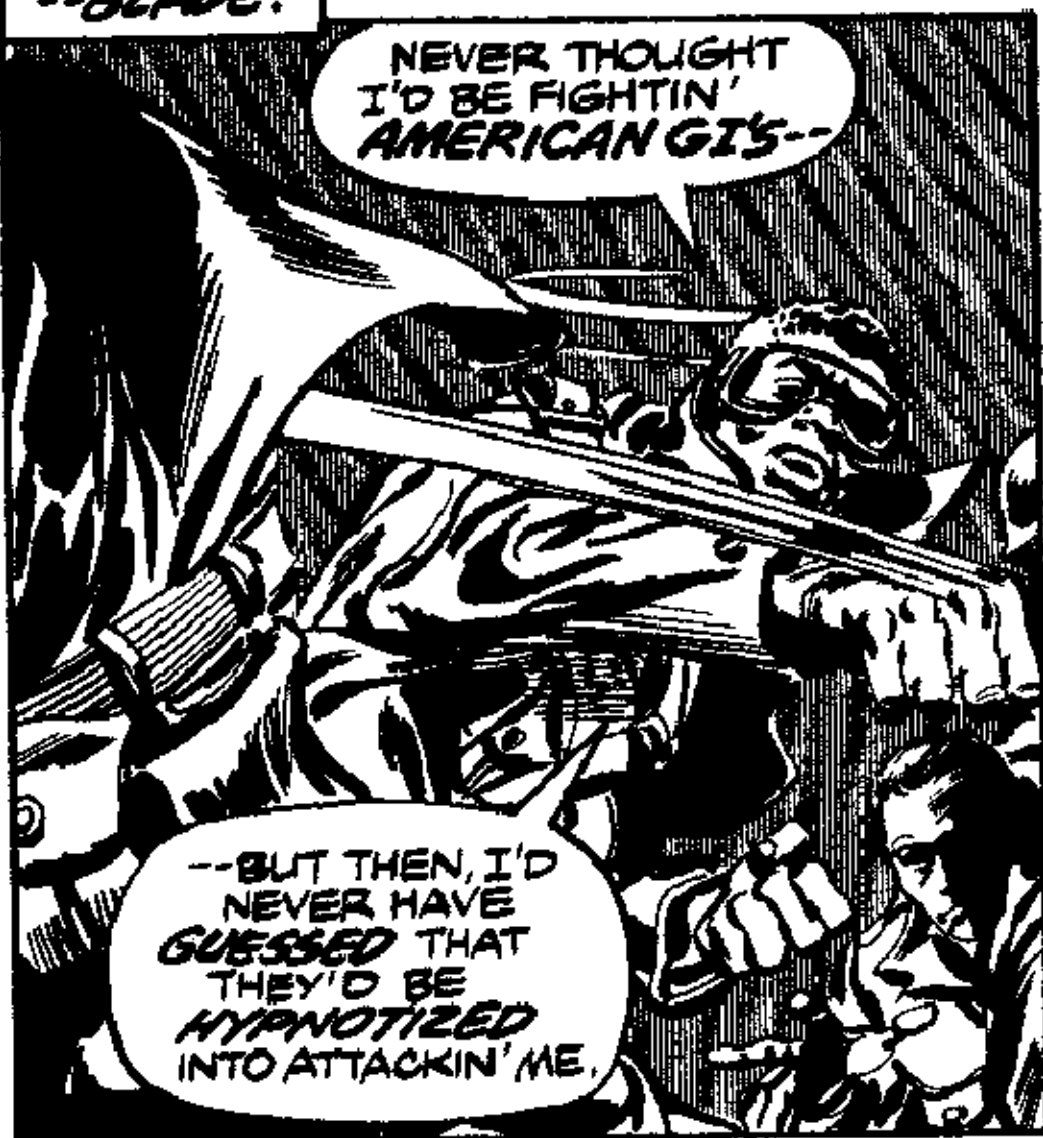
HE WAITS.

AND WATCHES



FOR HE, ABOVE ALL, HAS THE TIME TO WAIT, AND THE TIME TO OBSERVE--

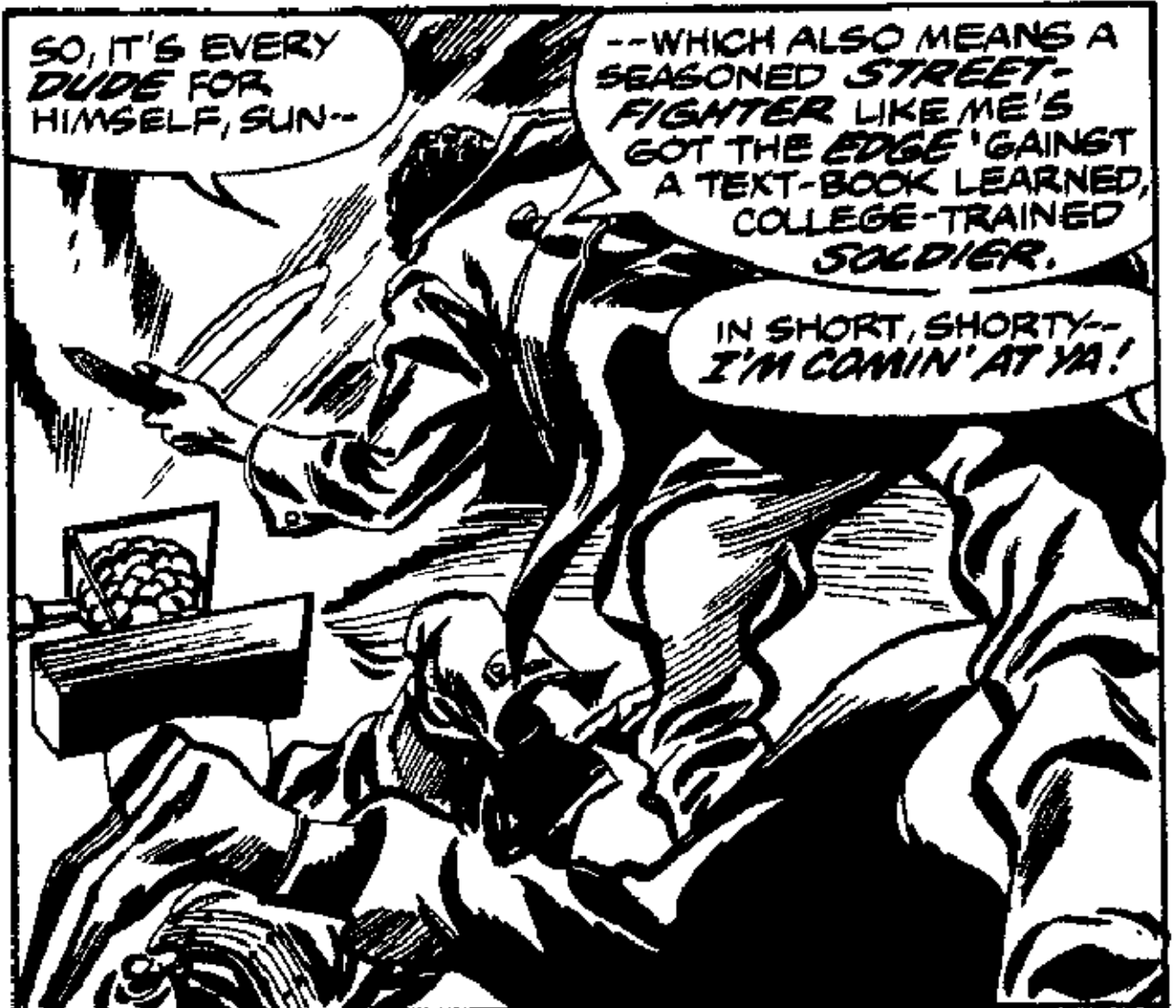
--BLADE!



NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE FIGHTIN' AMERICAN G.I'S--

--BUT THEN, I'D NEVER HAVE GUESSED THAT THEY'D BE HYPNOTIZED INTO ATTACKIN' ME.

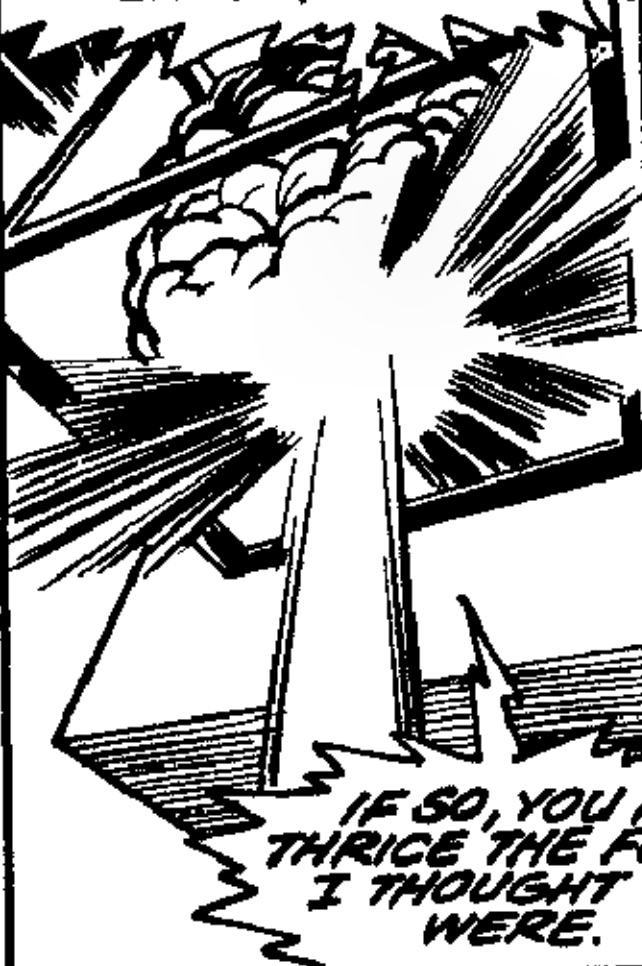
SO, IT'S EVERY DUDE FOR HIMSELF, SUN--



--WHICH ALSO MEANS A SEASONED STREET-FIGHTER LIKE ME'S GOT THE EDGE 'GAINST A TEXT-BOOK LEARNED, COLLEGE-TRAINED SOLDIER.

IN SHORT, SHORTY-- I'M COMIN' AT YA!

DO YOU HONESTLY BELIEVE THAT DOCTOR SUN IS WITHOUT DEFENSES, BLADE?



IF SO, YOU ARE A THRICE THE FOOL I THOUGHT YOU WERE.



TRAP-DOOR--!

CAN'T GRAB ANYTHIN' IN TIME!



I'M FALLING! FALLING!



OH NO---!
THERE'S
WOODEN
SPIKES
DOWN
THERE--

--PROBABLY MEANT TO
SPEAR DRACULA!

BUT IT DON'T
MATTER WHO
THEY WERE MEANT
FOR.



WHEN I
HIT 'EM--

--I'M A
GOVER!



GOTTA STOP
MY FALL--
ANYWAY I
CAN!

OR THIS VAMPIRE-
SLAYER'S INSTANT
SWISS CHEESE!



GOD! MY HAND--
MY HAND!

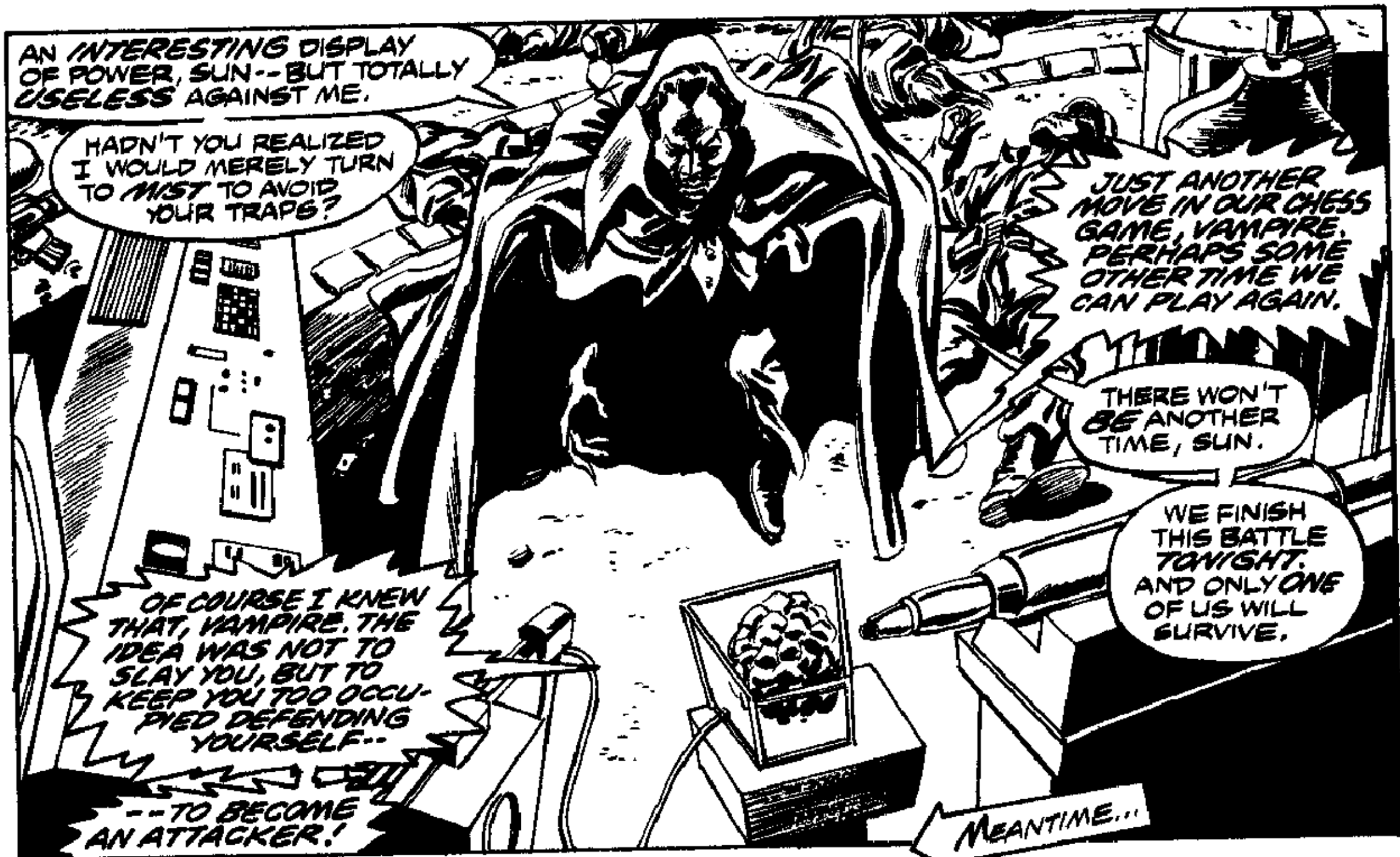
I'M
RIPPING
OFF MY
SKIN!

ACCKKKKK!!!



HOLY MOTHER
OF MERCY--

--I'M
SLIPPING!



STOPPED! BUT MY HANDS--
I CAN'T BEND 'EM...
TOO PAINFUL.



FEELS LIKE
I SCRAPED
'EM DOWN
TO THE
BONE!

BUT I GOTTA
GET OUTTA THIS
HELL-HOLE... GOTTA
PUSH MYSELF
UP SOMEHOW...

...FORE I CAN'T
HOLD ON ANY LONGER
AN' FALL ONTO
THEM PIG-
STICKERS!

DAMN!
BLOOD'S
SLICKIN'
UP THE
WALLS...

...BUT I
MUSTN'T LOSE
MY GRIP.

GOTTA
FORCE
MY WAY UP.

DAMN YOU,
BLADE--
MOVE!



MAKIN' IT... BUT
JUST BARELY.

FEEL LIKE MY
INSIDES ARE
GONNA HEAVE
ALL OVER ME.

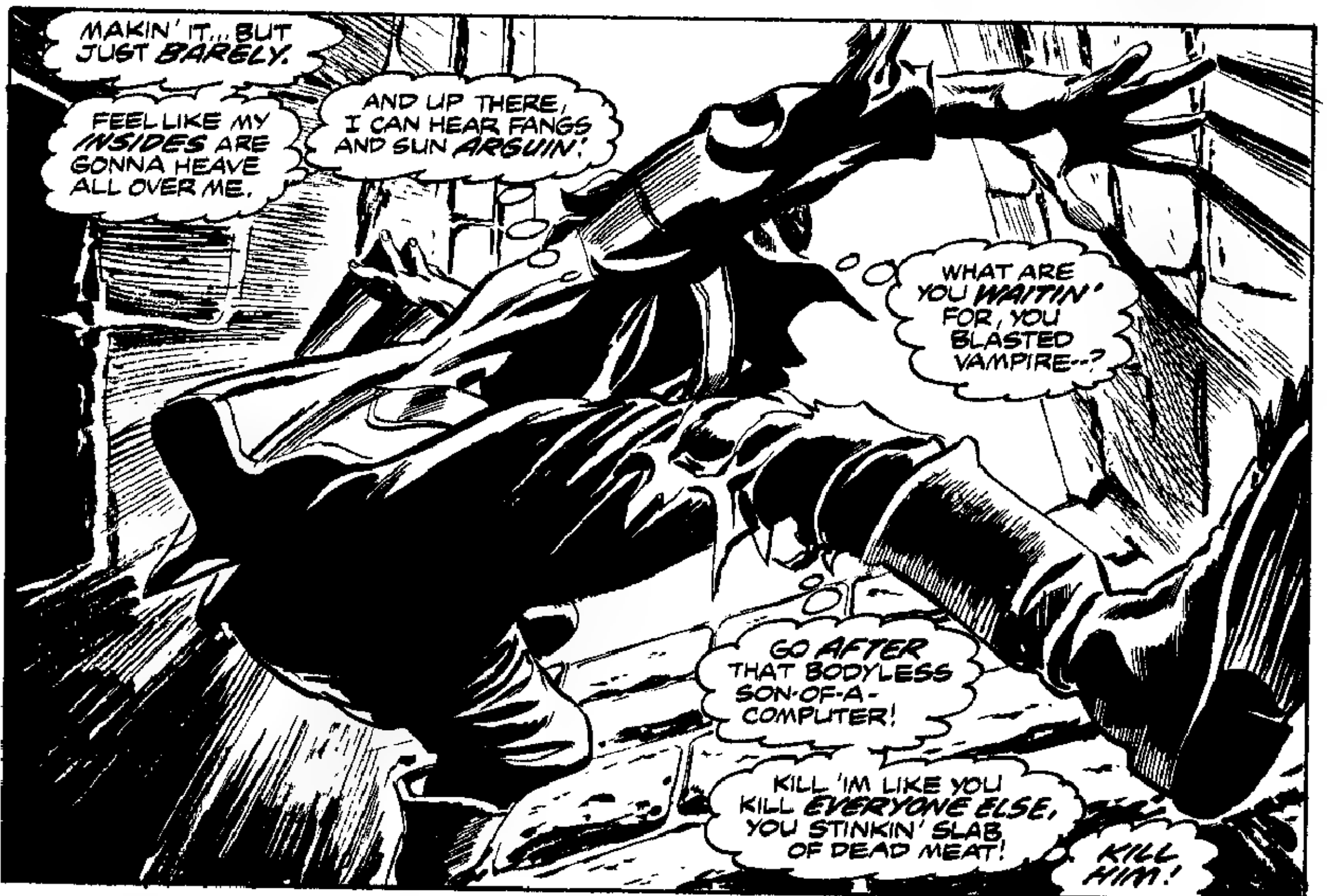
AND UP THERE,
I CAN HEAR FANGS
AND SUN ARGUIN'.

WHAT ARE
YOU WAITIN'
FOR, YOU
BLASTED
VAMPIRE--?

GO AFTER
THAT BODYLESS
SON-OF-A-
COMPUTER!

KILL 'IM LIKE YOU
KILL EVERYONE ELSE,
YOU STINKIN' SLAB
OF DEAD MEAT!

KILL
HIM!





THE FIGHT IS OVER,
SUN. YOUR BATTLE
IS DONE.

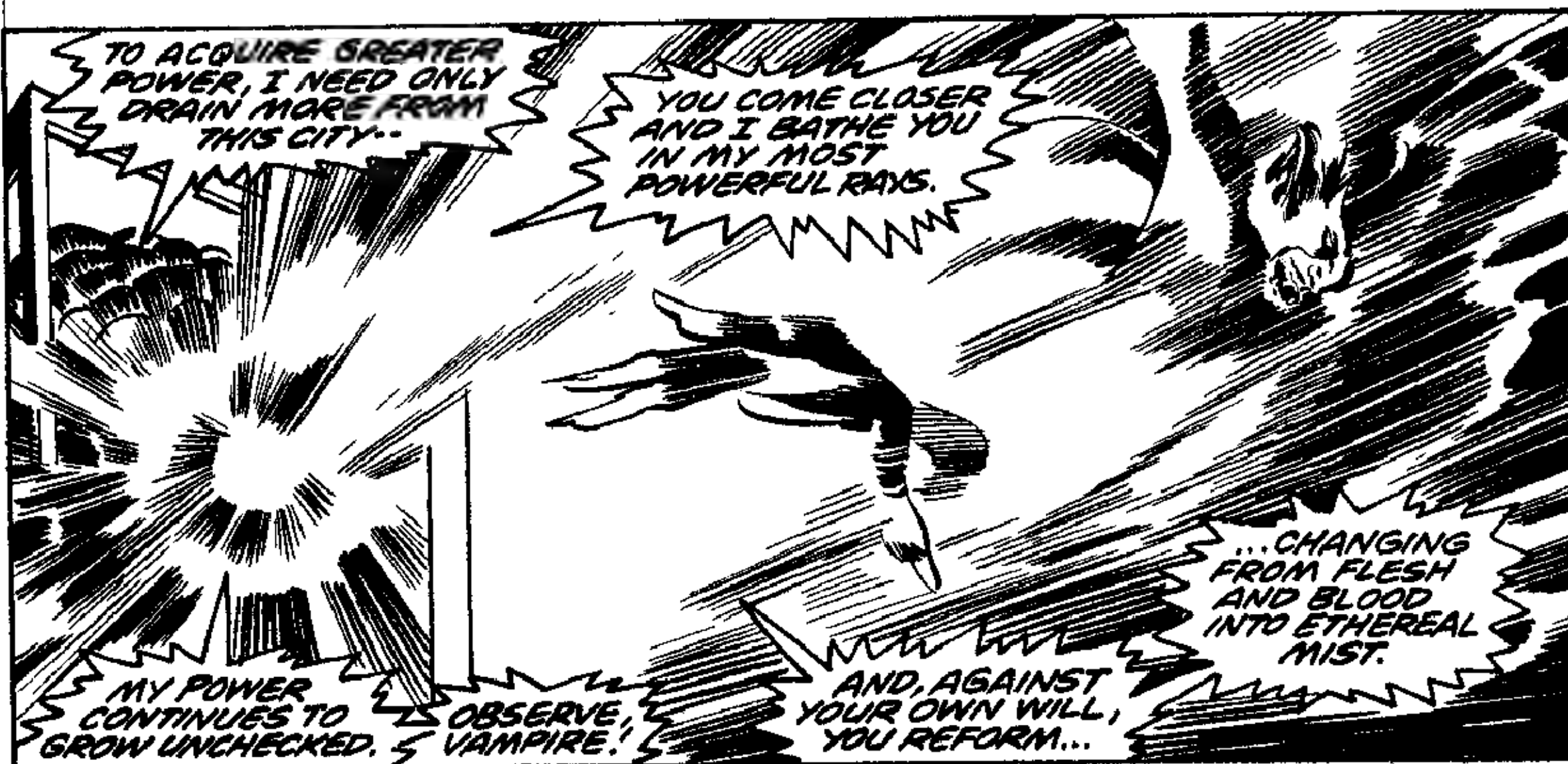
YOUR ARMIES
ARE OUTSIDE,
FLOUNDERING
MINDLESSLY
WHILE YOU SPEND
YOUR ENERGIES
FIGHTING ME.

--WHILE YOU
MUST STILL
CONCENTRATE
YOUR POWER
IN ALL
DIRECTIONS,

VAMPIRE,
YOU ARE
INCREDIBLY
WRONG.

THIS IS A BATTLE
YOU CANNOT EVEN
HOPE TO WIN--

--FOR, NOW WE MEET
WHEN I HAVE MY FULL
POWER AT MY COMMAND--



TO ACQUIRE GREATER
POWER, I NEED ONLY
DRAIN MORE FROM
THIS CITY--

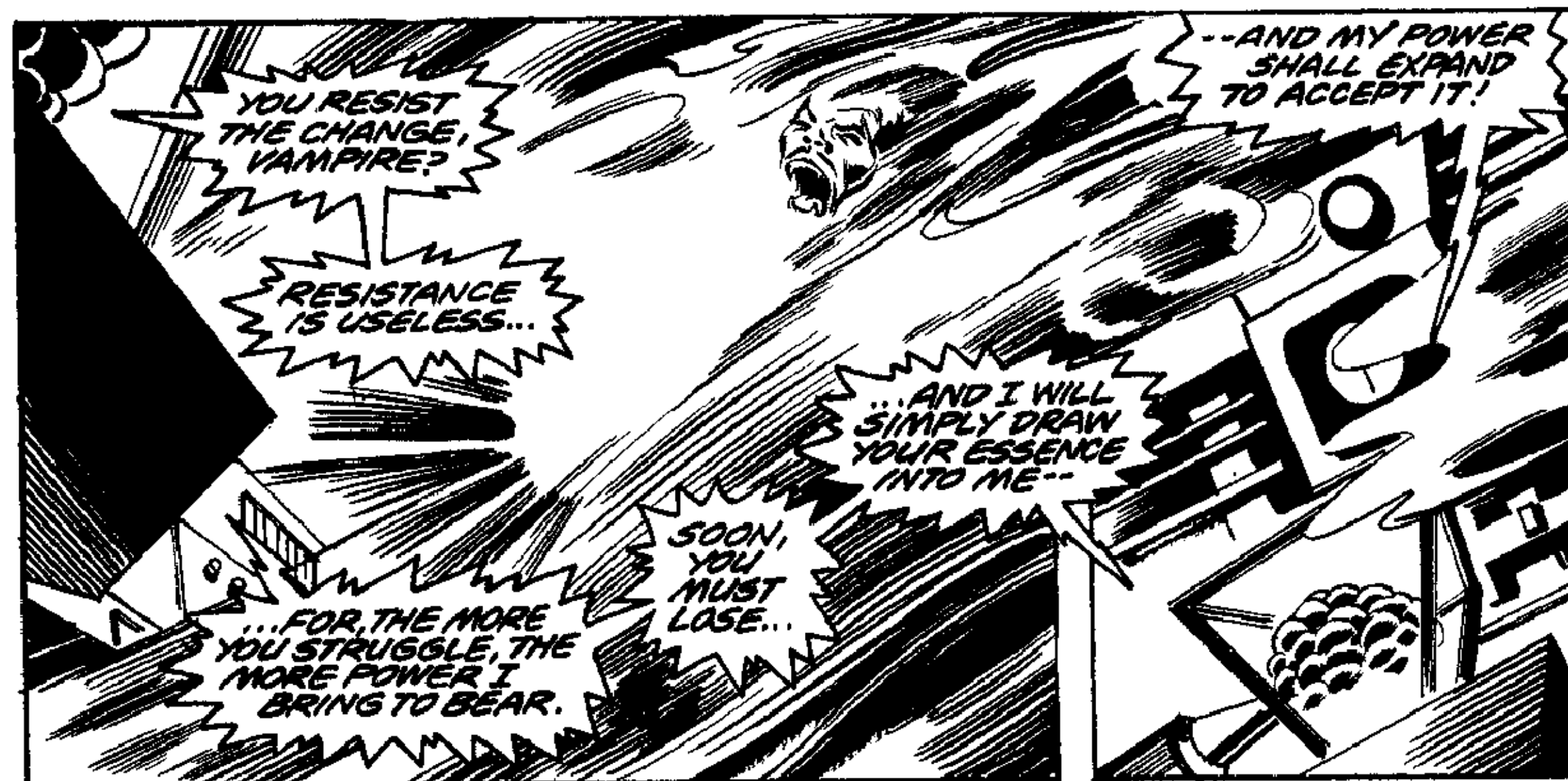
YOU COME CLOSER
AND I BATHE YOU
IN MY MOST
POWERFUL RAYS.

...CHANGING
FROM FLESH
AND BLOOD
INTO ETHEREAL
MIST.

MY POWER
CONTINUES TO
GROW UNCHECKED. VAMPIRE!

TO OBSERVE,

AND, AGAINST
YOUR OWN WILL,
YOU REFORM...



YOU RESIST
THE CHANGE,
VAMPIRE?

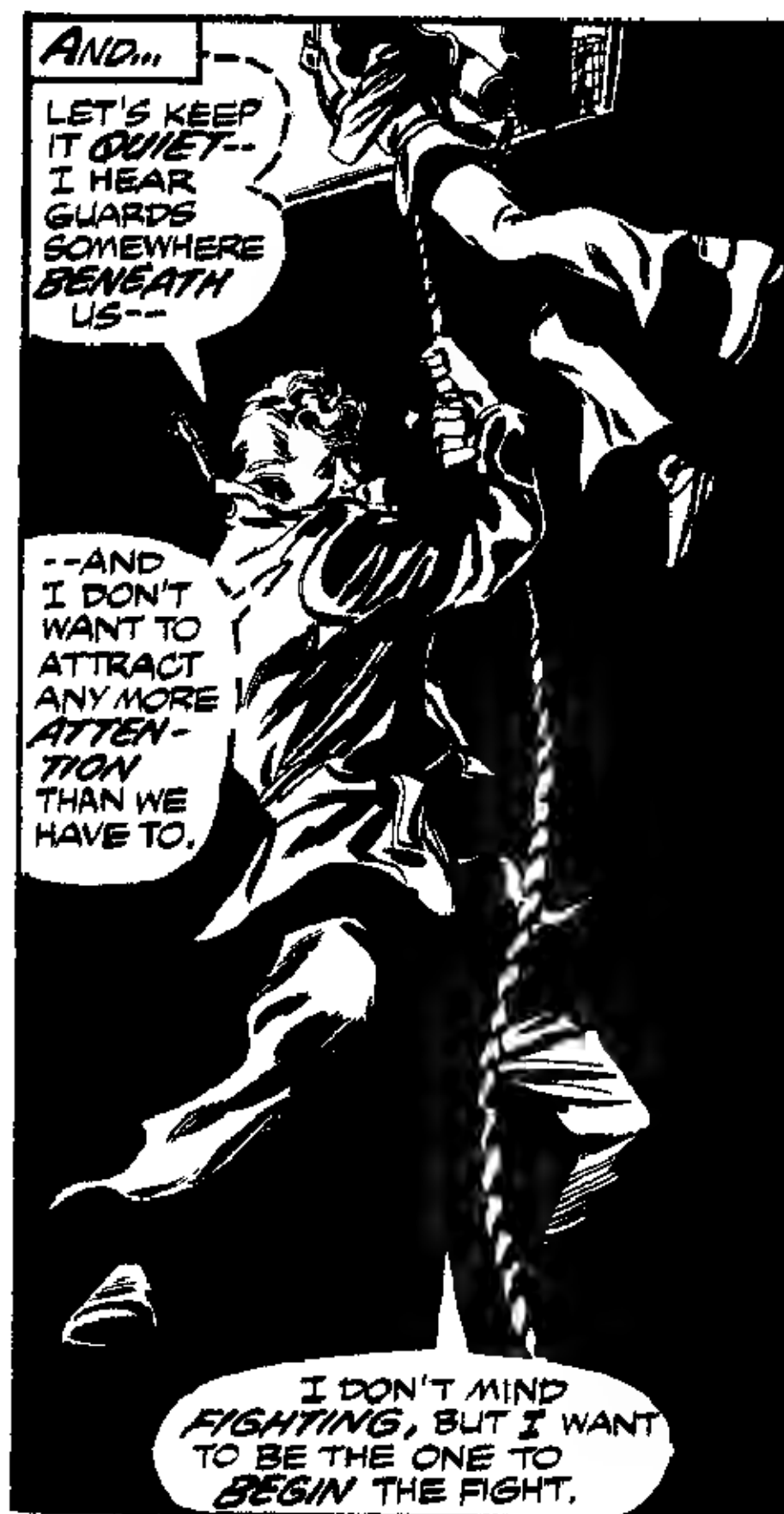
RESISTANCE
IS USELESS...

...FOR, THE MORE
YOU STRUGGLE, THE
MORE POWER I
BRING TO BEAR.

SOON,
YOU
MUST
LOSE...

...AND I WILL
SIMPLY DRAW
YOUR ESSENCE
INTO ME--

--AND MY POWER
SHALL EXPAND
TO ACCEPT IT!





THEY'RE
ATTACKING
ME--

--AND I CAN'T
POSSIBLY
FIGHT THEM
ALL.

BUT, I'M
SURE AS
BLAZES
GONNA TRY.

BUT THEN,
SUDDENLY...

C'MON, YOU
CRAZY ZOMBIES!
LET'S GET
IT ON!

HOLD IT! A CHILL
COMING OVER ME--
GRABBING
AT ME!

OH LORD--
UP THERE--!

YOU!
YOU!!

NO!! NOT
NOW--IT
CAN'T BE!

AGGHHHHHH!!

GUN METAL AND
BONE CRACK
TOGETHER...

...THEN
BLACKNESS

AND A MOCKING,
WATCHING FORM CACKLES
ONCE--THEN VANISHES
INTO THE NIGHT.

WHILE, INSIDE SUN'S SANCTUM...

THE LIVING, THINKING, INTANGIBLE MIST THAT IS DRACULA SEEPS INSIDE THE CLEAR POLI-PLASTIC SHELL WHICH HOUSES DOCTOR SUN...

...AND ONCE INSIDE, REFORMS...

...INTO A HAND--BOTH HUMAN AND SOLID, AND QUITE, QUITE DEADLY!

NO! IT MUSTN'T BE! AWAY, VAMPIRE--YOU CAN'T ATTACK ME! NOT NOW!

I SAID AWAY!

THE LIVING CORTEX OF THE COMPUTER THROBS MADLY--POWER PULSATES FROM ITS INNER LOBES...

POWER! THREE BLOCKS ALONG CAMBRIDGE STREET BLACK OUT. THE STORES THAT LINE BOYLSTON TURN DARK AS THE NIGHT. BEACON STREET AND LOUISBURG SQUARE VIRTUALLY VANISH FROM SIGHT.

POWER! THE LIGHTS GROW DIM ON THE OUT-SKIRTS OF BOSTON. TELEVISIONS FLICKER FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, THEN FADE.

POWER! DRACULA SCREAMS--AS THE POLI-PLASTIC SHELL SWELLS WITH UNBEARABLE HEAT.

POWER! AND THE LORD OF VAMPIRES IS PUSHED BACK--FORCED THROUGH THE SHELL--AND OUT!

AND HE THEN RESHAPES INTO HUMAN FORM ONCE AGAIN, READY FOR THE NEXT ONSLAUGHT!

YOU ARE NOT QUITE AS INVULNERABLE AS YOU BELIEVE, SUN--

--YOU HAVE YOUR POWERS, BUT YOUR WEAKNESS STILL LIES WITHIN YOUR HUMAN BRAIN.

DESTROY THE CORE--AND THE MACHINE IS USELESS!

AND NOW, SUN--DRACULA IS READY--





CAN'T LET MYSELF PERISH AGAIN--NOT WHEN I'VE SO RECENTLY SUFFERED ANOTHER DEATH!

THE PAIN IS GREAT-- BUT THE POWER OF WILL MUST STILL BE GREATER!

GIVE ME STRENGTH, DARK GODS-- GIVE ME STRENGTH!

DRACULA MUST NOT DIE!

I MUST RISE-- EDGE MY WAY FORWARD THROUGH MY VERY LIMBS BEG ME TO FALL.

SUN, I AM COMING FOR YOU.

AND NOTHING WILL STOP ME FROM DESTROYING YOU!



DO YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, SUN? DO YOU?

NO!! YOU CAN'T BE MOVING! YOUR PAIN HAS TO BE TOO GREAT!

YOU SCREAM FOR DEATH, SUN? VERY WELL-- BUT THE DEATH YOU CALL OUT FOR--

--WILL BE YOURS!!!

DIE, CURSE YOU! DIE!

NOOOOO!!!

MEANWHILE...

THE SOLDIERS ARE
CONFUSED AS
THEY STEP OVER
THE UNCONSCIOUS
FORM OF BLADE.
WHERE ARE
THEY, THEY ASK
THEMSELVES,
STARING IN
BEWILDERMENT
AT THE SUR-
ROUNDING
BEACON HILL
BROWNSTONES...

THEY DON'T KNOW--AND MORE,
THEIR HEADS HURT... AND THROB...

...EVEN AS DOCTOR
SUN'S BRAIN-
WAVES EBB AND
FLOW...

...DRAIN AND
ABSORB...

THE SOLDIERS GAZE ABOUT THEM. VAGUE
MEMORIES RETURN.

THERE WAS A
MISSION, BUT WHAT WAS IT? WHO WERE
THEY FIGHTING?

THEY LOOK ABOUT
THEM AND SEE
THEIR FRIENDS
LYING DEAD,
BLOOD STAINING
THIS BOSTON
STREET-SIDE.

THERE WAS A WAR-- BUT
NO ONE REMEMBERS IT.

...LOSE POWER
AND THEN
REGAIN IT.

...BLADE STIRS--
--AWAKES.

AND CERTAINLY, THAT IS
FOR THE BEST.

WHILE...

BLACK GIVES WAY TO GRAY,
THEN HAZY PINKS AND
FLASHING SUNBURSTS.

WHERE--?

OH, GOD--
I REMEMBER--



THAT WHITE-HAIRED VAMPIRE--

--I SAW HIM. I'M SURE I DID.

BUT--?



...WHILE OUR ATTENTIONS RETURN TO THE INSIDE OF DOCTOR SUN'S LABORATORY, WHERE...

WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, AND JUDGING FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS, DRAC'S GONNA NEED OUR HELP.

IT KINDA LOOKS LIKE MY ANCESTOR FIFTY-TIMES REMOVED IS MAKING A MESS OUT OF THIS.



AND I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA LIKE WHAT HE'S GONNA DO, EITHER.

WHY DON'T WE JUST SCRAM AND LET DRAC TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF?

HUNH?

I'M NOT SO SURE, FRANK-- LOOK AT THE WAY SUN'S GLOWING--

DRACULA'S DOING SOMETHING TO HIM.

* THOUGH YOU CAN EXPECT TO LEARN EVERYTHING IN JUST TWO SHORT MONTHS. -- MARV.



I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE THE TIME TO RUN, HAROLD.



DUCK!!!



FOR ALMOST A MINUTE THE THICK, BILLOWING SMOKE HIDES EVERYTHING, BUT THEN IT BEGINS TO PART...

...AND THE ROOM WHERE ONCE DOCTOR SUN SAT PROUDLY IN AN ALMOST IMPENETRABLE CASE...

...LIES IN TERRIFYING RUIN.



JUST MADE IT--IF WE WERE ANY CLOSER--

FRANK-- OVER THERE-- SUN!

THE BRAIN SURVIVED THE EXPLOSION!



WE ALL SURVIVED IT SEEMS, MY DEAR.

THOUGH IT SHOULD NOW PROVE A SIMPLE TASK TO DESTROY WHAT IS LEFT OF SUN,

AND THAT TASK SHALL FALL TO DRACULA--

--FOR HE WAS MY ENEMY... AND AS SUCH, MINE TO DISPOSE!

BUT THAT IS THE SORROW OF THIS MODERN WORLD, WHERE ONCE MAN COULD BATTLE MAN--

THOUGH THERE IS HARDLY SATISFACTION IN THE DESTRUCTION OF A MACHINE.

--TODAY THE FIGHT IS BETWEEN COLD, INANIMATE WEAPONS.

THE SOLDIERS TO TODAY KNOW LITTLE OF TRUE WARFARE-- FOR THEY ARE USUALLY MILES FROM ANY PHYSICAL BATTLE.

FOR THE DAYS OF SWORDS AND POUNDING HOOVES --OF FLESH MEETING FLESH ON THE BATTLEFIELD--

--FOR THEM I WOULD DISAVOW MY IMMORTALITY...

...AND LIVE ONCE AGAIN AS A TRUE MAN SHOULD.



GOOD GRIEF -- SUN'S BEAM
EXPLODED HIS OWN
COMPUTER!

WHAT'S GOING
TO HAPPEN TO
US NOW?



THE PLACE IS
ON FIRE!

C'MON--
GET OUT
OF HERE--
FAST--

--BEFORE
THE ENTIRE
BUILDING
EXPLODES!

I'M WITH
YOU,
FRANK.
LET'S GO!



WAIT,
FRANK--THE
FIRE'S BEING
CONTAINED...

...AS IF IT'S
DRAWING
ITSELF INTO
SUN.

LOOK AT
HIM--HE'S
BURNING
UP--

--TURNING
TO CINDER...

...CRUMBLING
INTO ASHES.

GOD, FRANK--
IT'S OVER!

OVER!



NEXT: A NEW YEAR'S NIGHTMARE LIVES!!
DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS ONE, DRACOPHILES. IT'S GOT IT ALL!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™



25¢
©

43
APR
02143

THE TOMB OF

DRACULA

LORD OF VAMPIRES!



A NEW YEAR'S
NIGHTMARE!



© R. G. SIO

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

A EYEWITNESS ACCOUNT BY PAUL BUTTERWORTH AS TOLD TO:
MARV WOLFMAN / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER / JOHN COSTANZA / TOM PALMER
WRITER / EDITOR / ARTISTS / LETTERER / COLORIST

I'M ~~TYPING~~ THIS AS QUICKLY AS I CAN, FOR I HAVE ~~NO~~ IDEA HOW LONG IT WILL BE BEFORE ~~HE~~ FINDS ME.

AND, I AM SURE, HE ~~WILL~~ TRACE ME TO THIS NEWSROOM. FOR, DURING THESE PAST TWO NIGHTS, I HAVE BECOME SOMEWHAT OF A ~~THORN~~ IN HIS HIDE.

THOUGH THIS STORY MAY ~~NEVER~~ BE PRINTED, THOUGH THE TIME I AM NOW TAKING MAY HAVE BEEN ~~BETTER~~ SPENT IN FLIGHT, THIS STORY ~~MUST~~ EVENTUALLY BE RELEASED.

FOR POSTERITY, AND I ~~FEAR~~ THAT'S ALL THIS TALE MAY BE GOOD FOR, I CALL MY STORY...

PAUL BUTTERWORTH--
THE NIGHT-STAKER!

BELIEF IN THE **VAMPIRE MYTH** DATES BACK TO A TIME LONG **BEFORE** THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BUT THE MIDDLE AGES IS WHEN **OUR** CONCEPT, AND THE VERY PRECEPTS OF VAMPIRISM AS PASSED DOWN TO **US**, CAME INTO BEING.



WHEN **ENLIGHTENMENT** CAME, WE SHOVED OUR DARKEST BELIEFS INTO THE FURTHEST **RECESSES** OF OUR MINDS.

BUT, THOUGH WE DESPERATELY TRY TO **HIDE** THE FACTS, LIKE OSTRICHES WITH THEIR HEADS IN THE GROUND, THE TRUTH HAS AN UGLY HABIT OF **SLAP-PING** US ACROSS THE FACE IN THE MOST **UNPLEASANT** WAYS.

"JANUARY 1, 1976. 2:30 AM:"



"MARY-ANN TRAVERS WAS A **DELIGHTFUL** GIRL IN HER EARLY TWENTIES, SHE AND HER BOYFRIEND HAD JUST RETURNED HOME FROM A **NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY**."

"MARY-ANN AND BARRY HAD HAD AN **ARGUMENT** AT THE PARTY, ONE WHICH BROUGHT ABOUT THEIR EARLY **DEPARTURE**..."



"...THOUGH, SEEMINGLY, ALL HAD BEEN **PATCHED-UP** BETWEEN THEM BY THE TIME THEY ARRIVED AT HER **HOME**."

"THE NIGHT WAS **DARK**, FLAKED ONLY WITH THE FALLING SNOW, AND MARY-ANN BUNDLED HERSELF CLOSELY AND TURNED TOWARDS HER **DOOR**..."

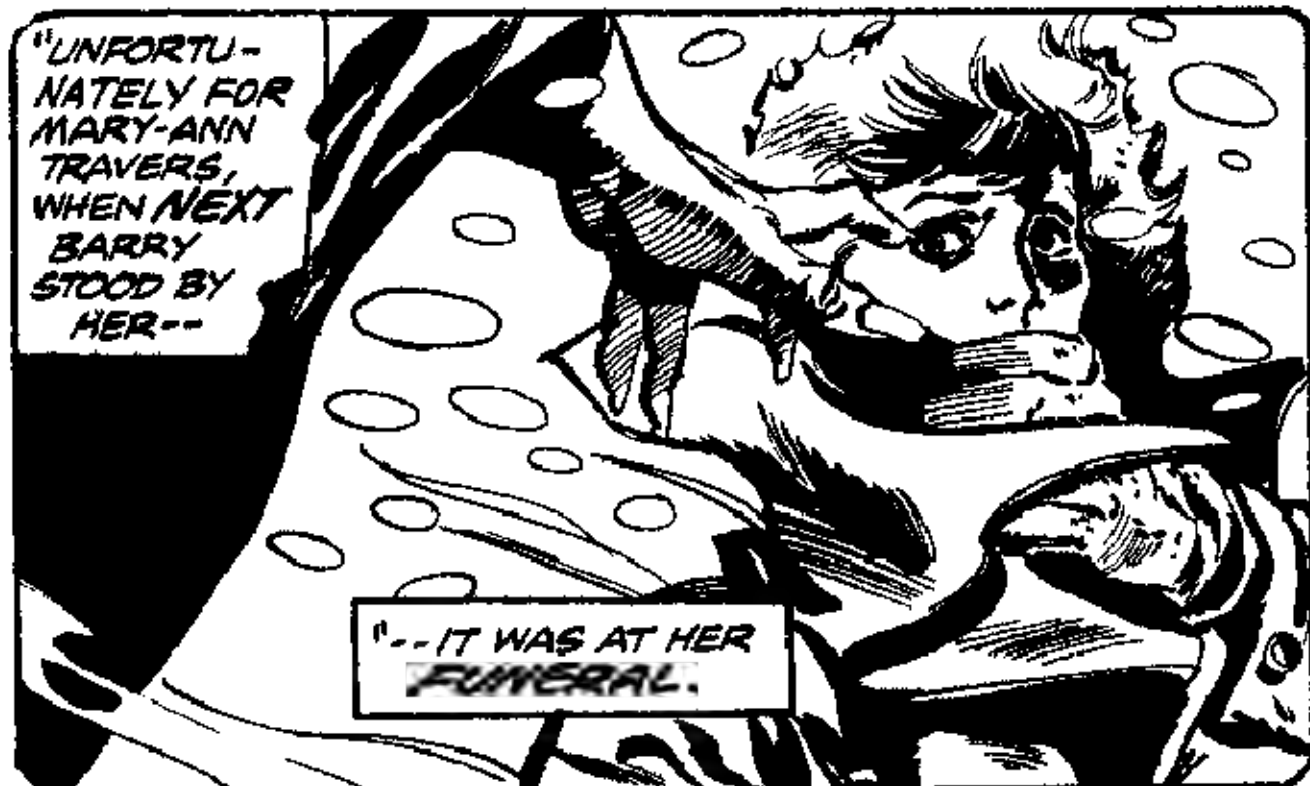


"--WHEN SHE HEARD A **RUSTLING** BEHIND HER."



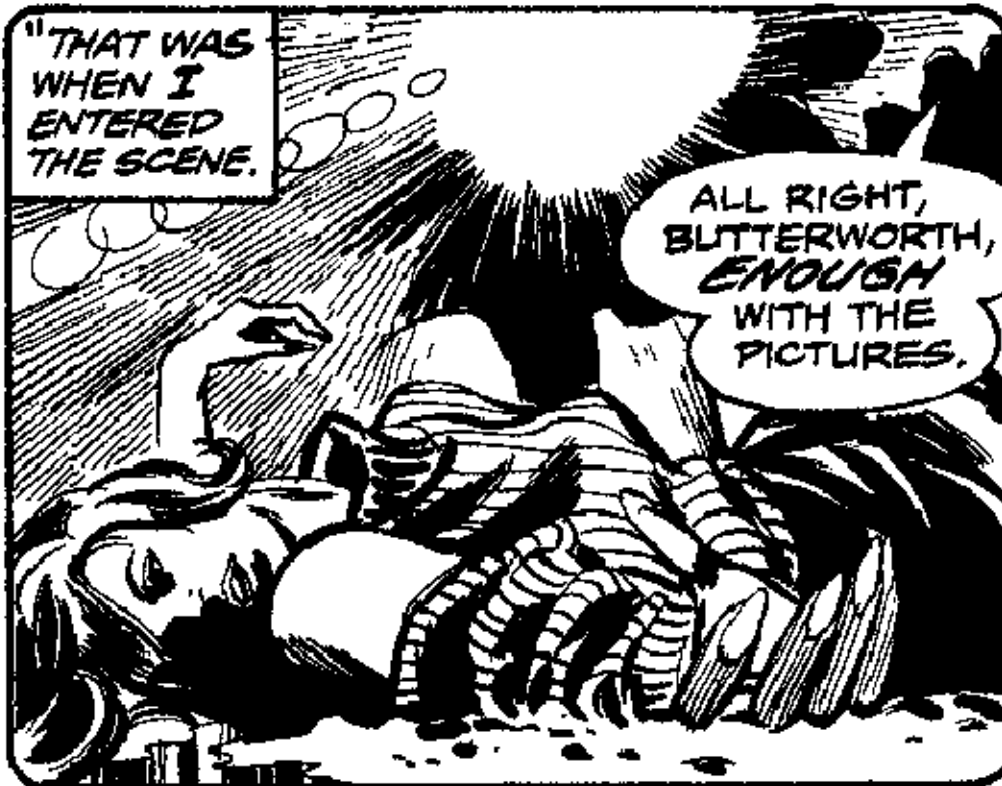
"AS SHE TURNED TO SEE BARRY'S CAR FADING INTO THE NIGHT, SHE QUIETLY **WISHED** HE WERE **STILL** AT HER SIDE."

"UNFORTU-NATELY FOR MARY-ANN TRAVERS, WHEN **NEXT** BARRY STOOD BY HER--"

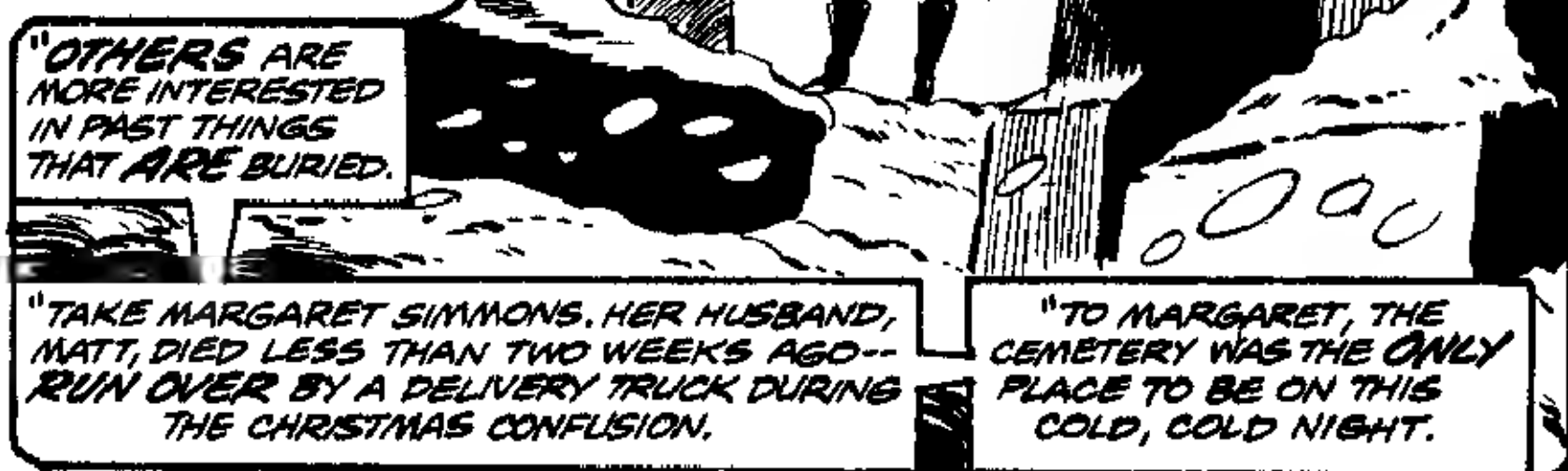
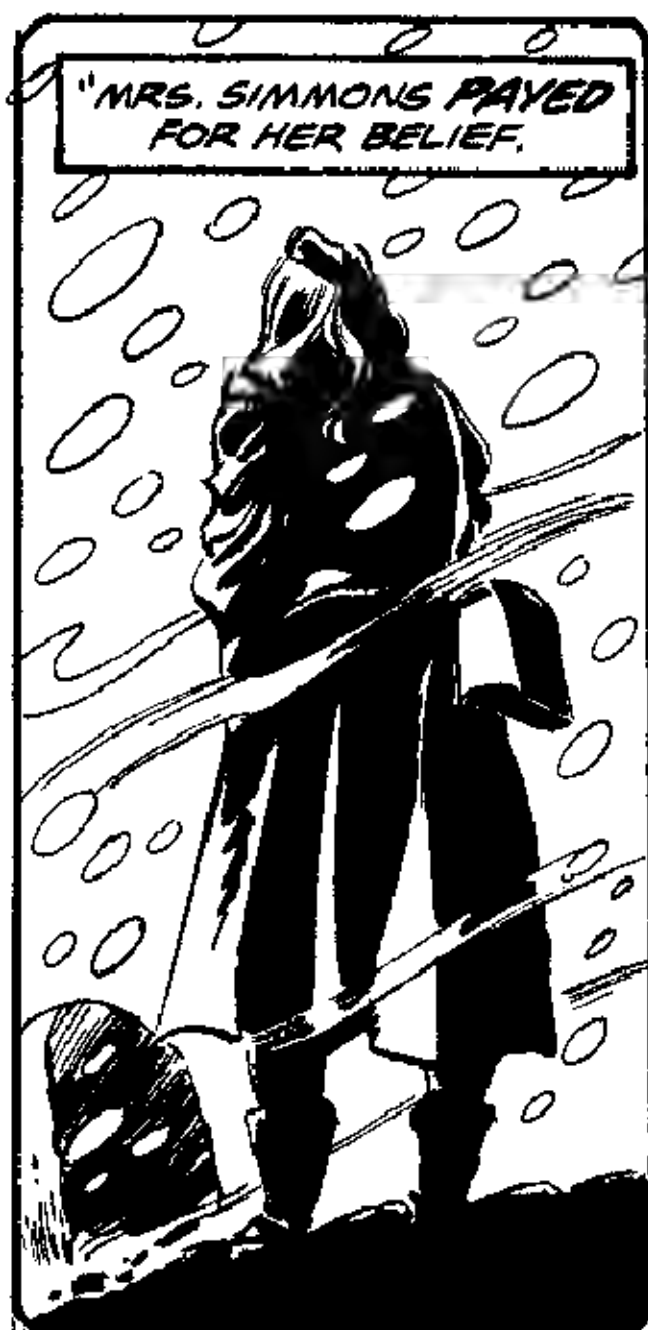
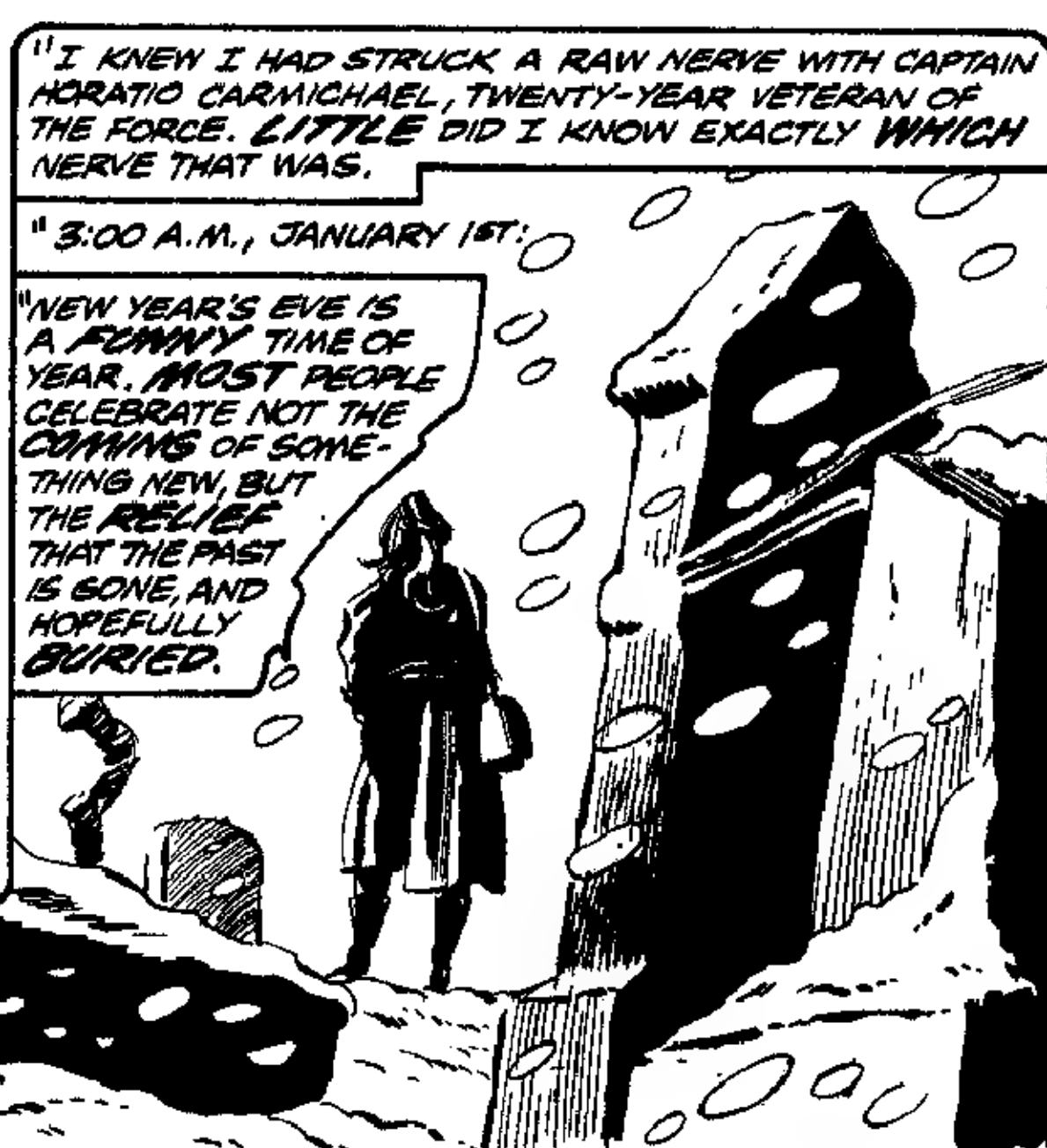
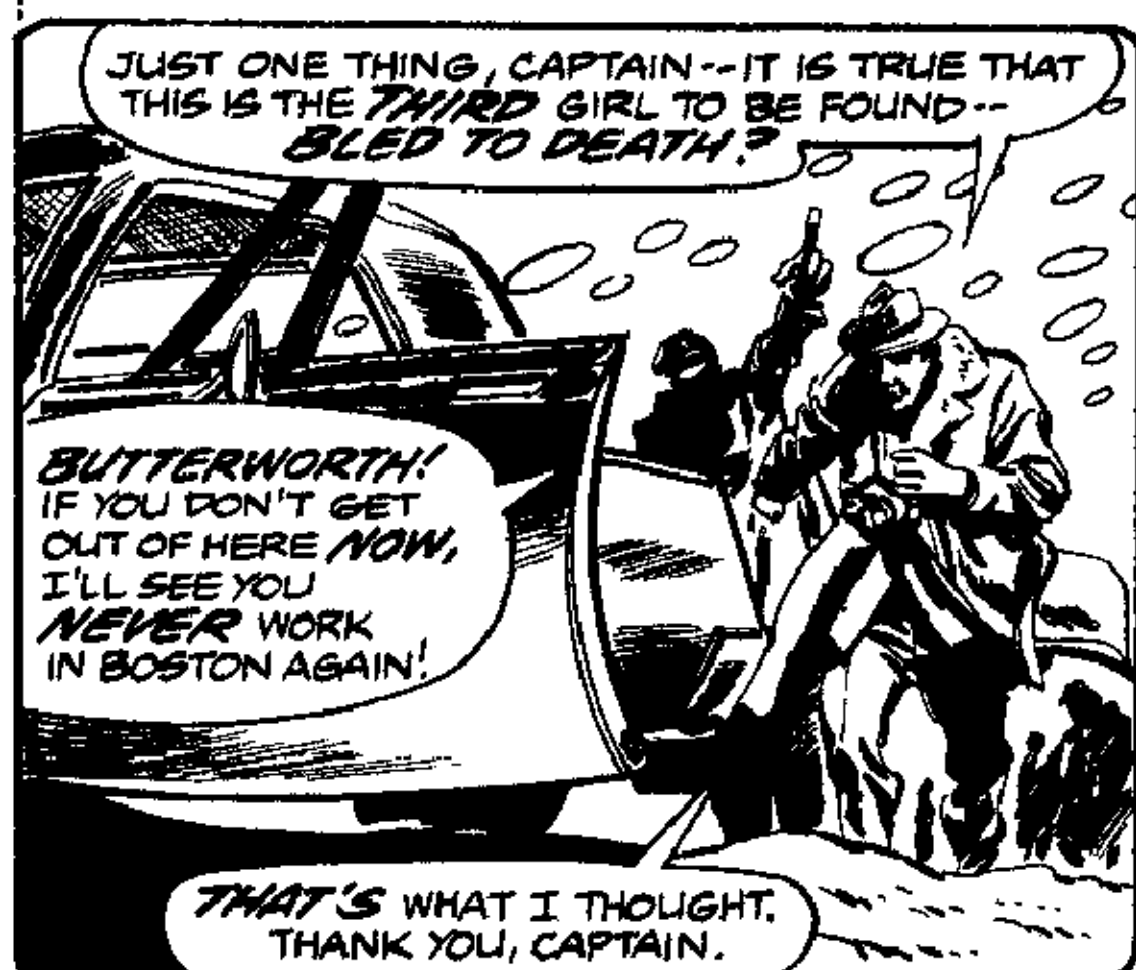


"--IT WAS AT HER **FUNERAL**."

"THAT WAS WHEN I ENTERED THE **SCENE**."



ALL RIGHT, BUTTERWORTH, **ENOUGH** WITH THE PICTURES."



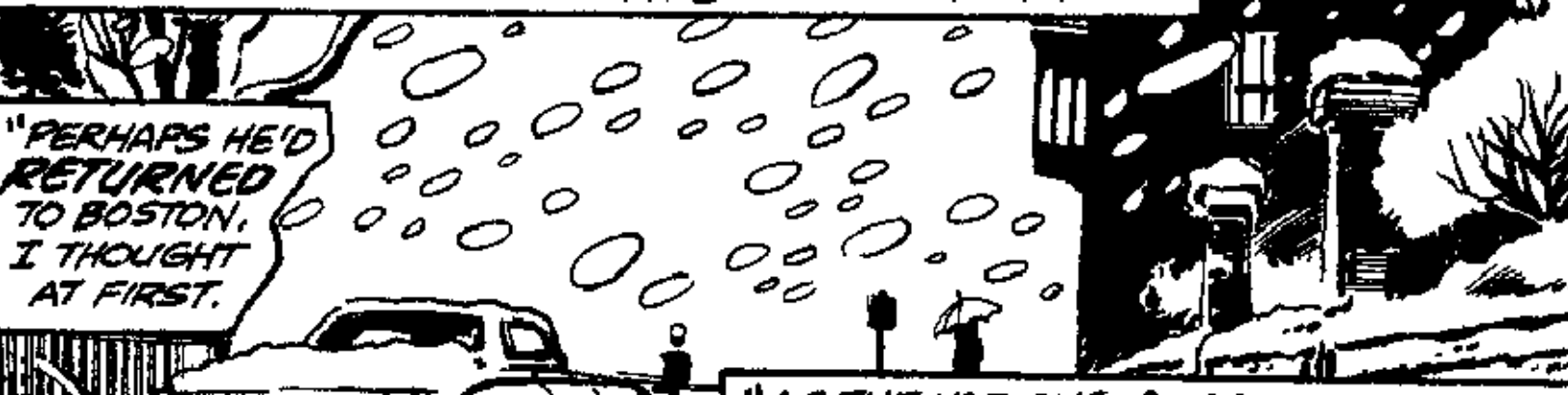


"ME, WELL, I'D SEEN STRANGER THINGS IN MY LIFE THAN BLOOD-DRAINED CORPSES LITTERING THE SNOW.



"YOU EVER HEAR OF MICHAEL MORBIUS? LET ME TELL YOU, HE'S A VAMPIRE--THAT'S RIGHT, A BLOOD-SUCKING, GIVE-ME-ETERNAL-LIFE UNDEAD. AND I MET HIM.

"IT WAS A YEAR AGO WHEN I FIRST SPOTTED HIM CROUCHED OVER A GIRL, RIPPING AT THE FLESH ON HER NECK. HE SAW ME AND FLED INTO THE NIGHT. THEN FOUR MONTHS AGO, I RAN ACROSS HIM AGAIN--AS HE WAS PREPARING TO TAKE LEAVE OF OUR FAIR CITY.



"PERHAPS HE'D RETURNED TO BOSTON, I THOUGHT AT FIRST.

"AS THE VARIOUS QUESTIONS DANCED INSIDE MY SKULL, I FLICKED ON THE CAR RADIO...

"...AND HEARD-- ...AT YOUR NEWSSTANDS NOW, BE SURE TO PICK UP TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES, FEATURING REPORTER HAROLD HAROLD'S EYEWITNESS BATTLE WITH DRACULA.

ONLY \$1.00 WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE DISPLAYED. BUY IT TODAY!

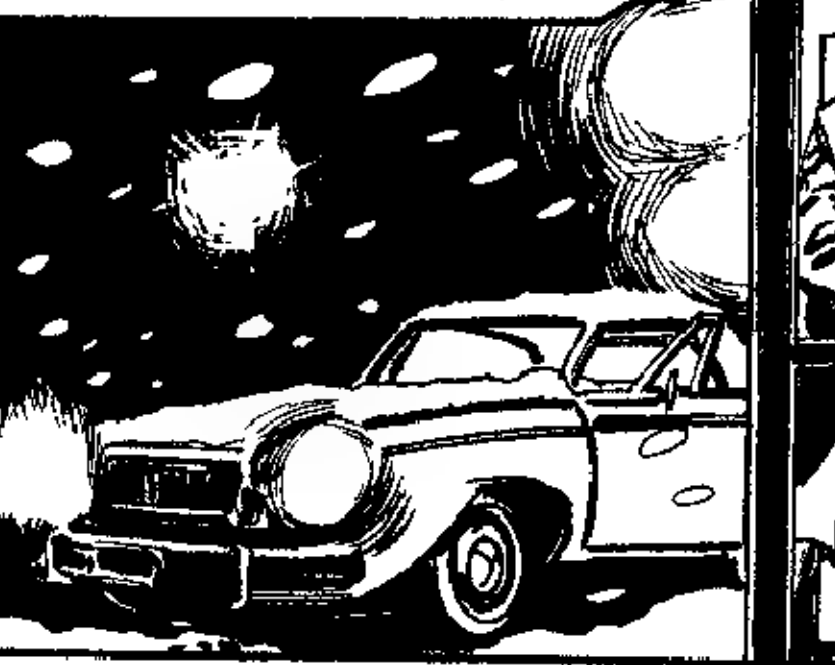


HAROLD HAROLD? EIGHT MONTHS AGO, AT THE WITCHCRAFT CONVENTION, OH YEAH--YEAH!



WELL, MR. HAROLD HAROLD, YOU'RE GETTING YOURSELF A LATE-NIGHT VISIT.

"I WRACKED MY MEMORY TRACING ANY THOUGHTS OF THIS HAROLD HAROLD. THEN I REMEMBERED--HE WAS A RATHER DUBIOUS BROTHER IN THE FOURTH ESTATE, A HACK WRITER OF PULP TALES, COMPLETE WITH GRISLY ACCOUNTS OF MURDER AND MAYHEM.



"EVEN THE DUST JACKET WAS DULL, BUT CLUES WERE NOW SCARCE, SO I CHECKED OUT HIS ADDRESS...

"I ALSO REMEMBERED THAT HE FOISTED HIS FIRST BOOK ON ME--"A COUNT OF DEATH." IN IT HE TRIED PROVING THAT THE WELL-KNOWN VAMPIRE, DRACULA, HAD BEEN REINCARNATED AS ADOLPH HITLER.

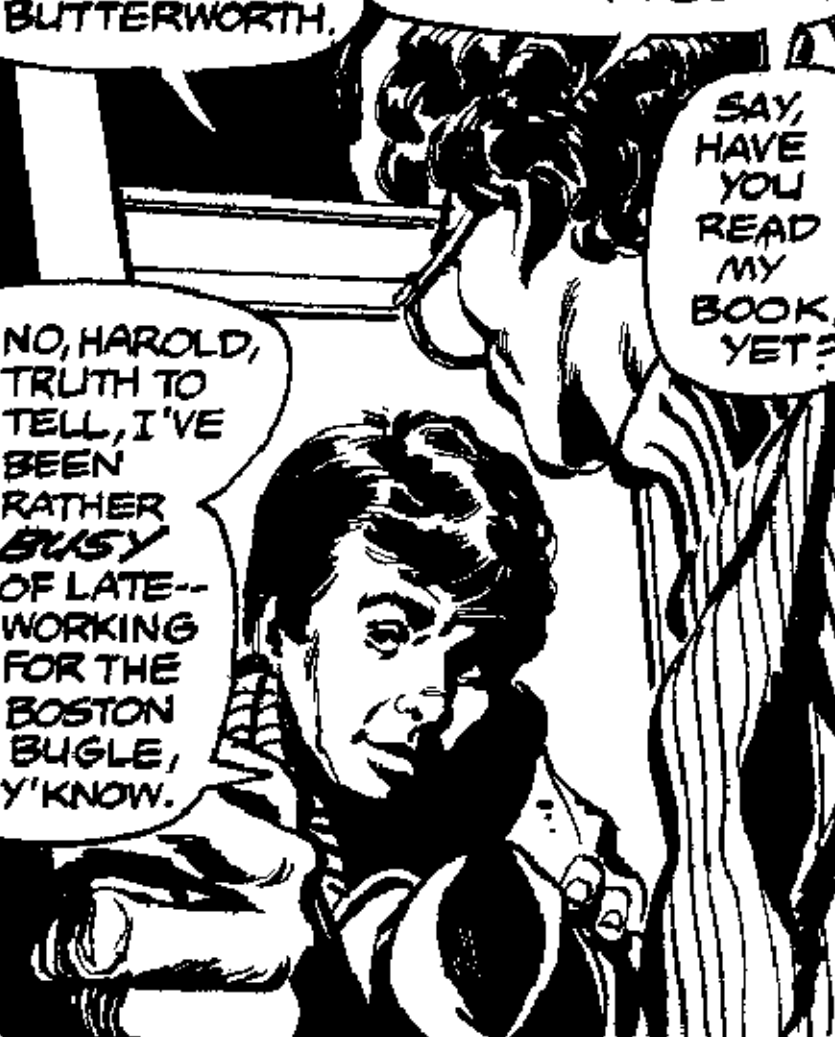


"...AND DROVE DOWNTOWN TO HIS FLAT.



YEAH? WHO-- OH, YOU-- BUTTERWORTH.

I GOT YOUR CALL AND I WAITED UP.



NO, HAROLD, TRUTH TO TELL, I'VE BEEN RATHER BUSY OF LATE--WORKING FOR THE BOSTON BUGLE, Y'KNOW.

SAY, HAVE YOU READ MY BOOK, YET?

"WHICH IS WHY I'M, AHEM, HERE NOW--MY EDITOR, PAUL LAMENZO, WANTED ME TO INTERVIEW YOU FOR OUR, EH, SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT.



INTERVIEW ME? OH WOW!

COME IN-- COME IN. WANT SOME COFFEE, PAUL?





"ONLY DRACULA
LAUGHED
IT OFF, AND
TURNED TO
BLADE, READY
TO ATTACK.

"I STOOD MY GROUND,
WAITING FOR THE RIGHT
MOMENT TO JOIN IN.



"I'D TAKEN KUNG FU, AND
THOUGH YOU MIGHT NOT
BELIEVE IT, THESE HANDS
ARE REGISTERED WEAPONS.

"DRAC COULDN'T
FIGHT OFF BOTH
OF US, SO HE
RAN LIKE A
COWARD.

"I WAS LIKE A
COILED
SPRING, AND
WHEN THE TIME
CAME, I LEAPED
ON DRAC'S BACK,
AND STARTED
TO PUMMEL
HIM WITH MY
FISTS.



SO, I SAVED BLADE, AND GOT RID
OF DRACULA AT THE SAME TIME.
NOT BAD, EH?



YEAH, YEAH, NOT BAD,
HAROLD. AND I THINK I'VE,
EH, GOT JUST ENOUGH...

...MALARKY.

MIND GIVING
ME THIS GUY
BLADE'S
ADDRESS?
I'D LIKE TO
TALK WITH
HIM.



SURE, NO
PROBLEM.

BUT I THOUGHT THIS WAS
TO BE MY INTERVIEW.
IT'S BEEN SO SHORT.

HAROLD--BELIEVE
ME--I'VE INTERVIEWED
YOU LONG ENOUGH...

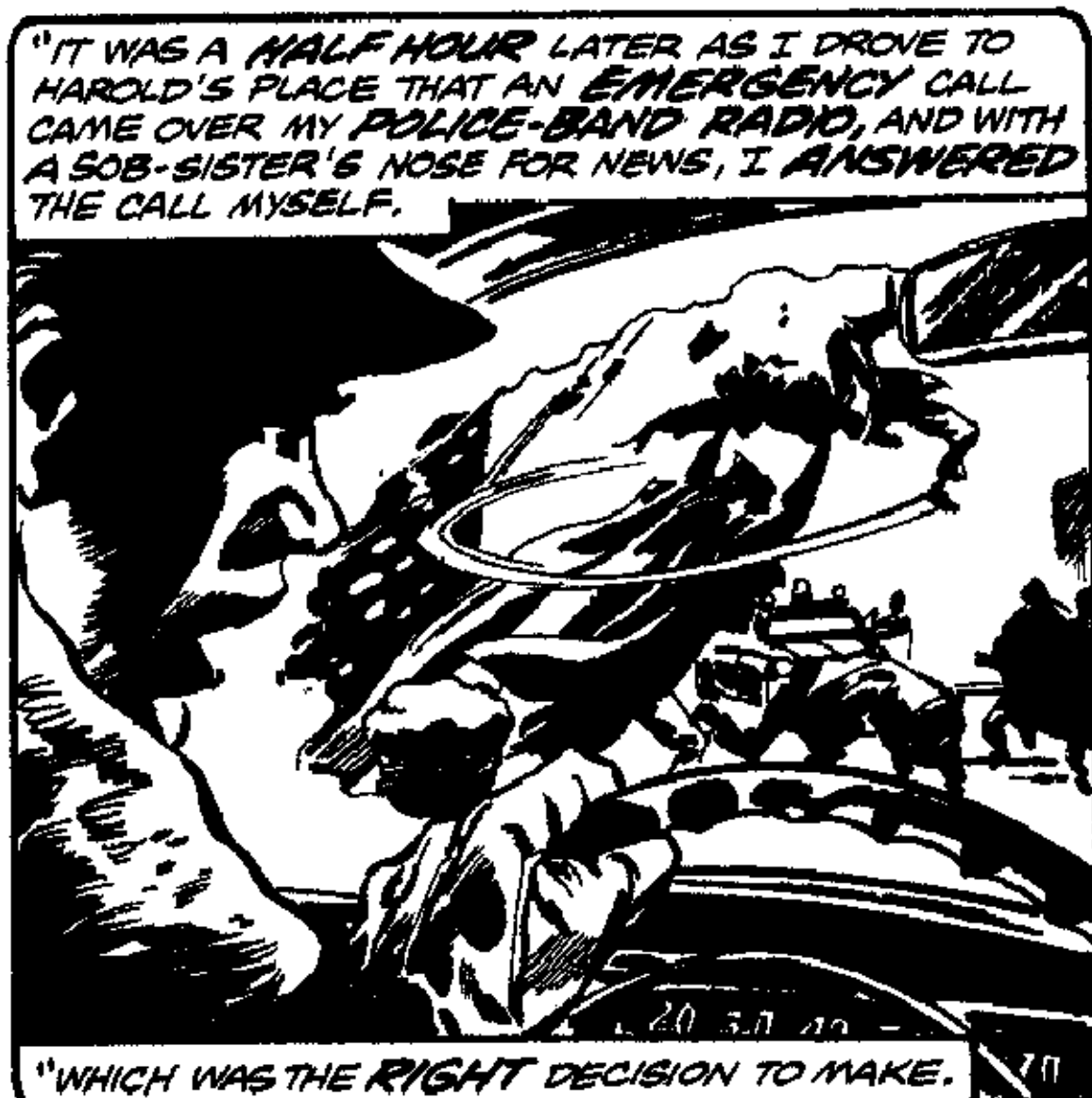
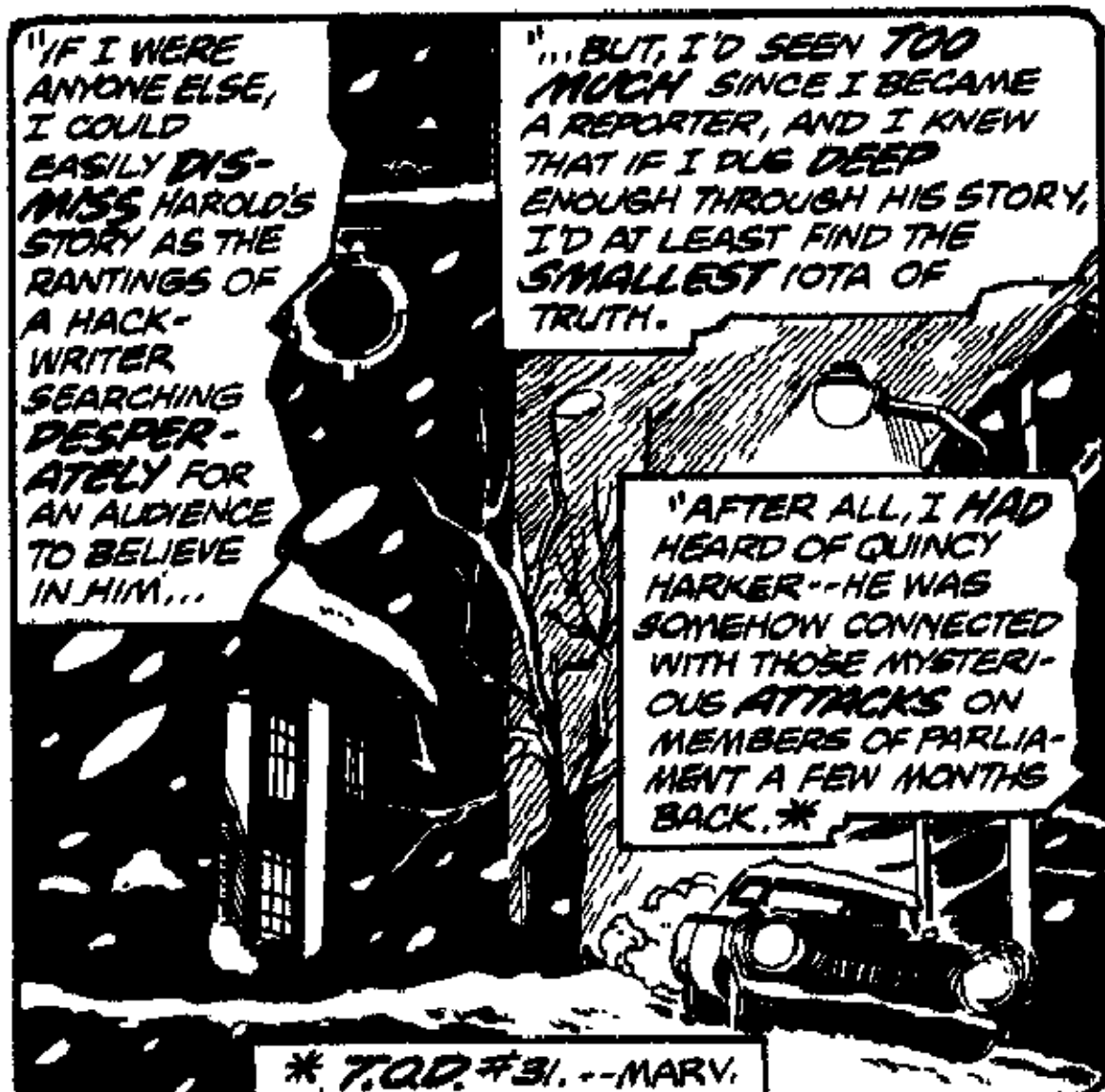


...TO DO A
WHOLE COMIC
STRIP ABOUT
YOU.

SEEEYA UNDER
"PEANUTS," PAL--

--AND DON'T
TAKE ANY
WOODEN
CRUCI-
FIXES.

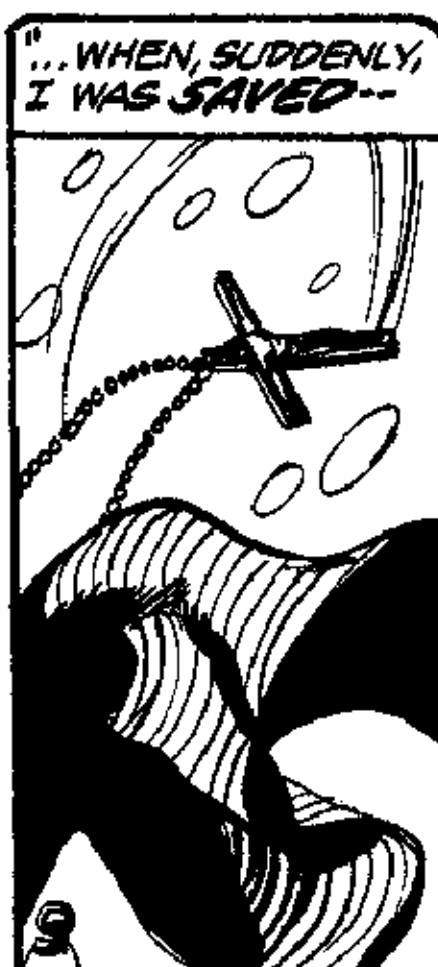
DRACULA
--BAH!





HEY! CAN'T WE **TALK** THIS OVER? I MEAN, LET'S HOLD **RATIONAL** DISCUSSION OR SOME-THING.

"I COULD SEE HE WAS **NOT** IN THE MOOD FOR A DEBATE, SO I HELD MY BREATH, THINKING THAT IT MIGHT BE MY **CAST**...



"...WHEN, SUDDENLY, I WAS **SAVED**...

"AS MY **CRUCIFIX** SLIPPED OUT FROM MY SHIRT,



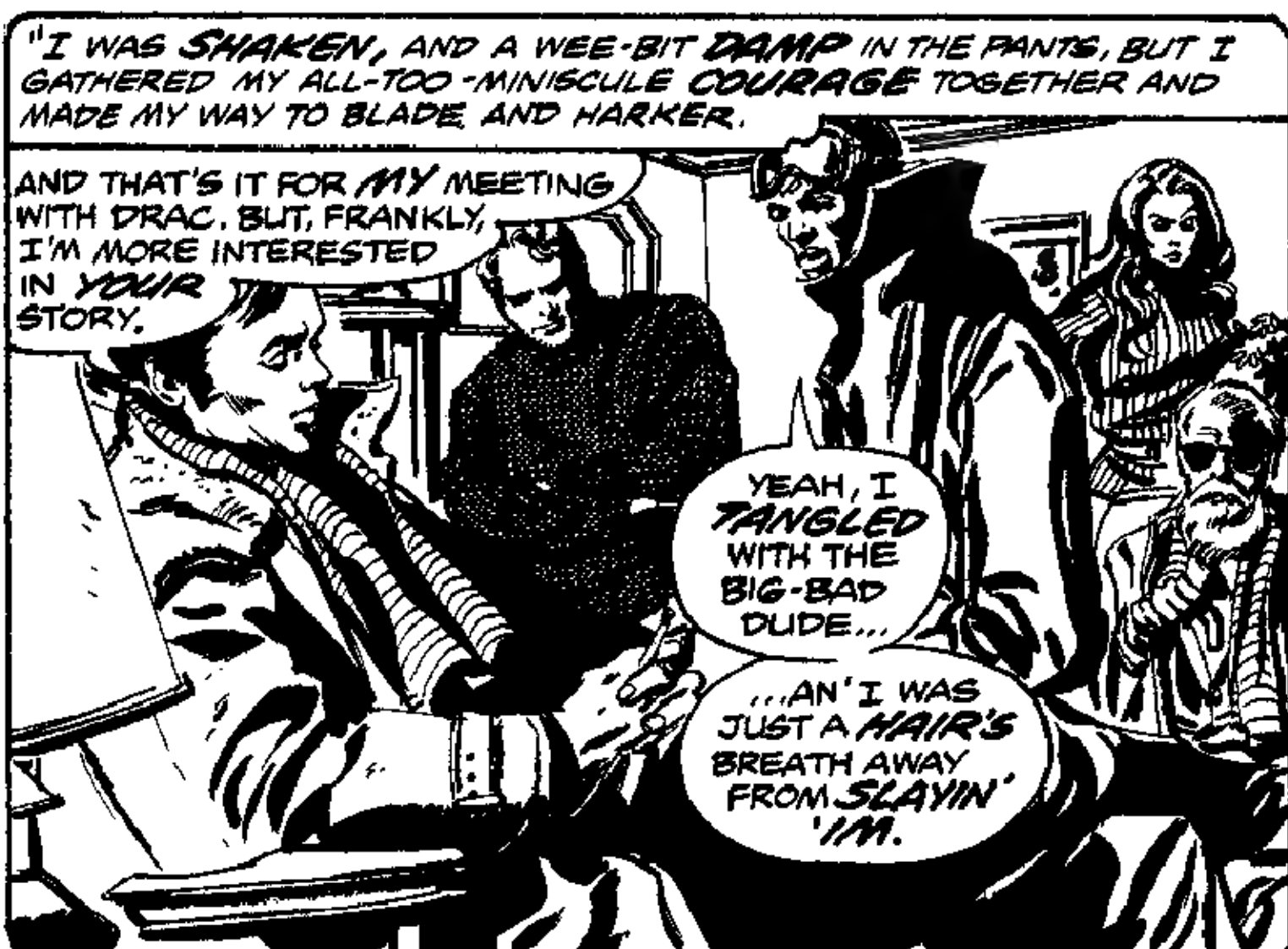
WHAT?

THE DAMNED **CRUCIFIX**! NOT NOW! **NOT NOW!!**



"HE HISSSED AT ME LIKE AN ANGRY **ANIMAL**, THEN BEFORE MY EYES HE **REFORMED** INTO A **BAT**--

--AND VANISHED INTO THE MARITIME **FOG**.



"I WAS **SHAKEN**, AND A WEE-BIT **DAMP** IN THE PANTS, BUT I GATHERED MY ALL-TOO-MINISCULE **COURAGE** TOGETHER AND MADE MY WAY TO **BLADE** AND **HARKER**.

AND THAT'S IT FOR **MY** MEETING WITH **DRAC**. BUT, FRANKLY, I'M MORE INTERESTED IN **YOUR** STORY.

YEAH, I **TANGLED** WITH THE **BIG-BAD DUDE**...

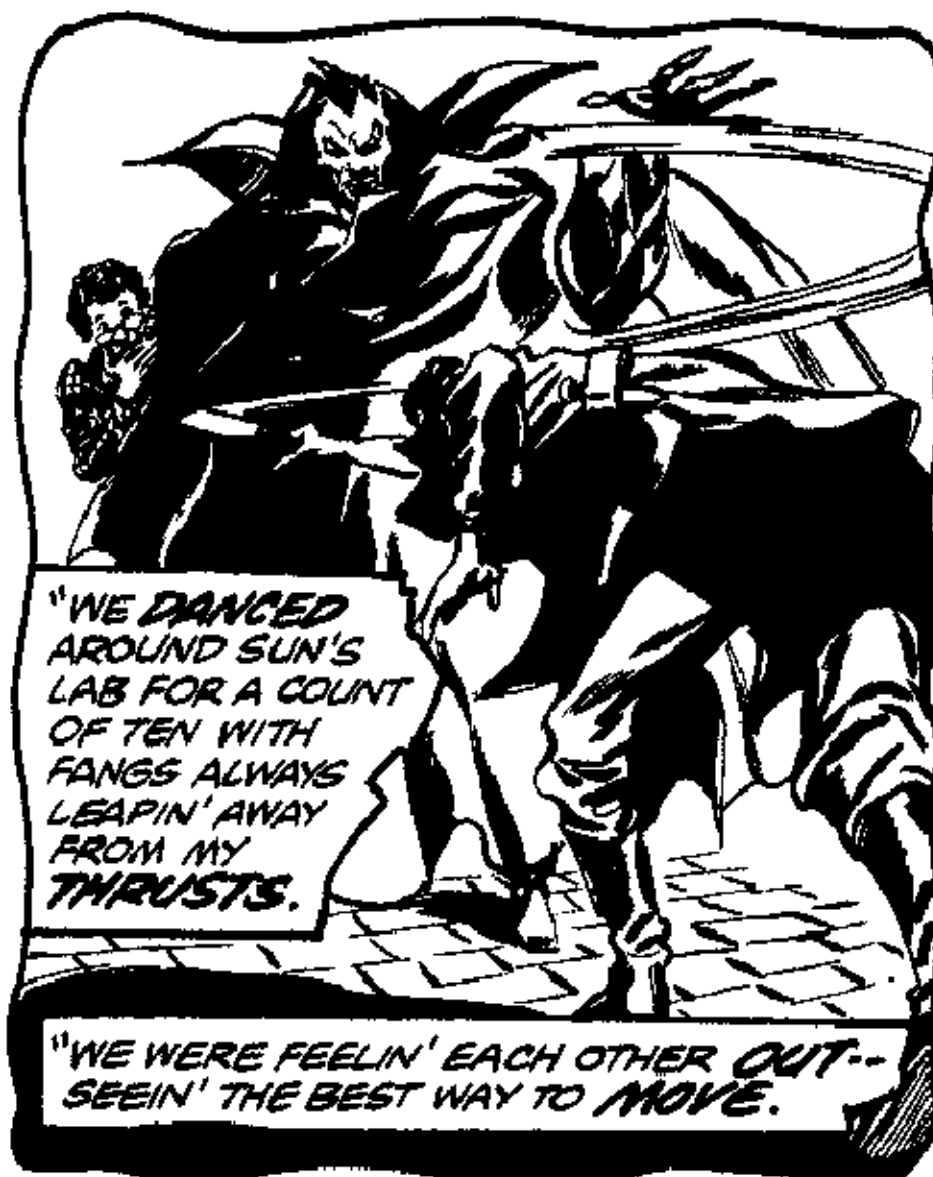
...AN' I WAS JUST A **HAIR'S** BREATH AWAY FROM **SLAYIN'** 'IM.



ME AN' **DRAC** HAD JUST ABOUT WIPED **SUN** OUT WHEN I **TURNED** ON **FANGS**.

Y'SEE, I **SWORE** THAT I'D GET 'IM **AFTER** WE GOT **SUN**.

THAT **MOTHER'S** **KILLED** TOO MANY INNOCENTS TO LET WALK AROUND LIKE A **FREE** DUDE.



"WE **DANCED** AROUND **SUN'S** LAB FOR A COUNT OF TEN WITH **FANGS** ALWAYS **LEAPIN'** AWAY FROM MY **THRUSTS**.

"WE WERE **FEELIN'** EACH OTHER **OUT--** SEEIN' THE BEST WAY TO **MOVE**.



"NOW I GOT DRAC BACKED TO THE WALL, AND SOMEHOW HAROLD'S BEHIND 'IM, HUGGIN' THE WALL LIKE A SUN-TAN.



"SO I MAKE MY MOVE, SLASHING DOWN WITH MY WOODEN KNIFE-- RIGHT AT DRAC'S CHEST--



"--ONLY FANGS TURNS FAST, AND I TRIP OVER HAROLD, AND FANGS PICKS UP MY KNIFE-- TO TURN IT ON ME.



"I WAS SWEATIN' A-BOMBS WHEN SUDDENLY DRAC LURCHES FORWARD, AN' I SEE THAT RACHEL USED HER CROSS-BOW ON 'IM--

"--CUTTIN' 'IM BETWEEN THE SHOULDERS.



THAT DUDE LOOKED MAD AS ALL HELL. HE CURSED AT ME, AN' THEN CHANGED INTO A WOUNDED BAT AN' FLEW OFF.

ALL IN A NIGHT'S WORK, EH?

NOW, HOW ABOUT TELLING ME...



"I WAS ASKING BLADE ABOUT HIS PREVIOUS ENCOUNTERS WITH DRACULA, AND ALL THE WHILE, UNBEKNOWNST TO US, DOWNSTAIRS IN THE HOTEL'S LOBBY...



ATTENDANT! YOU HAVE A MARKER LISTED IN THIS HOTEL.

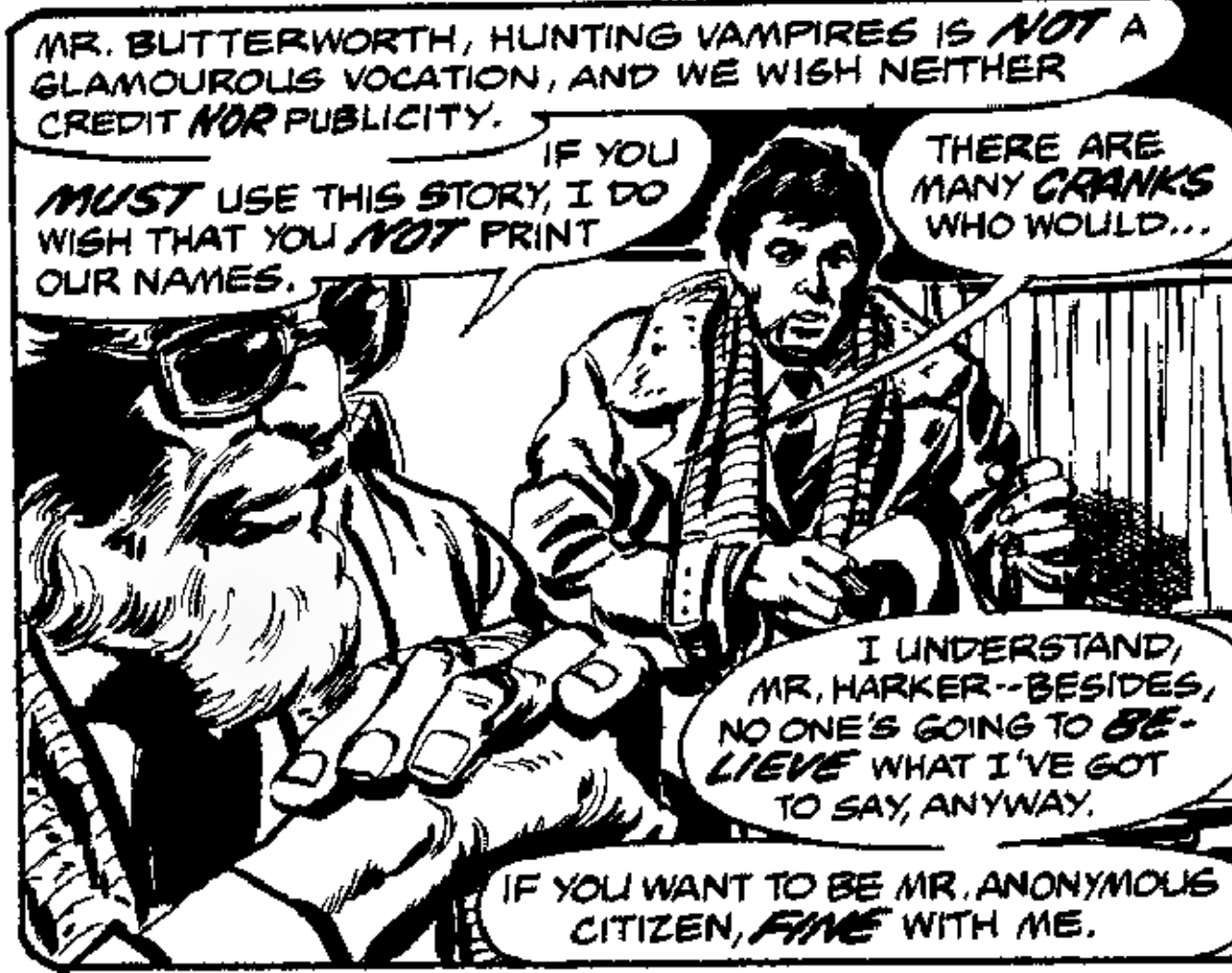
WHICH ROOM IS HE IN?

UH, SIR? IF YOU WANT HIM, I'D BE GLAD TO RING HIM UP.



I WANT HIS ROOM NUMBER, ATTENDANT.

AND YOU SHALL GIVE IT TO ME-- NOW!



MR. BUTTERWORTH, HUNTING VAMPIRES IS NOT A GLAMOUROUS VOCATION, AND WE WISH NEITHER CREDIT NOR PUBLICITY.

IF YOU MUST USE THIS STORY, I DO WISH THAT YOU NOT PRINT OUR NAMES.

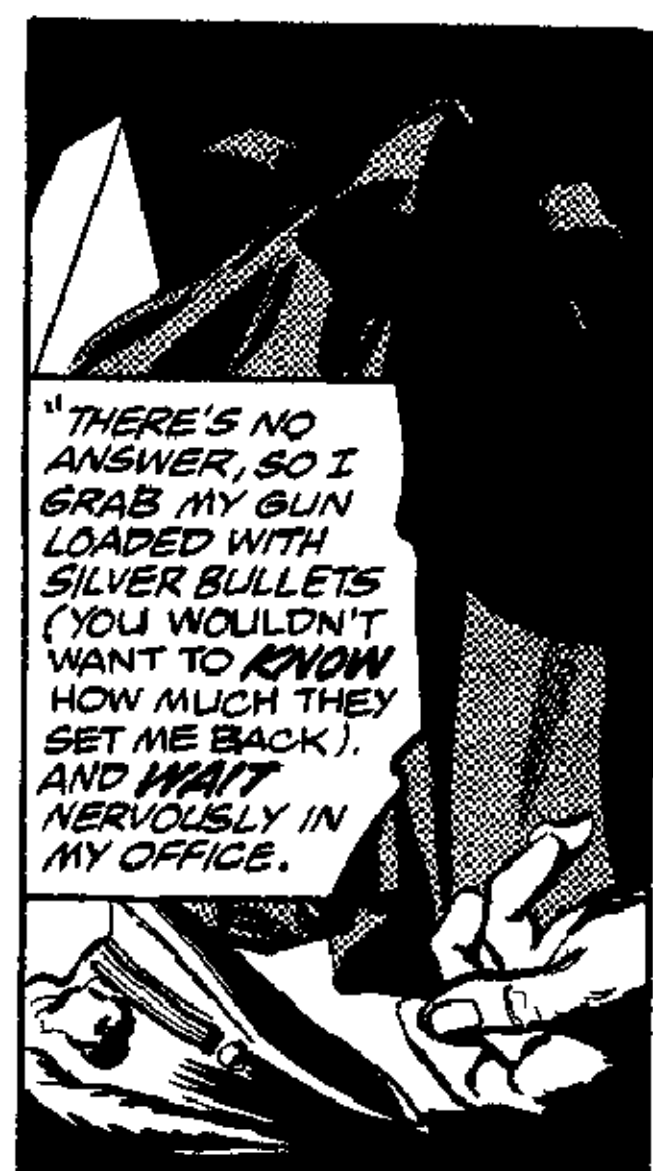
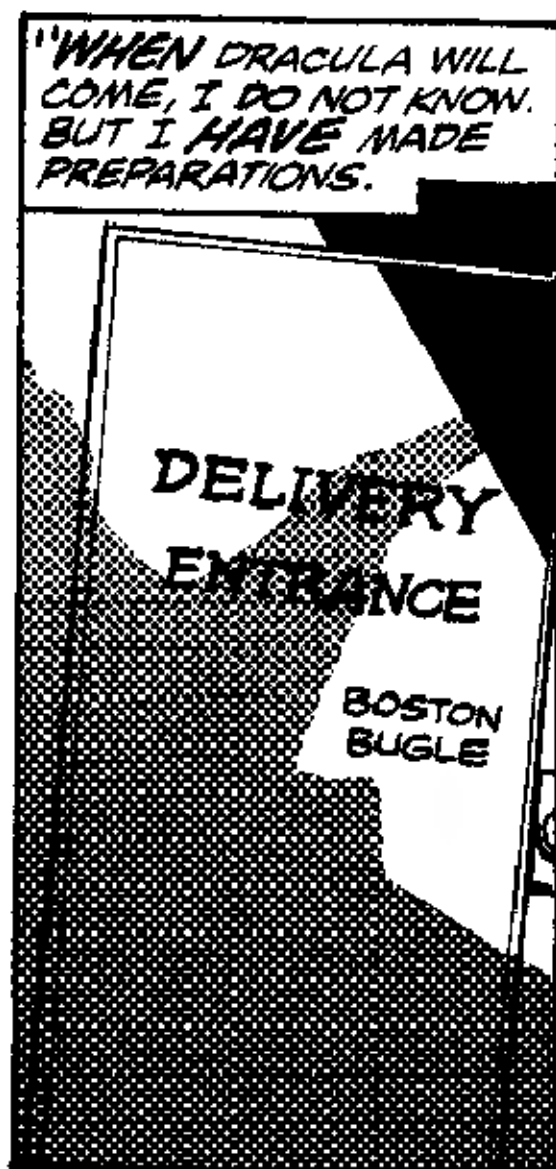
THERE ARE MANY CRANKS WHO WOULD...

I UNDERSTAND, MR. HARKER--BESIDES, NO ONE'S GOING TO BELIEVE WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY, ANYWAY.

IF YOU WANT TO BE MR. ANONYMOUS CITIZEN, FINE WITH ME.





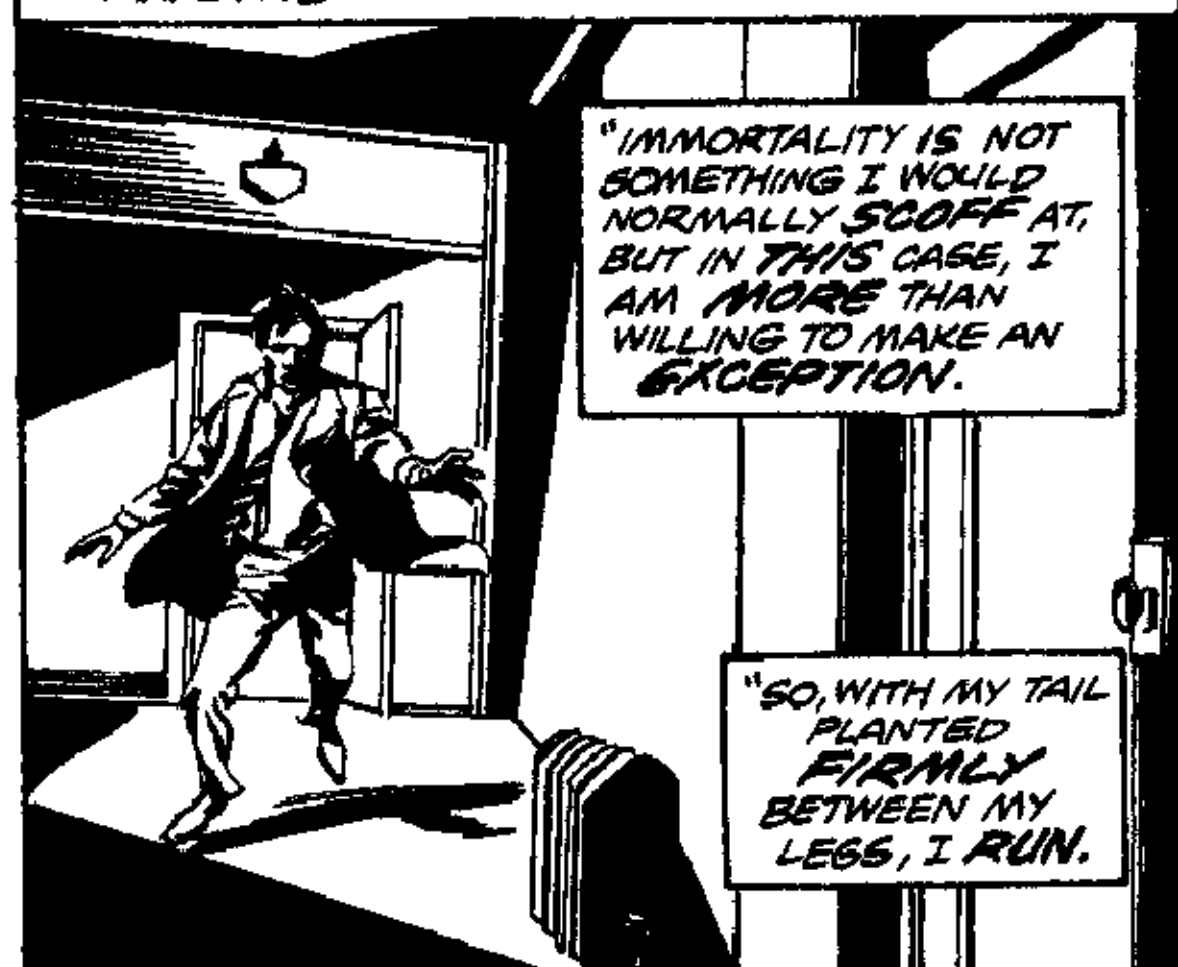








"AS I SAID, **VAMPIRES** HAVE EXISTED FROM THE DAWN OF TIME, AND, IT SEEMS AS IF **THIS** ONE IS OUT TO MAKE **ME** AN IMMORTAL UNDEAD AS WELL.



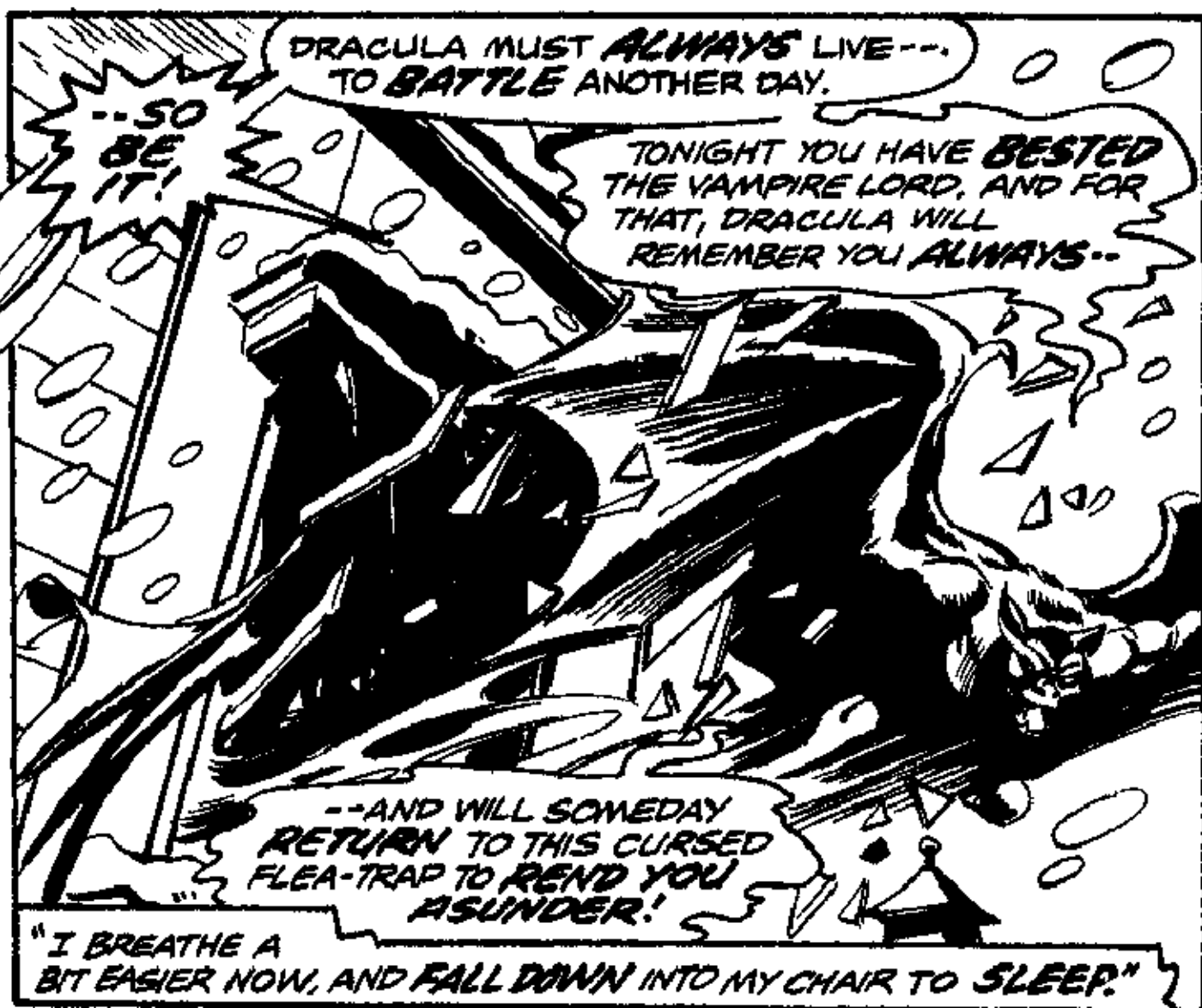
HUMAN, DRACULA IS NOT DONE WITH YOU.





IT MUSTN'T END LIKE THIS! NOT NOW!

BUT IF I HAVE ONLY MINUTES TO FLEE--

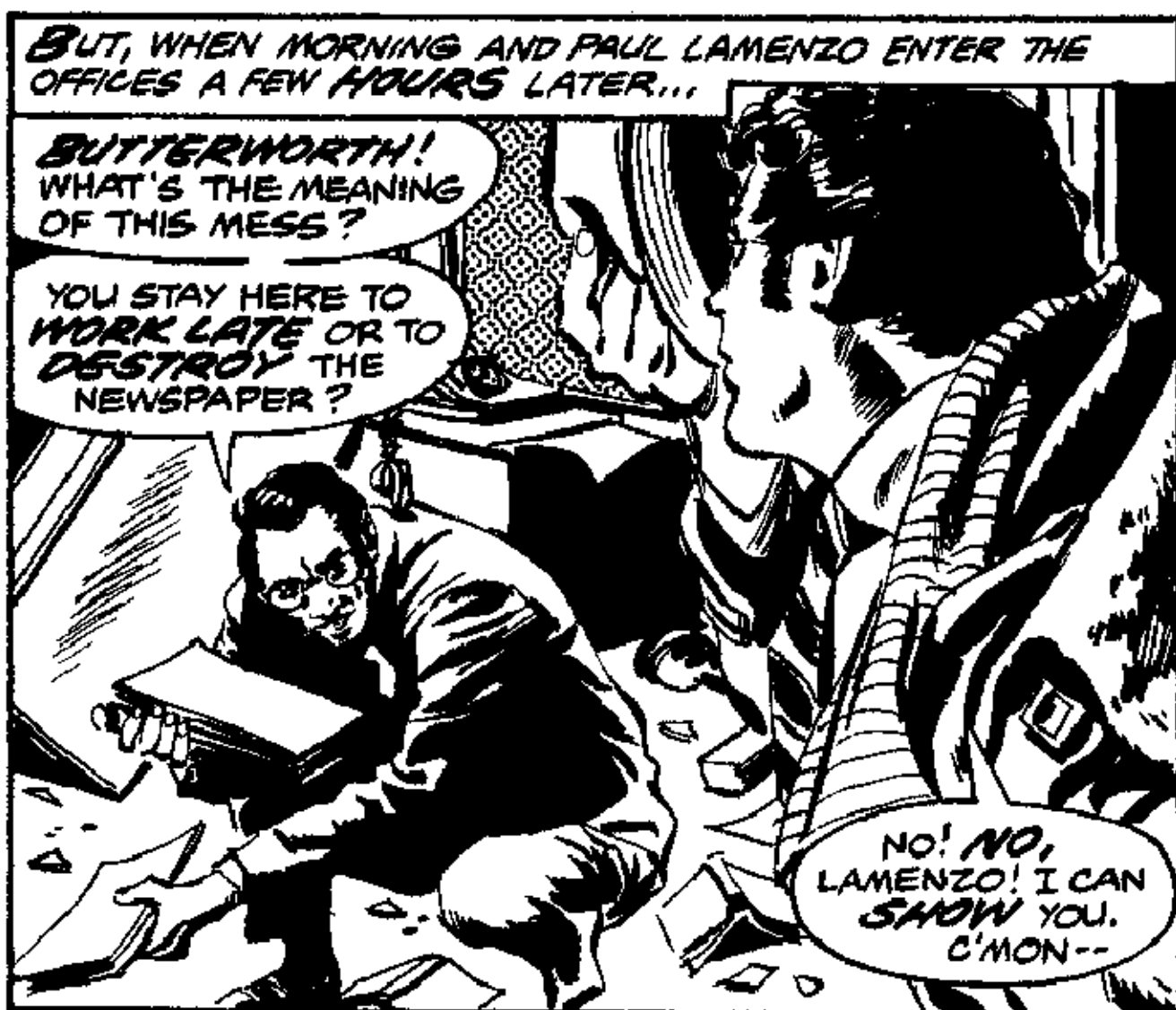


DRACULA MUST ALWAYS LIVE--- TO BATTLE ANOTHER DAY.

TONIGHT YOU HAVE BESTED THE VAMPIRE LORD, AND FOR THAT, DRACULA WILL REMEMBER YOU ALWAYS--

--AND WILL SOMEDAY RETURN TO THIS CURSED FLEA-TRAP TO REND YOU ASUNDER!

"I BREATHE A BIT EASIER NOW, AND FALL DOWN INTO MY CHAIR TO SLEEP."

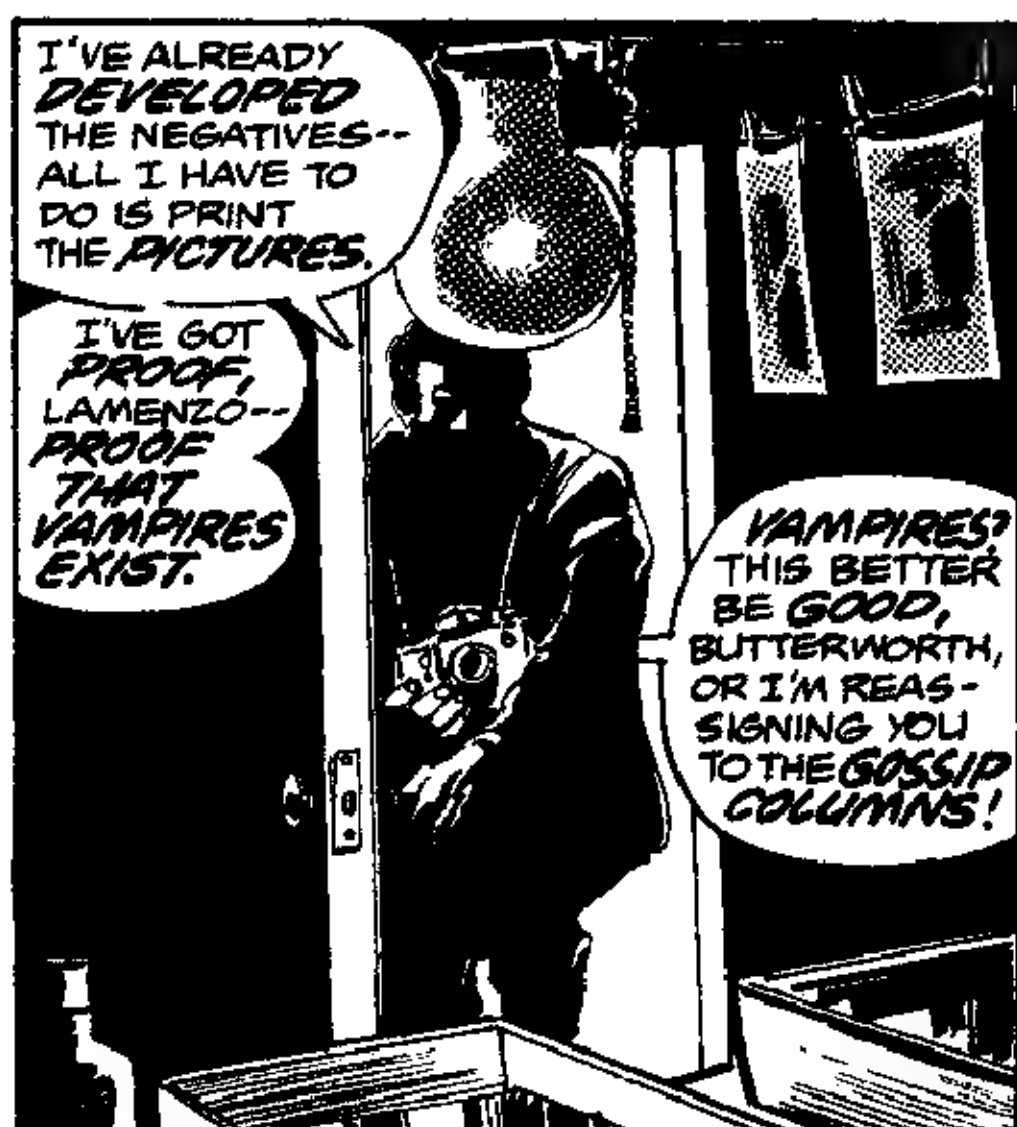


BUT, WHEN MORNING AND PAUL LAMENZO ENTER THE OFFICES A FEW HOURS LATER...

BUTTERWORTH! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS MESS?

YOU STAY HERE TO WORK LATE OR TO DESTROY THE NEWSPAPER?

NO! NO, LAMENZO! I CAN SHOW YOU. C'MON--



I'VE ALREADY DEVELOPED THE NEGATIVES-- ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PRINT THE PICTURES.

I'VE GOT PROOF, LAMENZO-- PROOF THAT VAMPIRES EXIST.

VAMPIRES? THIS BETTER BE GOOD, BUTTERWORTH, OR I'M REAS-SIGNING YOU TO THE GOSSIP COLUMNS!



C'MON-- C'MON, LAMENZO. I'M YOUR STAR REPORTER! WHEN I SAY I'VE GOT A STORY FOR YOU, I'VE GOT A DOOZY!

HERE, LOOK AT THIS PHOTO--



PHOTO? BUTTERWORTH, THERE'S NOTHING ON THIS PAPER BUT COPS... FALLING DOWN.

WHERE'S YOUR VAMPIRE PLAYMATES, MISTER BUTTERWORTH?



I FORGOT--

VAMPIRES DON'T PHOTOGRAPH!

BUTTERWORTH, I DO HOPE YOU ENJOY READING MAIL-- BECAUSE THE "ASK MISS ANNIE" COLUMN GETS A HELLUVA LOT!

THE STORY THAT HAD TO HAPPEN!

DR. STRANGE

MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!

STILL
ONLY **25¢**

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

44
MAY

©
02143

COMICBOOKS
NUMBER
1
FEAR MAGAZINE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE TOMB OF **DRACULA** LORD OF VAMPIRES™

BECAUSE YOU
DEMANDED IT!
**DRACULA BATTLES
DOCTOR
STRANGE!**
AND ONE WILL DIE!



ALSO:
BLADE MEETS THE MOST
UNEXPECTED **GUEST STAR** OF ALL!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARY WOLFMAN /
WRITER / EDITOR

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER /
ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA /
letterer

TOM PALMER
colorist

HE STARES INTENTLY AT THE GLOWING ORB, STUDYING THE GRAY MIST SHAPES WHICH SWIRL VAGUELY BEFORE HIM. HE KNOWS, AND HE IS AWARE OF WHAT HE SEES, AND HE IS NOT AT ALL PLEASED.

THERE WILL BE BATTLE, AND THE THOUGHT OF THIS IRREVOCABLE FIGHT BOTHERS HIM.

PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE HE HAS SOMEHOW SEEN THE FUTURE GLOWING DIMLY BEHIND THE INTANGIBLE SHAPES WITHIN THE ORB.

AND PERHAPS, HE KNOWS THAT BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OUT, HE WILL DIE.

HIS NAME IS
**DOCTOR
STRANGE**

AND HE IS MASTER OF
THE MYSTIC ARTS!

WONG...

BUT NOT EVEN THE POWER IMPLICIT IN THAT DISTINCTION SHALL SAVE HIM WHEN THE MIDNIGHT BELLS TOLL THEIR FINAL, DEADLY, PEAL.



...GONE--
VANISHED.

BUT SOMEWHERE
YOU MUST **STILL**
EXIST, MY FAITHFUL
SERVANT.

IN THE NAME OF
THE ALL-SEEING,
THE ALL-KNOWING,
THE **ALL-**
FREING--



APPEAR BEFORE
ME-- **NOW!**

DEMONS OF
DENAK-- **NO!**



WONG APPEARS
DEAD-- BUT HOW
--WHO?

I MUST INVESTIGATE **DEEPER**
INTO THIS PUZZLING MYSTERY.

**RISE FROM THE EYE OF
AGAMOTTO--RISE BEFORE
THE SORCERER SUPREME!**

DOCTOR
STRANGE
COMMANDS
IT!



BEFORE ME, A MERE **SHADOW**,
ONE GIVEN **SUM** AND **SUBSTANCE**
YET IT **SERVES** AS WONG
NONETHELESS.

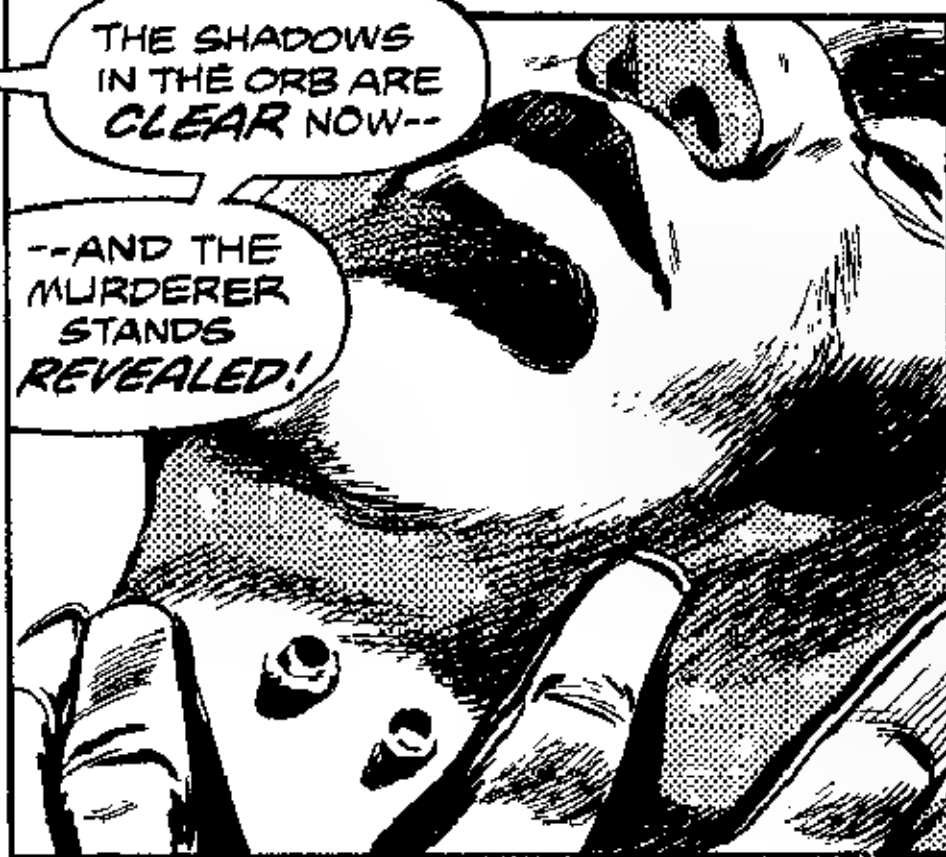


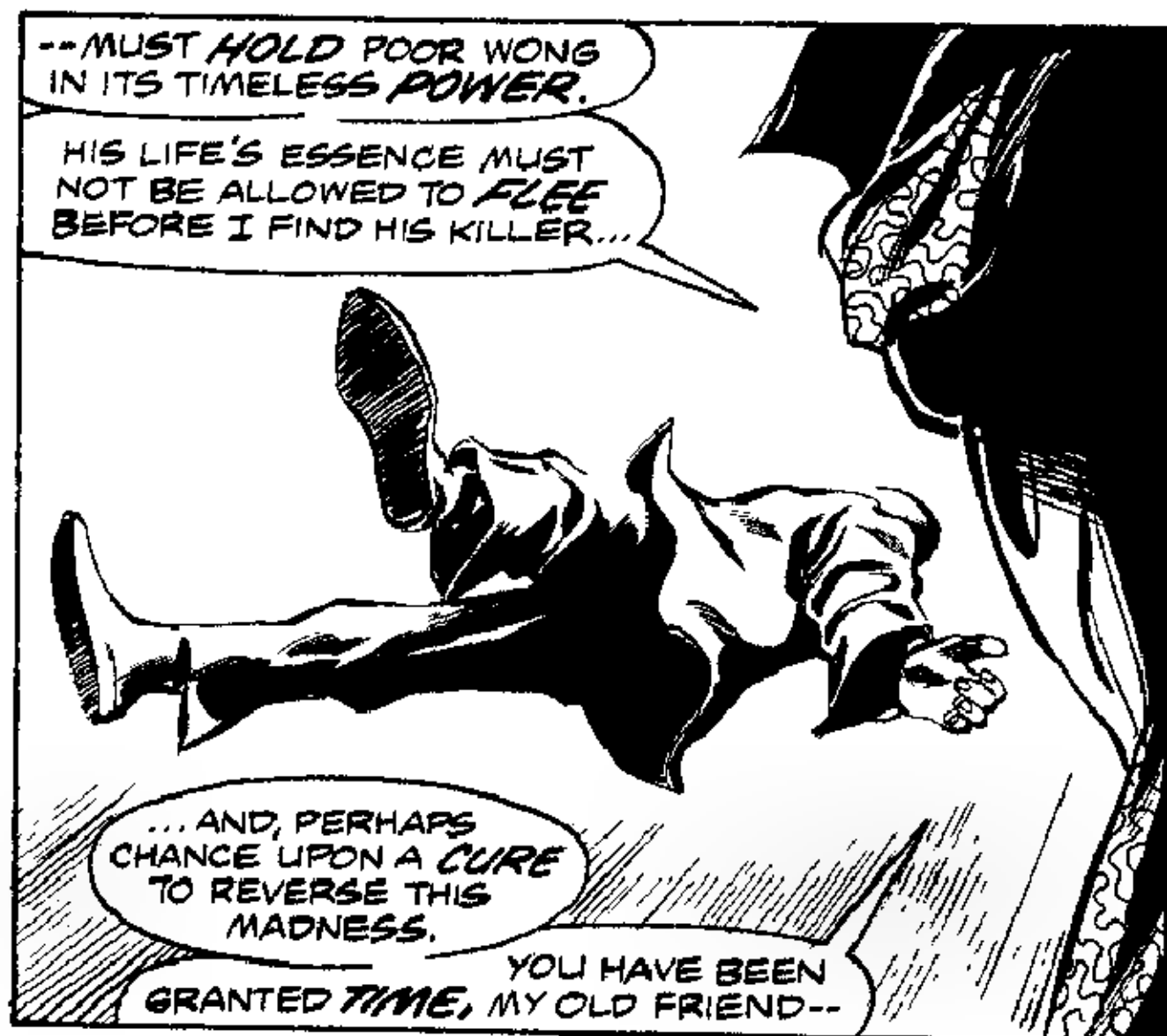
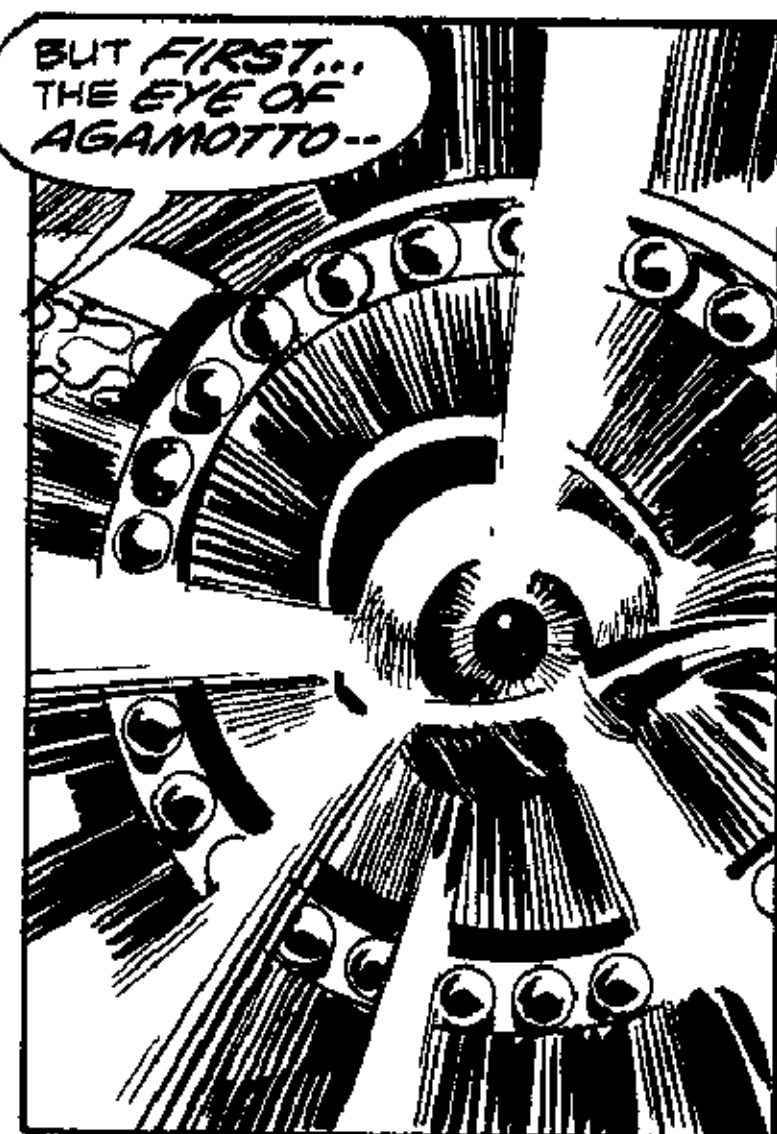
BUT MORE--IT
IS **COMPLETE**
WITH ALL MY
SERVANT'S
MEMORIES!

HOLD--!

THE SHADOWS
IN THE ORB ARE
CLEAR NOW--

--AND THE
MURDERER
STANDS
REVEALED!







HE SITS IN HIS CHAIR, WORRY WEARING HEAVILY UPON HIS SHOULDERS.

AND, FROM THE MYSTIC MAGE'S RIGID FORM RISES ANOTHER FORM--

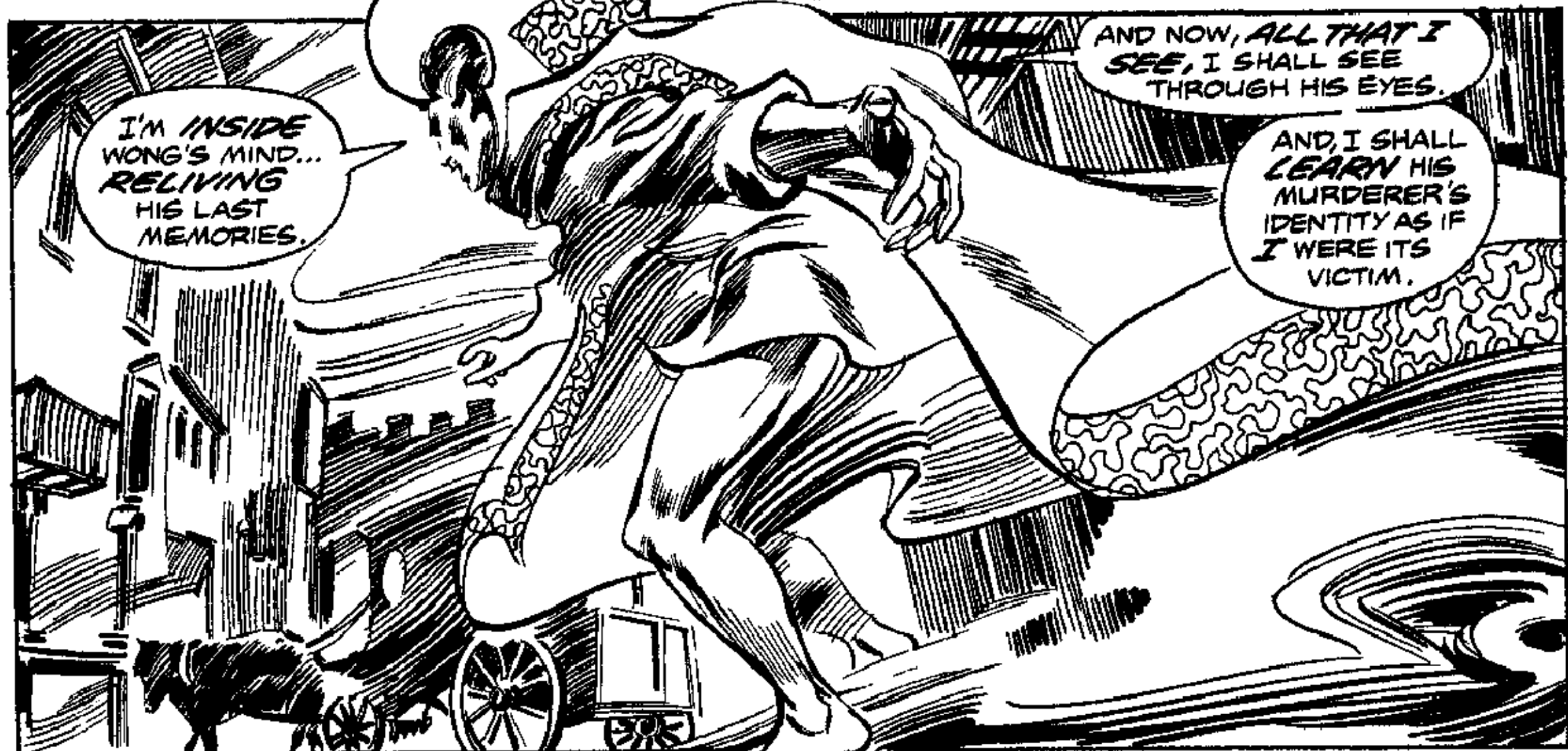
--WHICH STEALS IT-SELF TOWARDS THE MIND OF THE SHADOWED-SERVANT.

FOR A MOMENT THE MAGICIAN'S FORM SEEMS TO GLOW.

BUT ONLY FOR A MOMENT, AND THEN THE SHIMMER IS GONE...

...REPLACED BY A BLANK-EYED STARE--

--THAT SEES MORE PERCEPTIVELY THAN EVEN AN EAGLE'S ALL-ENGULFING GAZE.



I'M INSIDE WONG'S MIND... RELIVING HIS LAST MEMORIES.

AND NOW, ALL THAT I SEE, I SHALL SEE THROUGH HIS EYES.

AND, I SHALL LEARN HIS MURDERER'S IDENTITY AS IF I WERE ITS VICTIM.



"A HAND-- BEFORE ME.

"IT'S WONG'S!

"CURSE ME FOR A NOVICE! I SAID I SEE THROUGH HIS EYES.



"A SCREAM!

EEEEEEEE

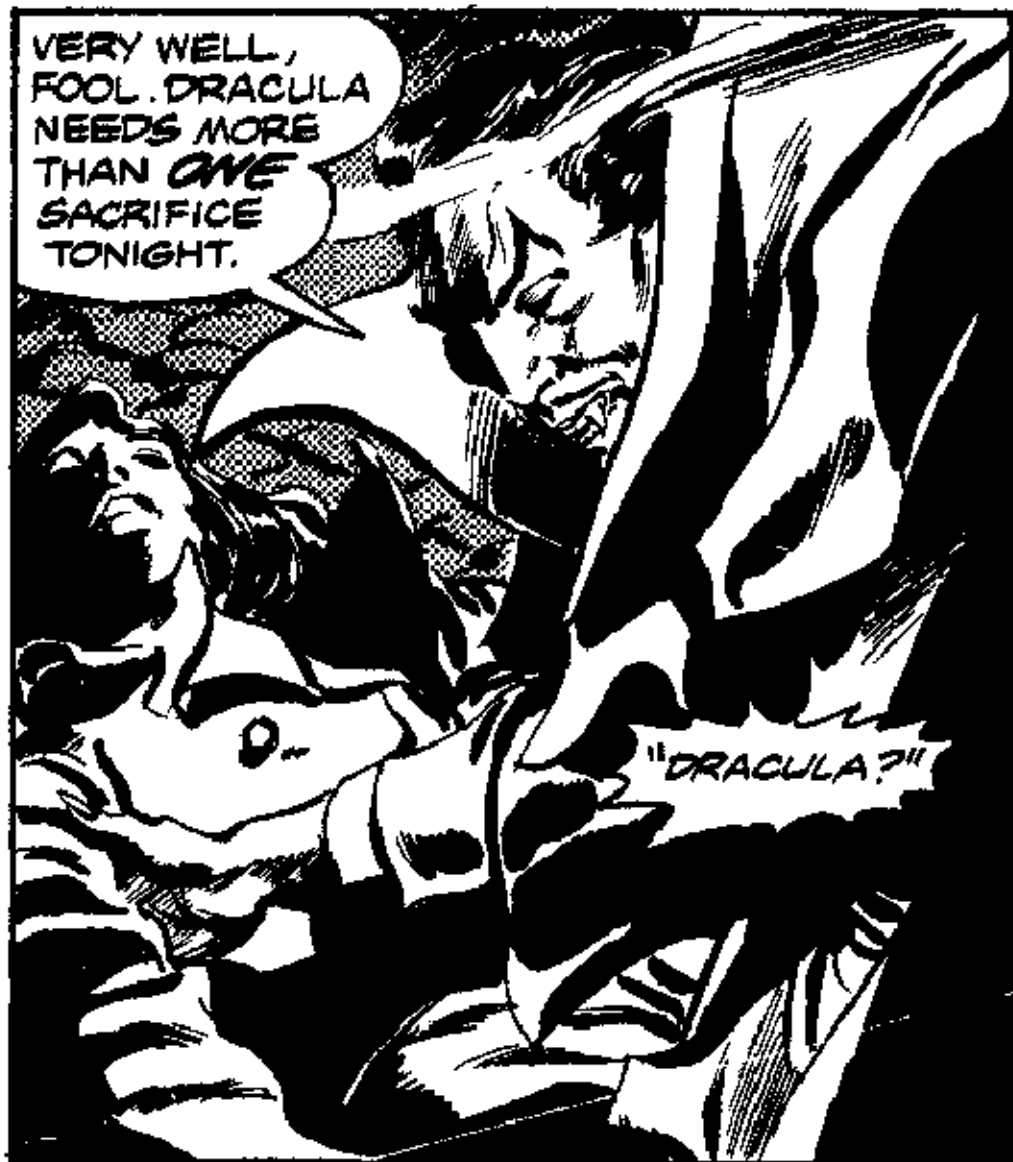
"WONG RACES TO ANSWER IT IN A DARKLY LIT ALLEY-WAY.

"HEAVY BREATHING... A SNARLING, GRATING GROWL, FROM SOMEWHERE IN THE DARK"



WHAT? SOMEONE DARES INTERRUPT MY FEAST?

"THE VAMPIRE!"



VERY WELL, FOOL. DRACULA NEEDS MORE THAN *ONE* SACRIFICE TONIGHT.

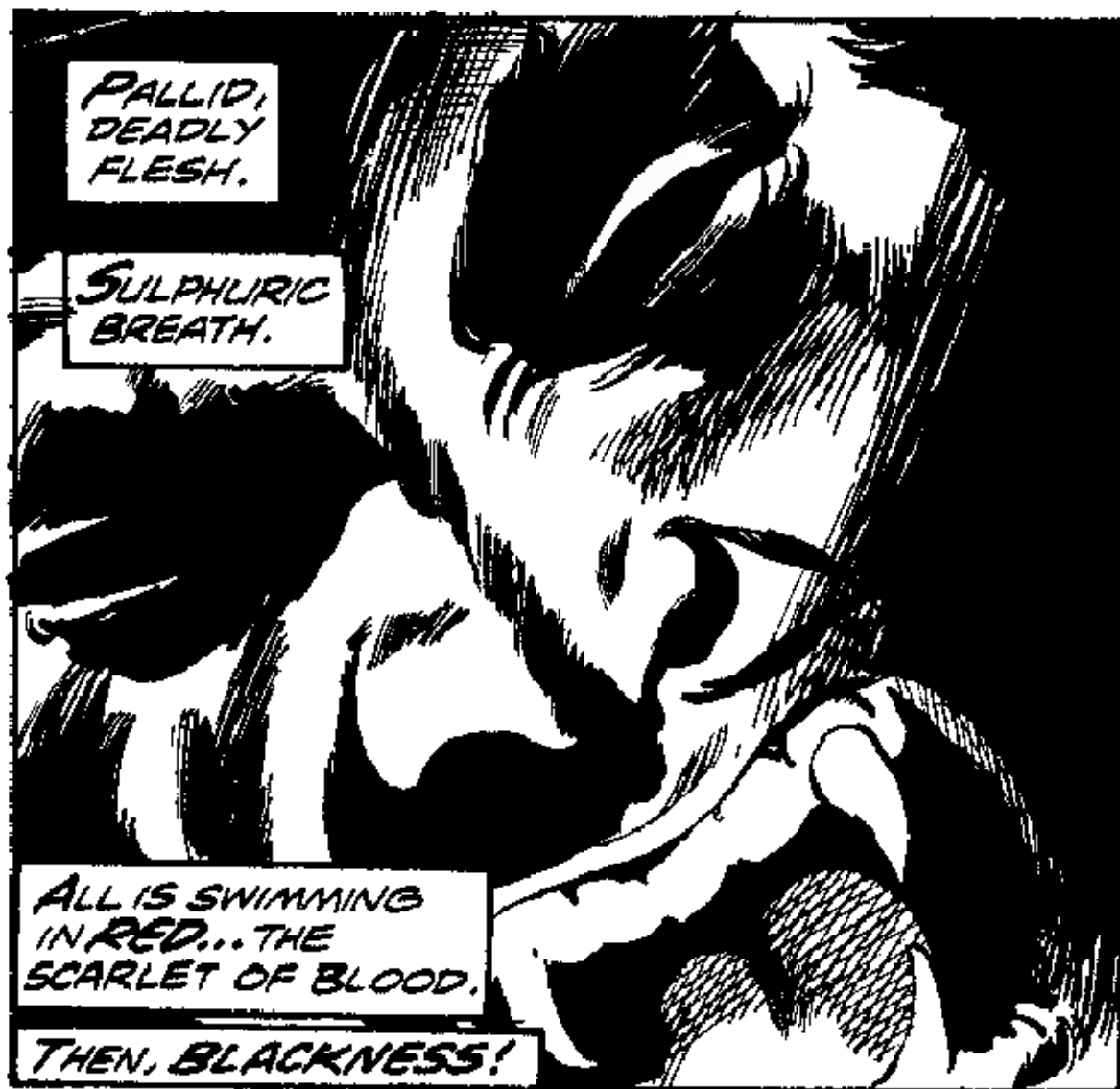
"DRACULA?"



YOU SHALL *LEARN* WHAT IT MEANS TO INTERRUPT THE LORD OF VAMPIRES!

AND, YOU SHALL LEARN--

--WITH YOUR DEATH!



PALLID, DEADLY FLESH.

SULPHURIC BREATH.

ALL IS SWIMMING IN RED... THE SCARLET OF BLOOD.

THEN, BLACKNESS!



NO MORE!

WONG'S SUFFERING IS TOO EXCRUCIATING TO BEAR.

THE ASTRAL IMAGE OF THE MYSTIC MASTER GLIDES LIKE A GRACEFUL SWAN ACROSS THE VOID OF DOCTOR STRANGE'S SANCTUM SANCTORUM...



...RETURNING TO ITS HOST BODY...



...AND WITH IT, RETURNING MOVEMENT.

REST WELL, FAITHFUL WONG. IF ALL GOES AS I HOPE, YOU SHALL SOON BE AMONG THE *LIVING* ONCE MORE.

BUT SHOULD I *FAIL*, THIS I DO GUARANTEE--

--YOUR FINAL REST SHALL BE AVENGED!

ELSEWHERE...

ALL RIGHT, DO I MUSTER THE OL' COURAGE NOW, OR, DO I CHICKEN-OUT AGAIN?

MIDNIGHT PUBLISHING CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE OCCULT

DO I ENTER THESE OFFICES FREELY AND OF MY OWN WILL, OR DO I RUN LIKE A SCARED RABBIT?

THE ANSWER *SHOULD* BE A SIMPLE ONE--I SHOULD RUN RATHER THAN FACE AURORA.

BUT, HECK, EVEN A LILY-LIVERED **COWARD** HAS GOT TO PULL UP HIS PANTS AND ACT LIKE A **MAN** SOME-TIMES.

PUBLISHING CO.

SPECIALIST IN THE OCCULT

AND TODAY *THIS* SHNOOK BECOMES A MAN.



HOBOY, I FEEL JUST THE WAY I DID AT MY **BAR MITZVAH**.

MY STOMACH IS SOMEWHERE *BENEATH* THE SOULS OF MY SHOES.



AURORA RABINOWITZ? **AHEM!** AURORA RABINOWITZ?

ER, AURORA? YOOHOO?!?

YEAH, MAXINE, I WEAR "CHARLIE." IT'S THE *IN* THING RIGHT NOW.



SHE'S BUSY ON THE *PHONE*-- DOESN'T HEAR ME.

OH WELL, I'LL JUST READ SOMETHING WHILE SHE DECIDES WHETHER TO SMELL LIKE THE **GREAT OUT-DOORS** OR THE **HINT OF MINT!**

EXCLUSIVE **I LOVED A VAM** by AURORA RABINOWITZ

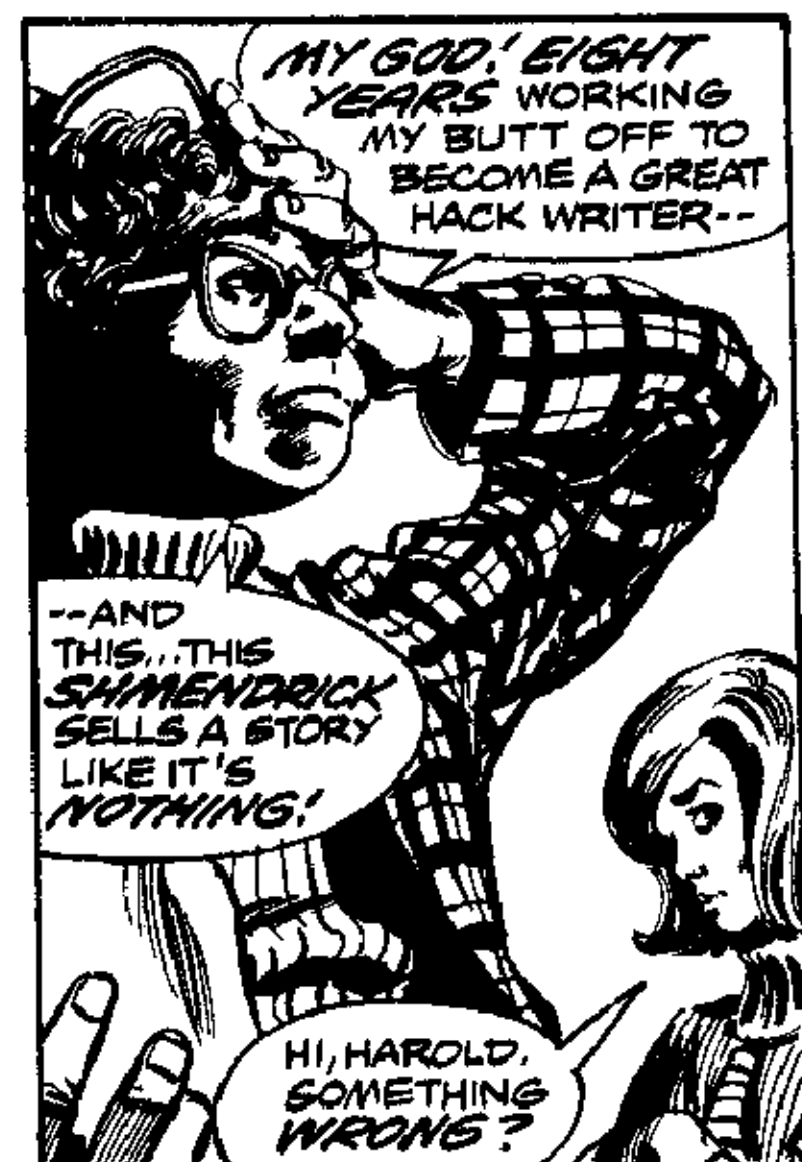
HUH? WUZZIT?



"I LOVED A VAMPIRE" BY AURORA RABINOWITZ?!?

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS **MADNESS**?!?

MAXINE, I THINK I'D BETTER GO NOW. ONE OF OUR WRITERS IS HAVING A **NERVOUS BREAKDOWN** AGAIN.



MY GOD! EIGHT YEARS WORKING MY BUTT OFF TO BECOME A GREAT HACK WRITER--

--AND THIS...THIS **SHAMENDRICK** SELLS A STORY LIKE IT'S **NOTHING!**

HI, HAROLD. SOMETHING **WRONG?**



WRONG, MY LOVELY, BEAUTIFUL AURORA? OH, *NOTHING'S* WRONG.

EXCEPT *US*. WHY HAVEN'T YOU ANSWERED ANY OF MY CALLS FOR A **DATE** SINCE THAT NIGHT WITH DRACULA?

WELL...



HAROLD, YOU'RE A REALLY NICE, SWEET PERSON.

YEAH...?

AND POOR LITTLE ME SHOULD BE **FLATTERED** THAT A BIG-TIME WRITER LIKE YOU THINKS I'M RAVISHINGLY **CUTE**...



BUT, FRANKLY, HAROLD, I THINK YOU'RE A NERD!

WHAT?!!



MY PHONE! EXCUSE ME, HAROLD.

DIANE! DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE NEW COLOGNE I JUST BOUGHT--?



IT FLUTTERS QUIETLY OVER THE BOSTON SKY-SCAPE, SURVEYING THE COLD, SNOW-TOPPED ROOFS BELOW IT.

BOSTON REMINDS IT OF LONDON-- OF STAID TRADITION-- NOT AT ALL LIKE THE CHROME AND GLASS BLEMISHES THAT CROWD MOST MODERN METROPOLISES.

THE BAT ALIGHTS ATOP ONE COLD SPIRE AND REFORMS INTO A MAN, FOR, DRACULA CANNOT ABIDE HIS NON-HUMAN SHAPES FOR LONG.



AFTER ALL, HE IS A MAN-- A MAN WHO HAS EXISTED THROUGH THE CENTURIES LIKE NO OTHER MAN HAS EVER DONE.

HIS EYES ARE AS COLD AS THE WINTER, AND THEY NARROW TO THIN, DEMONIC SLITS WHICH DANCE WITH A SAVAGE HUMOR.

THIS IS DOCTOR SUN'S MANSE, AND THE IRONY OF IT IS-- IT WILL NOW BE HIS!

ACROSS THE WAY, UNSEEN BY DRACULA'S PIERCING EYES, A DARK-SHADOWED FORM HUGS THE VELVET DOORWAY.



HE SMILES, FOR HE KNOWS NOW WHERE TO FIND THE DEMON DRACULA WHEN HE IS READY FOR HIM.

HE TURNS, AND HIS SLICK SILVER HAIR CATCHES AND HOLDS THE FRAGILE MOONLIGHT.



AND THEN HE LAUGHS AND BARES HIS VAMPIRIC FANGS AS IF DARING THE LORD OF VAMPIRES TO SENSE THEIR PRESENCE

BUT, HE KNOWS FAR BETTER THAN TO TEMPT THE FATES RIGHT NOW. NO-- NOT UNTIL HE IS READY, UNTIL ALL HIS PLANS HAVE FALLEN LIKE CRAFTILY-SHUFFLED CARDS INTO HIS OWN PREORDAINED ORDER.



AND, WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE SECURE, THE WHITE-HAIRED VAMPIRE LAUGHS, THEN SHIMMERS AND FLIES INTO THE NIGHT.

AS FOR DRACULA,
LORD OF VAMPIRES...

ENOUGH OF THIS
FOUL MACHINERY--
THIS WANTON DISPLAY
OF TECHNICAL WASTE!

YOUR MASTER
HAS BEEN
DESTROYED--
REDUCED TO
ASHES.

BUT, UNLIKE THE
VAMPIRE--UNLIKE DRACULA--
DOCTOR SUN SHALL NEVER
BE REBORN, NEVER RETURN--
NEVER BE TRIUMPHANT!

FOR, AS ALWAYS, DRACULA
STILL LIVES, TO FIGHT ANOTHER
DAY--ANOTHER FOE.

MY BONES ARE
WEARY OF THE
NEVER-ENDING
STRUGGLE, AND I YEARN
AT TIMES FOR QUIET.

YET, DRACULA IS EVER A
SOLDIER, AND MUST EVER
BE AT THE READY!

BUT NOT TONIGHT.
I AM TIRED, AND I
NEED THE SLEEP TO
AWAKEN FRESH WHEN
DARKNESS FALLS
AGAIN.

HIS NAME IS BLADE, AND HE
IS A VAMPIRE-SLAYER!

TONIGHT, HE
FEELS, HE IS
COMING
CLOSER
TO HIS LIFE'S
GOAL.

FOR, HE HAS TRACED THE KILLER
OF HIS MOTHER TO THIS CITY, TO THIS
BUILDING, TO THIS APARTMENT.

AND, TONIGHT, HE IS READY
TO KILL!

HE CROUCHES WARILY AT
THE DOOR, WAITING

...WHEN, ACROSS THE ROOM,
HE SEES THE DOORKNOB
TURNING.

AND HIS PREY--
ENTERING!

CREEK

BLADE BREATHES DEEPLY. THE
HUNT IS OVER!



FOR SOME.

BUT FOR THE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS, THE HUNT HAS JUST *BEGUN*.

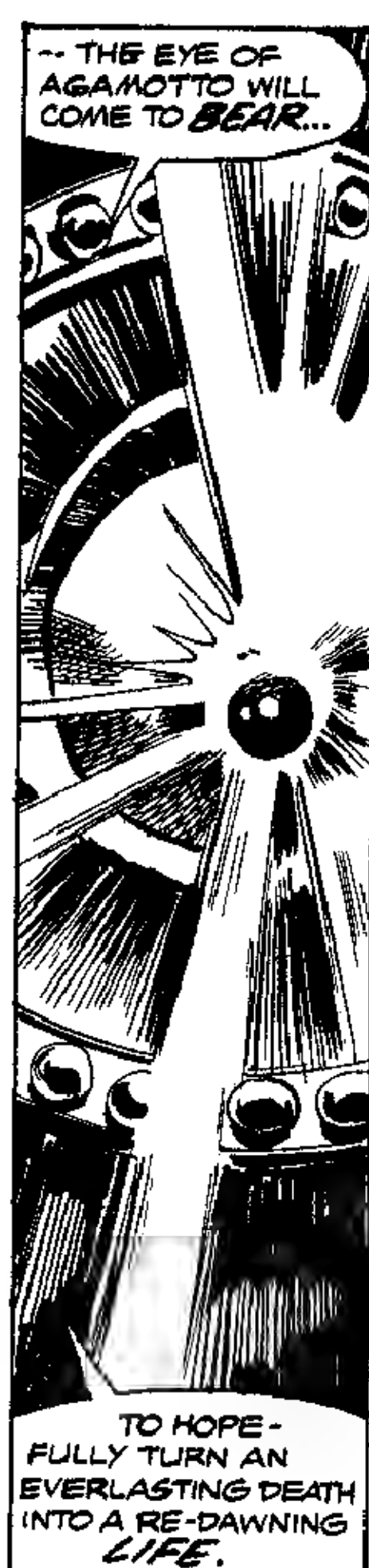
AND IT IS A GRIM AND DETERMINED HUNT INDEED.



THIS ALLEYWAY IS THE *SAME* ONE I SAW IN WONG'S NIGHTMARE.

THIS IS WHERE HE DIED.

AND NOW--



-- THE EYE OF AGAMOTTO WILL COME TO *BEAR*...

TO HOPEFULLY TURN AN EVERLASTING DEATH INTO A RE-DAWNING *LIFE*.



SHADES OF THE SHADOW DEMONS! BEFORE ME...

...THE *LIFE-PATTERNS* OF DRACULA STILL THRIVE HERE.

AND THEY PLAY THE ROLE OF GRIM MURDERER TO TEASE AND PROVOKE ME

VERY WELL, DRACULA-- DO WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.



AND, AS HE RISES, HE CHANGES-- *META-MORPHOSIZES* INTO THE BAT,

LEAD ON, VAMPIRE, AND I SHALL FOLLOW.

IT IS THE LIGHT OF TRUTH WHICH PIERCES THE DARK WAY... A LIGHT REVEALING THAT WHICH HAD OCCURED *HOURS* BEFORE.

BUT THE MAGICIAN'S EYES FOLLOW THE DIMLIT SHAPE AS IT GLIDES DETERMINEDLY OVER BOSTON'S LANDSCAPE-- EQUALLY DETERMINED THAT THEY WILL NOT LOSE SIGHT OF THE LONG-DEPARTED MURDERER.

A VEIL OF IVORY CLOAKS THE GROUND, GIVING THE PARKLAND BELOW STEPHEN STRANGE A SURREALISTIC, UNNATURAL CALM.



UNTROD UPON, THE VIRGIN SNOW IS A SIGN OF THE PURITY IN NATURE.

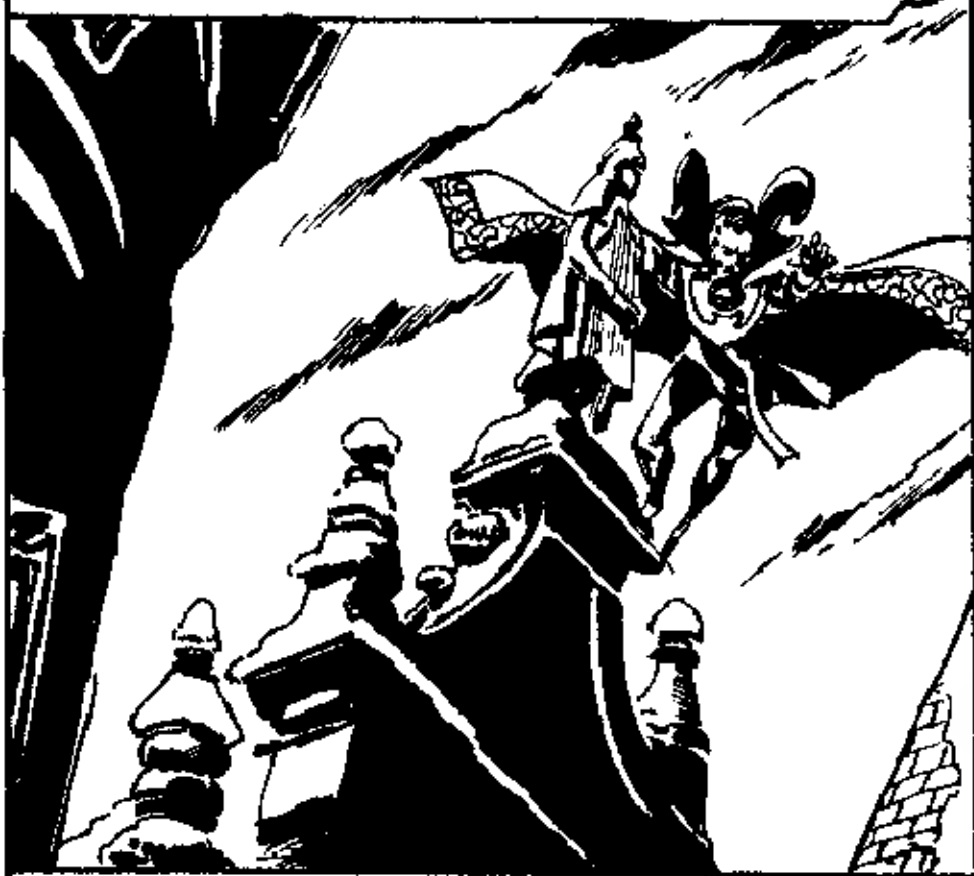
YET, THE FLUTTERING WINGED SHAPE WHICH THE MYSTIC MAGE FOLLOWS, REVEALS NATURE'S GRIM, AND FAR MORE DARKER, SIDE.



THE BAT SHIMMERS WITHIN THE LIGHT OF THE EYE...

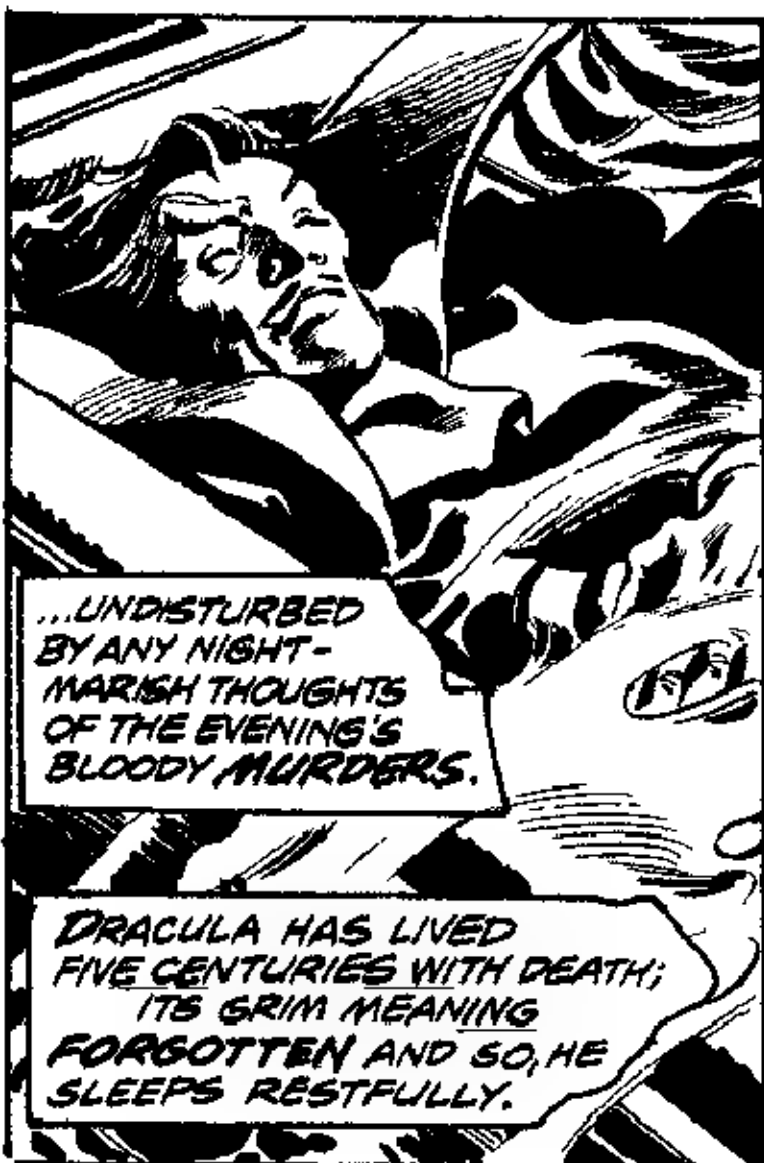
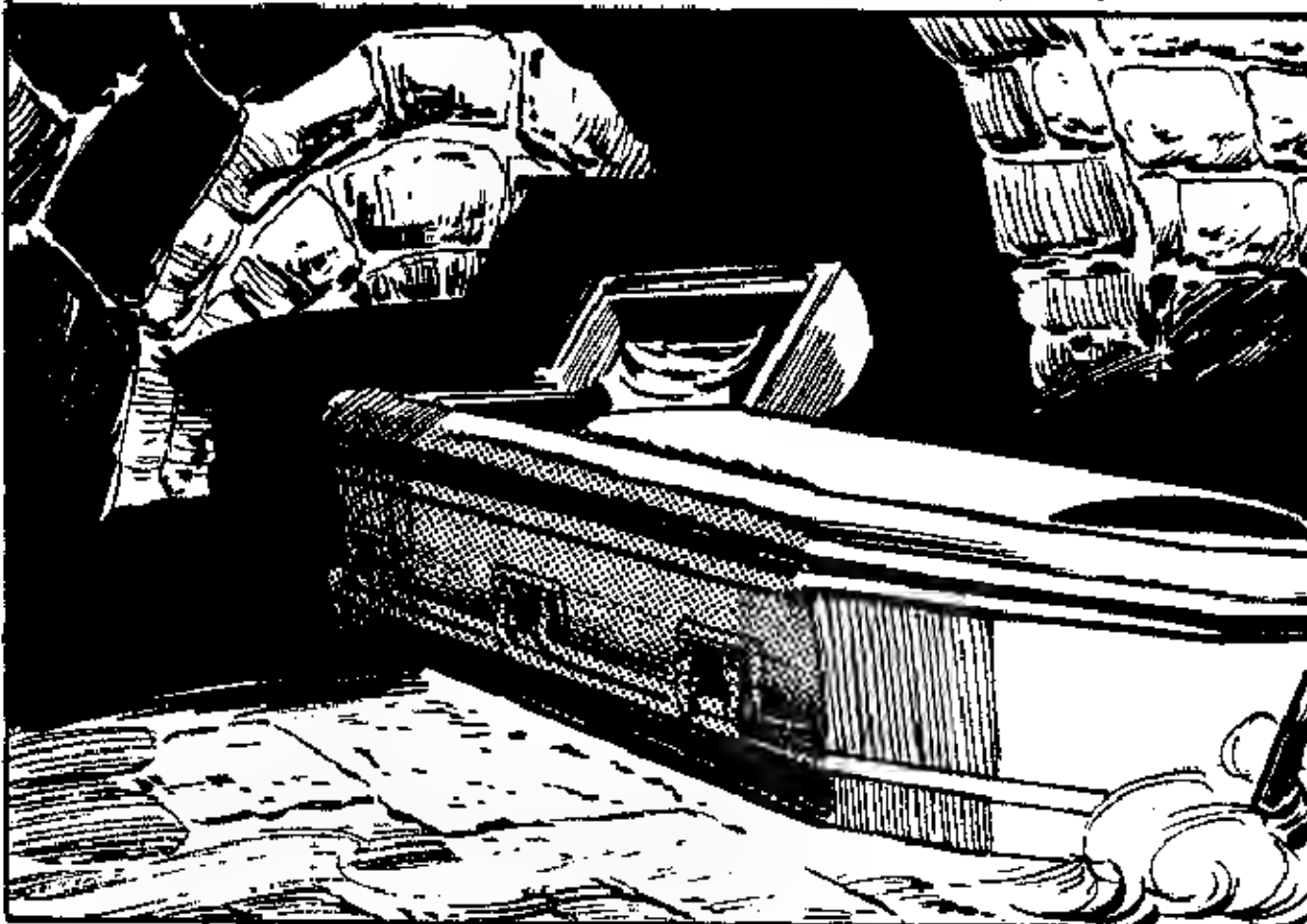
...SHIMMERS AND REFORMS INTO... NOT QUITE A MAN.

FOR, CAN THIS DEMON TRULY BE A MAN, DR. STRANGE THINKS TO HIMSELF.



HIS MIND THEN RETURNS TO WONG, AND THE MAGICIAN GRITS HIS TEETH ANGRILY; HE KNOWS THE ANSWER.

WITHIN THE MACABRE BROWNSTONE, NESTLED FAR BENEATH THE SNOWCOVERED CONCRETE SIDEWALKS, IN ONE OF THE DEEPEST CATACOMBS OF THE FORMER DOCTOR SUN'S MANSION, THE TARGET OF DOCTOR STRANGE'S SEARCH LIES QUIET, ASLEEP...



...UNDISTURBED BY ANY NIGHT-MARISH THOUGHTS OF THE EVENING'S BLOODY MURDERS.

DRACULA HAS LIVED FIVE CENTURIES WITH DEATH; ITS GRIM MEANING FORGOTTEN AND SO, HE SLEEPS RESTFULLY.

THEN...



A HUMAN-- I SENSE THE PRESENCE OF A HUMAN IN THIS MANSE.

VAN HELSING? DRAKE? THAT DAMNABLE BLADE?

NO! THE SMELL IS DIFFERENT... ALMOST OMINOUS IN ITS PORTENT.



I DO NOT LIKE THIS. THE WALLS GLOW, YET, THERE IS SILENCE.

SOMETHING NAGS AT ME. WHOEVER HAS DISTURBED MY SLEEP... IS NOT AN ORDINARY HUMAN.

THEN... WHOM?!!



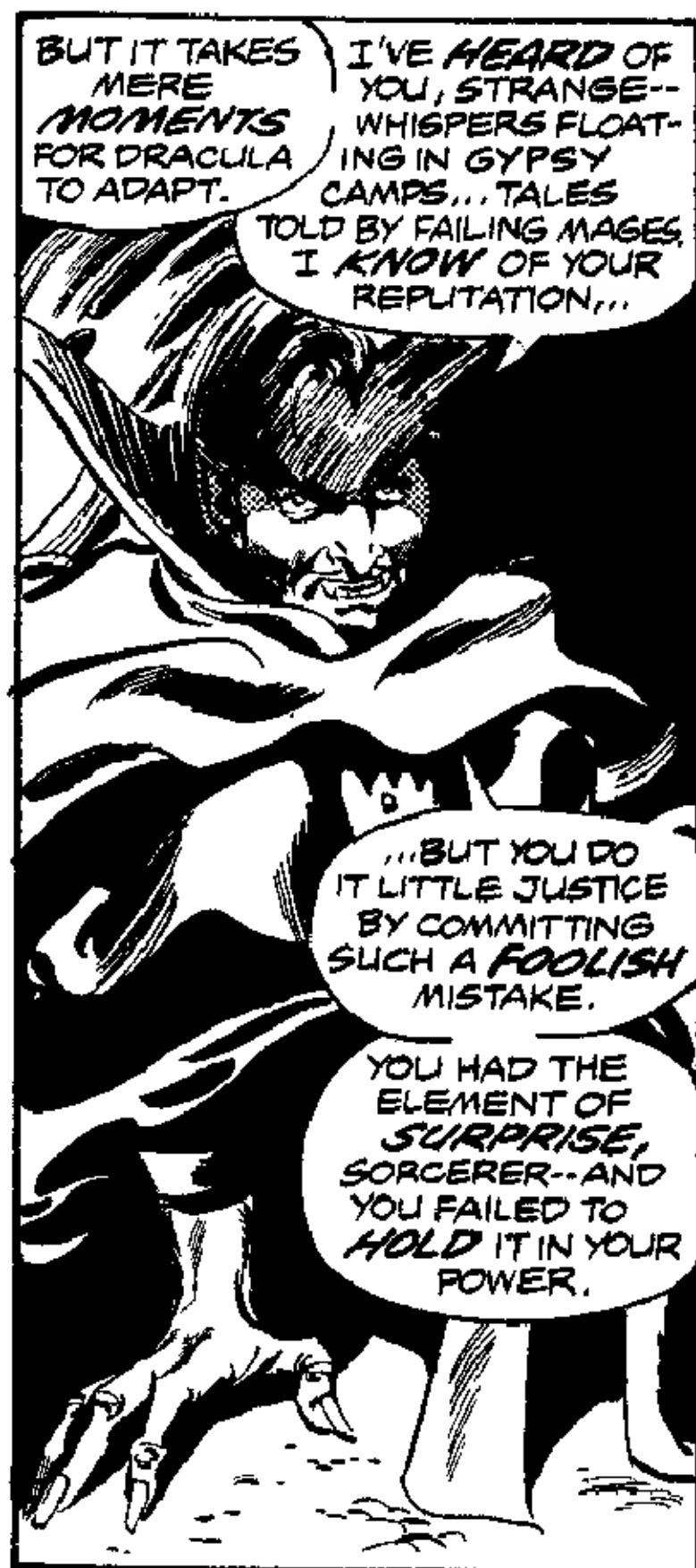
BY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR! YOU KILLED MY SERVANT, VAMPIRE--

--NOW FACE DOCTOR STRANGE!



WHAT?

THE LIGHT-- BLINDING ME!



BUT IT TAKES MERE MOMENTS FOR DRACULA TO ADAPT.

I'VE HEARD OF YOU, STRANGE-- WHISPERS FLOATING IN GYPSY CAMPS... TALES TOLD BY FAILING MAGES. I KNOW OF YOUR REPUTATION...

...BUT YOU DO IT LITTLE JUSTICE BY COMMITTING SUCH A FOOLISH MISTAKE.

YOU HAD THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, SORCERER--AND YOU FAILED TO HOLD IT IN YOUR POWER.



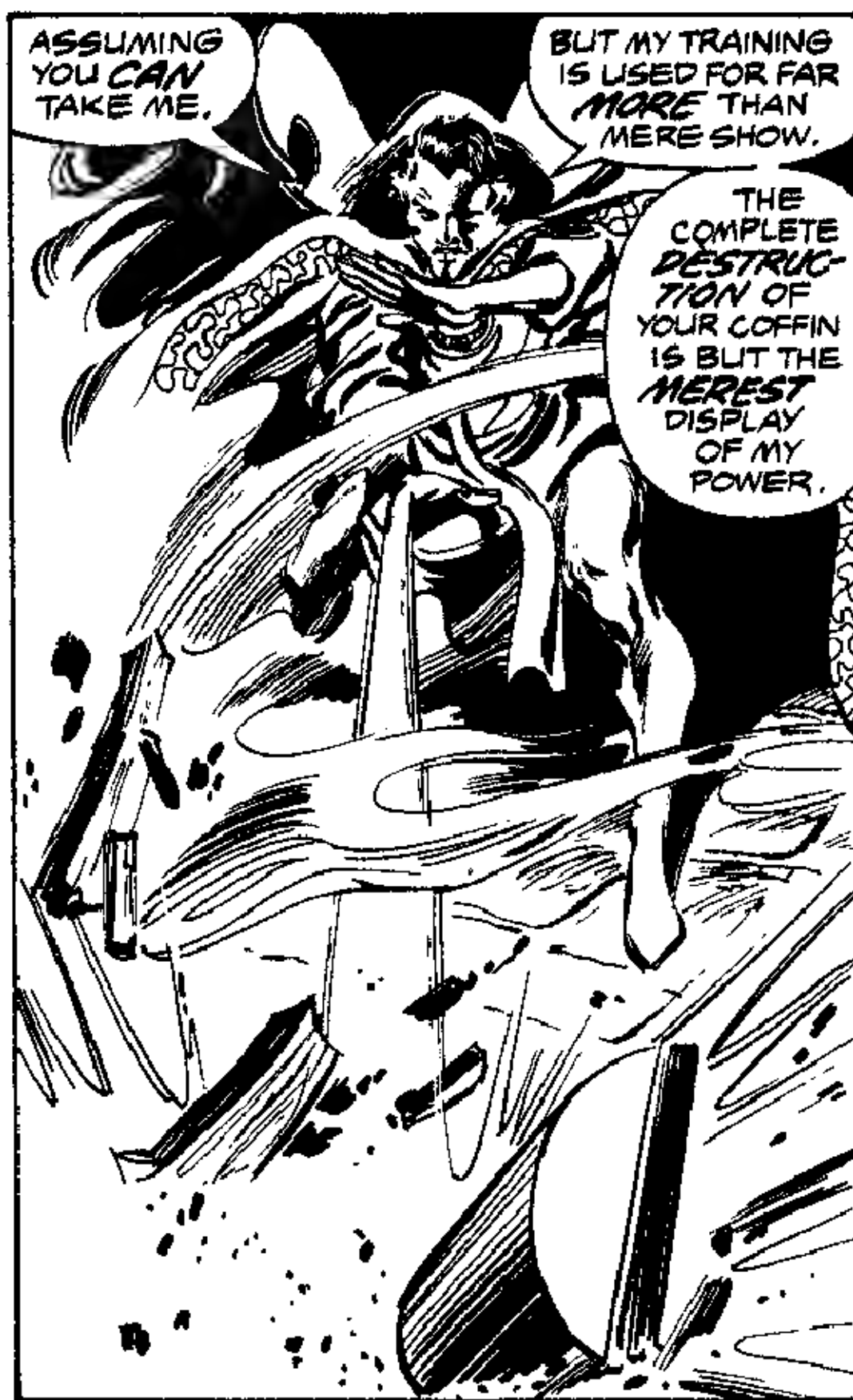
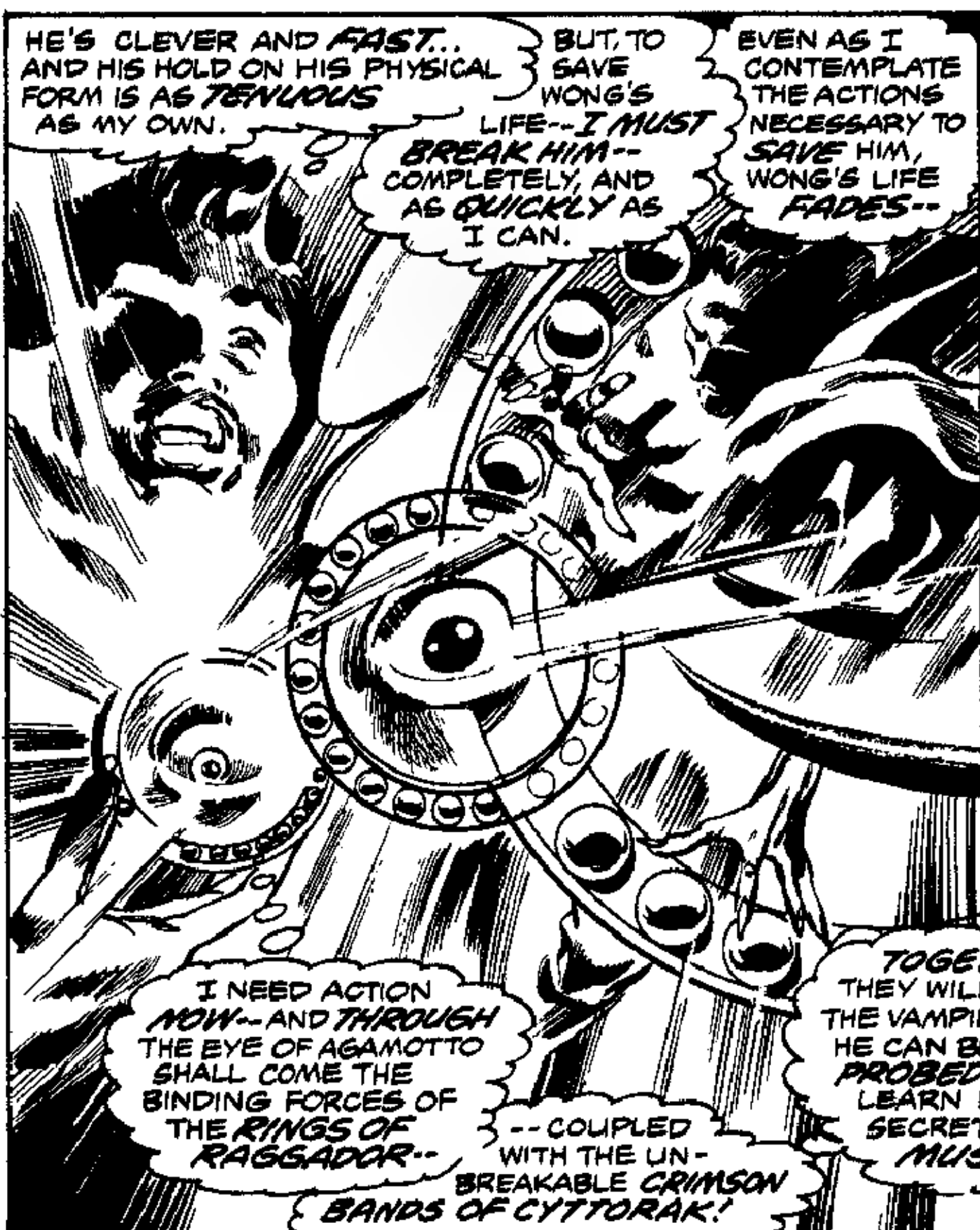
NOW, DRACULA IS READY--

--READY TO DESTROY!

DOCTOR STRANGE IS SILENT NOW! THE BATTLE HAS BEGUN! THE TIME FOR TALK IS OVER.

HE CAREFULLY EYES THE CHARGING DEMON, AND SEES THAT THIS DRACULA IS FEARLESS-- CONFIDENT. AND, PERHAPS, THAT CONFIDENCE IS HIS WEAKNESS.

THE MAGICIAN DRAWS IN ON HIMSELF, RELAXING HIS MIND WHILE TENSING HIS RESOLVE.





YET, I DON'T WISH YOUR DESTRUCTION, DRACULA.

FOR I HAVE NEED OF YOU, AND AN EMPTY HUSK WILL NEVER DO IN YOUR STEAD.



THEREFORE, TO USE YOU, I MUST FIRST ELIMINATE YOUR ARROGANCE--

--LIKE THIS!

AGGHHHHH!!



LET THE IMAGES OF KONN WREAK THE HAVOK IN YOUR MIND THAT PHYSICAL POWERS CAN NEVER ACCOMPLISH.

EVEN YOU MUST HAVE YOUR PASSIONS AND YOUR FEARS. NOW YOU SHALL BE FORCED TO SUFFER THROUGH THOSE FEARS!

THERE IS HAZE AMONGST THE CRIMSON ROCK AND SKY. SCARLET MIST DRAPES ABOUT DRACULA'S SHOULDERS LIKE A BLEEDING, DYING SHAWL... AND THE SHAWL IS TATTERED AND UNRAVELED AS THE PAST BECOMES THE PRESENT, AND THE PRESENT FAR MORE HORRIBLE THAN EVEN THE LORD OF VAMPIRES CAN WITHSTAND.

BELOW HIM IS A HORSE, PROUD AND NOBEL, AND THE VAMPIRE SITS COMFORTABLE IN THE SADDLE AS IF HE WERE BORN TO IT.

"VAMPIRE," DO WE DARE SCRIBE? NAY! DRACULA IS NO VAMPIRE, NOT NOW-- FOR THIS IS THE MOMENT OF BATTLE BEFORE THAT DREADED EVE SO MANY CENTURIES AGO.

THREE DAYS HAS HE FOUGHT, DRACULA AGAINST THE INVADING TURKISH HORDE. THREE DAYS OF ACHING FLESH, BLOODED SCARS AND STILL-GUSHING WOUNDS.

BUT THE DEVIL SITS PROUD IN HIS SADDLE, STILL READY TO CONTINUE.



FOR, IS HE NOT VLAD DRACULA-- PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA?

AND IS HE NOT COMMANDER OF THE ARMY? WARRIOR SUPREME?



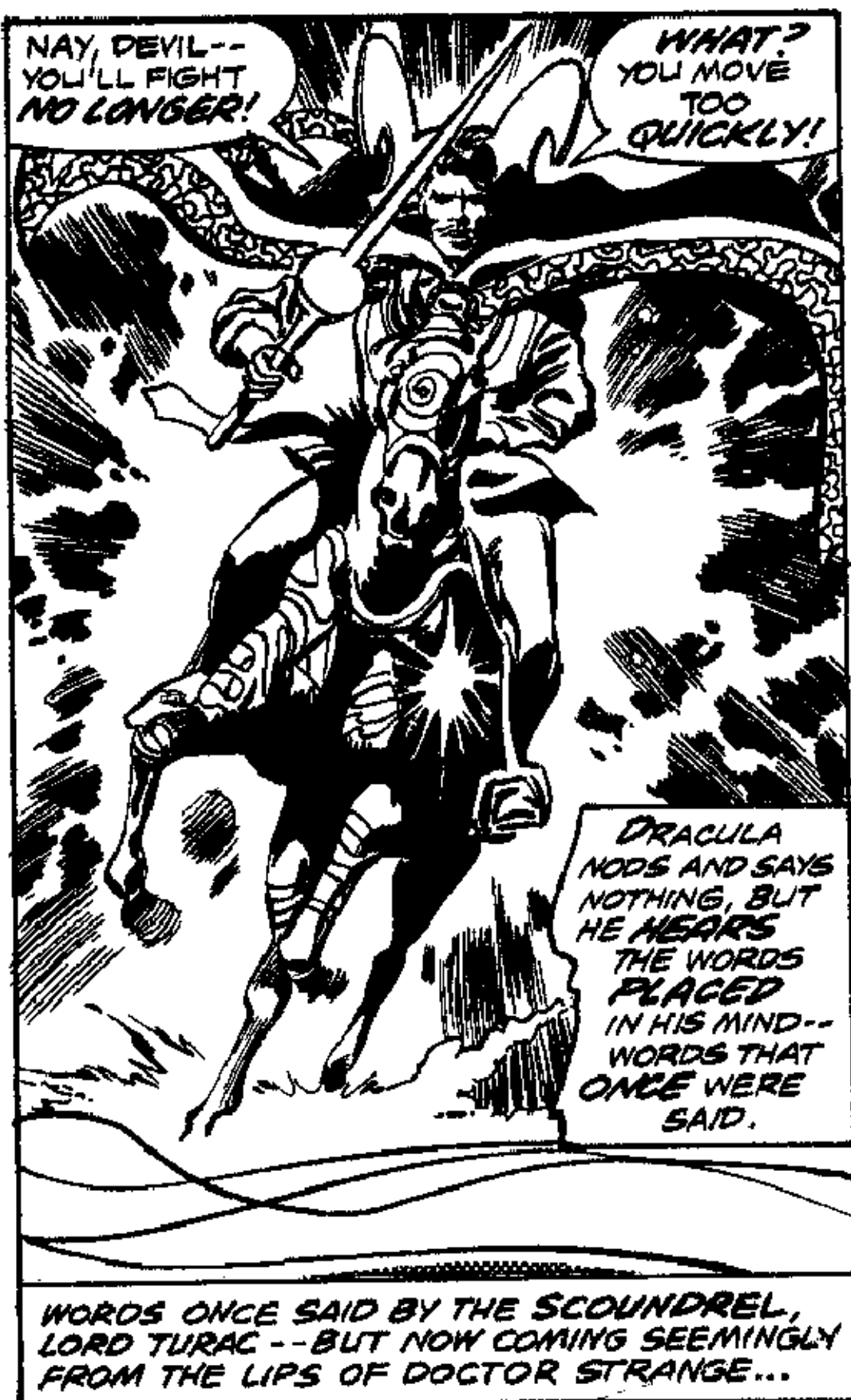
HE PAUSES TO OBSERVE THE BATTLE ABOUT HIM THAT ONCE WAS FOUGHT, AND HE AGAIN CURSES HIS WEAK-KNEED SOLDIERS AS THEY FALL AND BLEED UPON THE NOW-SCARLET EARTH.

THEN HE TURNS TO SEE THE ENEMY RIDE CLOSER.



FIGHT ON, YOU DAMNED DOGS-- FIGHT ON, OR FACE DRACULA HIMSELF!

AND, IN THIS VAGUE, SHADOWED-LAND OF HIS MIND, HE SEES LORD TURAC, COMMANDER OF THE TURKISH GUARD.



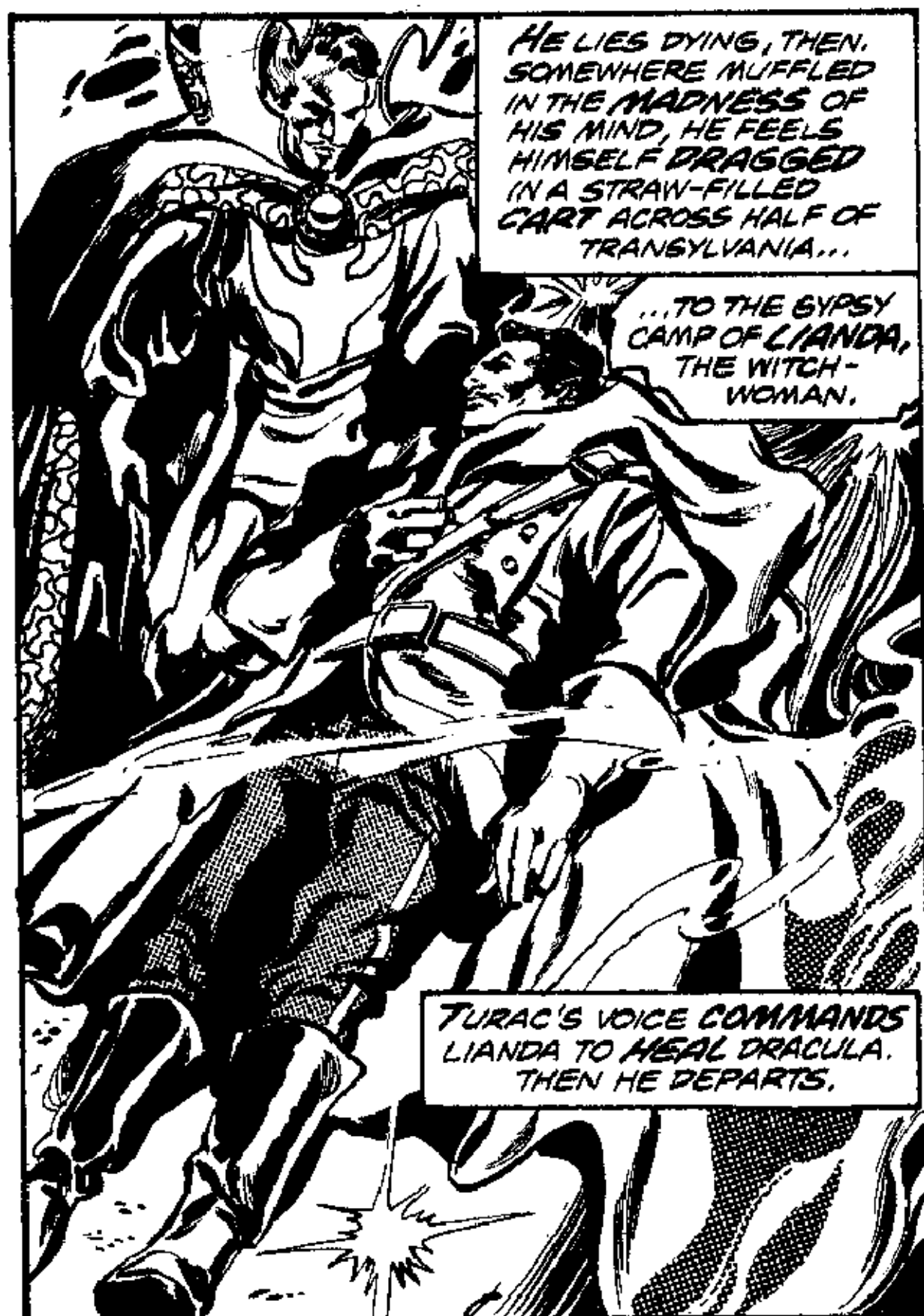
DRACULA NODS AND SAYS NOTHING, BUT HE HEARS THE WORDS PLACED IN HIS MIND-- WORDS THAT ONCE WERE SAID.

WORDS ONCE SAID BY THE SCOUNDREL, LORD TURAC -- BUT NOW COMING SEEMINGLY FROM THE LIPS OF DOCTOR STRANGE...



NO, DOG, DRACULA DOES NOT FALL SO EASILY--

OR DIE BENEATH SOME NAMELESS SCUM'S SWORD!

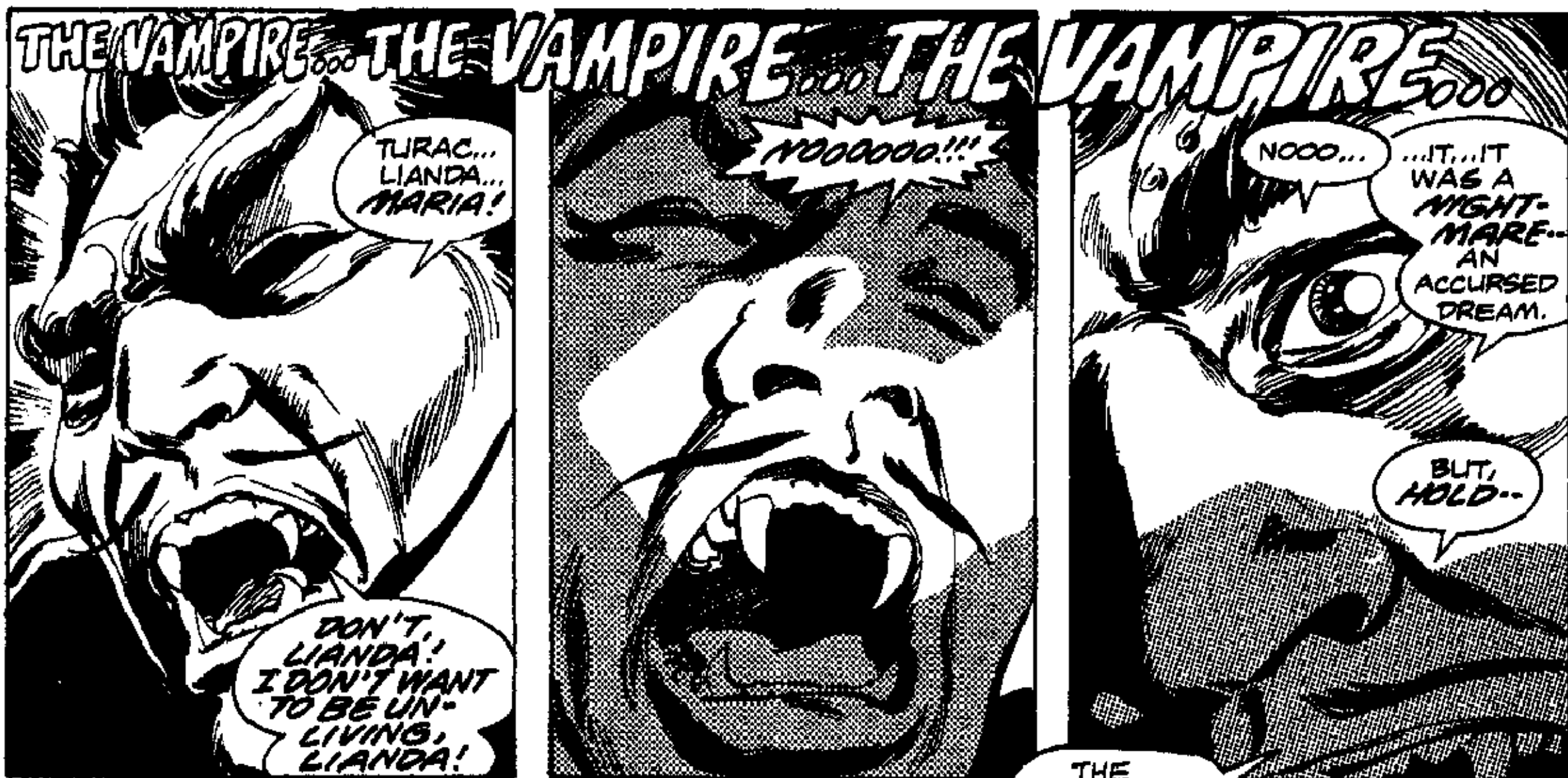


TURAC'S VOICE COMMANDS LIANDA TO HEAL DRACULA. THEN HE DEPARTS.

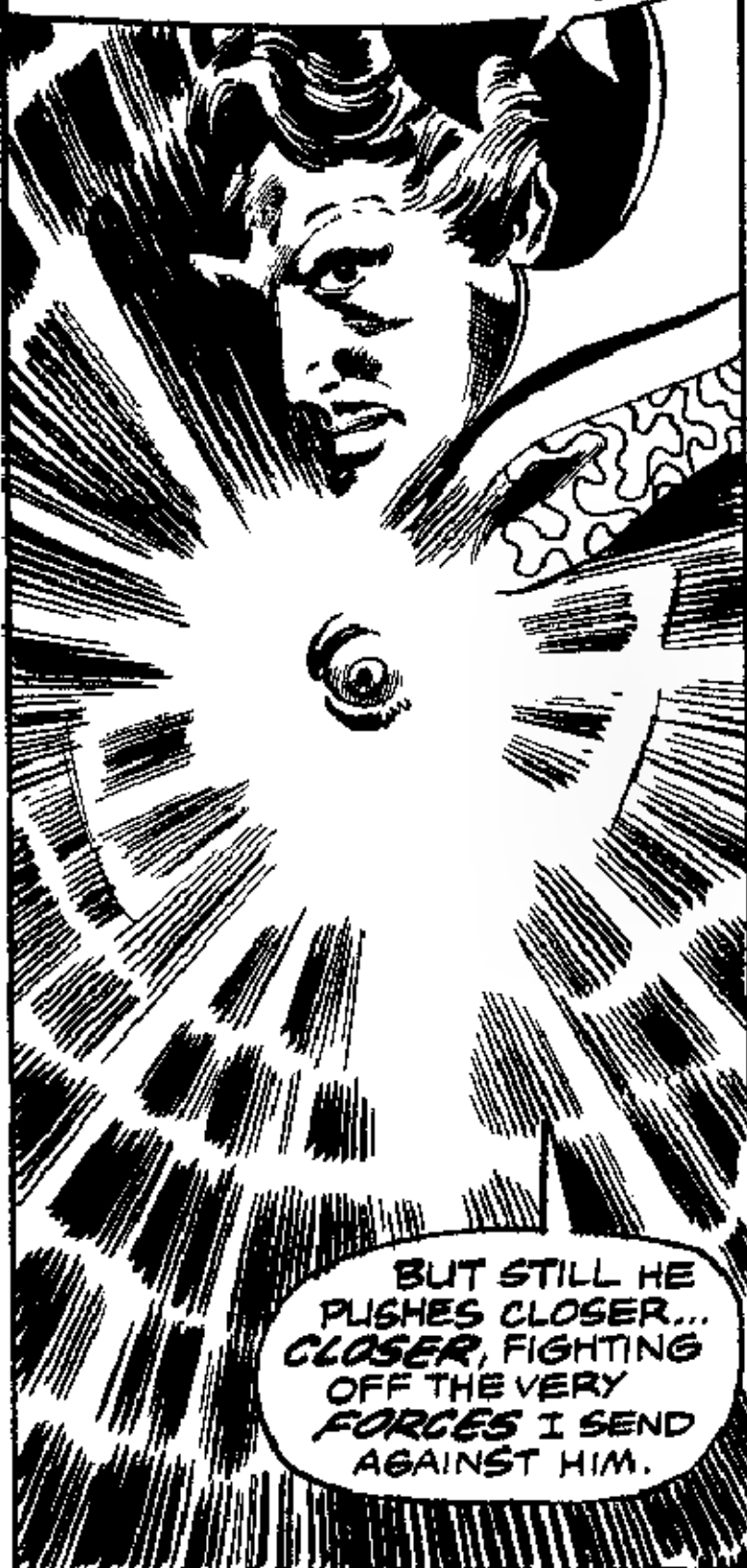


YOU HAVE GIVEN MY PEOPLE MUCH GRIEF, IMPALER-- AND NOW I SHALL RETURN THE FAVOR--





BY THE DREAD DARMAMMU--
HE MUST BE STOPPED!



BUT STILL HE
PUSHES CLOSER...
CLOSER, FIGHTING
OFF THE VERY
FORCES I SEND
AGAINST HIM.

I REFUSE TO
BE HALTED,
AND THUS
YOU HAVE
FAILED.



NOW YOU
MUST BE MADE
TO SUFFER.

MY EYES, STRANGE. GAZE
DEEPLY INTO MY EYES!



LET MY WILL
BECOME
YOURS!!



...YOUR... WILL
...BECOME...
MINE...

AND NOW--
BEFORE YOU
CAN MUSTER
RESISTENCE--

I SHALL HAVE
MY FEAST!



DOCTOR STRANGE DOESN'T MOVE AS
DRACULA LOWERS HIS FANGS TOWARDS
HIS NECK. HE DOESN'T FLINCH AS THEY
PIERCE HIS FLESHY NECK, SINK DEEP
INTO THE VEIN, AND DRAW BLOOD.

AND, IN A MOMENT,
DOCTOR STRANGE--
--IS DEAD.



YOU FOUGHT WELL,
STRANGE, YET, I
COULD NOT DIE,
THEREFORE I COULD
NOT LOSE.

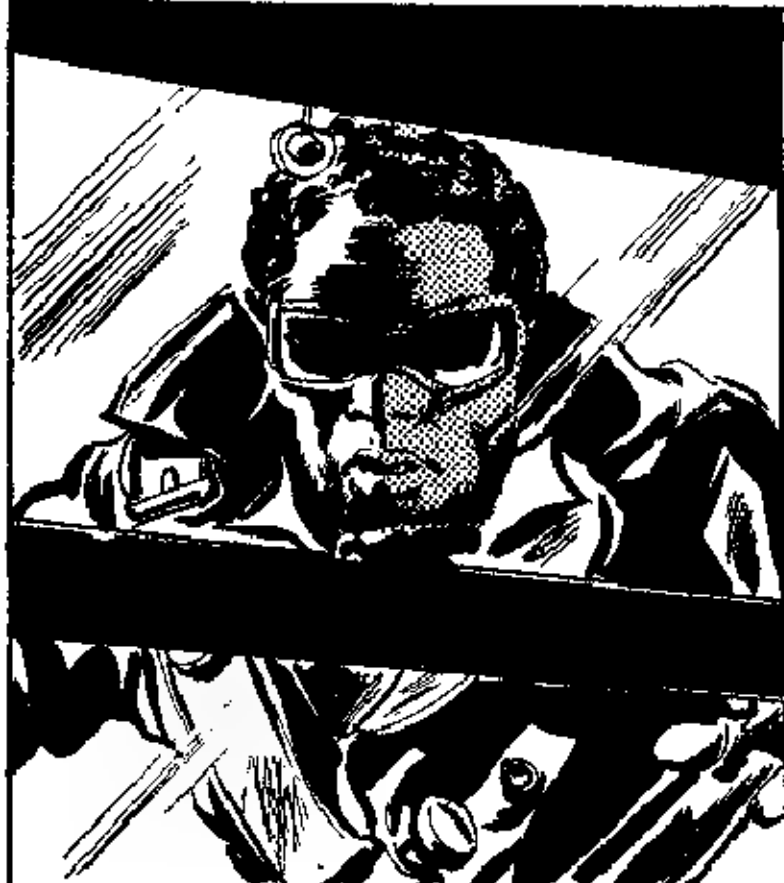
FAREWELL
UNTIL WE
MEET AGAIN--
THREE DAYS
HENCE!

AND, IN THE FAR DISTANCE, THE MIDNIGHT BELLS TOLL
THEIR FINAL, DEADLY PEAL. IT IS TWELVE O'CLOCK MID-
NIGHT--THE WITCHING HOUR. AND THE SORCERER SUPREME
IS DEAD!

TO BE CONTINUED. BE SURE TO BUY
DOCTOR STRANGE #14
ON SALE IN JUST ONE WEEK!
YOU DON'T DARE MISS THIS ONE!

THE DOOR OPENS, AND BLADE'S HEART SKIPS AN EXTRA BEAT. A DARK-SHADOWED FORM ENTERS THE ROOM.

AND, EVEN THROUGH THE DARKNESS CLOAKING THE PROWLING FIGURE...



...BLADE KNOWS THAT THIS IS A VAMPIRE!



HE BRACES HIMSELF A MOMENT, GRASPING THE WOODEN KNIFE HE CARVED MORE THAN SIX YEARS AGO JUST FOR THIS MOMENT--

--AND THEN BLADE COMES CRASHING THROUGH!



ALL RIGHT, YOU STINKING SCUM, I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR YOU--WAITIN' FOR YOU ALL MY LIFE--

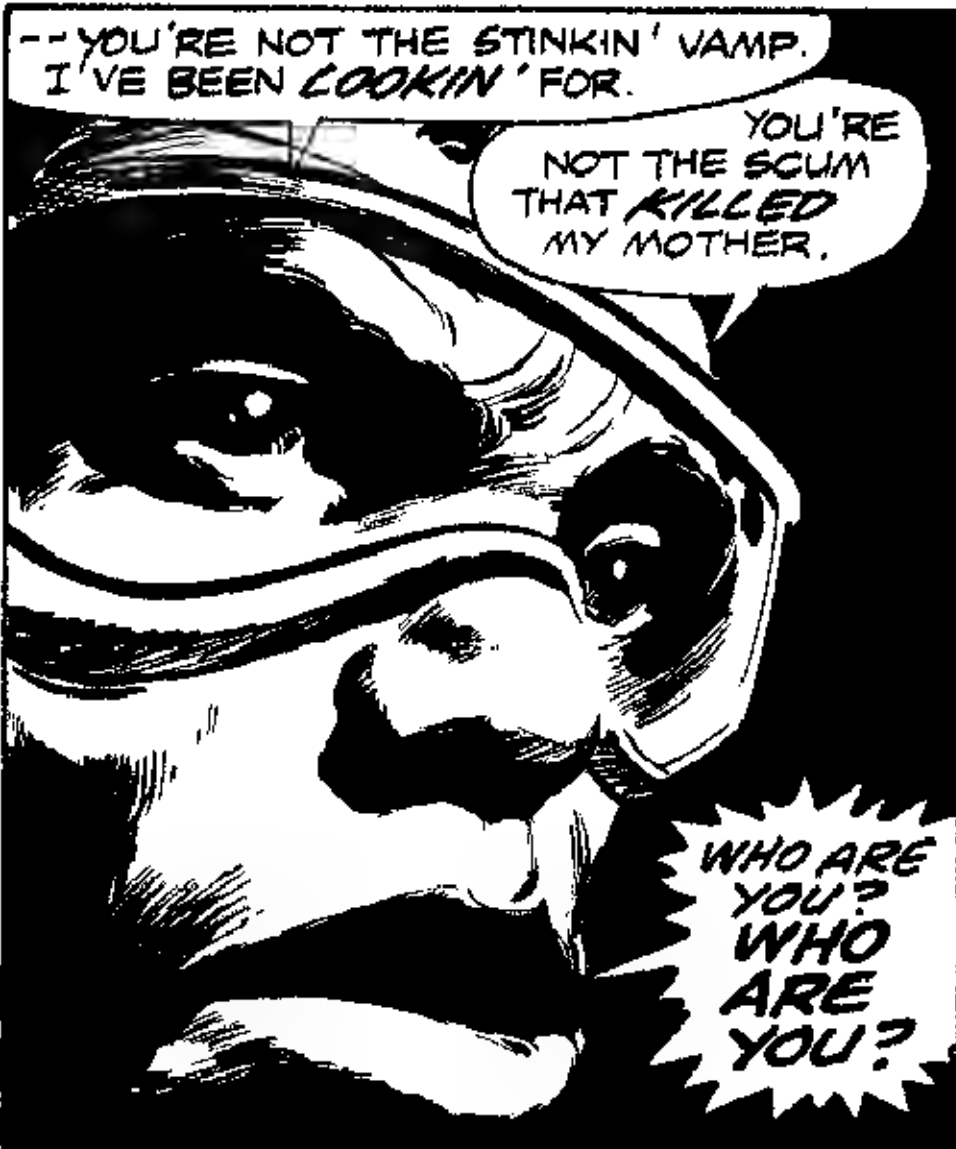
--AND NOW IT'S JUST YOU 'N ME, SCUM-- IN A FIGHT TO THE--



HOLD IT!

YOU--

--YOU'RE NOT THE STINKIN' VAMP. I'VE BEEN COOKIN' FOR.



YOU'RE NOT THE SCUM THAT KILLED MY MOTHER.

WHO ARE YOU?
WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S KING...



...HANNIBAL KING!

THE BATTLE YOU'VE ALL DEMANDED!
BLADE THE VAMPIRE SLAYER AGAINST
HANNIBAL KING VAMPIRE DETECTIVE!!

AND, THE BEGINNING OF A DEADLY NEW EPIC.
ON SALE IN
TOMB OF DRACULA #45.
WE TRUST YOU WILL BE HERE.

STILL
ONLY **25¢**

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

14
MAY

©
02914

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

DOCTOR STRANGE

MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS™

THE MAGICIAN
IS DEAD--AND
DRACULA
HAS SLAIN HIM!

THE
SORCERER
SUPREME
BATTLES THE
LORD OF
VAMPIRES
TO THE DEATH--
AND BEYOND!

'NUFF SAID!

Once he was a man like most *others* — a *worldly* man, seduced and jaded by *material* things. But then he discovered the *separate* reality, where *sorcery* and *men's souls* shaped the forces that shape our *lives*. In that instant, he was *born* again, to become a man like *no* other—a man who left us *behind*, as he strove to stand against the unseen subtle perils hovering *thick* and *black* around our fragile existence...

Stan Lee PRESENTS: Dr. STRANGE MASTER OF THE MYSTIC ARTS!™

IN TOMB OF DRACULA #44,
NOW ON SALE...

YOU SOUGHT
RETRIBUTION, MAGICIAN--
RETRIBUTION FOR THE DEATH
OF YOUR MAN-SERVANT,
WONG, AT MY HANDS--

--BUT WHAT YOU
FOUND HERE IN MY
LAIR WAS YOUR *OWN*
DEATH--

--THE
LIVING DEATH
OF THE
VAMPIRE!

STEVE
ENGLEHART
AUTHOR

GENE COLAN • ARTIST

TOM PALMER • INKS/COLOR

JOHN COSTANZA
LETTERER

MARV WOLFGAN
EDITOR

THE TOMB OF
DR. STRANGE!

THE LORD OF THE UNDEAD WIPES THE BLOOD FROM HIS LIPS-- AND LICKS HIS FINGERS-- AND PONDERES....!



ONLY TWO THINGS ON ALL THE EARTH DOES HE FEAR: THE CROSS--

--AND SORCERY, WHICH TO HIM IS MUCH THE SAME!



THROUGHOUT THE DARK CENTURIES, HE HAS ALWAYS PREVAILED AGAINST THEM-- HE IS DRACULA, AFTER ALL--

--BUT THIS SORCERER BROUGHT HIM TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT TO THAT TERRIBLE DAY WHEN DEATH WILL CLAIM HIM FOREVER AND EVER!



ANGRILY, HE STRAIGHTENS HIMSELF!

IMPERIOUSLY, HE DRAGS HIS LIMP PREY TOWARD A DOOR IN DR. SUN'S DARK CELLAR!



AND CONTEMPTUOUSLY, HE HURLS DR. STRANGE INTO DARKNESS!





THREE DAYS,
MYSTIC--THREE
DAYS OF ABSOLUTE,
PERFECT *PEACE!*

ENJOY
THEM, IF
YOU CAN--



--FOR WHEN
THEY'VE *ENDED*,
YOU'LL *RISE*
AGAIN--

--AS MY
SLAVE--



--AND YOU'LL
ENJOY *NOTHING*
--EVER AGAIN!



HA HA
HA HA
HA HA



YES, DRACULA HAS
REGAINED HIS
SELF-ASSURANCE!
HIS MOMENTARY FEAR
HAS FLED! IN THE
END, DR. STRANGE
WAS NO BETTER THAN
ANY OF THE THOU-
SANDS OF OTHERS
HE'S MURDERED!

...THAT DR. STRANGE
IS NO STRANGER
TO DEATH?

WHY SHOULD
HE SUSPECT...



A GLOW PLAYS ACROSS THE
MASTER'S STILLED CHEST...

...THE UNSEEN
GLOW OF AN
ASTRAL
PROTECTION!

CONFIDENTLY--



--IT TRIES TO
RE-ENTER
ITS MORTAL
SHELL--

--BUT
CANNOT!



NOW A
FROWN
FRAMES
THE FEAT-
URES OF...
THE SPIRIT
OF THE
FALLEN
MAN.

VIPERS
OF
VALTARR--!

WHAT HIDDEN POWER HOLDS
MY SOUL SEPARATE FROM
ITS VEHICLE?

WHEN I FELT DRACULA'S
UNHOLY HYPNOTIC SPELL CLOSING
MY MIND, AS HIS VAMPIRIC
LUST FUELED HIS WILL--

--I THOUGHT TO
ESCAPE DISSOLUTION
BY ABANDONING
MY BODY--

UN-
KNOWN
TO HIM,
OF COURSE.

BUT IT SEEMS THAT THE
POWER OF DRACULA IS
DIFFERENT FROM
OTHER ENCHANTMENTS
I'VE ENCOUNTERED.

HIS SUPERNATURAL CONTROL
OVER HIS VICTIMS AFTER DEATH
HAS MADE THIS BODY FOREIGN
TO MY TOUCH--

SO I YET
LIVE--
BUT
OUTSIDE
HUMAN
REALITY!

I-- THE
SORCERER
SUPREME!

--UNWILLING TO
RECEIVE ANY STIMULUS
EXCEPT HIS!

--BUT BECAUSE HE'S
NOW OF ANOTHER
DIMENSION, HE
MERELY THROWS
HIMSELF
THROUGH IT!

I'M THE
WORLD'S FORE-
MOST
PRACTITIONER
OF AN ART
WITHOUT
RULES!

NOTHING IS
CERTAIN FOR ME--
EVER! EVERY
MOMENT OF MY
LIFE IS A
GAMBLE, AND
NO MAN WINS
EVERY TIME!

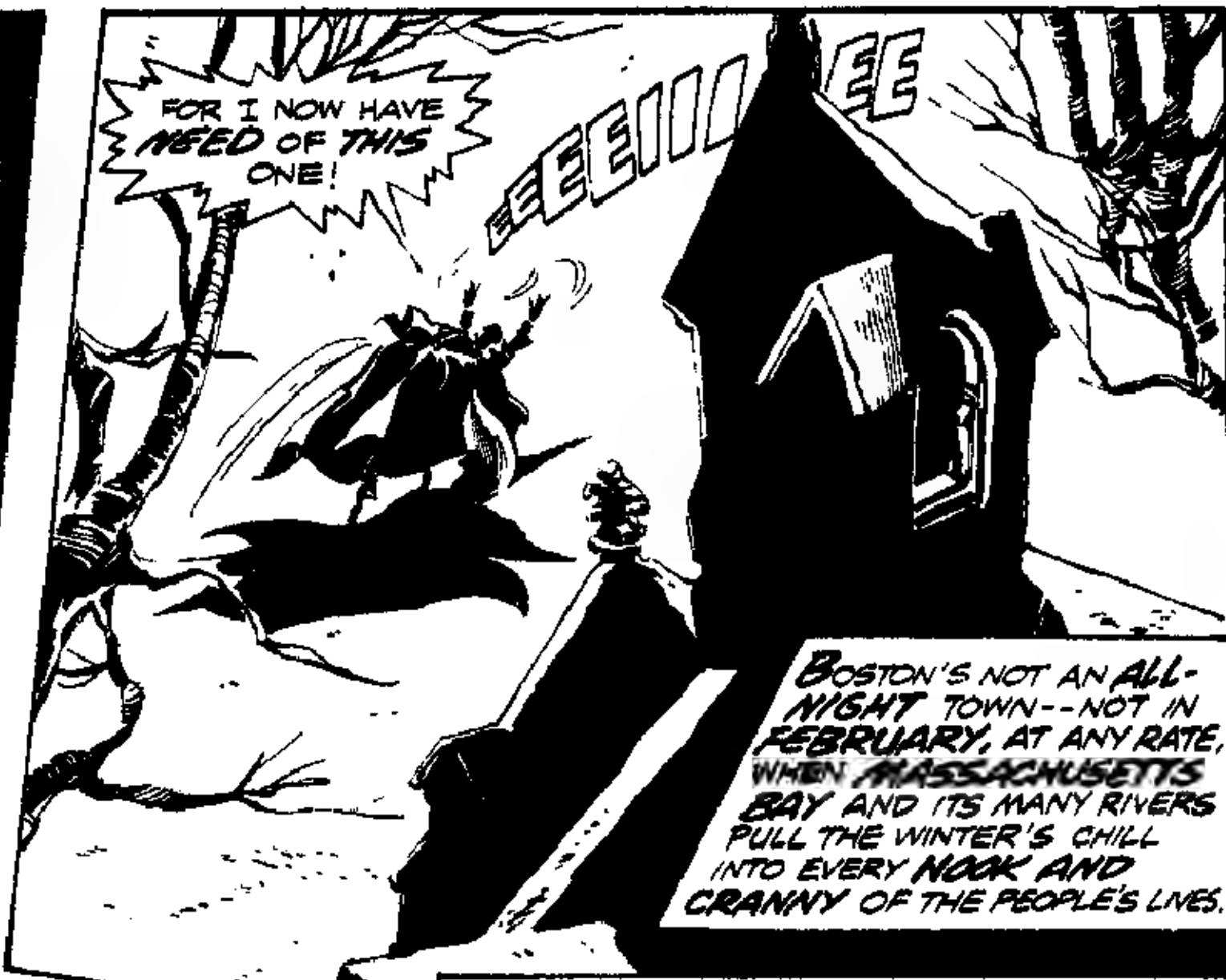
A PLAGUE
ON IT!

ENRAGED BEYOND ENDUR-
ANCE, THE MYSTIC MASTER VENTS
HIS ANGER ON THE WALL--





I CAN
PROVIDE
YOU WITH
A NEW PLACE
OF REST,
MADAM--



"FOR I NOW HAVE
NEED OF THIS
ONE!"

BOSTON'S NOT AN ALL-
NIGHT TOWN--NOT IN
FEBRUARY, AT ANY RATE,
WHEN MASSACHUSETTS
BAY AND ITS MANY RIVERS
PULL THE WINTER'S CHILL
INTO EVERY NOOK AND
CRANNY OF THE PEOPLE'S LIVES.



--TO WHISPER OF WITNESS
TO MURDER!

DRACULA...!

EH? WHAT
NOW--?

DOES
ANOTHER
FOOL--



DOCTOR
SUN!

NO,
VAMPIRE
--THE
GHOST OF
DOCTOR
SUN!
YOU
DESTROYED
ME--RE-
MEMBER?

*IN DRACULA #42--M.



PFASH!
I DO NOT
BELIEVE--

WHAT MADNESS IS
THIS? THE BRAIN
TURNS TO VAPOR!



--ONLY
TO REFORM,
ONCE OR A THOU-
SAND TIMES!

YOU CANNOT
ESCAPE ME,
DRACULA! YOU MUST
PAY FOR YOUR
MANY SINS--



--AND
YOU
SHALL!

PFET!

VANISHED--!





FORTY-
EIGHT
HOURS.

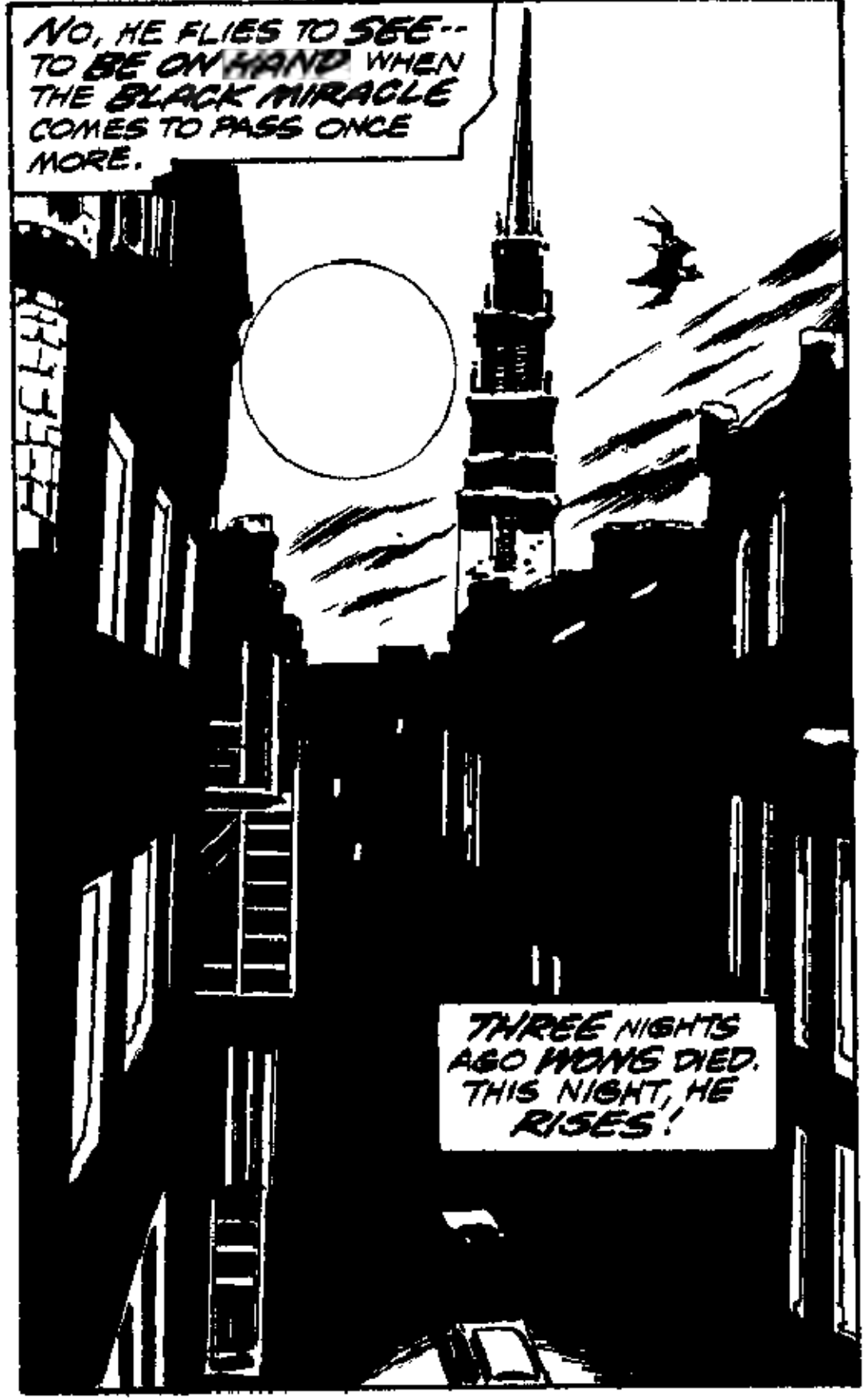
TWO MEETINGS
WITH MIDNIGHT
SINCE DR. STRANGE
FELL BEFORE
THE VAMPIRE'S
FANGS.



THE SILENT
MOON
SHOWS
JUST SHY
OF FULL
TONIGHT.

THE DEVIL-
BAT'S
BELLY
IS
EMPTY.

BUT HE DOES NOT FLY
TO FEED THROUGH
THE THIN FRIGID AIR.



NO, HE FLIES TO SEE--
TO BE ON HAND WHEN
THE BLACK MIRACLE
COMES TO PASS ONCE
MORE.

THREE NIGHTS
AGO HONG DIED.
THIS NIGHT, HE
RISES!

DRACULA HAS PASSED THE DAY WITHOUT INCIDENT,
BUT LAST NIGHT'S APPARITION STILL LOOMS
LARGE IN HIS THOUGHTS. THOUGH DR. SUN AND DR.
STRANGE ARE DEMONSTRABLY DEAD... HE WILL
STILL TAKE THE SORCERER'S SERVANT UNDER HIS
PERSONAL CONTROL TONIGHT!



EXCEPT...



THE ORIENTAL HAS
VANISHED-- VANISHED
LIKE SUN!

HE IS NOT
WHERE I LEFT
HIM!

WHERE
IS HE?!!

AND THEN--SUDDENLY--!



VLAD! MY LOVE!
HOW CAN YOU HAVE
FALLEN SO LOW?

HOW,
VLAD?

MARIA--!



AND EVEN AS DRACULA
RECOILS IN RECOGNITION
OF HIS LONG-DEAD
WIFE--

--SHE THROWS HER
GIRLISH ARMS
AROUND HIS
NECK!



KISS ME, MY
LOVE--AS YOU
USED TO DO--

--AS YOU'VE
DONE TO ALL
THE OTHERS
SINCE!



NO!!

GET AWAY
FROM ME, FOUL
DEMON! I'LL HAVE
NONE OF YOUR
LIES!

HEY! WHAT'S
GOIN' ON
IN HERE?

DEMON, YOU
SAY, VLAD?



YES,
VAMPIRE!



FLAMES--
FROM HER
FINGERS!
DAMN YOU,
SPIRIT--

THE DEMON WHO'LL
DRIVE YOU TO DIE
FOR YOUR SINS!



MOST OF THE ASSEMBLED BOSTONIANS REFUSE TO BELIEVE WHAT THEY SEE NEXT, LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHER MEN AND WOMEN, WORLDWIDE--



--BUT SOME DO BELIEVE. AS WITH FLYING SAUCERS, THE REPORTS HAVE BEGUN TO MOUNT UP!



BUT THE LORD OF DARKNESS
DOESN'T CARE ABOUT ANY
OF THAT!

HE HAS ONLY ONE
CONCERN: THE SHIM-
MERING FORM FLIT-
TING QUICKLY
AWAY FROM HIM!



HE FOLLOWS, DOGGEDLY,
FOR HOURS-- LUSTING
FOR REVENGE--

--UNCONCERNED
WITH WHERE HE'S
GOING--



--UNTIL, ALL AT ONCE,
HIS TORMENTOR TURNS
BACK--

--AND TURNS
INTO-- SOMEONE
ELSE!

YES, DRACULA--
IT'S I WHO'VE
HAUNTED
YOU THESE
NIGHTS! BUT
NOW I MUST
HIDE MY
IDENTITY NO
LONGER!

LOOK!



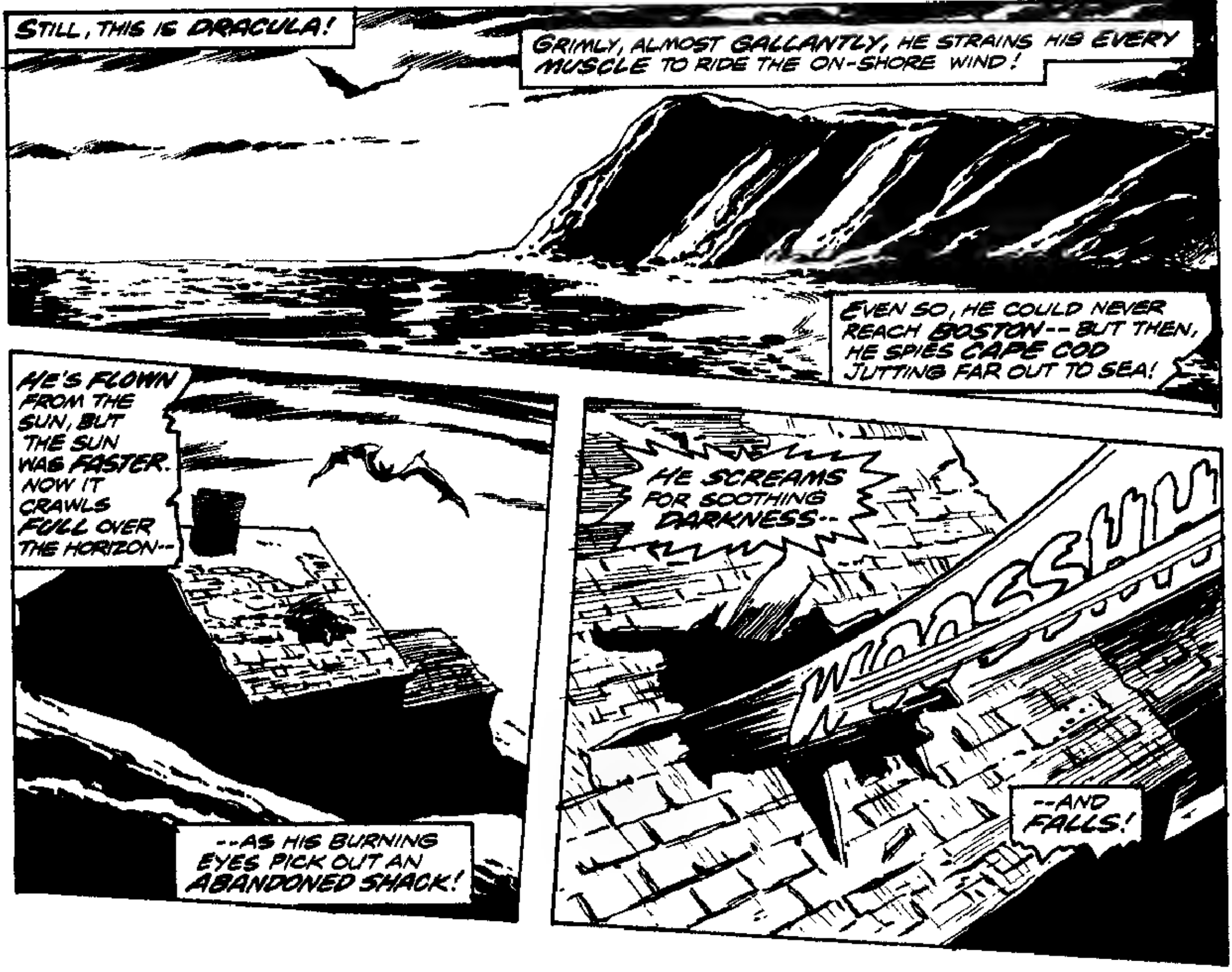
THE
SUN!

LOOK TO
THE EAST!



THE SUN
IS COMING UP!

MILES OUT OVER THE
ATLANTIC, THE VAMPIRE
SOARS-- EXHAUSTED
FROM THE FLYING HE'S
ALREADY DONE-- AND
RIDICULED BY A MAN HE
THOUGHT HE'D DESTROYED.



STILL, THIS IS DRACULA!

GRIMLY, ALMOST GALLANTLY, HE STRAINS HIS EVERY MUSCLE TO RIDE THE ON-SHORE WIND!

EVEN SO, HE COULD NEVER REACH BOSTON-- BUT THEN, HE SPIES CAPE COD JUTTING FAR OUT TO SEA!

HE'S FLOWN FROM THE SUN, BUT THE SUN WAS FASTER. NOW IT CRAWLS FULL OVER THE HORIZON--

--AS HIS BURNING EYES PICK OUT AN ABANDONED SHACK!



HE SCREAMS FOR SOOTHING DARKNESS--

--AND FALLS!



THIRD NIGHT!



I SURVIVED, SORCERER!

NOW, AS YOU ARISE--

--I SWEAR YOU SHALL NOT!

DRACULA READIES HIS STAKE FOR THE MINDLESS VAMPIRE AWAITING HIS WILL..



--AND THE TRUE DR. STRANGE BURSTS BACK INTO HIS TOMB!



THE SHADOWS IN DR. SUN'S HOUSE CREEP CLOSER...



...AS THE AWFUL, EVIL CURSE OF THE UNDEAD BRINGS ANIMATION BACK TO THE COLD FORM ON THE FLOOR!



WHAT--? THE BODY LIFTS INTO THE AIR!

YOU COME TOO LATE, MAGICIAN! YOUR SHELL IS MINE!

MINE!



DIE, DRACULA!



I AM
ETERNAL,
FOOL!

THIS DEAD-THING
NO LONGER *RESPONDS*
TO ME, BUT NEITHER IS
IT THE *SORCERER* I
KNEW!



KLANG!

THE NATURES
ARE *MINGLED*,
HUMAN AND
VAMPIRE--



--AND THE
VAMPIRE
APPEARS TO
BE WINNING!



KRAK!

YOU
MURDERED
ME, COUNT!
YOU CURSED
ME!



YOU WOULD
SPEAK THUS
TO THE LORD
OF VAMPIRES!?

YOU MISERABLE
CLOD, I'VE
SUFFERED ENOUGH
FOR YOUR REBELLION!

DR. STRANGE
WILL HAVE YOUR
THROAT FOR IT!



YOU DOUBTLESS
HOPED FOR A
MORE ADVAN-
TAGEOUS ALLIANCE
WITH YOUR NEW
SELF, STRANGE!

KRAH!

YOU HAVE MY
CONDOLENCES
ON YOUR CURRENT
CONDITION!



BUT NO MATTER
WHAT SORT OF
VAMPIRE YOU
MIGHT BE--



--I
AM
YOUR
LORD!

AND DEEP WITHIN THE
DOCTOR'S DARK THOUGHTS,
THE REAL DR. STRANGE
FEELS A JOLT! THE WORDS--



--THE WORDS
THE VAMPIRE
WANTS TO IGNORE!
"YOUR LORD!"



THAT'S--WHO
HOLDS POWER
--HERE!

I'VE CALLED ON--
MANY GODS-- IN
MY LIFE! NEVER--
HAVE I NEEDED
STRENGTH--MORE
THAN NOW!



IN THE NAME OF THE
TETRAGRAMMATON,
JEHOVAH! O GREAT
UNMANIFEST, HEAR
MY PLEA!

AAAGHH!



MY TOUCH--
BURNS HIM!
THE POWER--
HAS BEEN
GIVEN ME!

BUT MY OWN
SOUL SCREAMS IN
AGONY AS WELL!
HOW LONG--CAN
I HOLD
TOGETHER?



IT MUST
BE LONG
ENOUGH!


YET DRACULA WILL NOT
SURRENDER! THE PAIN
OF HIS CHARRING FLESH
MUST BE EXCRUTIATING,
BUT THERE IS NO REPETI-
TION OF HIS FIRST
STARTLED CRY!

HE CANNOT SAVE
HIMSELF, BUT HIS FOE
WILL FIND NO FEAR
IN VLAD DRACULA!

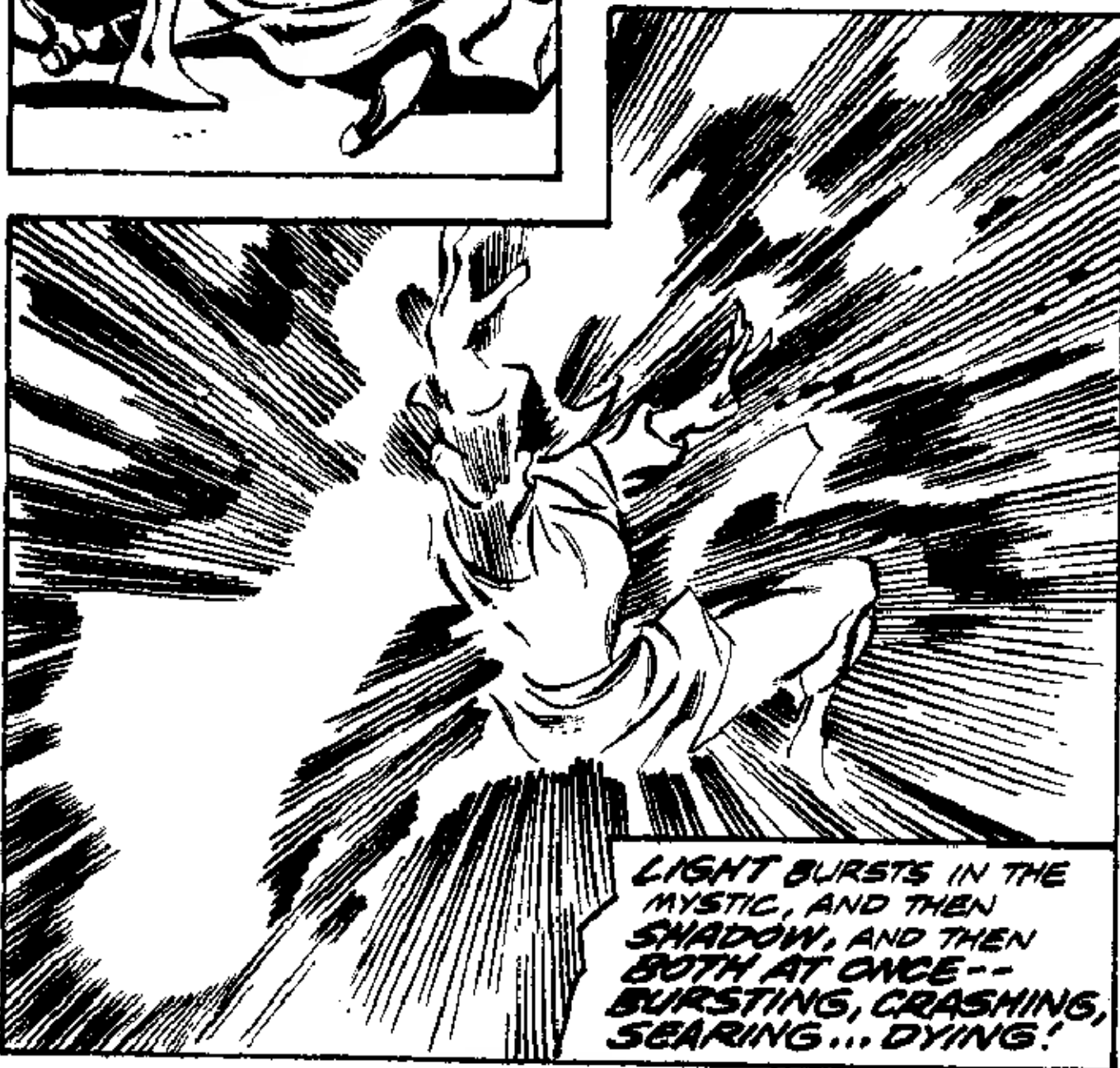
IF ONLY HE COULD KNOW THAT THE TRUE DR.
STRANGE WOULD FIND NO PLEASURE IN HIS PAIN!

IF ONLY
HE COULD
KNOW THAT
THE SPIRIT
AND THE
BODY ARE
NEVER
ENTIRELY
SEPARATE--

--THAT HIS TORMENTOR HAS BEEN
TOUCHED WITH DRACULA'S OWN EVIL
SINCE DR. STRANGE FIRST FELL!



IF ONLY
HE KNEW
WHO DR.
STRANGE
IS!



STILL
ONLY **25¢**

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

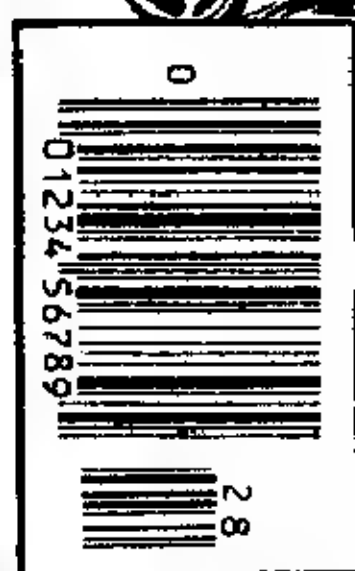
45
JUNE 02143



APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE TOMB OF **DRACULA** LORD OF VAMPIRES!

THIS IS IT!
THE MOST REQUESTED STORY OF ALL!
BLADE
THE VAMPIRE SLAYER
BATTLES
HANIBAL KING
THE VAMPIRE-DETECTIVE



Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

THE
BEGINNING
OF A
BRAND-
NEW EPIC:

CROSSFIRE!

"YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND, I DON'T LIKE SURPRISES, SO WHEN I FINALLY TRACKED THAT STINKIN' WHITE-HAIRED VAMPIRE TO THIS CHEAP, BOSTON HOTEL ROOM, I EXPECTED TO FIND HIM..."

"...AND NOT SOME CLOWN DRESSED LIKE A HELL'S ANGEL REJECT, BANDYING ABOUT A WOODEN KNIFE."

"FROM THE WAY THIS GUY MOVES, I KNOW HE'S EXPERIENCED, SO I BRACE MYSELF AND LISTEN AS HE SPEAKS THROUGH BARBED WIRE TEETH."

"YOU! YOU'RE NOT THE STINKIN' VAMP THAT KILLED MY MOTHER! WHO ARE YOU?"

WHO ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S KING...

...HANNIBAL KING!

"THE 'PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR' TAG IS LEFT UNSPOKEN, BUT IT'S STILL WRITTEN OVER MY FACE LIKE A CARRY-ALL BUSINESS CARD!"

"ONLY THIS GUY DOESN'T SEEM TO NOTICE, AND SUDDENLY I KNOW WHO HE IS. HE'S THE LONE RANGER OF VAMPIRE SLAYERS..."

"...AND HIS NAME IS--BLADE!"

"AND I ALSO KNOW IF WE START FIGHTING, ONLY ONE OF US IS GOING TO WALK OUT OF HERE ALIVE."

MARY WOLFGAN
WRITER / EDITOR

GENE COLAN &
TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA
letterer

TOM PALMER
colorist

"SO I TRY TALKING CALM TO HIM, BUT HE'S ALREADY DECIDED WHAT HE'S GOING TO HEAR."



PUT
DOWN THE
KNIFE,
BLADE. LET'S
TALK THIS
ONE OVER.

YOU KNOW WHO
I AM, CREEP?
THEN YOU KNOW
I AIN'T GONNA
PUT *NOTHIN'*
DOWN.

YOU'RE A LOUSY
VAMPIRE!
I'VE GOT TO--

YOU'VE GOT
TO DO *NOTHING*,
BLADE.



UNLESS
YOU WANT
A HEAD-
ACHE
THAT'LL LAST
THROUGH
CHRISTMAS.

UNGGGHHH!

"HE FALLS LIKE AN ACROBAT, ROLLING AS HE DROPS--"



--SO, EVEN
AS HE
TUMBLES,
HE LETS
LOOSE
WITH HIS
KNIFE...

"...WHICH I
CATCH
FOR HIM."



I SAID LET'S
TALK, BLADE.

I THINK WE
MAY BE AFTER
THE SAME
CREEP.

GOES BY THE
NAME OF DEACON
FROST!

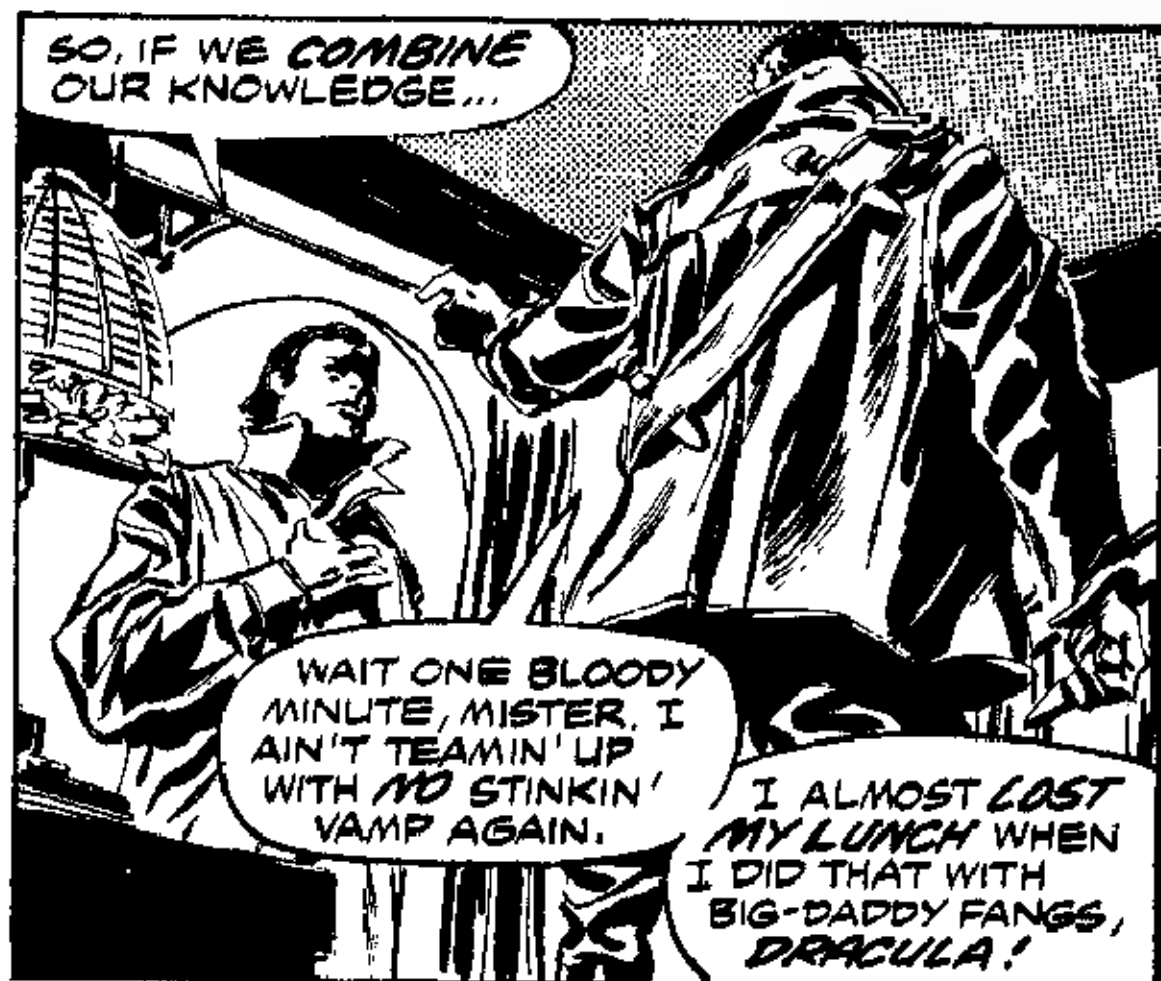


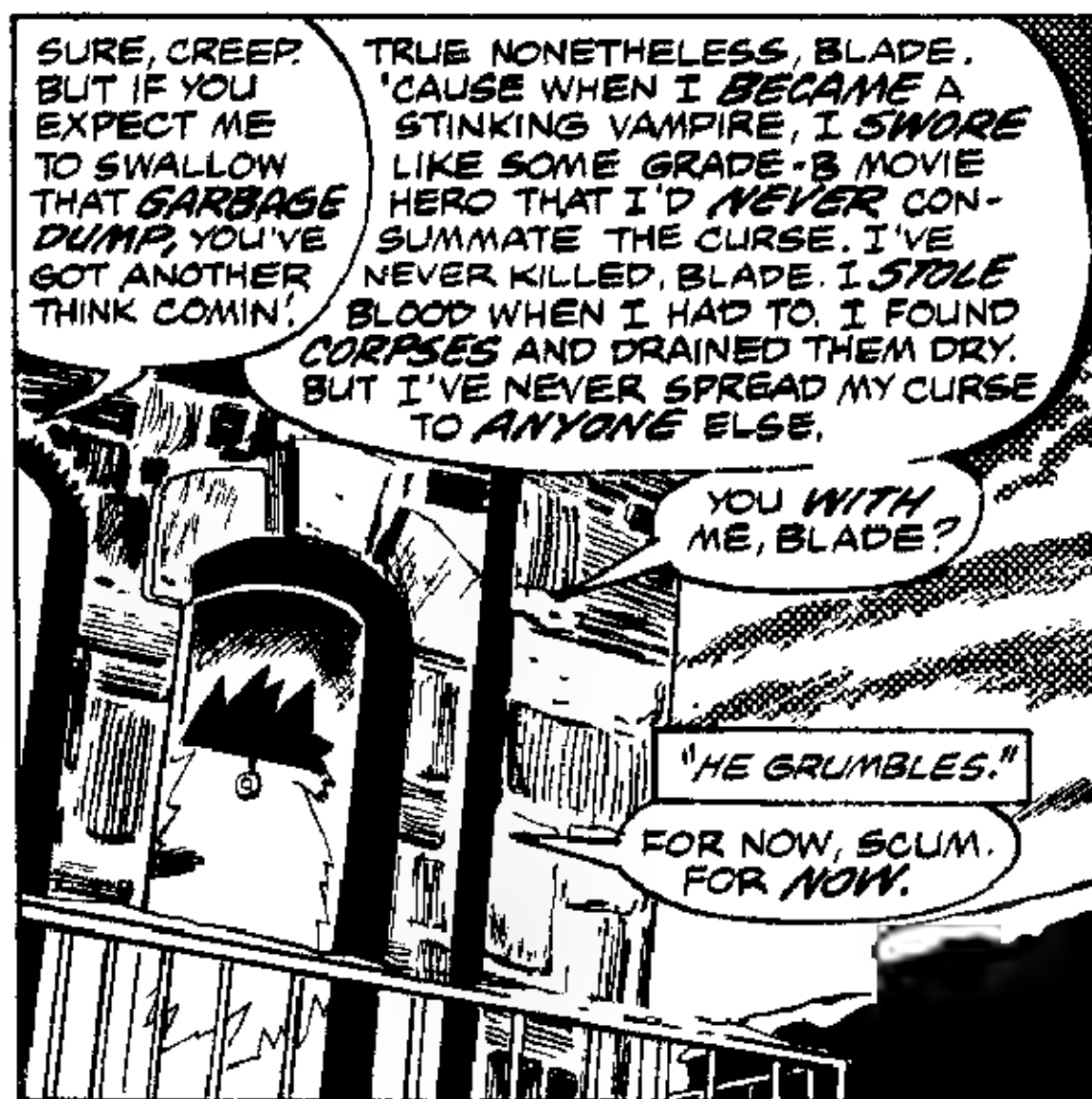
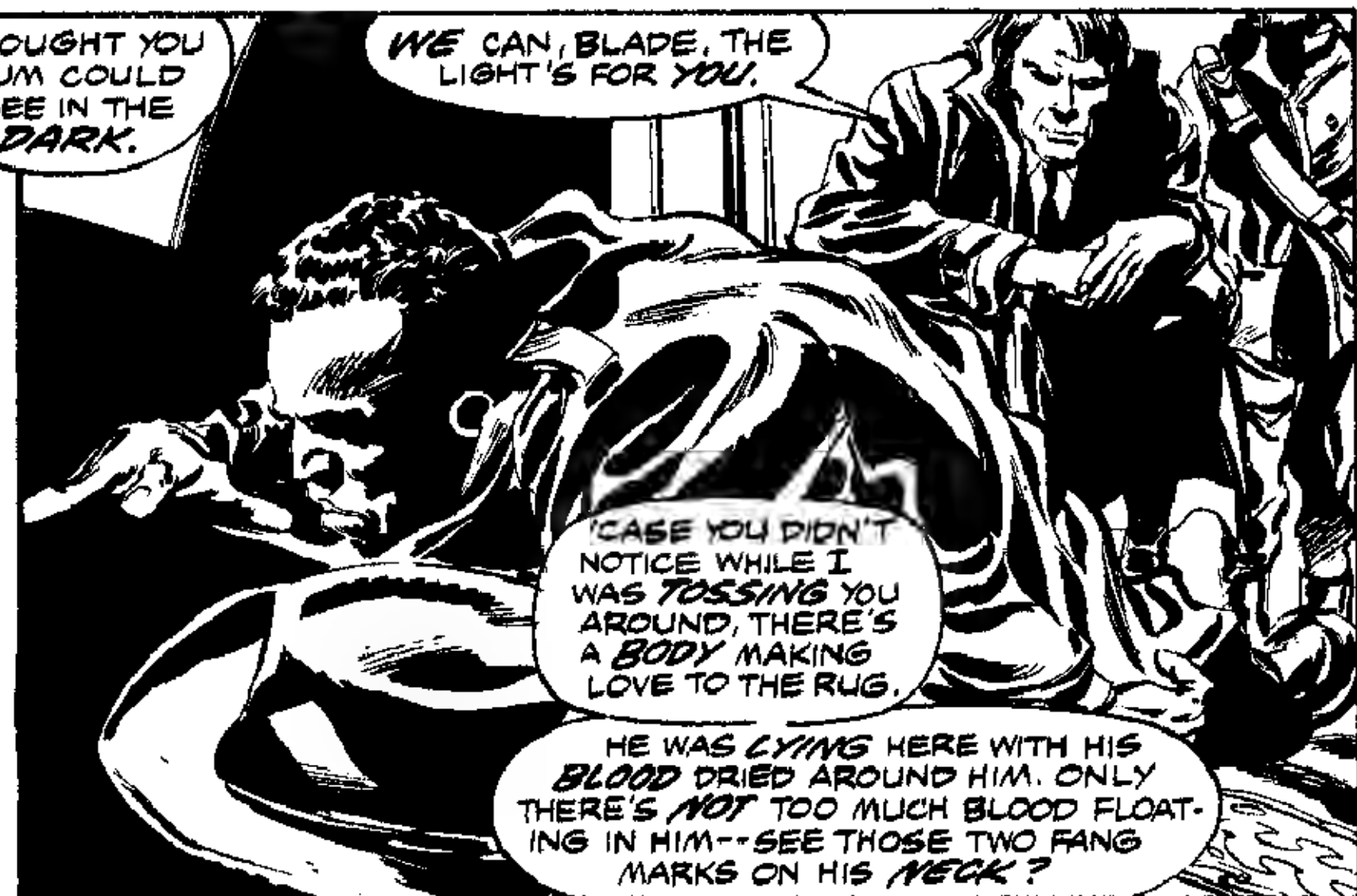
DON'T KNOW
NO DEACON
FROST, SCUM, AN'
I DON'T CARE
WHO THE
DUDE IS!

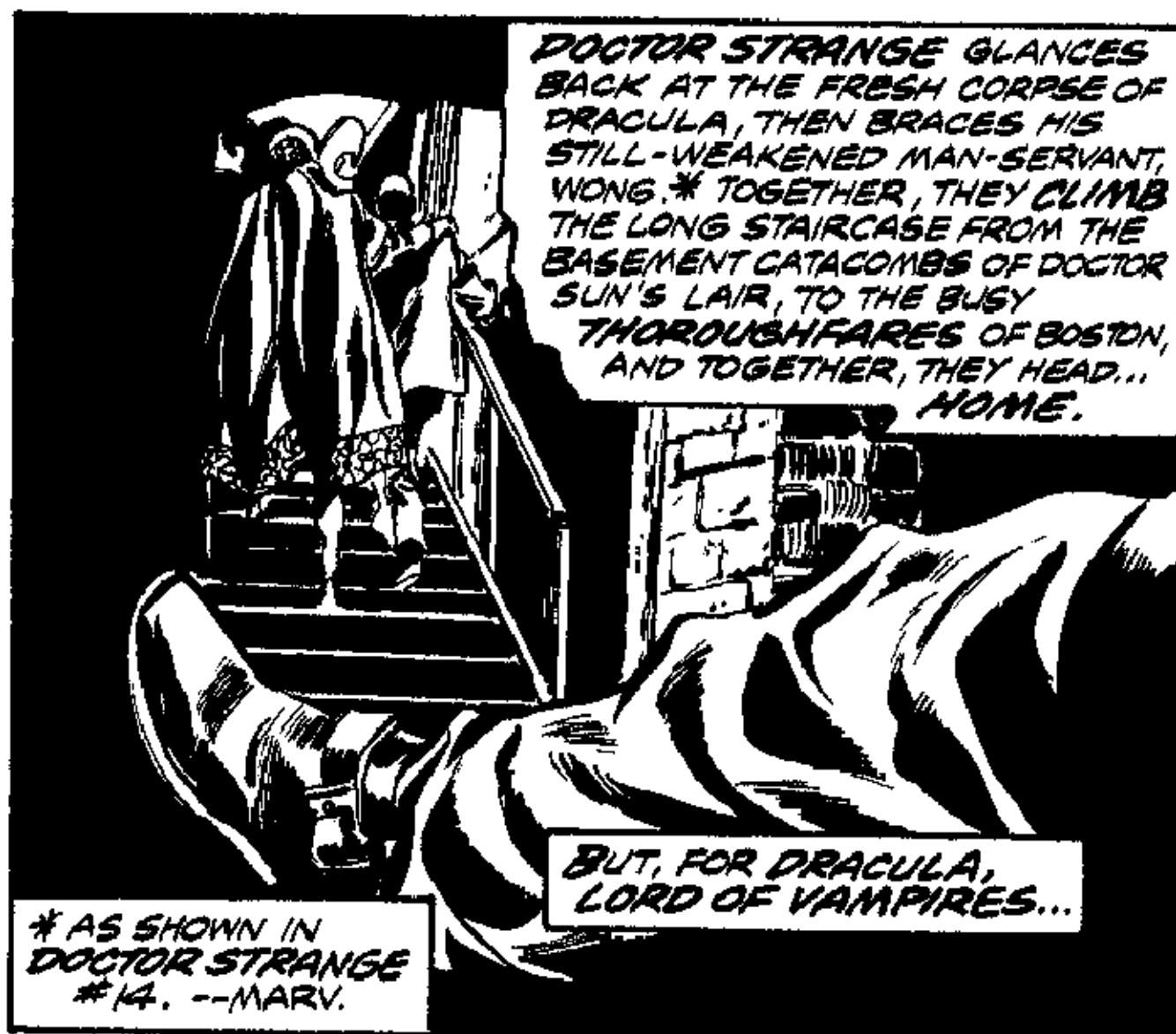
RIGHT NOW,
YOU'RE
MY BABY...

...AND ALL THE SWEET TALK IN
THE WORLD WON'T STOP ME FROM
SPLITTIN' YOU END-TO-END.

"NO USE REASONING WITH HIM--HE'S GOT A MAD ON
LIKE A MISSOURI MULE. SO I WATCH HIS LEAP, GAUGE
HIS TIMING, AND THEN--"







DOCTOR STRANGE GLANCES BACK AT THE FRESH CORPSE OF DRACULA, THEN BRACES HIS STILL-WEAKENED MAN-SERVANT, WONG. * TOGETHER, THEY CLIMB THE LONG STAIRCASE FROM THE BASEMENT CATACOMBS OF DOCTOR SUN'S LAIR, TO THE BUSY THOROUGHFARES OF BOSTON, AND TOGETHER, THEY HEAD... HOME.

BUT, FOR DRACULA, LORD OF VAMPIRES...

* AS SHOWN IN DOCTOR STRANGE #14. --MARV.



OR SO IT SEEMS.

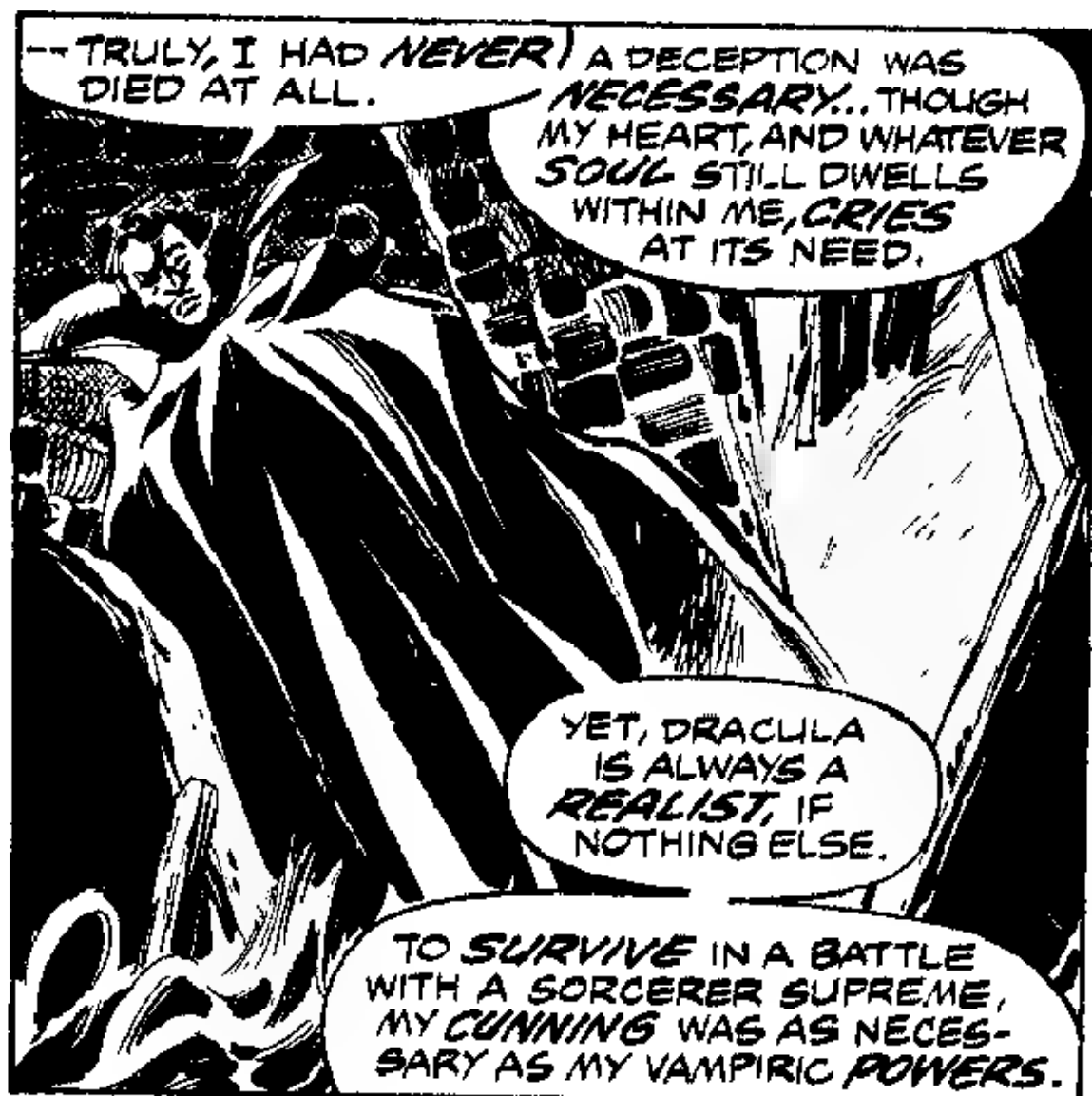


FOR NO SOONER DO THE MAGICIAN AND HIS FAITHFUL FRIEND EXIT, THAN THE BONES BEGIN TO SHIMMER. MUSCLE FITS SNUGLY OVER CARTILAGE, FLESH OVER TISSUE.

AND THAT AMBIGUOUS EXISTENCE OF THE UNDEAD FLOWS BACK TO WHAT SEEMINGLY WERE TOTALLY LIFELESS REMAINS JUST MOMENTS BEFORE.

HE IS GONE... AND SO I RETURN TO MY HUMAN FORM.

AND THOUGH THE MAGICIAN THINKS ME DEAD--



--TRULY, I HAD NEVER DIED AT ALL.

A DECEPTION WAS NECESSARY...THOUGH MY HEART, AND WHATEVER SOUL STILL DWELLS WITHIN ME, CRIES AT ITS NEED.

YET, DRACULA IS ALWAYS A REALIST, IF NOTHING ELSE.

TO SURVIVE IN A BATTLE WITH A SORCERER SUPREME, MY CUNNING WAS AS NECESSARY AS MY VAMPIRIC POWERS.



FOR POWER MATCHED WITH POWER, STRANGE COULD HAVE OVERWHELMED ME.

BUT I AM NOT DRACULA FOR NAUGHT.

"HIS FLAMES--CALLED DOWN TO EARTH FROM THE POWER OF THE TETRAGRAMMATON--APPEARED TO HAVE BURNT ME TO CINDER--"



"BUT THEY ONLY APPEARED TO DO SUCH."

"MINE IS THE POWER TO TURN TO MIST...TO COERCE OTHERS THROUGH THE ART OF HYPNOSIS--"



"--COMBINED, THESE POWERS ARE GREATER THAN STRANGE COULD HAVE REALIZED."

"MY FLESH VANISHED IN THE SWELLING MIST, EXPOSING ONLY BONE--MY PERSUASIVE HYPNOSIS--CONVINCED THE MYSTIC THAT WHAT HE SAW WAS ASH AND NOT MIST."



"TO HIM I APPEARED DEAD, DEFEATED. AND SO HE LEFT, AND OUR BATTLE--ONE WHICH MAY HAVE NEVER ENDED--WAS BROKEN."

FOR NOW, THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE... A NEW SCHEME TO UNFOLD.

THE ANCIENT CHURCH I PASSED BY LAST NIGHT* WILL FIT WELL INTO MY PLANS, AND ALSO ADD THE PROPER IRONY TO MY DEED--

--FOR I HAVE FELT OF LATE THAT I HAVE BEEN TOO PASSIVE. IT IS TIME FOR CHANGE!

DOCTOR STRANGE
#14--M.W.

ONCE BEFORE I HAD CONCEIVED OF TURNING ALL HUMANS INTO VAMPIRES... TO RULE THEM WITH AN IRON HAND AS LORD OF VAMPIRES.



I KNOW BETTER NOW. I DEMAND FOLLOWERS, WORSHIPPERS IN A SENSE-- BUT I DO NOT WANT THEM AS VAMPIRES...NOT AS POTENTIAL RIVALS.

HUMANS SHALL COME TO ME BECAUSE I WILL OFFER THEM AN ALTERNATIVE TO THEIR PETTY LIVES. I SHALL SPOON-FEED THEM MY BELIEFS, SUGAR-COAT MY INTENTIONS IN THE FORM OF A NEW RELIGION--



--AND THIS OLD CHURCH WILL BE THE MEETING GROUND WHERE HUMAN AND VAMPIRE COME TOGETHER.

I SHALL CLAIM THIS PLACE AS MINE-- FOR ALREADY IT HAS BEEN ABANDONED AND STANDS READY FOR DEMOLITION.

THE PEWS, THE BLASTED CRUCIFIXES-- THEY HAVE ALL BEEN REMOVED TO ANOTHER RELIGIOUS HOME FOR THE INSANE.



THIS NOW-HUMBLED BUILDING STANDS BARREN OF ALL IT ONCE STOOD FOR--

--EXCEPT FOR THIS PAINTING.

THE SON OF GOD, IN OILS.



HE STANDS-- STARING DOWN AT ME...



YOU ONCE MENTIONED THAT YOU ARE A *WRITER* OF THE OCCULT, I ASSUME YOU STAY *KNOWLEDGE-ABLE* OF ALL SUCH MATTERS IN THIS VICINITY?

OH, SURE. I KNOW ALL THE MEETINGS OF WITCH SABBATS, MOON CULTS, ANACHRONIST JOUSTINGS, AND STAR TREKKIE CONVENTIONS. ALL *SORTS* OF STUFF.

YOU INTERESTED IN *JOINING* ONE?

YOU *ARE* AMUSING, MANLING.

WHO IS IN CONTROL OF THE *SATANIST* TRIBUNAL HERE?

SATANIST? WHEN! THAT'S REAL *HEAVY* STUFF. LET ME CHECK.

I DID AN ARTICLE FOR "THE SCIONS OF SATAN" NEWSLETTER LAST YEAR, AND I THINK I *STILL* HAVE MY NOTES.

LET ME SEE, *YEAH!* HERE'S HIS NAME.

BUT CAN'T YOU GIVE ME A *CLUE* WHY YOU WANT THIS, DRACULA?

IT IS BEST THAT YOU DO *NOT* KNOW, HAROLD HAROLD. HAND ME THE BOOK.

UH, HE'S THE THIRD ONE DOWN, SIR.

Anton Lupeski

LUPESKI... ANTON LUPESKI-- WITH HIS ADDRESS.

HEY, HE SHOT OUTTA HERE WITHOUT EVEN SAYING GOODBYE.

"SHOT?" THAT'S THE WORD.

"AND SO, THE VAMPIRE SHOT HIS VICTIM."

WELL, MAYBE "LUNGE" ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL.

DARKNESS DRAPES THE FLITTING BLACK SHAPE OF DRACULA AS HE SOARS ABOVE THE CAMBRIDGE COMMONS...

THERE IS MUCH TO DO BEFORE THE DAWN COMES RUDELY CALLING...

...SUCH AS A THIRST WHICH MUST BE QUENCHED.

BELOW HIM... A FEMALE...

SHE WALKS SLOWLY, UNSTEADILY... AS IF SENSING HER APPROACHING DEATH, SO DRACULA THINKS.

WOMAN!

TURN TO FACE-- DEATH!

DEATH? YOU WANT TO KILL ME?

BUT WHY? WHY?

HAVE I HARMED YOU IN ANY WAY, YOUNG MAN?



DEATH NEEDS NO REASONS, OLD WOMAN.

I AM HERE.

AND I AM OLD AND NOT AFRAID OF DYING.



BUT YOU--YOU ARE NOT DEATH. YOU ARE ONLY DRACULA.

DON'T BE SURPRISED. IN 1903, AS A CHILD, I SAW YOU. I WAS IN MADRID. REMEMBER? THEN YOU WERE BATTLING THE DEMON CALLED DEATH.*

* DRACULA LIVES #9.-MARV.



I KNOW YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE, AND DO NOT FEAR YOU, NOR DOES ROXANNE.

DO YOU, LITTLE DEAR?



MEEOW-WWW!!

WE CANNOT BE HARMED BY YOU, DRACULA.



BUT, WHEN TRUE DEATH COMES FOR ME...

...I WILL GO WILLINGLY.

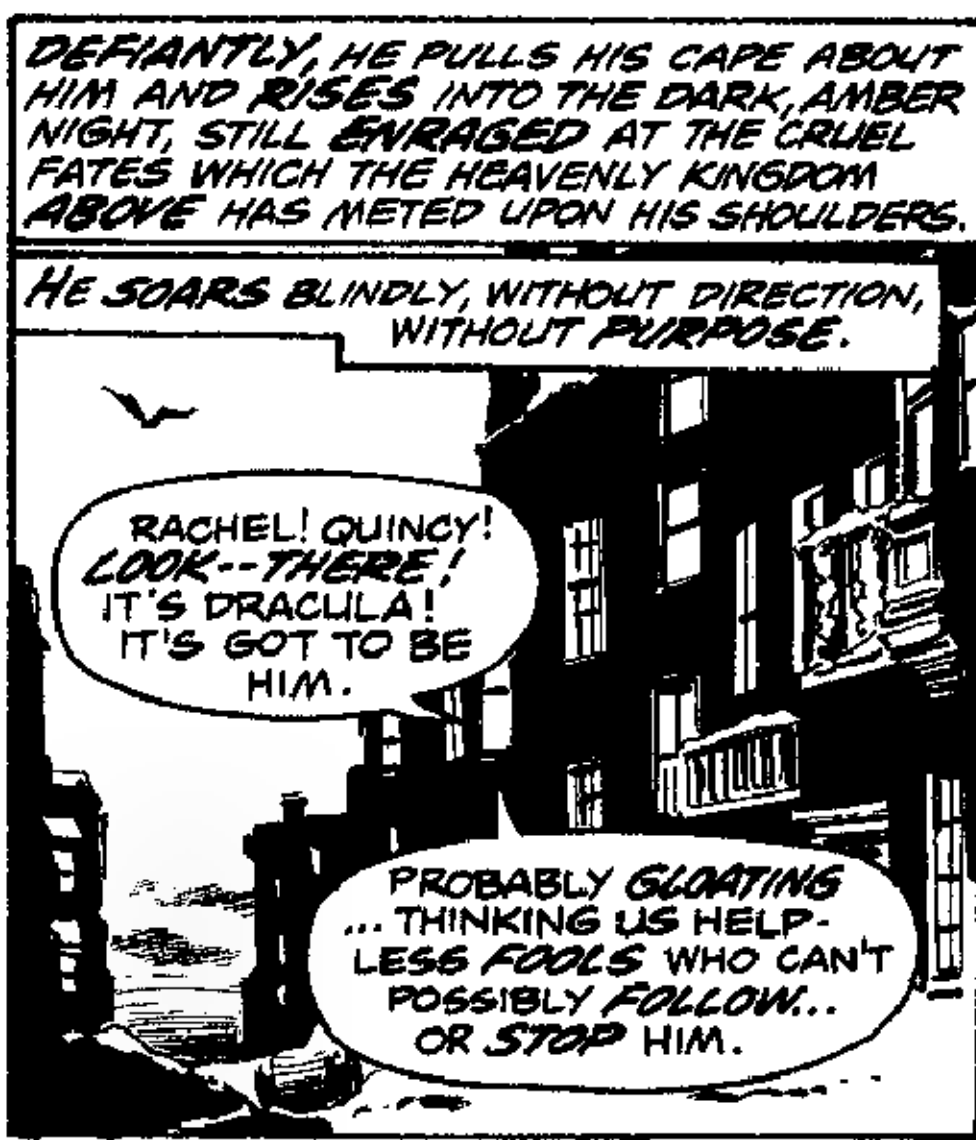
NO!



YOU STILL DARE MOCK ME?

I SWEAR BY THE DARK GODS THAT DRACULA WILL NOT BE TOYED WITH!

DO YOU HEAR ME?! DRACULA SHALL BE MOCKED NO MORE!



DEFIANTLY, HE PULLS HIS CAPE ABOUT HIM AND RISES INTO THE DARK, AMBER NIGHT, STILL ENRAGED AT THE CRUEL FATES WHICH THE HEAVENLY KINGDOM ABOVE HAS METED UPON HIS SHOULDERS.

HE SOARS BLINDLY, WITHOUT DIRECTION, WITHOUT PURPOSE.

RACHEL! QUINCY! LOOK--THERE! IT'S DRACULA! IT'S GOT TO BE HIM.

PROBABLY GLOATING ... THINKING US HELPLESS FOOLS WHO CAN'T POSSIBLY FOLLOW... OR STOP HIM.



AND HE'S RIGHT-- THAT'S THE WORST THING ABOUT IT ALL.

THAT STINKING VAMPIRE IS ABSOLUTELY 100% RIGHT.

DESPAIR, FRANK? IT'S ODD TO HEAR THAT FROM YOU THESE DAYS.



AT TIMES DRACULA SEEMS INVINCIBLE. IF HE WANTS BLOOD, HE FINDS BLOOD. IF HE SEEKS DEATH-- HE GETS THAT, TOO.



AT TIMES I FEEL THE SAME, RACHEL. PERHAPS IT IS BECAUSE I AM GROWING OLDER... LOSING HOPE WITH EVERY YEAR.

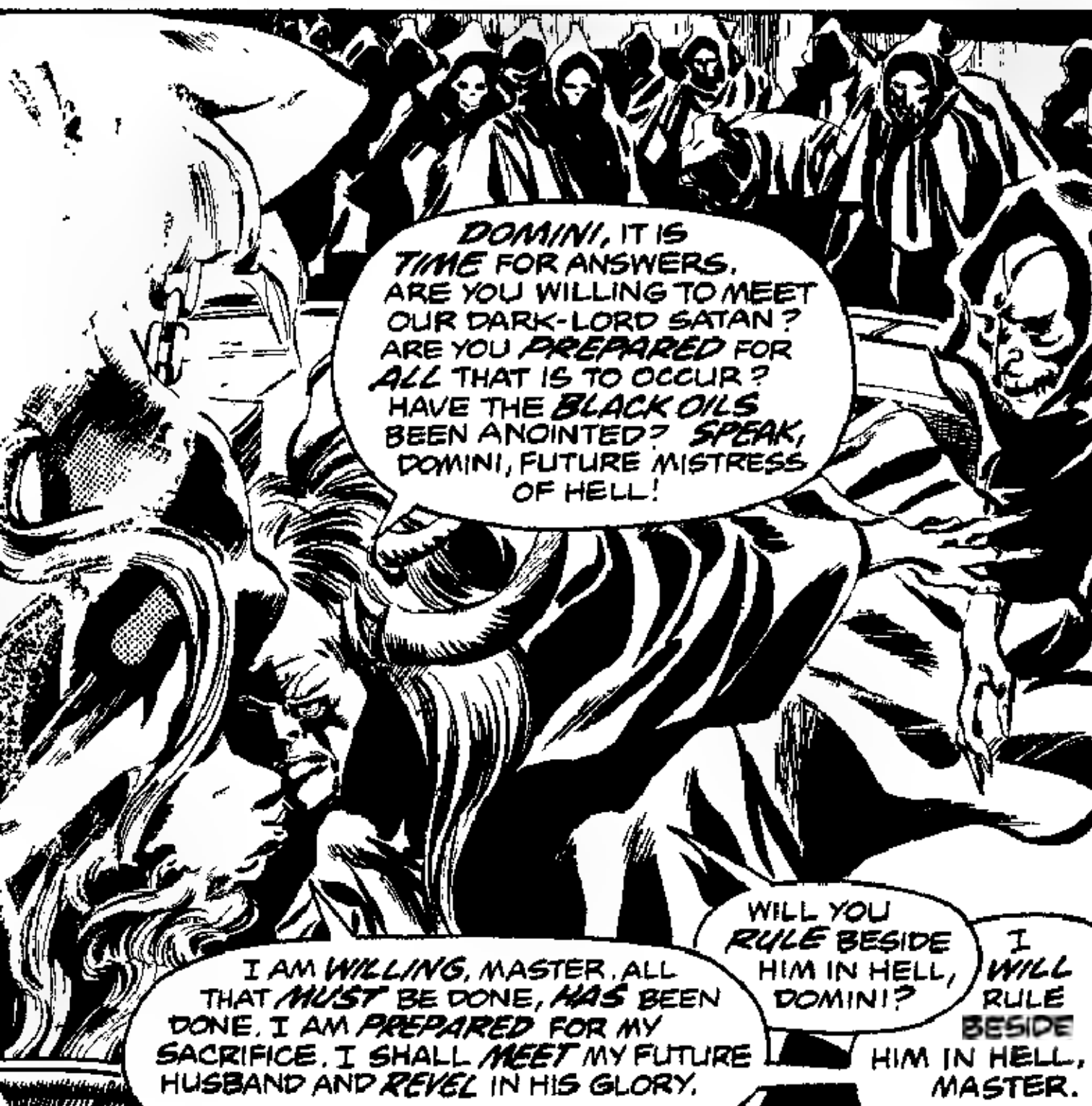
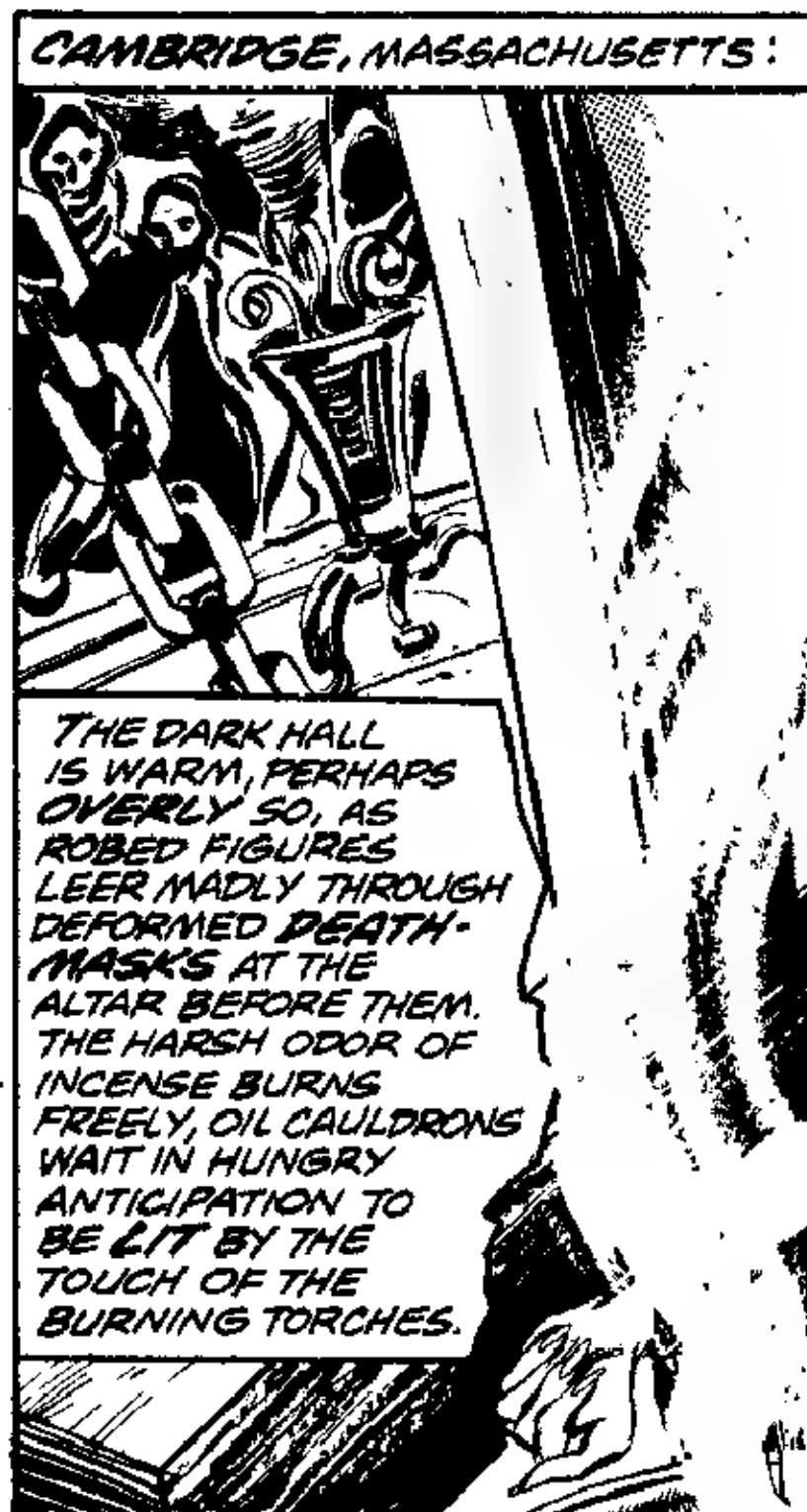
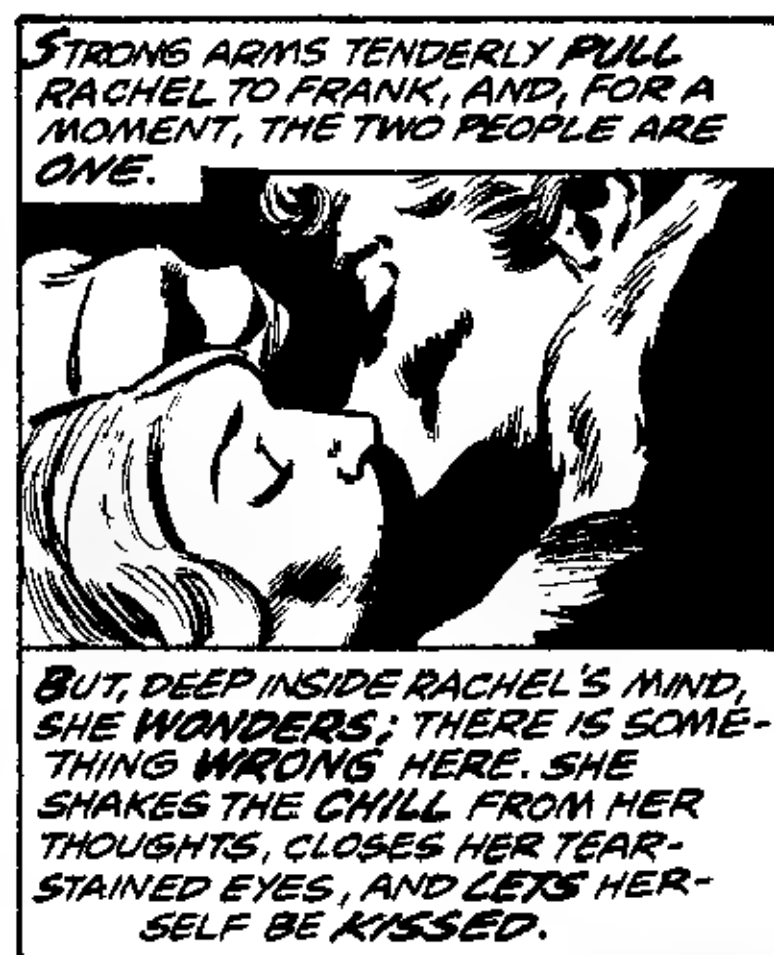
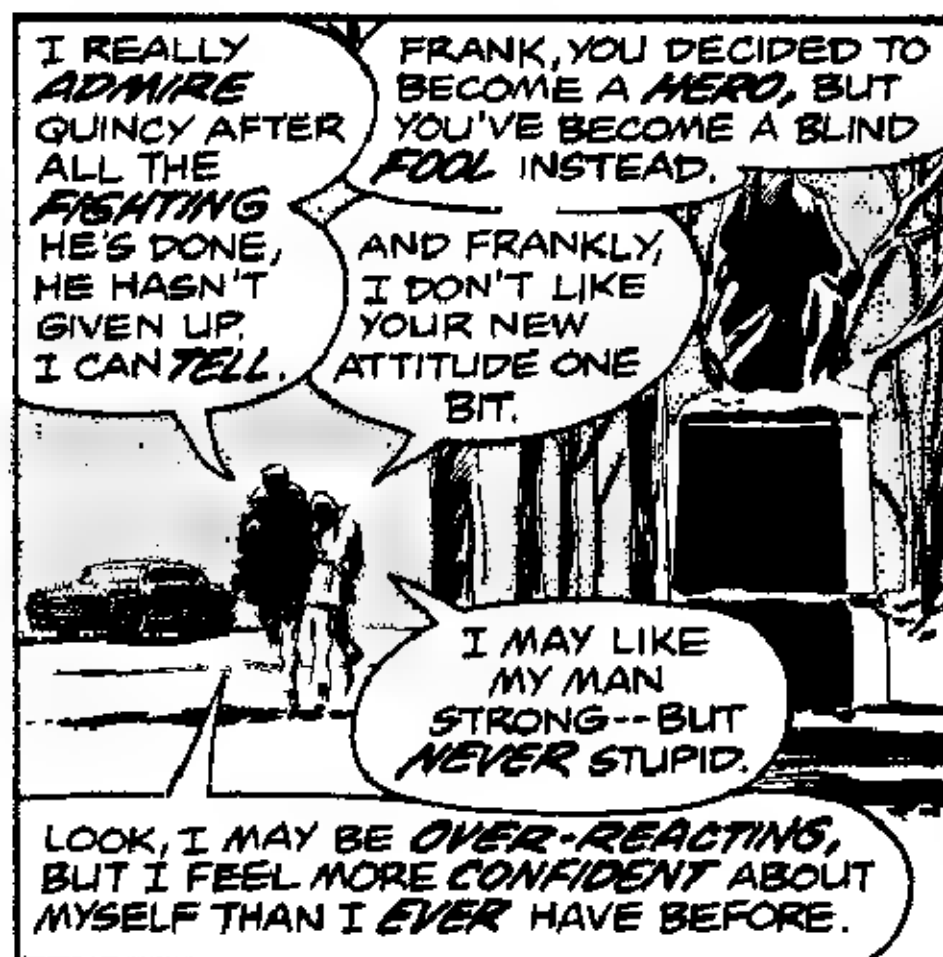
YOU'VE FOUGHT HIM A LONG TIME, HAVEN'T YOU, QUINCY?



YES, MR. DRAKE. A LONG TIME.

WITH NO RESULTS... AND LITTLE HOPE FOR ANY.

IT DOES SEEM USELESS.





EVERYTHING IS AT ITS MOST **CRUCIAL**, DOMINI, THROUGH YOU SHALL **ALL OUR DREAMS COME TRUE!** OUR COVEN SHALL GREET OUR DARK-LORD IN HUMBLE PIETY. WE SHALL TREAT YOU, DARK-MISTRESS, WITH **LOVE**.

ARE YOU **PREPARED** TO SACRIFICE ALL EARTHLY PASSIONS, DOMINI?

I GIVE **FREELY** MY RIGHTS AND CLAIMS TO ALL EARTHLY PASSIONS, MASTER.



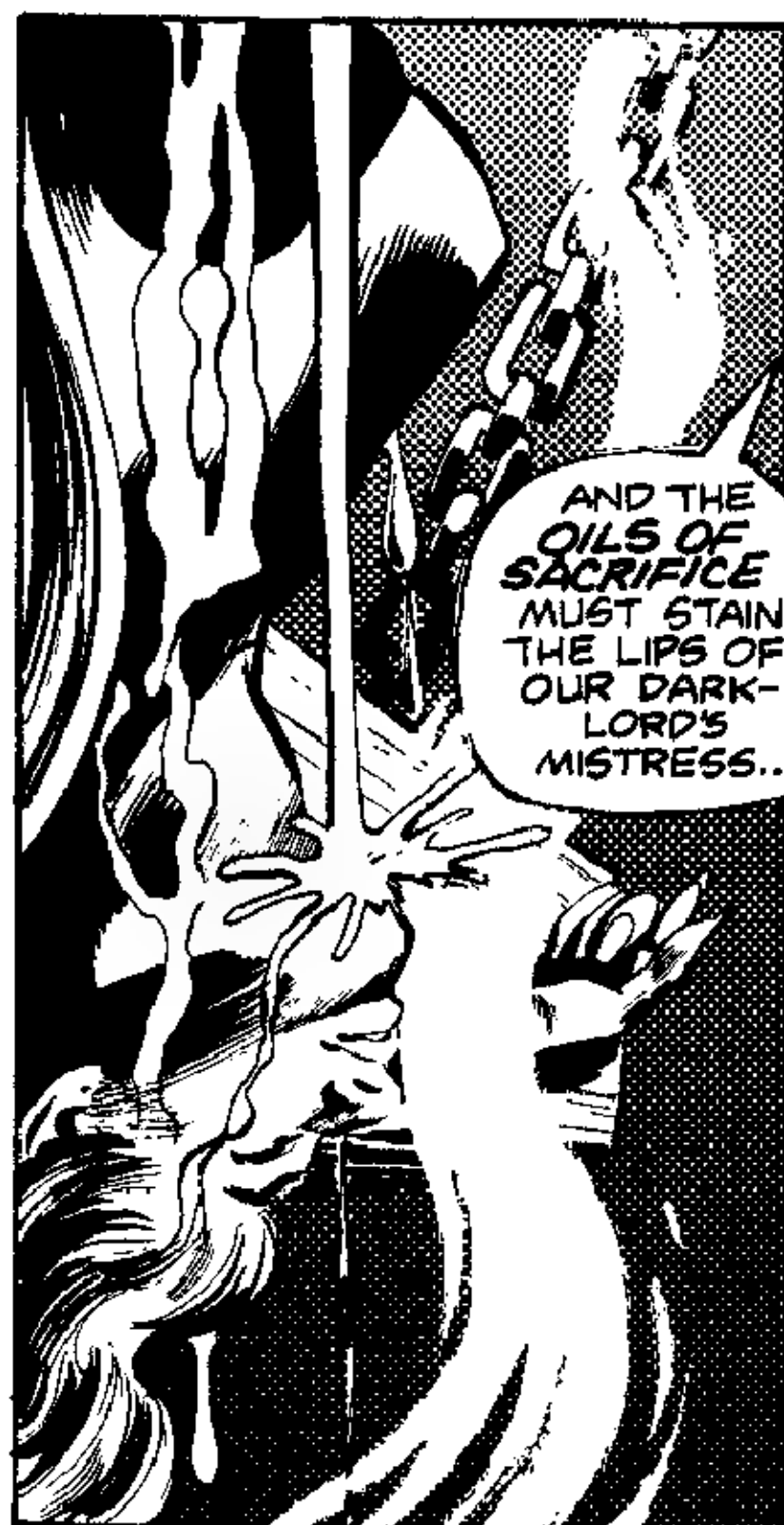
THE **SACRED OILS**...DOMINI MUST FEEL THE OIL AS IT IS **POURED** UPON HER.

IT IS IN **HERE**, MASTER, AND ITS TASTE IS **SWEET** TO THE LIPS.

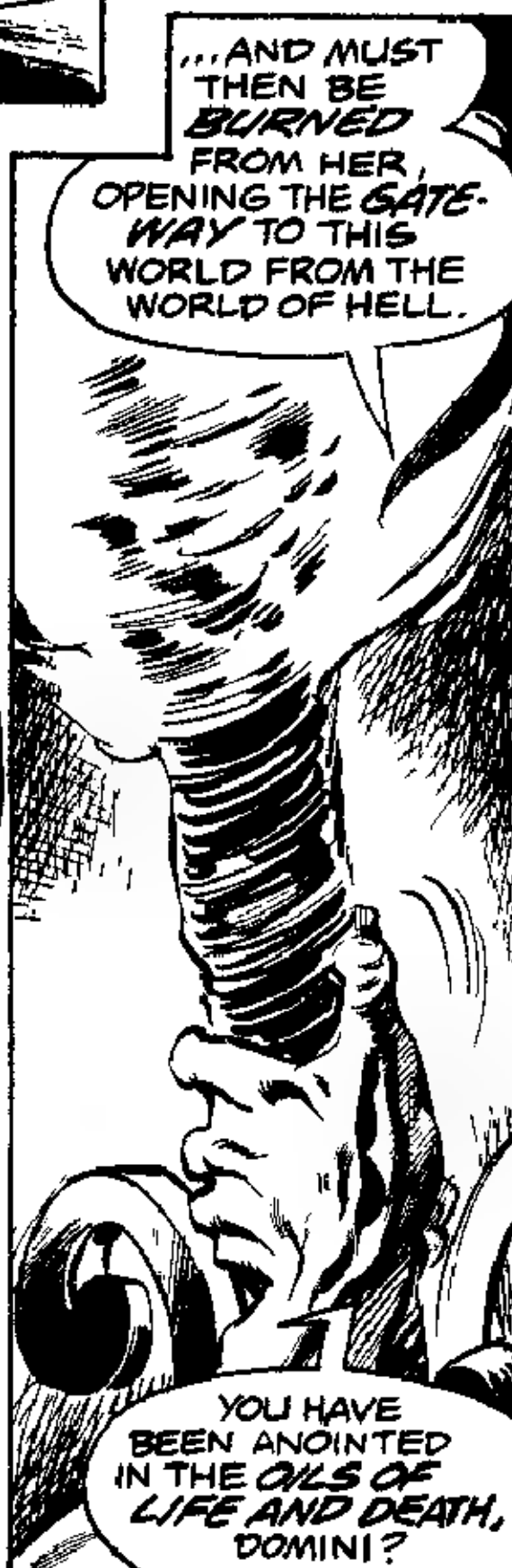


IN THIS HOLDER ARE THE **OILS** OF SACRIFICE--PREPARED TO **GIVE** OUR DARK-LORD SATAN THIS GIFT OF OUR **WORSHIP**..

...THIS **WIFE**...THIS MISTRESS TO LIVE WITH HIM AS THE **SUPREME RULER** OF HELL, FOREVER.



AND THE **OILS** OF SACRIFICE MUST STAIN THE LIPS OF OUR DARK-LORD'S MISTRESS...



...AND MUST THEN BE **BURNED** FROM HER, OPENING THE **GATEWAY** TO THIS WORLD FROM THE WORLD OF HELL.

YOU HAVE BEEN ANOINTED IN THE **OILS** OF LIFE AND DEATH, DOMINI?



I HAVE BEEN SO ANOINTED, MASTER.

AND THESE OILS WILL **RE-SIST** THE SEARING FLAMES, DOMINI? AND THOUGH **BATHED** IN FIRE, YOU SHALL **NOT** BE HARMED, DOMINI?

YOUR **FLESH** SHALL NOT BURN? YOU WILL BE **PRESERVED**?

I WILL GREET MY NEW MASTER, OUR DARK-LORD SATAN, **UNSCATHED**, MASTER.

PROTECTED THUSLY, WITH SPIRITS WILLING, I SET THE TORCH UPON THE HEXAGRAM.

I AWAIT THE FLAMES. I DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

THE FIRES RACE ACROSS THE HEXAGRAM. THEY COAT THE MISTRESS LIKE A SECOND SKIN.

YET, HER FLESH DOES NOT SCORCH!

SATAN IS WITH US! HE COMES TO CLUTCH HIS BRIDE FROM A FIERY PYRE.

WE ARE TOGETHER WITH OUR DARK-LORD SATAN! WE ARE TOGETHER!

WE ARE TOGETHER WITH OUR DARK-LORD SATAN! WE ARE TOGETHER!

I AM MASTER, AND THROUGH THE MISTRESS DOMINI, FUTURE WIFE OF OUR DARK-LORD SATAN, WE SHALL GREET THE DARK-LORD SATAN HIMSELF!

FROM HELL TO US! TO US! TO HIS CHILDREN TWICE DAMNED HE SHALL COME!

TO US! TO US! TO US!

ANTON LUPESKI, I AM HERE FOR YOU!

YOU!?!?



CEASE YOUR STUPID SPECTACLE, LUPESKI, I COMMAND IT NOW!

THE REASON WHY I NEED YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS MUST NOT BE INTERRUPTED BY THIS SENSELESS CACKLING!

YOU MUST STAND READY TO LISTEN...TO OBEY!

YOU ARE HERE! YOU ARE ONE WITH US, DARK-LORD! SATAN HAS COME, TRAVELLING ON THE MISTS OF TIME FROM HELL ITSELF!



I SAID SILENCE, DOLT. HEED MY WORDS, CREATE NONE OF YOUR OWN.

AND RELEASE THIS WOMAN. I HAVE NEED OF HER BLOOD.

SHE IS TO BE YOUR WIFE, DARK-LORD. TO RULE BESIDE YOU IN HELL.

SHE IS FOR YOU, DARK-LORD. FOR YOU.



AND SHE IS NOT HARMED BY THE FLAMES.

WE WOULD NOT DARE HARM YOUR FUTURE WIFE.

EXAMINE HER YOURSELF, DARK-LORD, AS I ORDER--

--THE FIRES OF CONJURATION TO CEASE!



YOU SEE HER NOW, DARK-LORD? UNHARMED, READY FOR YOU.

WIFE? I HAVE NO NEED NOR DESIRE TO--EH?

YET, PERHAPS I SOMEHOW STUMBLERD ONTO SOMETHING GREATER THAN MY OWN SCHEME.

DOMINI!

THOUGHTS RACE WILDLY. AH, YES, THE IRONY-- THE SHEER IRONY OF IT ALL.

YES! I SHALL TAKE HER AS MINE! HER NAME?

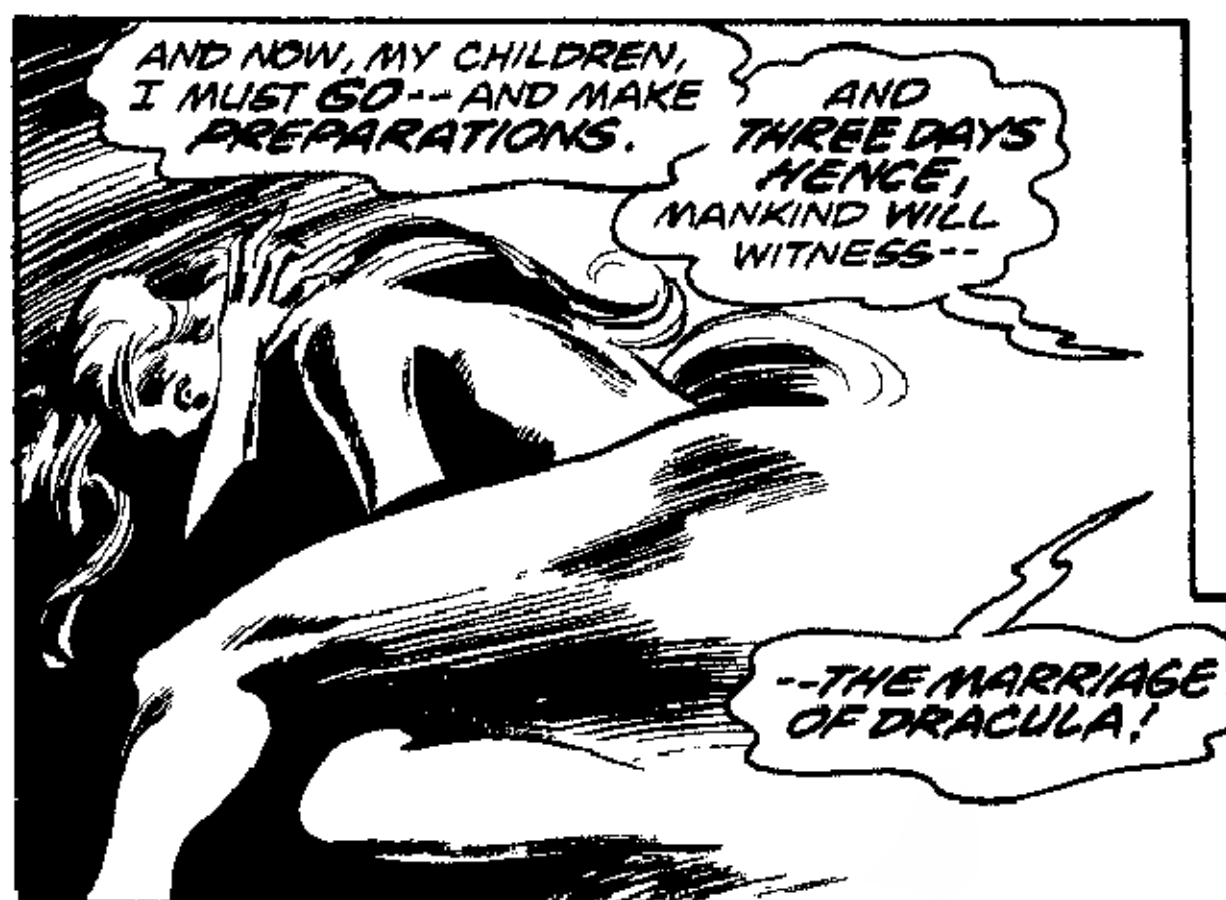
A LOVELY NAME, LUPESKI WE SHALL TALK LATER OF HER, AND OF MY WISHES. BUT FOR NOW, I AM PLEASED WITH THE WAY EVENTS HAVE TURNED.



DOMINI--IT MEANS BELONGING TO GOD. ANOTHER *IRONIC* TOUCH... ONE WHICH PROMISES *MUCH* IN THE MOST UNCERTAIN AND PUZZLING FUTURE.

I AM *YOURS*, DARK-LORD. TO DO WHATEVER YOU PLEASE.

I AM *SURE* YOU WILL, DOMINI.



AND NOW, MY CHILDREN, I MUST GO-- AND MAKE PREPARATIONS.

AND THREE DAYS HENCE, MANKIND WILL WITNESS--

--THE MARRIAGE OF DRACULA!



GOD IN HEAVEN, STARE AT YOUR THORN NOW. *OBSERVE* MY DISCIPLES...MY WARRIORS--

--TO-GETHER WE SHALL MARCH INTO HEAVEN'S KINGDOM... AND PLUCK YOU FROM YOUR CRUMBLING THRONE!

SO SWEARS DRACULA! SO SWEARS THE NEW DARK-LORD!

HAHAHAHA

OUR DARK-LORD HAS SPOKEN, AND NOW HE IS GONE.

AND TOGETHER, WE SHALL *RISE* WITH SATAN AS ONE-- AND THIS WORLD OF MAN SHALL BE *OURS*!

OURS!



THERE IS A FEVERED *MADNESS* RAGING NOW... WILD ABANDON MERGING WITH SATANIC LUSTS. AND ANTON LUPESKI, ALWAYS IN CONTROL, ALWAYS LEADING A MINDLESS FOLLOWING, BASKS IN THIS MOMENT OF GLORIOUS PERVERSITY. HE HAS SPOKEN WITH HIS MASTER-- AND HE KNOWS... HE PRAYS... THAT SOON HE CAN BECOME THE MASTER... AND THE DARK-LORD-- HIS SLAVE!

BENEATH HIS HORRENDOUS DEATH-MASK, ANTON LUPESKI SMILES. THIS CEREMONY HAS NOT BEEN FOR NAUGHT.

"HAPPY DAYS! THIRD NIGHT AND I'M GETTING ITCHY WAITING FOR CRUDO HERE TO AWAKEN. HAVEN'T MOVED FOR SO LONG MY PANTS'VE BEEN GLUED TO THIS CHAIR.

"BUT I WAIT, WATCHING OUR DEAD FRIEND, WHILE BLADE CATCHES A COUPLE OF ZZZZ'S.

"SO FAR NO LUCK, BUT THIS'S GOT TO BE THE NIGHT OUR FRIEND JOINS THE WORLD OF THE UNLIVING.

"SUDDENLY, HIS HAND STIRS. I TAKE IT IN AND GLANCE AT BLADE...

"BUT EVEN AS I DO, HE STARTS UP--ALERT. DON'T KNOW HOW HE KNEW OUR SILENT FRIEND HAD WOKEN UP; HE MUST HAVE A RADAR SET BUILT INTO THOSE GOGGLES."

WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME, KING? IT'S TIME.

JUST ABOUT TO.

"CRUD'S FIRST WORDS ARE--

I'VE--I'VE RETURNED ...FROM THE DEAD.

AS... AS... A--

DEAD MAN, IF YOU DON'T LISTEN TO SOME WORDS OF ADVICE, CRUD.

WHAT?!!?

YOU HEARD ME, CRUD. YOU DO WHAT I SAY--AND DON'T TRY TAKING IT ON THE LAM, 'CAUSE I CAN FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE.

UNDERSTAND, SWEETY?

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

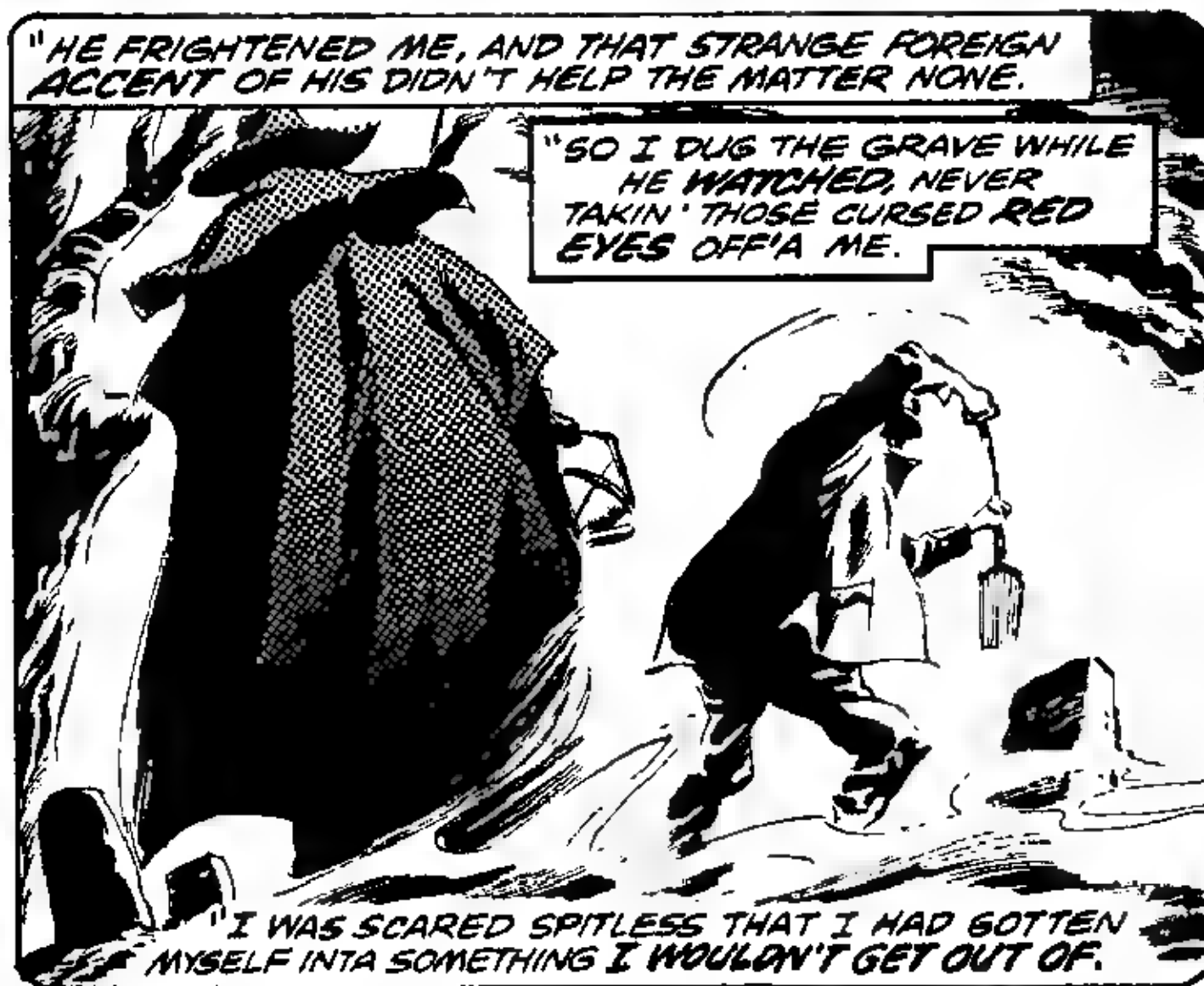
I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT DEAGON FROST!

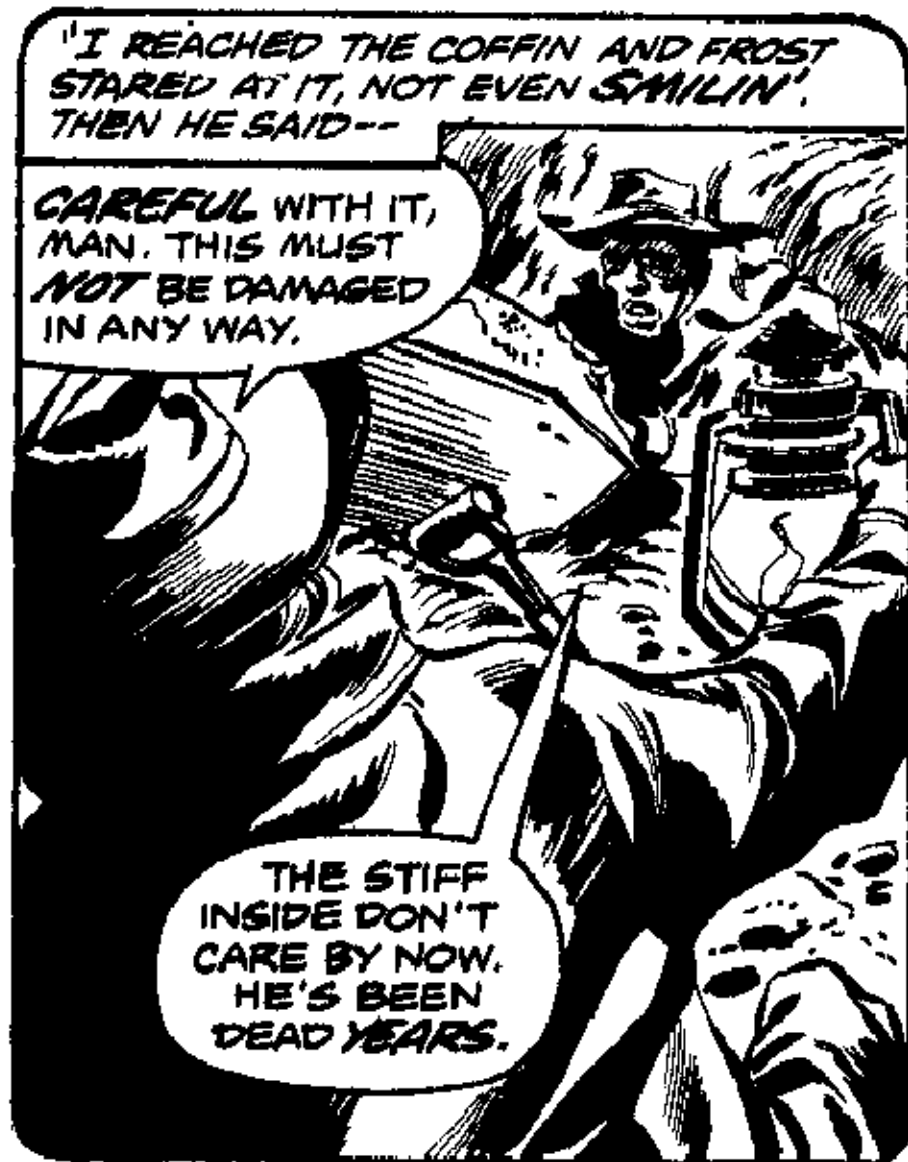
HEY, KING-- YOU AIN'T DOIN' THIS UP RIGHT.

FIRST, YOU GOTTA GET THIS PIG'S ATTENTION--

--LIKE THIS!

NOW YOU ASK YOUR QUESTIONS.





STILL
ONLY **25¢**

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

46
JULY

02143

COMICDOM'S
NUMBER
1
YEAR MAGAZINE

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE TOMB OF **DRACULA**

LORD OF VAMPIRES!

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO READ
THE MOST **SHOCKING** STORY OF ALL!
**THE MARRIAGE
OF DRACULA!**

PLUS: THE FURY OF THE
**FACELESS
FIEND!**



Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARY WOLFMAN / GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER /
WRITER / EDITOR ARTISTS

J. COSTANZA / T. PALMER
LETTERER COLORIST



WE COME
TOGETHER FOR
THE PURPOSE
OF **MARRIAGE**...
MARRIAGE BETWEEN
OUR DARK-LORD
AND GIVEN WOMAN.

MARRIAGE
BETWEEN SATAN
AND MORTAL...
WEDDING BETWEEN
DEATH AND LIFE...

--TO JOIN
OUR CULT OF
DARKNESS, WITH
THE HAND OF
OUR **MASTER**.

COMMENCE
THE CEREMONY,
ANTON LUPESKI.

YOUR MASTER
GROWS **IMPATIENT**
WITH NEEDLESS
WORDS!

EYES DARK AND
FERAL, PIERCING
MIDNIGHT FLAMES.

LIPS TASTING
BITTER
FRANKINCENSE.

NOSE SMELLING
THE FEARFUL STENCH
OF ROTTING FLESH.

EARS LISTENING
TO MINDLESS CLUTTER,
MEANINGLESS VERBIAGE.

EYE FOR EYE,
TOOTH FOR
TOOTH.

A NIGHT
FOR PAIN.



USELESS WORDS, DARK-LORD? PERHAPS THEY ARE... BUT WORDS SERVE **TRADITION**-- THEY SERVE **MEANING**.

WE, YOUR CHILDREN, THE CULT OF SATAN, PRAYED IN **DARK CEREMONY** FOR YOU TO COME TO US-- TO SHOW US THE WAY TO **DAMNATION**--

--TO GIVE TO YOU OUR **SACRIFICIAL BRIDE** TO RULE WITH YOU IN HELL.



THIS WEDDING 'TWEEN HUMAN AND FALLEN ANGEL NEEDS **WORDS** TO GIVE FULL ITS MEANING.

YOU ARE OUR GOD... OUR DARK-LORD, SATAN, CALLED TO EARTH.

WE ARE MERE FOOLS, FRAIL HUMANS, FLESHY SHELLS WHICH MUST SOON **DECAY**.

WE CALL FOR A **JOINING**, AND THAT IS THIS NIGHT'S PURPOSE.



THIS IS **YOUR CHURCH**, DARK-LORD-- AND THIS PAINTING YOU LEFT HERE... IS A **BLASPHEMY** ON OUR THOUGHTS.

YET, IT DOES **SERVE** TO TOUCH UPON THE **IRONIC**.



DARK LORD-- THIS IS THE **SON** OF OUR ENEMY-- WHO **DIED** TWENTY CENTURIES AGO.

WE LIVE TO **MOCK HIS PRESENCE**... FOR HE IS **STRONGER** NOW IN DEATH THAN HE EVER WAS IN **LIFE**.

AND WE MUST SAY TO HIM-- **NEVER!**



WE MUST SAY TO HIM THAT **HEAVEN IS HELL** AND HELL IS HEAVEN-- AND THAT **YOU**, DARK-LORD, SATAN--

YOU ARE THE ONLY TRUE GOD!



WORDS, USELESS? PERHAPS-- BUT WORDS ARE A **TOOL**--

--A TOOL WHICH, WITH YOUR PRESENCE HERE, SHALL BE **OURS**.

NOW--THE CEREMONY OF MARRIAGE! LET IT **BEGIN!**



YOU ARE **DOMINI**--
DOES YOUR BLOOD FLOW
FREELY WITH OUR DARK-
LORD'S.

IT DOES,
MASTER.



YOU ARE OUR DARK-
LORD. DOES **YOUR**
BLOOD FLOW FREELY
WITH **DOMINI'S**?

IT **DOES**,
LUPESKI.



EXTEND YOUR WRISTS
THAT THE BLOOD MAY
FLOW... THAT MORTAL
AND DEMON BE **ONE**.



I REST THE
BLADE TO **DRAW**
THE BLOOD.

AVERT YOUR EYES,
DOMINI--YOU MUST
NOT WITNESS
WHAT IS TO COME.



I REST THE
BLADE TO **DRAW**
THE BLOOD.

AVERT
YOUR EYES,
DARK-LORD.--
YOU MUST
NOT WIT-
NESS WHAT
IS TO COME.



FLESH TO FLESH...
BLOOD TO BLOOD.
DEVIL TO MORTAL!



YOU ARE
JOINED AS
ONE!

THERE IS SILENCE NOW, AND DRACULA SMILES TO HIMSELF.
"THE **CHARADE** MUST CONTINUE A WHILE LONGER. THEY
THINK ME THEIR SATAN AND **NOT** THE VAMPIRE, AND
THAT IS **GOOD** FOR MY PURPOSES."

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, ON DECEMBER 16, 1773, MEN DISGUISED AS INDIANS BOARDED SHIPS CARRYING **TEA** FROM LONDON, AND **DUMPED** THE CARGO INTO BOSTON HARBOR. THEY WERE **PUNISHED** FOR THEIR ACT BY THEIR ENGLISH LORDS.

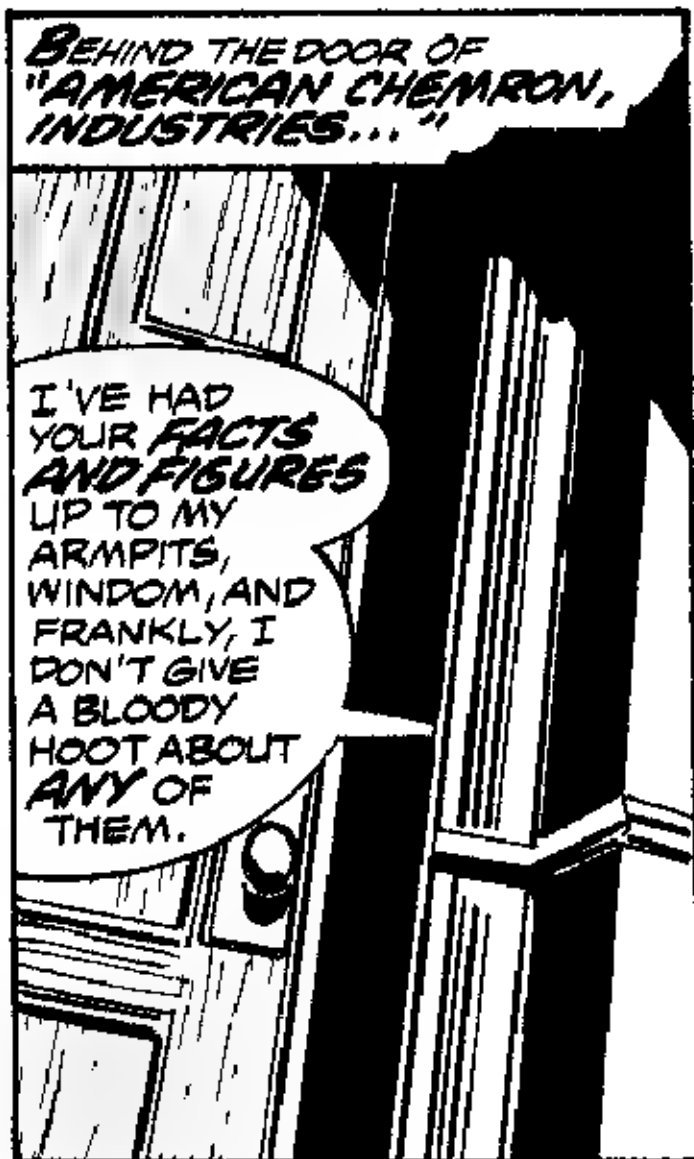


TODAY, IT IS **NOT** MUCH DIFFERENT... HOWEVER, WHAT IS DUMPED INTO THE WATERS OF BOSTON THIS NIGHT, IS NOT EXACTLY **TEA**...

AND IT WON'T BE OUR POLITICOS WHO WILL **EXACT** A MEASURE OF PUNISHMENT FOR THIS DEED OF MODERN POLLUTION.



AND THAT IS THE **BEGINNING OF THIS** STORY.



BEHIND THE DOOR OF
"AMERICAN CHEMRON,
INDUSTRIES..."

I'VE HAD
YOUR **FACTS**
AND **FIGURES**
UP TO MY
ARMPITS,
WINDOM, AND
FRANKLY, I
DON'T GIVE
A BLOODY
HOOT ABOUT
ANY OF
THEM.

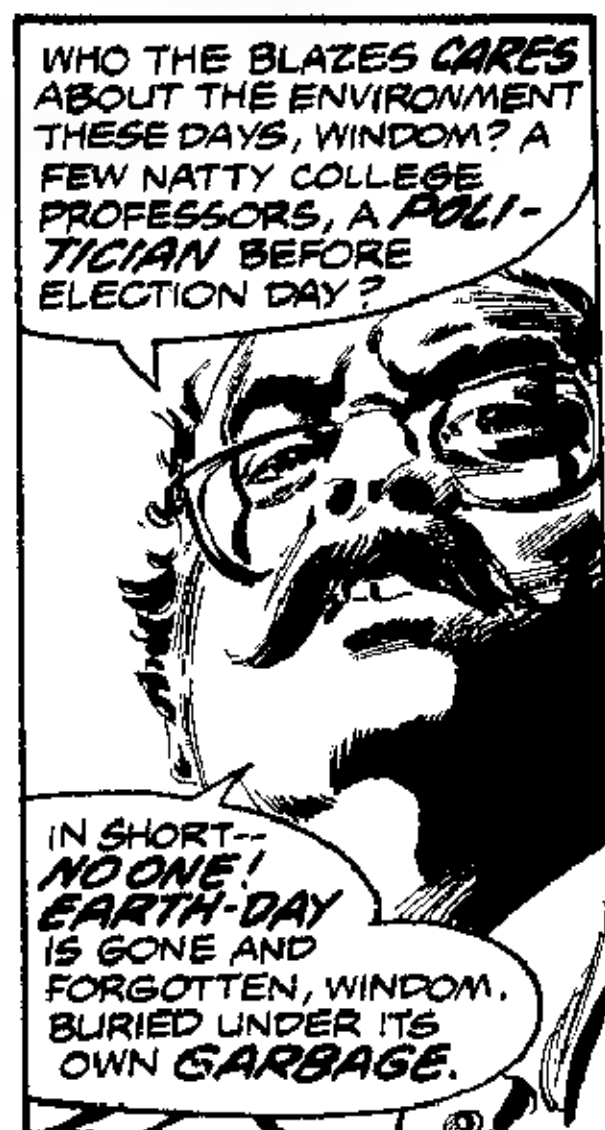


YOU WORK FOR **ME**, UNDERSTAND
THAT, WINDOM? NOT FOR THE
BLASTED CONSERVATIONISTS.

AND WHEN YOU WORK FOR ME,
YOU **LISTEN** TO WHAT I WANT.
NOT THEM. **UNDERSTAND**,
WINDOM?

FRANKLY,
MR. SLAMMER-
KIN, I DON'T.

NOT WHEN WHAT
YOU ARE DOING IS
POTENTIALLY **DESTRUCTIVE**
TO OUR ENVIRONMENT.



WHO THE BLAZES **CARES**
ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT
THESE DAYS, WINDOM? A
FEW NATTY COLLEGE
PROFESSORS, A **POLI-**
TICIAN BEFORE
ELECTION DAY?

IN SHORT--
NO ONE!
EARTH-DAY
IS GONE AND
FORGOTTEN, WINDOM.
BURIED UNDER ITS
OWN **GARBAGE**.



WHICH
MEANS YOU
CAN PRO-
DUCE YOUR
CHEM-
ICALS
ANY WAY
YOU WISH
--AND
POLLUTE
THE WATERS
WITHOUT
CARING?

NO, **MISTER**
SLAMMERKIN. I
WON'T ALLOW IT.
THERE ARE **STILL**
SOME OF US
WHO CARE ABOUT
THE ENVIRONMENT--



--EVEN IF
THE **FAD**
IT BECAME
HAS BEEN
FOR-
GOTTEN.

WINDOM,
LOOK AT ME.

...SIR--?



YOU'RE **RIGHT**...
SOME PEOPLE
STILL CARE
ABOUT POLLUTION.

BAM

FORTUNATELY,
NO ONE CARES
ABOUT **YOU!**



IT WENT THE WAY WE **EXPECTED**, MY FRIENDS. HE
REFUSED TO BACK OFF. HE **THREATENED**
TO GO TO THE AUTHORITIES.

WHICH COULD HAVE COST
US **MILLIONS**, WIPING
OUT ALL **PROFITS** FOR
THIS FISCAL YEAR.

YOU DID
WHAT WE
HAD TO DO,
I ASSUME?

WOULD HE **BE**
HERE SHAKING
LIKE A CRAZY
MIX-MASTER
IF HE DIDN'T,
JEAN?

JEEZ! IF ONLY THERE HAD
BEEN **ANOTHER** WAY.



THERE **WASN'T**
ANOTHER WAY, HARRIS.
WALLY DID WHAT
HE **HAD TO**.

NOW **WE**
GOTTA GET
RID OF THE
BODY, AND
FAST.



WE DO IT USING THE DISPOSAL. SIMPLE AND CLEAN.

THE ACIDS IN HERE WILL GET RIDDA HIM IN MINUTES.

OPEN THE VALVE, ANDERSON.

SURE, JACK. BE WITH YOU RIGHT AWAY.



GOOD-BYE, WINDOM. IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU...

...SUCKER!

THE LIFELESS BODY SPLASHES INTO THE CONTAMINATED WATERS...



...AND IS CARRIED INTO THE PIPE-LINE.



WHILE...

WELL, HE GOT HIS.

BUT THERE COULD...

NO, HARRIS, THERE COULDN'T BE ANOTHER WAY. WINDOM **KNEW** WHAT HE WAS DOING... **KNEW** IF HE REPORTED US WE'D HAVE TO **CLOSE DOWN**.



"WE COULDN'T RISK LOSING THAT MONEY, HARRIS, NOT THE MONEY!"

TUMBLING MINDLESSLY, FLESH CORRODES, IS EATEN AWAY. YET, STILL IT TOSSES AND TURNS, ALMOST AS IF FIGHTING THE ACID... AND WHAT IS HAPPENING TO IT.

THE SKIN IS WORN SMOOTH LIKE PEARL. THE MARKS OF LIFE HAVE BEEN ERADICATED... STRIPPED FROM THE BODY AS IF THEY NEVER EXISTED... AS IF THIS SHAPE HAD NEVER BEEN A MAN WITH A NAME...



...AS IF THE MAN HAD NEVER LAUGHED OR LOVED OR CRIED.



YES, THE SKIN IS NOW SMOOTH AS PEARL... AND THE PEARL, BORN WITHIN A LIFE, IS LIFELESS UNTO ITSELF.

STRIPPED OF ITS BEING, ITS HERITAGE, ITS FORMER EXISTENCE, THE FORM TUMBLES THROUGH A CHEMICAL WONDERLAND, A CORNUCOPIA OF WASTED THEORIES POURED DOWN DRAINS; OF EXPERIMENTS NO LONGER VALID; OF DREAMS BETTER LEFT UNCHALLENGED.

OF DREAMS? A LAUGH NOW, WINDOM WOULD AGREE. NAY, THE WORD SHOULD BE... OF NIGHTMARES!

THE FORM SETTLES TO THE SOFT EARTH... THE LIFELESS MUD. YES, ONCE THERE HAD BEEN LIFE, THERE HAD BEEN PLANTS, AND THERE HAD BEEN FISH, AND BACTERIA, AND MORE. NO MORE.

THEY VANISHED LONG BEFORE THE MEN WHO CAUSED THEIR DEATHS HAD SWORN TO STOP THE POLLUTION. IT WAS TOO LATE THEN. IT IS TOO LATE NOW.

THE WATER IS DEAD, EGYPT, DEAD, AND THE HAND WHICH FLOATS UNCERTAINLY ON THE SOFT SWAYING CURRENT WILL COME TO REST AND NEVER MOVE AGAIN.

AND THE FACE WHICH ONCE BORE PROUD FEATURES NOW BEARS... NOTHING -- FOR ALL HAS BEEN WIPED CLEAN LIKE A CHALKBOARD IN THIS PANACEA OF CHEMICAL COMBINATIONS.



WE ARE DEAD; WE KILL OURSELVES. ONE STEP FORWARD WE STRIDE. TWO STEPS BACK WE STUMBLE.

YET, IN THIS GRAVEYARD, THIS TERRIFYING TEST-TUBE TOMB...



...CAN THERE BE LIFE?

IT RISES, PULLING ITSELF UP ON ITS... ITS LEGS. IT LIVES-- WHATEVER "IT" IS --IT DOES LIVE.

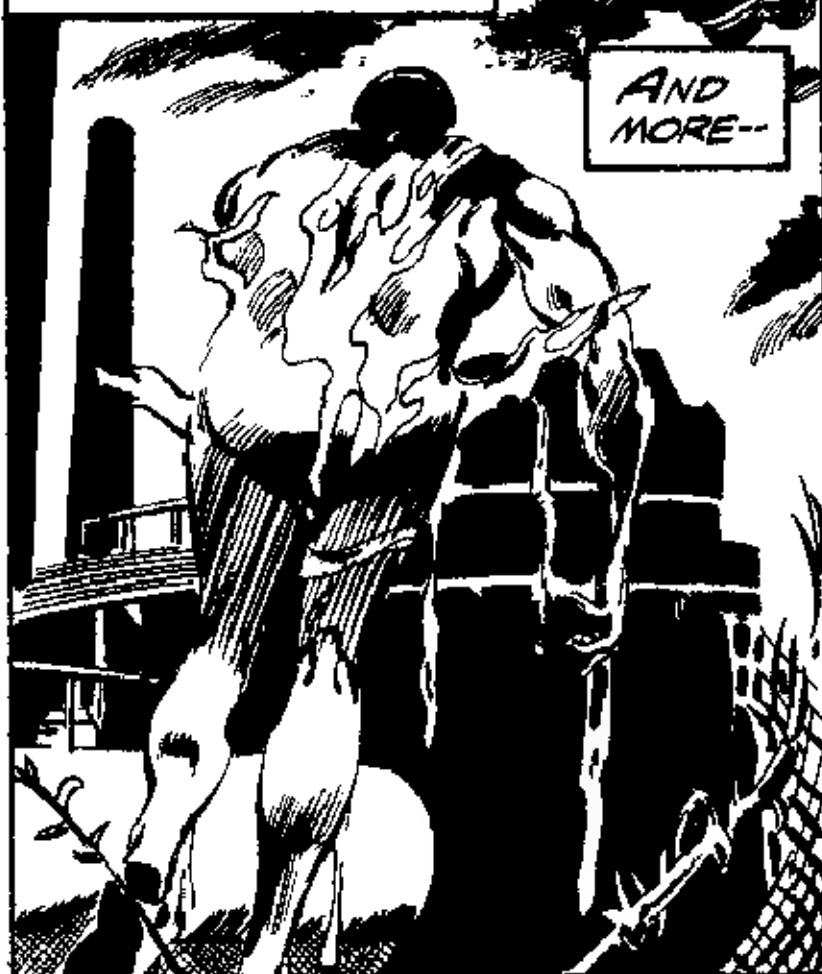


UNSTEADY, IT MOVES FORWARD; ITS STEPS HEAVY AT FIRST... UNSURE OF ITS STRIDE... UNCERTAIN OF ITS BALANCE.



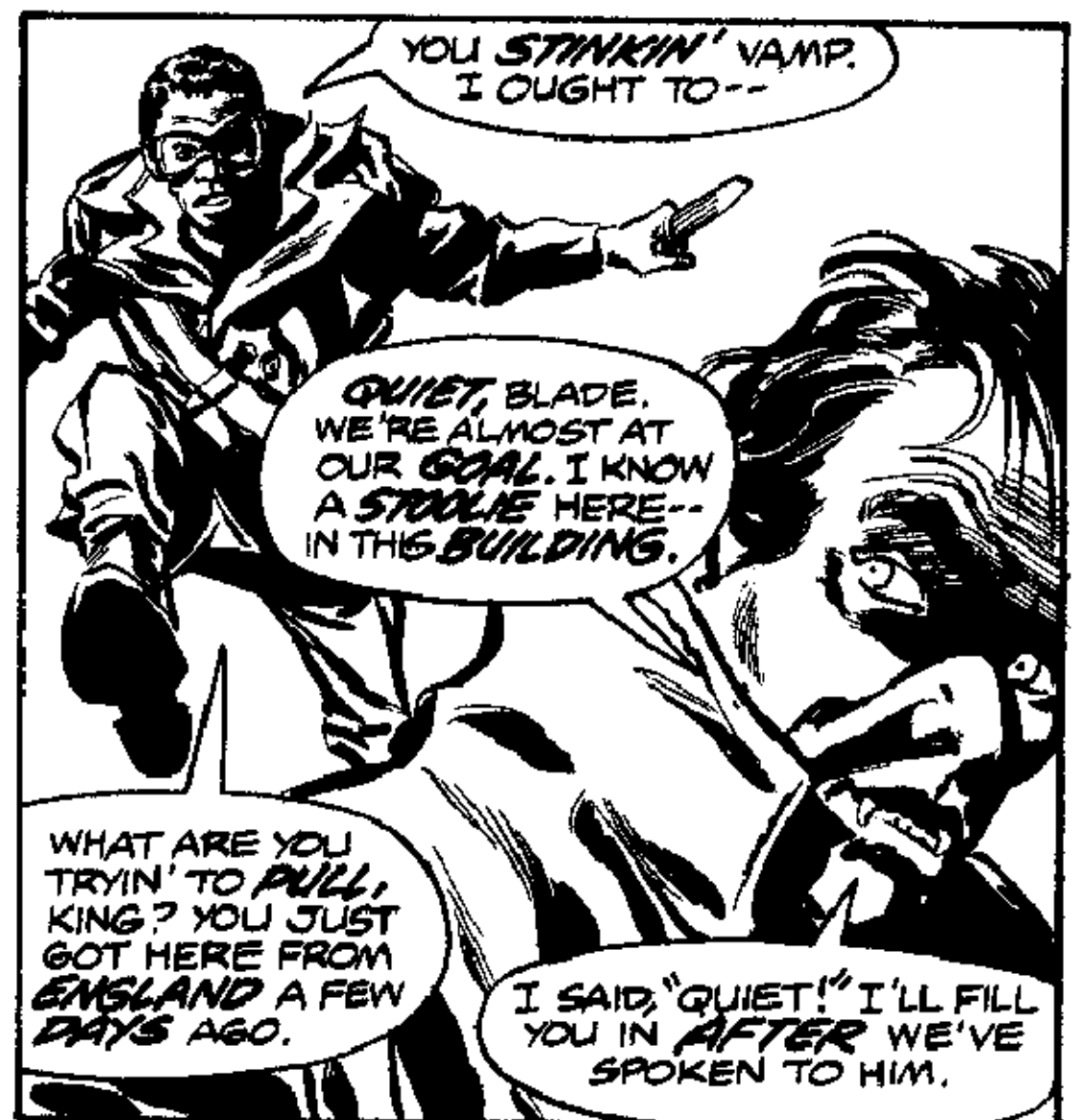
BUT IT ADAPTS, AND IT PLODS FORWARD THROUGH THE MURKY BLUE-GREEN WASTES. NOT MINDLESSLY, IT STRIDES...

...NO... IT HAS PURPOSE... IT HAS DIRECTION.



AND MORE--
--IT HAS VENGEANCE AS ITS GOAL!





AND YOU, MY
LOVELY MISTRESS,
ARE YOU **READY**
TO GIVE BIRTH
TO MY CHILD?

ARE YOU READY
TO **SHARE**
THE **GIFT OF**
LIFE?

PLEASE SPEAK
TO **ALL** OF US, MY
WIFE. LET MY MINIONS
HEAR YOUR VOICE
BLOOM FORTH LIKE
A BUTTERFLY
RISES FROM
THE CATERPILLER.

MY HUSBAND,
I AM **YOURS**...
I AM A
CHILD OF
THE DEVIL...

...AND I WILL
BE **PROUD**
AND **HUMBLE**
TO GIVE BIRTH
TO THE DEVIL'S
CHILD.

HER EYES ARE SO VERY WARM,
AND THEY CRY FOR A LOVE
THAT SHE SO VERY **DES-**
PERATELY NEEDS...

...A LOVE
THAT SHE
WILL
FIND...
BECAUSE
IT WILL BE
RETURNED.

HER NEW HUSBAND
CAN BE VERY
CRUEL, BUT HE
CAN FEEL WARMTH
... AND GIVE
WARMTH.

AND A HEART
WHICH NEED
NOT BEAT TO
GIVE LIFE TO
ONE UNDEAD,
CAN STILL
BEAT FOR
OTHER, MORE
JOYFUL
REASONS.

I AM
PLEASED,
MY WIFE,
MARI--
DOMINI!

MORE SO THAN I HAVE
BEEN--FOR MANY **CENTURIES**.

COME, LOVELY
ONE. WE GO AWAY--
OFF ON OUR
OWN--

--TO A
HONEYMOON
IN **HELL!**

WHILE YOU,
MY MINIONS,
HAVE **FAITH**
IN YOUR DARK
LORD. I SHALL
RETURN--

--TO PLOT OUR COURSE
THROUGH THE SEAS
OF THIS SO-CALLED
CIVILIZED WORLD!

FAREWELL!

THE BAT GLIDES EVER SO CAREFULLY...



...NOT TO UPSET ITS DELICATE CARGO.

WHILE BELOW, DRAPED IN BLACK SHADOW, A FACELESS MAN STARES SKYWARD.



HE NOTES THE SCENE WITHOUT BENEFIT OF EYES-- AND WITHOUT MOUTH OR LIPS, SOMEHOW HE... SMILES.

BUT ENOUGH WITH SUCH DISTRACTION. HE CROUCHES CLOSE TO THE DARKENED BUILDING, HIDING IN THE EVERPRESENT SHADOW.



HE HAS VENGEANCE AS HIS GOAL, WE HAVE SAID. AND PART OF THAT GOAL CAN BE FULFILLED HERE.

MANY YEARS AGO HE ATTENDED ONE OF JACK'S PARTIES. CHAMPAGNE FLOWED LIKE NIAGARA; HORS D'OEUVRES VANISHED LIKE THE WILL O' THE WISP.



IT WAS AN EVENING TO REMEMBER...

...TONIGHT IS A NIGHT NEVER TO FORGET--

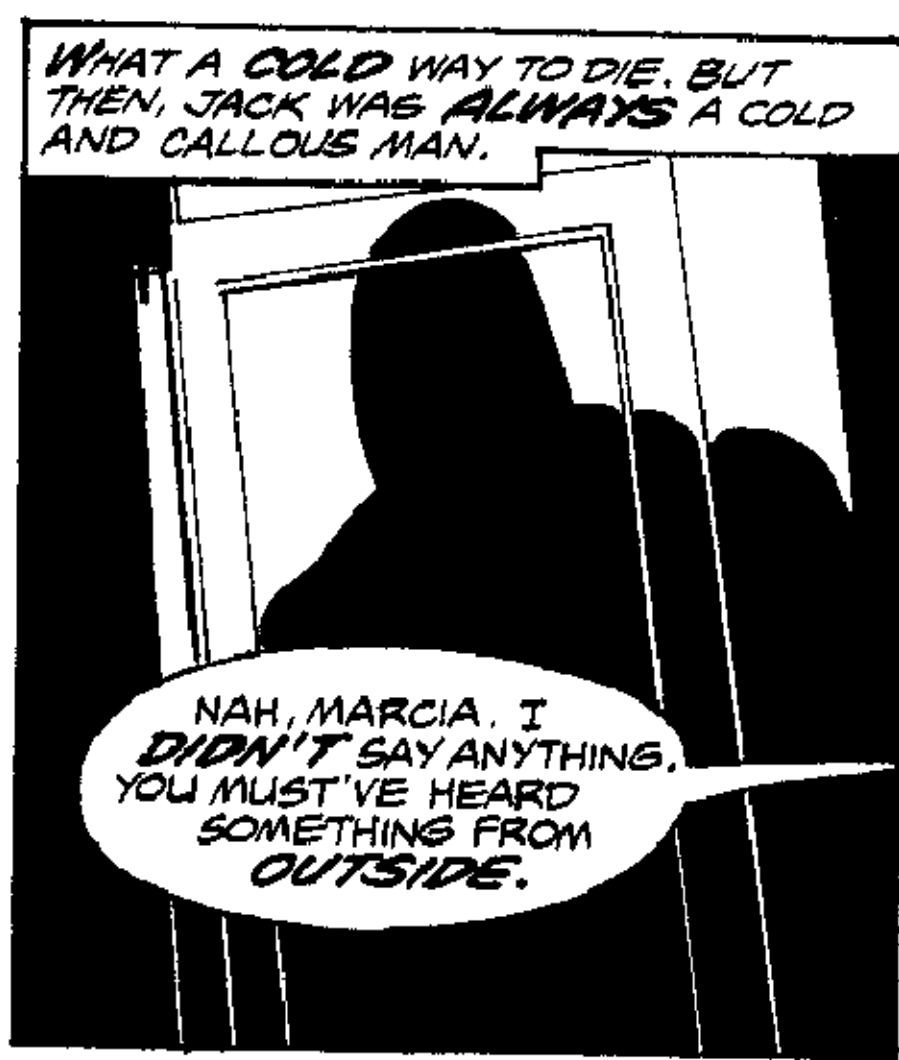


YOU SAY SOMETHING, HONEY? I CAN'T HEAR YOU WITH THE SHOWER RUNNING.

--THOUGH JACK WILL TRY, WE ASSURE YOU, HE WILL TRY.

THE IDEA OF ACID DISPOSAL WAS JACK'S IDEA, WASN'T IT?

WHAT A COLD WAY TO DIE. BUT THEN, JACK WAS ALWAYS A COLD AND CALLOUS MAN.



NAH, MARCIA. I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING. YOU MUST'VE HEARD SOMETHING FROM OUTSIDE.

HE TAKES A DRINK; NOT TO FORGET THE MURDER HE HAD JUST PLAYED A PART IN, THOUGH. FOR OTHER REASONS.



WHAT IN BLUE BLAZES?

GRASH

SEE FOR YOURSELF IF WE'RE RIGHT. (THAT'S A PUN, JACK. OH, HE'LL SOON UNDERSTAND.)

AT "CHEVRON" JACK WAS SO COLD (AS WE STATED). "GOODBYE, WINDOM. IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU... SUCKER," HE HAD SAID.

JACK SHOULDN'T HAVE LAUGHED WHEN HE SAID THAT.

W-WHO ARE YOU? **STAND BACK!**

IT REALLY MADE THE FACELESS MAN MAD AS HELL.

AND HELL IS NO LAUGHING MATTER.

OH LORD... **NO!** IT'S YOU! YOU'RE AFTER ME.

BUT I'M **NOT** LETTING YOU GET ME.

I'M NOT--

NO!!

JACK REALLY SHOULDN'T HAVE LAUGHED.

AH WELL, GUESS HE **DESERVES** WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN.

WHAT'S THAT OLD LINE, AGAIN?

THAT'S IT-- "EYE FOR AN EYE!"

WHAT A SHAME HE UNDERSTANDS THE **PUN** TOO LATE.

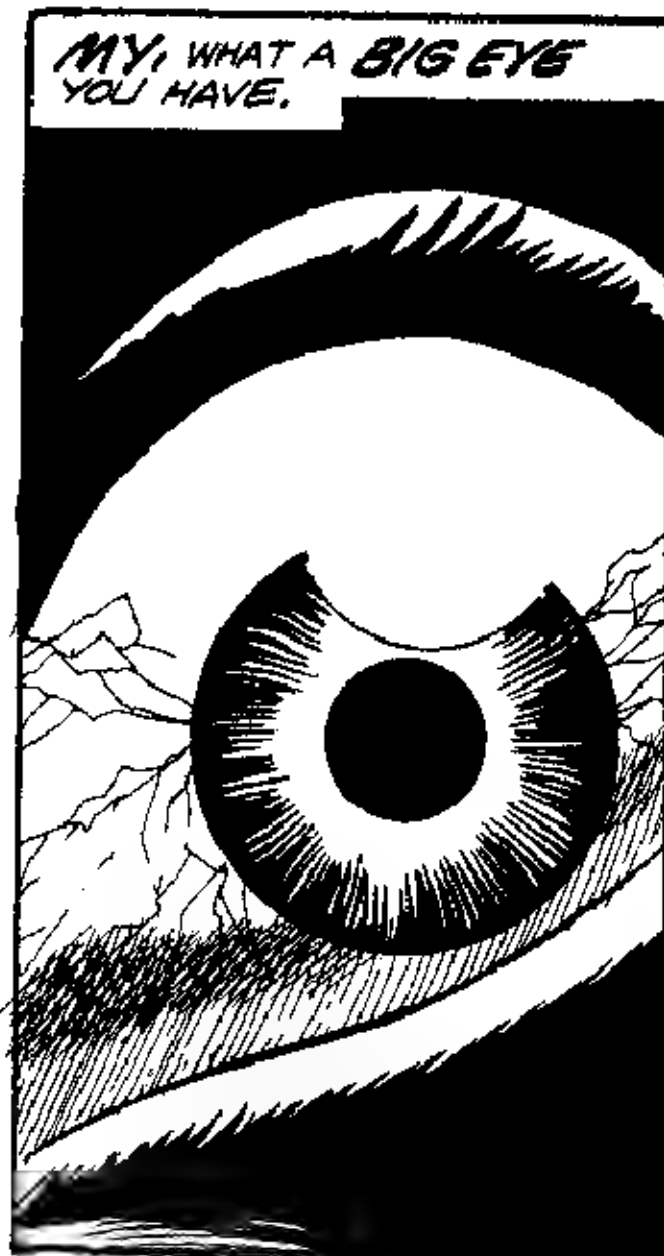
JACK! DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?

JACK--?

WHAT ARE YOU LYING DOWN THERE FOR...

...JACK...?

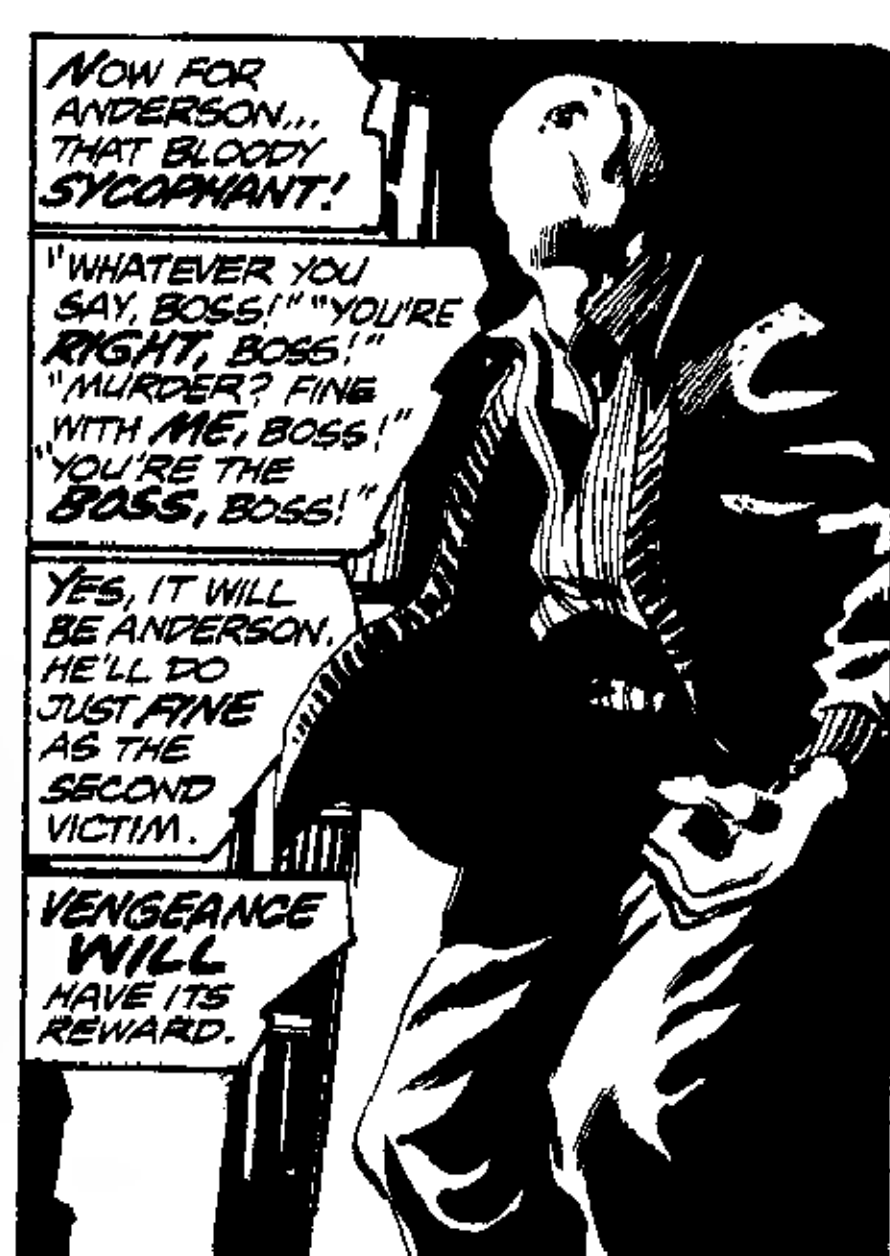
CHOKES



MY, WHAT A **BIG EYE**
YOU HAVE.



THE BETTER TO SEE YOU
WITH, MY DEAR!

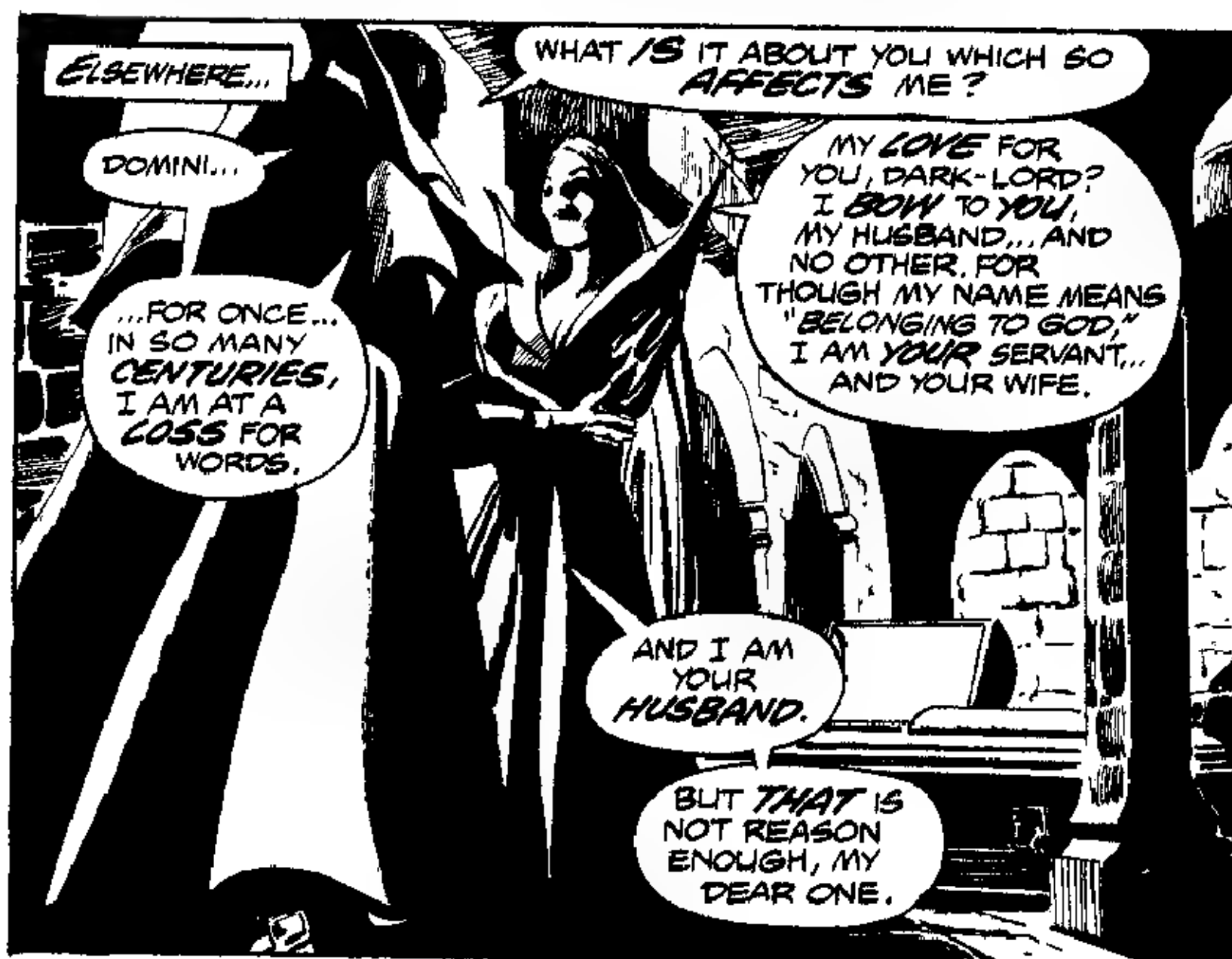


NOW FOR
ANDERSON...
THAT BLOODY
SYCOPHANT!

"WHATEVER YOU
SAY, BOSS!" "YOU'RE
RIGHT, BOSS!"
"MURDER? FINE
WITH ME, BOSS!"
"YOU'RE THE
BOSS, BOSS!"

YES, IT WILL
BE ANDERSON.
HE'LL DO
JUST FINE
AS THE
SECOND
VICTIM.

VENGEANCE
WILL
HAVE ITS
REWARD.



ELSEWHERE...

DOMINI...

...FOR ONCE...
IN SO MANY
CENTURIES,
I AM AT A
LOSS FOR
WORDS.

WHAT **IS** IT ABOUT YOU WHICH SO
AFFECTS ME?

MY **LOVE** FOR
YOU, DARK-LORD?
I **BOW** TO YOU,
MY HUSBAND... AND
NO OTHER. FOR
THOUGH MY NAME MEANS
"BELONGING TO GOD,"
I AM YOUR SERVANT...
AND YOUR WIFE.

AND I AM
YOUR
HUSBAND.

BUT **THAT** IS
NOT REASON
ENOUGH, MY
DEAR ONE.



MY **FIRST** WIFE, MOTHER
OF MY CURSED DAUGHTER,
LILITH, MEANT **NOTHING**
TO ME...

...WHILE I FEEL
ABOUT YOU AS I
DID MY BELOVED
MARIA, MOTHER
OF MY ONE SON.



BEING WIFE OF
DRACULA DOES NOT
MEAN **SHARING**
HIS HEART,
DOMINI.

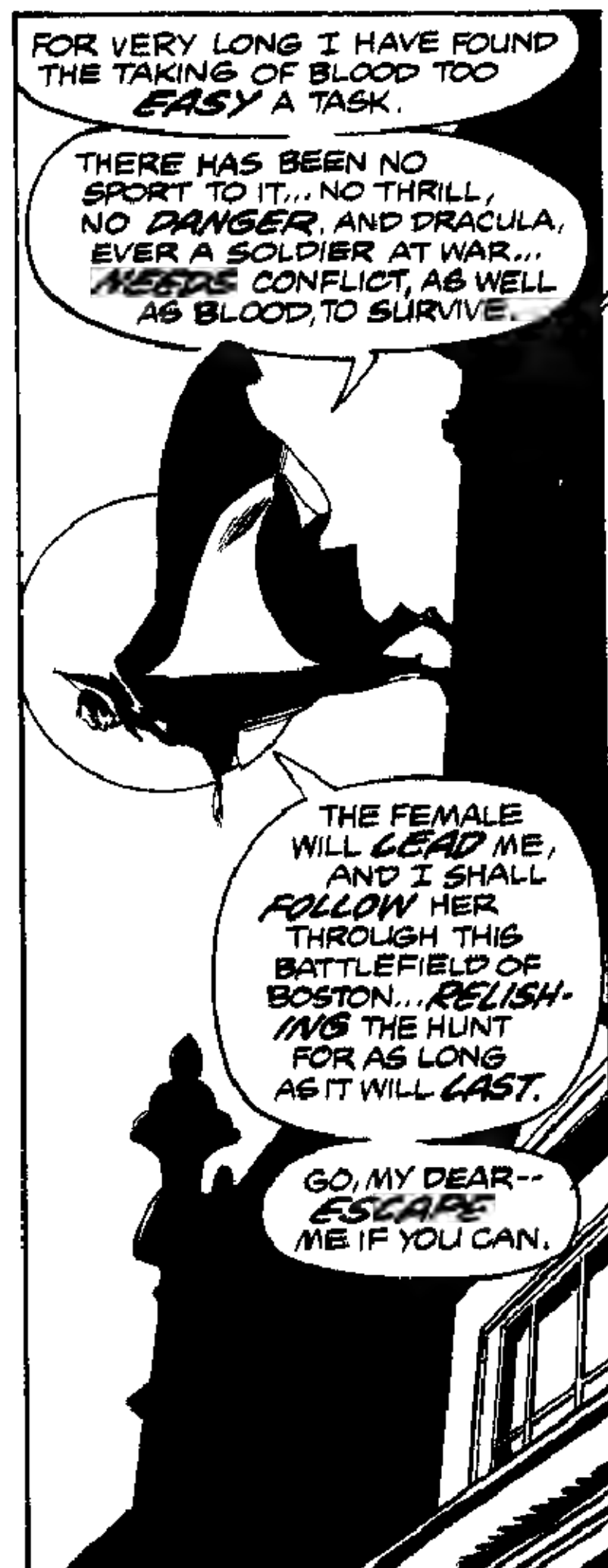
YET, YOU DO POSSESS
A VITAL PART OF ME,
AS FOR **WHY,** EVEN I,
LORD OF VAMPIRES,
CANNOT KNOW.



SO, I MUST GO--
FLY-- REFRESH
MYSELF IN THE
COLD NIGHT WINDS...
AND **THINK.**

MY LOVE, UNTIL I
RETURN... TAKE CARE...
AND TAKE **HEART!**







HEY, FRITZ, THAT WAS A GOOD WORK-OUT. REALLY GOOD.

SEE YOU LATER, PAL. I GOTTA HIT THE STEAM ROOM. UNCLOG THESE TIRED PORES OF MINE.

SURE, FREDDY. SEE YA TOMORROW.



HEY! SOMEBODY IN THERE?

GREAT! I HATE BEING IN THIS HOT HOUSE WITHOUT SOMEONE TO TALK TO.



HI THERE, FRIEND. MY NAME'S ANDERSON... FRED ANDERSON.

WHAT'S YOURS, PAL?



HEY, GUY-- CAN'T YOU HEAR--?

HEY-- WAIT! YOUR FACE... IT'S BLANK! ALL EXCEPT FOR ONE EYE!

IT CAN'T BE... IT CAN'T!



THROUGH THE THICK BLANKET OF STEAM, ANDERSON SEES NOTHING AS HE IS FORCED TO THE BURNING FLOOR. HE SEES NOTHING SAVE THE EYE... THAT BLASTED, VENGEFUL-- EYE!

AND THE EYE SEEMS TO LAUGH AT HIM.



THE FACELESS MAN CLUTCHES ANDERSON'S FACE... TOUCHES WHAT IT CAME HERE TO TOUCH...

...THEN, ITS FINGERS RUB-BING GENTLY OVER ITS OWN SMOOTH SKIN, RISES.



DEFINITELY THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH, FRIEND FREDDY ANDERSON.



MOST DEFINITELY, INDEED.



ELI AND DOLORES HARRIS RETURN EARLY FROM THEIR PARTY. SOMETHING JUST WASN'T RIGHT WITH ELI, AND DOLORES SENSED IT.

PLEASE, ELI, YOU CAN CONFIDE IN ME. YOU'VE BEEN WALKING AROUND ALL NIGHT LIKE THE WORLD HAD CRACKED OPEN ON YOUR SHOULDERS.

IF THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG, TELL ME. OR MAYBE YOU CAN'T TELL ME, BECAUSE...

NO, DOLORES, DON'T EVEN THINK THAT. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE. I SWEAR IT!



IT'S JUST THAT-- NO! I-I JUST CAN'T EXPLAIN IT. I CAN'T EVEN BELIEVE I TOOK PART IN IT MYSELF.

WHY DIDN'T I SAY SOMETHING TO STOP IT?

SAY WHAT? ELI! IF YOU'RE IN TROUBLE-- TELL ME!



SORRY, DOLORES, BUT ELI WILL NEVER SAY ANYTHING EVER AGAIN.

HAAMPPHHHH!!

AND ALL BECAUSE HE FAILED TO SAY "NO" WHEN IT WOULD HAVE MATTERED MOST.



OH GOD-- YOUR MOUTH!



CHEMIRON INDUSTRIES...

...WHERE THE NIGHT BEGAN!



JEAN! I'VE BEEN WAITING ... AND SO AFRAID YOU DECIDED NOT TO COME.

DON'T BE SILLY, WALLY.

...I JUST HAD TO GET RID OF AN OLD FRIEND I RAN INTO.



I-I UNDERSTAND, DARLING. IT'S JUST THAT I WORRY S--

SHUT UP, WALLY. JUST KISS ME.

THEY EMBRACE, THESE TWO KILLERS DO. EMBRACE IN THE SAME OFFICE WHERE JUST HOURS AGO, WALLACE SLAMMER-KIN SHOT BARRY WINDOM TO DEATH.

THEY EMBRACE, NOT REALIZING THEY ARE BEING OBSERVED... BY ONE WHO IS BEYOND DEATH, BECAUSE HE IS DEAD, AND BECAUSE HE HAS ALREADY RETURNED FROM THE DEAD.







NO! I'LL NOT BE
DEBASED BY
ANY MINDLESS
MONSTER!

I'LL NOT LIE
HUMBLED BY
SOME CRAWLING,
SLITHERING,
MOCKERY
OF MAN.

THAT CREATURE
WILL DIE AGAIN...
AND THIS TIME
DRACULA SHALL
BE ITS KILLER!



YOU ARE TOO LATE, DRACULA!
I HAVE COMPLETED MY TASK!

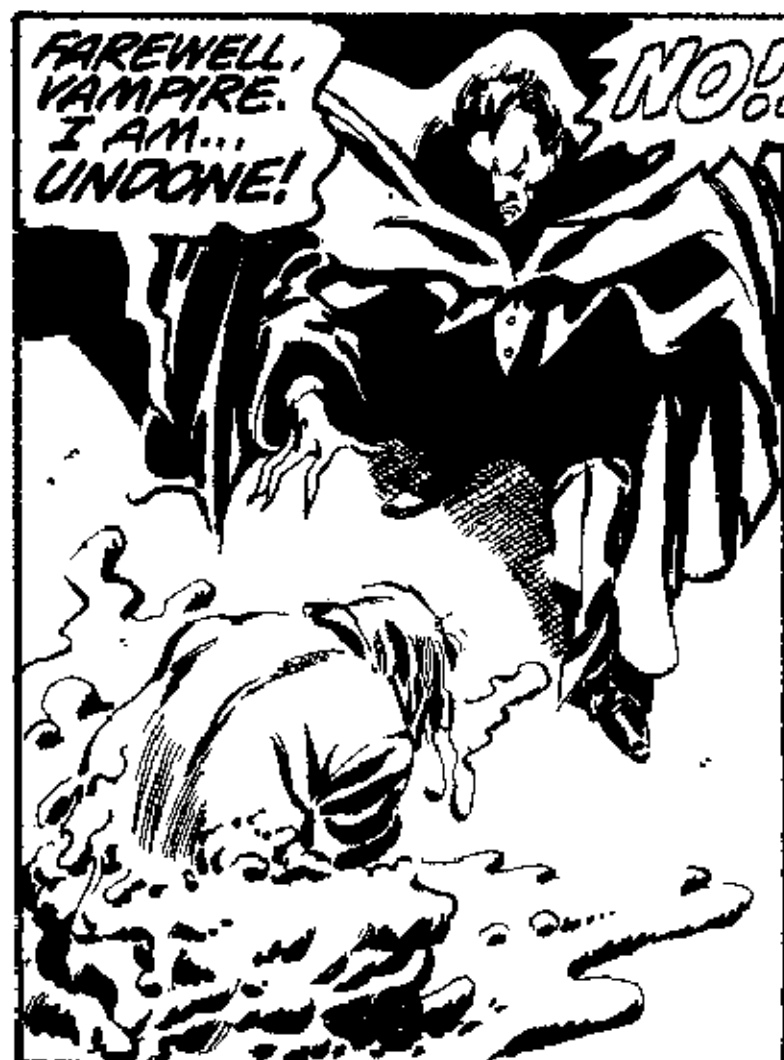
SLAMMERKIN
REFUSED TO
HEAR MY
PLEA FOR
JUSTICE... NOW
HE CAN HEAR
NO MORE!

SLAMMERKIN
PROVED HE HAD
NO HEART
WHEN HE
SQUEEZED
THE TRIGGER
TO KILL ME...

...NOW HE HAS
NO HEART AT ALL!



IF YOU STILL
WANT HIM, DRACULA--
HERE! TAKE
HIM!



47
AUG

02143

25¢

CC

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

COMICDOM'S
NUMBER
1
YEAR MAGAZINE

THE TOMB OF DRACULA LORD OF VAMPIRES!

DOMINI IS
MY BRIDE!

NO ONE TAKES
WHAT BELONGS TO
DRACULA--

--AND
LIVES!

A SATANIC CEREMONY ERUPTS INTO THE UNBELIEVABLE,
DURING:

DEATH-RITE!

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

JV363

BIRTHRITE: DEATH!

YOU LOOK
TROUBLED,
MY HUSBAND...
AS IF THE
BURDEN
OF MANY WORLDS
RESTS IN YOUR
HANDS.

IS THERE ANYTHING
I CAN DO TO **RELIEVE**
THE **ACHING** I SEE
IN YOUR EYES?

ACHING...?

MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER/EDITOR

GENE COLAN | **TOM PALMER**
ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA | **MICHELE WOLFMAN**
letterer | colorist



NO! THERE IS NOTHING...WRONGS.
I AM SIMPLY THINKING OF
THINGS **PAST...**

...AND OF THINGS
YET TO COME.



YOU ARE MY WIFE, DOMINI --
BEQUEATHED TO ME BY YOUR
LEADER IN WORSHIP, ANTON
LUPESKI.

YET I KNOW
NOTHING OF YOU...
OF **WHO** YOU ARE,
OR **WHY** YOU HAVE
DEIGNED TO WOR-
SHIP IN LUPESKI'S
UNHOLY TEMPLE.

YOU ARE A
MYSTERY TO
ME. AND YET, FOR
REASONS I STILL
CANNOT FATHOM,
I... **CARE** FOR YOU...
AS MUCH AS I CARED
FOR MY
DEAR
MARIA.



I KNOW NOTHING OF
YOU, MY HUSBAND,
EXCEPT THAT YOU ARE
NOT SATAN...AS THE
OTHERS STILL BELIEVE.

WHOEVER YOU ARE,
MY LORD DRACULA--
IT DOESN'T MATTER,
AT LEAST NOT TO
ME. I **LOVE** YOU.
FOR REASONS I **DO**
UNDERSTAND.

PER-
HAPS WE
ARE **TRULY**
MEANT
FOR
EACH
OTHER...



PERHAPS.
BUT IT IS
HARD
FOR ME TO
THINK IN
THOSE
TERMS,
DOMINI.

I HAVE **EXISTED** SO
VERY LONG, BEEN SO
MANY PEOPLE IN SO
MANY LANDS --

I HAVE CRAFTED MANY
PLANS, AND HAVE
WATCHED THEM BE **CRUSH-**
ED BY MANY FOES AS
THE CENTURIES HAVE
SLOWLY CRAWLED ON.

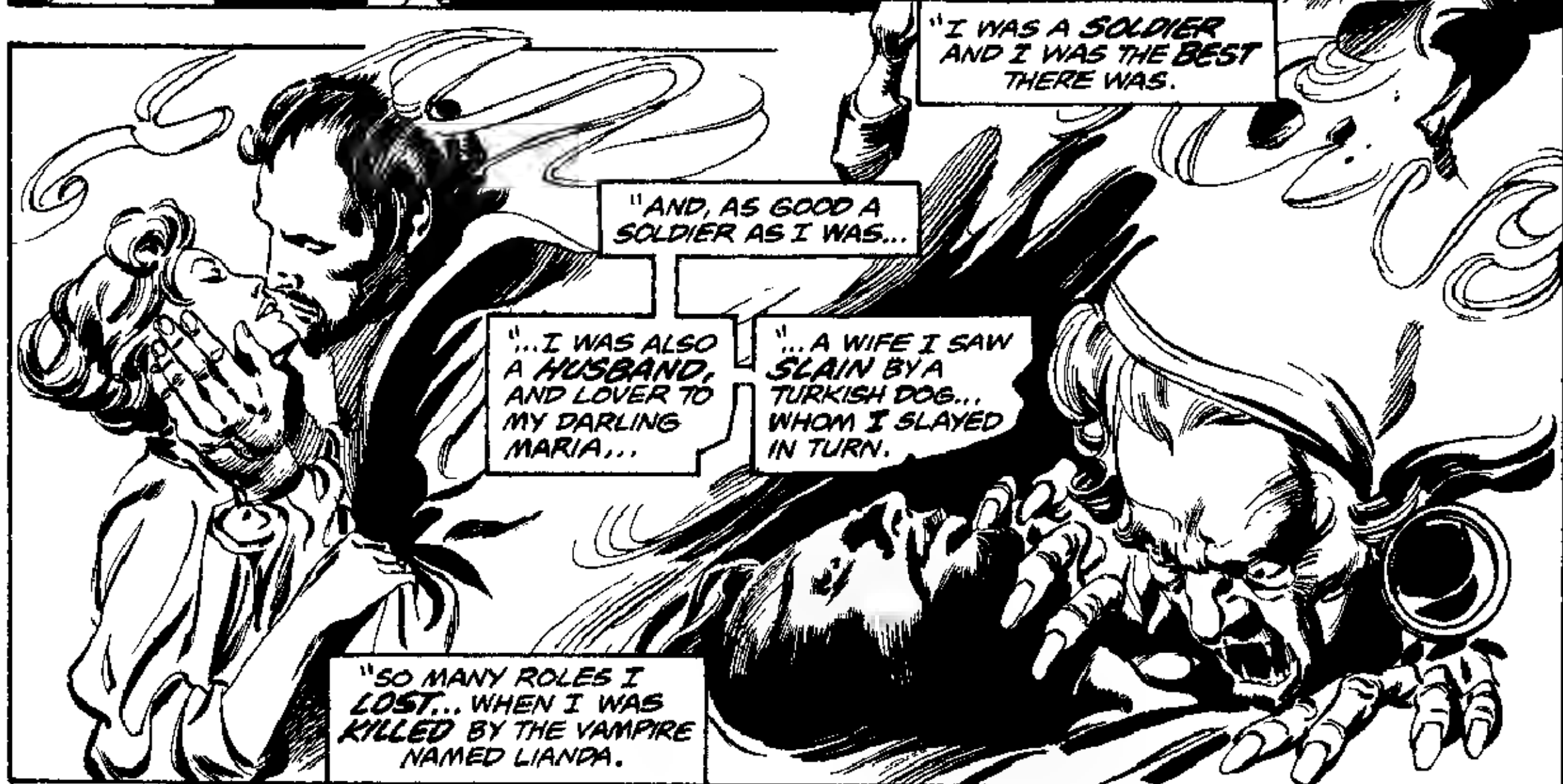
SOMETIMES,
MY DEAR DOMINI,
I BELIEVE I
EXIST **ONLY**
FOR CONFLICT...



...AND FOR SOME REASON...
THAT **TROUBLES** ME.

I HAVE MORE **QUESTIONS**
NOW THAN I DID WHEN THAT
SLIME, DOCTOR SUN, **STOLE**
MY VAMPIRIC POWERS...

...AND THE
ANSWERS, I
FEAR, MAY MAKE
ME NO BETTER
THAN THE CURSED
RABBLE WHO
PRANCE ABOUT
IN THE STREET
BELOW US.







A WORLD, MY HUSBAND? WHAT ~~NEED~~ HAVE I FOR A WORLD...

...WHEN I HAVE YOU AT MY SIDE.

YOU SHALL **LEARN** WHAT IT MEANS TO POSSESS **POWER**, DOMINI.

BELIEVE ME, YOU **SHALL** LEARN.



BOSTON AIRPORT...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING AFTER **DEACON FROST**, BLADE.

THAT'S REAL **TOUGH**, KING. **REAL** TOUGH.

INSTEAD, WE'RE WAITING HERE. **WHY?** IT'S TAKING UP TOO MUCH **TIME**.

BUT WE WAIT TILL MY WOMAN SHOWS UP. **DIG?**



AH, THERE SHE IS.

HEY-- **SAFFRON!**

BLADE!



LOOKIN' GOOD, BABE. WHATCHA BEEN **DOIN'** TO YOURSELF?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW, BLADE?

AM I EVER GLAD TO SEE YOU, LOVER. LONDON WAS A DOWNRIGHT **DRAG** WITHOUT YOU.



WE CAN TALK **LATER**, SAF. C'MON. I GOT US AN APARTMENT IN **CAMBRIDGE**.

CARRY THE LADY'S **BAGGAGE**, KING. MAKE YOURSELF **USEFUL!**

BLADE! WE HAVE TO--

DON'T WORRY, KING. THERE'LL BE A **TIP** IN IT FOR YOU.



NOT BAD, HANDSOME. A BIT **EXPENSIVE** LOOKING, THOUGH.

NOTHIN' YOU CAN'T HANDLE, BABE. SAY, HOW LONG YOU GONNA **BE** HERE?

I'M **BOOKED** INTO A NIGHTCLUB HERE FOR A COUPLE OF **MONTHS**, BLADE...

...OF COURSE, IF YOU GOT **OTHER** THINGS IN MIND, I JUST MAY BE **PER-SUADED** TO STAY A BIT LONGER.



BLADE!

HEY, MAN-- GO ROB A **BLOOD BANK** OR SOMETHING, HUH?

KEEP YOURSELF **BUSY** FOR AN HOUR OR SO, WILL YA?





ARE WE
BACK TO
THAT?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING THROUGH
YOUR *PRETTY LITTLE HEAD*, RACHEL,
BUT I THINK YOU'RE *JEALOUS*
OF THE MAN I'VE BECOME.

I THINK YOU LIKED
ME *BETTER* WHEN
I WAS A WEAK-KNEED--
AND YOU'RE *FRIGHT-
ENED* OF ME NOW THAT
I'M A HECKUVA LOT
STRONGER.

FROM WHERE I
SIT, RACHEL--
YOU'RE THE ONE
WITH PROBLEMS--
NOT ME.



THEN, LET ME PUT IT *THIS* WAY,
MR. HERO...

...I DON'T THINK
I LIKE *YOU*
ANYMORE.

ONCE YOU CARED ABOUT QUINCY,
ABOUT TAJ... ABOUT *ME*. NOW YOU CARE
ONLY FOR YOURSELF... AND YOUR
PRECIOUS *MACHISMO*!



YEAH? LET ME *SHOW* YOU HOW
MUCH I CARE ABOUT *YOU*.

MMMMMMMMFFFF!!



DON'T *DARE*
TRY THAT
AGAIN, FRANK.



WHEN YOU
COME TO
YOUR
SENSES...

...WHEN YOU
NO LONGER
FEEL YOU
HAVE TO DO
THE SUPER-
HERO BIT
BY YOUR-
SELF--

--CALL ME.
UNTIL THEN
--*LEAVE
ME ALONE!*



HAA! WHAT DOES SHE
KNOW, EH, FELLAS? I
LIKE WHAT
I AM.

EH? I'M
OUT OF
CRACKERS.



SORRY, GUYS, BUT ALL WE'VE GOT
IS *US* NOW... NO MORE FOOD, AND--

--AND
SO YOU'RE
ALL GOING,
TOO.

GO THEN.
I DON'T NEED
YOU. I DON'T
NEED ANY-
ONE!

WANNA
BET?

THERE IS DARKNESS IN THIS DE-CONSECRATED CHURCH OF GOD... DARKNESS WHERE ONCE THE LIGHT OF GOD SHINED.

WHERE WORDS OF HOLY PRAYER WERE SUNG, NOW ARE CHANTED OBSCENE CANTICLES EVEN THE HOSTS OF THE TOWER OF BABEL WOULD FIND IMPOSSIBLE TO COMPREHEND.

THIS IS THE SATANIC CULT OF ANTON LUPESKI...

...AND TONIGHT, ALL BUT ITS LEADER REJOICE IN UNHOLY EXALTATION...

REJOICE, MY FELLOWS... REJOICE! THE DARK NIGHT IS UPON US... FOR WE HAVE BROUGHT THE WOMAN DOMINI TOGETHER WITH OUR DARK LORD, SATAN.

ANTON SMILES BENEATH HIS DEATH'S HEAD MASK. HE ALONE KNOWS DRACULA IS NOT THEIR DARK LORD... BUT HE KEEPS THE SECRET TO HIMSELF... THAT HE MAY MANIPULATE THE VAMPIRE TO HIS OWN ADVANTAGE.

WE BRING THEM TOGETHER FOR STRENGTH... FOR THE PURPOSE OF BEARING SATAN'S SON ON EARTH...

ANTON EMITS A LOW CHUCKLE BENEATH HIS MASK. SATAN'S SON? HAH! ANTON LUPESKI SEEKS POWER... CRAVES POWER... AND DRACULA WILL GIVE HIM WHAT HE WANTS... WHEN HE WANTS IT.

ARE YOU WITH ME, MY FOLLOWERS?

"MY SHEEP," HE MEANS.

WE ARE WITH YOU, MASTER! WE ARE WITH YOU!

THEIR CANT IS LOUD, OVERWHELMING THE GUSTY LAUGHTER THAT GROWS FROM BENEATH THE DEATH'S HEAD MASK.

BUT IT IS A LAUGH NOT SHARED WITH THE DARK, SKULKING FIGURE MOVING SLOWLY ABOUT OUTSIDE THIS CHURCH OF THE DAMNED.

I'LL TEACH YA TO LEAVE ME! I'LL TEACH YA.

WITH THE ONLY THING YER IMPRESSED BY...

...VIOLENCE!



GOTTA BE **QUIET**...
TOO MANY OF THEM
BLASTED **CREEPS**
SQUIRMIN' 'ROUND
IN THERE.

DON'T WANNA
LET 'EM
KNOW I'M
HERE 'TIL
IT'S TOO
LATE.

'TIL I **BLOW THE**
HEADS OFF OF
EVERY BLASTED
ONE OF THEM!



EH? **DARK** IN HERE.
DON'T THEM **CREEPS**
USE 'LECTRICITY?

WHO IS IT?
WHO WALKS
IN HERE?



JUS' A **MAN**,
CREEP. A **REAL**
MAN WHO DON'T
NEED NO STINKIN'
ROBE TO COVER 'IM...



...OR **MASK**
TA HIDE
HIS FACE.

BUT NOW
YA MADE
ME MAKE
NOISE.
THEY'LL
KNOW I'M
HERE.

'LESS I
MOVE FAST!



WHILE...

ARE YOU READY FOR THE
SERVICES, MY DEAR?

I HAVE BEEN
WAITING
ANXIOUSLY FOR
IT, MY HUSBAND.

TO BE **ONE**
WITH YOU IN THE
WAY OF MAN AND
WIFE... THAT IS
ALL I DESIRE
NOW.



WHEN I HAD FORSAKEN
MY **CHURCH** ONE YEAR
AGO TO JOIN ANTON
LUPESKI, I DIDN'T
KNOW I WOULD BE
LEAVING ONE GOD...

...TO FIND
ANOTHER.



I AM **NOT** GOD, MY WIFE.
NOR WOULD I **WISH** TO
BE **HIM**.

I AM DRACULA,
SON OF MORTALS,
RISEN TO
IMMORTAL-
ITY.

BUT
IMMOR-
TALITY
ALONE DOES
NOT MAKE
ONE GOD.

NOT AT
LEAST...
YET.



SHE DIGS DEEP INTO HER PAST, GRASPING FRAGMENTS OF MEMORIES-- THE CONVENT WHERE SHE WAS SCHOOLED... UNDER THE EVER-WATCHFUL EYE OF SISTER MARY-THERESA.



CHANTING: BOILING
WORDS IGNITED IN
FLAMING RITUAL.

DRACULA FEELS
WARMTH FLOOD OVER
HIM FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN CENTURIES.

DOMINI
SCREAMS; A
LIVING TORCH.

LUPESKI SHOUTS THE
MYSTIC WORDS... THE SATANIC
DARK RITES OF BIRTH... AND
OF DEATH.

AND THE WORDS ECHO THROUGH
THE MADNESS OF THIS EMBRY-
ONIC INFERNO TO THE ONE
WHO SIMPLY WATCHES.

HE KNOWS THE FINAL OUTCOME WILL NOT
BE WHAT IS EXPECTED.
HE KNOWS THAT ON THE COLD NIGHT OF
DECEMBER 25TH... A DATE OF MOST IMPORTANT
HISTORY, THAT ANOTHER CHILD WILL BE BORN...
HE KNOWS THAT IT WILL NOT BE THE DEVIL'S
OFFSPRING.
HE KNOWS THIS DESPITE THE PAGAN IDOLATRY THAT
GOES ON HERE... AND MORE...
HE KNOWS WHAT THE CHILD WILL BE... AND WHAT THE CHILD WILL
BECOME. AND HE SMILES INWARDLY AT THE KNOWLEDGE.

HOWEVER, DRACULA AND LUPESKI KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT IS TO COME, AND SO, THE RITES CONTINUE...

IT IS DONE-- THROUGH THE SIXTEEN SORCERIES OF SATAN... THROUGH THE MYSTIC MAGICKS OF MEPHISTO, THROUGH WITCHCRAFTS AND HOODOO, THROUGH SPELLS ANCIENT AND ARCHAIC...

...THE CHILD HAS BEEN PLANTED!

GET AWAY FROM ME, YA MASKED MADMAN. I MAY'VE BEEN TOO LATE TA STOP THIS CRAZINESS FROM HAPPENIN', BUT I AIN'T TOO LATE TO STOP YA FROM DOIN' NOTHIN' MORE!

YA BLASPHEMED GOD, YA DEVIL-WORSHIPPERS. AN' I'LL GET YA FOR THAT--

NO MATTER WHAT THE PRICE.

AGGHHH!!

NOOO!!

WHAT IS THIS MADNESS--?

NO, YA SLIMY FIEND... BUT I'LL KILL YA STILL.

HE SHOOTS AT OUR DARK LORD! STOP HIM!!

GET THE FOOL!

ONE OF LUPESKI'S FOOLS GONE INSANE?

STAND BACK, CLODS! DRACULA WILL STOP HIM UNAIDED!



HUMAN SCUM!
YOU **DARE**
INTERRUPT
THE SACRED
CEREMONY?

FOR THAT, YOU MUST
LEARN WHAT **ALL**
HUMANS WILL SOON
LEARN--

--THAT
DRACULA
CAN **NOT**
BE INTERFERED
WITH--WITHOUT
FEELING HIS
TOTAL
WRATH!



NO, YA DEVIL--I WON'T
BE FEELIN' **NO ONE'S**
WRATH--'SPECIALLY
NOT **YOURS**, YA
DAMNED **HEATHEN!**

I CAME
HERE TA
GET WHAT'S
MINE--
AN' I INTEND
TA GET IT
STILL.

HUMAN--



--YOUR LIFE WAS
FORFEIT ONCE YOU
ENTERED MY HOUSE.

WHA--? HE'S
FLYIN' AFTER
ME LIKE
SOME BLAMED
BAT!



FIRST YOU DESTROYED
THE **SANCTITY** OF
THE CEREMONY...

THEN YOU
MURDERED
MY MINIONS
IN **COLD**
BLOOD.

FOR THAT
YOU WILL
NOT ONLY
PERISH...



...BUT YOU WILL
RETURN-- TO
SUFFER MY VENGE-
ANCE FOR THE REST
OF ETERNITY.



BUT FIRST--
I WISH TO
SEE THE
STINKING
WRETCH
BENEATH
THE MASK.

I WISH TO OBSERVE
THE **RAIN** UPON
YOUR FACE AS
DEATH COMES
TOUCHING YOU.



I-I AM
SORRY
FOR WHAT
I DID, DEAR
LORD... BUT
THESE MEN
ARE **EVIL!**

THEY STOLE MY **DEAREST**
TREASURE FROM ME,
LORD... AND I DID
WHAT I **HAD** TO.

I-I KNOW
IT IS A **SIN**,
LORD. I **KNOW**...

PLEASE
FORGIVE MY
SINS... FORGIVE
ME.



UNNNHH

D-DRACULA
... WHAT
HAS
HAPPENED...
MY HUSBAND...?



I WAS A
GOOD
MAN.

DRACULA!
NO--



SILENCE, DOMINI. SPEAK
NOTHING MORE.

WHAT **MUST**
BE SAID... **WON'T**
BE... NOT NOW...
NOT NOW!

LATER,
WHEN ALL ARE
GONE-- **WE**
WILL SPEAK IN
PRIVATE.

TRUST
ME, DOMINI.
I KNOW... I
KNOW!





AND THIS IS
HOW **ALL**
WHO OPPOSE
US WILL
FIND THEM-
SELVES.

LEARN THIS WELL, MY MINIONS,
SHOULD ANY OF **YOU** DECIDE
TO TURN ON YOUR DARK LORD.

PREPARE
YOURSELF,
DOMINI. WE
RETURN
HOME NOW.



HE
WASN'T
A TRAITOR,
MY HUSBAND!

EH? THEN
WHO WAS HE,
DOMINI?



HE WAS... **IS...**
MY **FATHER!**

HE CAME
HERE TO
TAKE ME
HOME AGAIN...
AS HE DID **EVERY**
TIME I STRAYED
FROM HIM.

I GUESS...IN
HIS **OWN** WAY...
HE **LOVED** ME.



BUT I
LEARNED
THAT **TOO**
LATE.



DIDN'T
I--?



LET US GO,
DRACULA.

LET US GO
HOME NOW.

EVERYTHING
THAT **SHOULD**
BE DONE HERE...
HAS BEEN
DONE.

...AND RESTS
NOW IN MOST
CAPABLE HANDS.



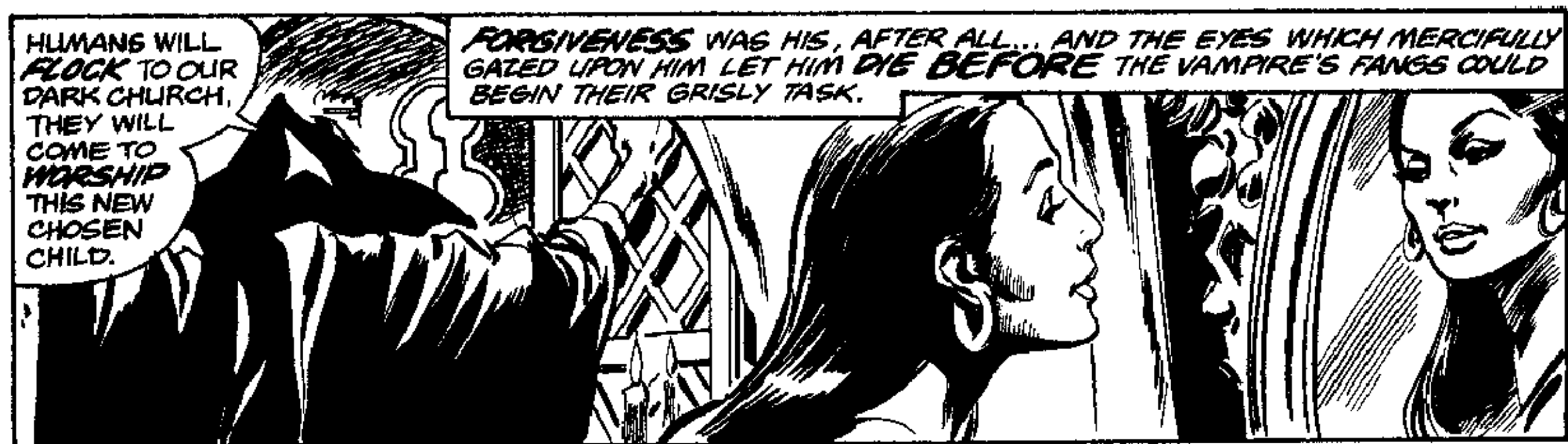
DECEMBER, MY DEAREST... **DECEMBER** AND OUR SON WILL BE BORN.

DOMINI SEES MORE THAN HER REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR. SHE SEES THE TRUTH FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MANY MONTHS...



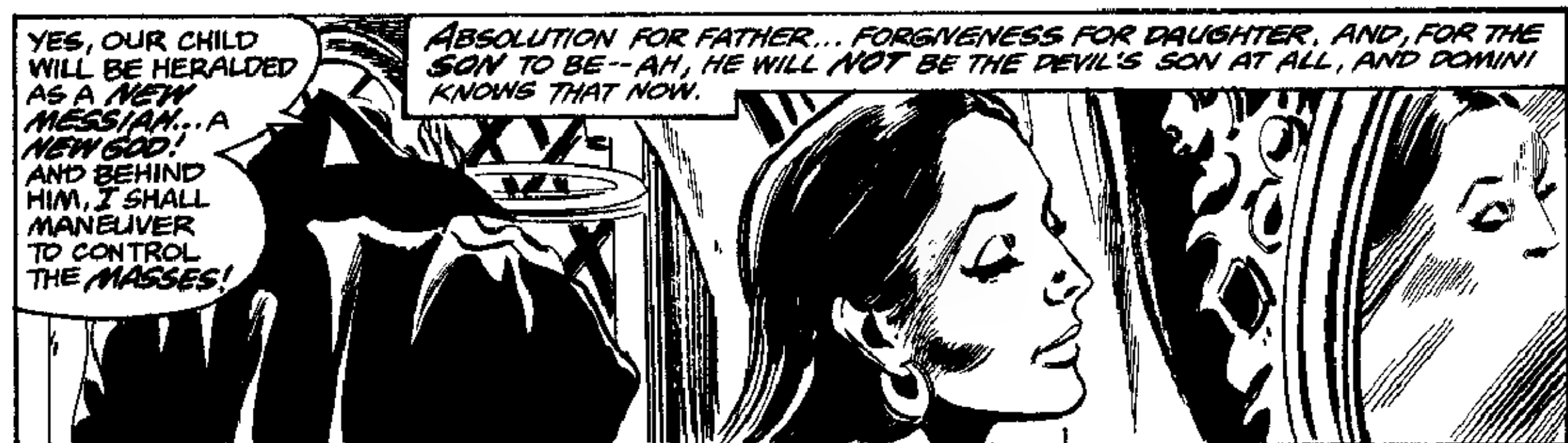
AH, YOUNG VLAD WILL BE THE **FOCAL POINT** OF MY CRUSADE, DOMINI.

SHE KNOWS AS NO ONE ELSE CAN POSSIBLY KNOW, THAT HER FATHER WILL NOT RETURN AS AN UNDEAD IN THREE DAYS. HE WILL REMAIN IN PEACEFUL DEATH...



HUMANS WILL **FLOCK** TO OUR DARK CHURCH. THEY WILL COME TO **WORSHIP** THIS NEW CHOSEN CHILD.

FORGIVENESS WAS HIS, AFTER ALL... AND THE EYES WHICH MERCIFULLY GAZED UPON HIM LET HIM **DIE BEFORE** THE VAMPIRE'S FANGS COULD BEGIN THEIR GRISLY TASK.



YES, OUR CHILD WILL BE HERALDED AS A **NEW MESSIAH... A NEW GOD!** AND BEHIND HIM, I SHALL MANEUVER TO CONTROL THE **MASSSES!**

ABSOLUTION FOR FATHER... **FORGIVENESS** FOR DAUGHTER, AND, FOR THE SON TO BE-- AH, HE WILL NOT BE THE DEVIL'S SON AT ALL, AND DOMINI KNOWS THAT NOW.



YES, THIS NIGHT WAS A **FRUITFUL** ONE, WAS IT NOT, DEAR DOMINI?

YES, MY HUSBAND, THIS IS A NIGHT FOR **GLORY!**

A NIGHT WHICH WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED.

NEXT: A DYING SONG FOR MARIANNE! PLUS: **BLADE** and **HANNIBAL KING!**

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

30¢
©

48
SEPT
02143

COMICDOMS
NUMBER
1
YEAR MAGAZINE

THE TOMB OF DRACULA™ LORD OF VAMPIRES!

III
BLADE and
HANNIBAL
KING
AGAINST THE
MINIONS
OF HELL!

TRILOGY
OF FEAR!

THREE TALES GUARANTEED
TO SEND SHIVERS UP YOUR SPINE!



Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS:

TOMB OF DRACULA!

MARV WOLFGMAN
WRITER/EDITOR

GENE COLAN • TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA, letterer
MICHELE WOLFGMAN, colorist

A SONG FOR MARIANNE!

I'VE COME
HERE BECAUSE
I WANT YOU TO
HEAR MY
STORY...BECAUSE
IT'S IMPORTANT
THAT YOU
UNDERSTAND...

...WHY
SOMEONE
WHO IS
ALREADY
DEAD--

--MUST
DIE A
SECOND
TIME!





YES, I WANT TO DIE **AGAIN**... AND THIS TIME I WANT IT TO LAST **FOR-
EVER**.

BUT **PLEASE**... LISTEN TO MY STORY. LISTEN AND **UNDERSTAND**.



IT BEGAN SO MANY **YEARS** AGO. I WAS **THREE YEARS OLD** IN 1875, AND MUCH OF WHAT HAPPENED THAT NIGHT IS NO MORE THAN A **SHADOW** IN MY MIND.

"BUT, IF YOU HAVE PATIENCE, I WILL TRY TO KEEP MY TALE **CLEAR**."

SPLASH



CAP'N CUTLASS, SIR! THE FRENCH SHIP HAS STOPPED **DEAD AHEAD** FOR OUR BOARDING, SIR.

I KIN SEE THAT, YA SEA-SCUM. YA TAKE ME FER **BLIND**?

I WANT YE ALL TO **TAKE** THEIR BLOODY CARGO! THAT SHIP IS GOOD FER **COOTIN'** AN I MEAN TA SKIN IT NAKED AS A FLOUNDER.

MOVE IT NOW, MATES--OUR **BOUNTY** IS RICH AND AWAITS US WITH OPEN ARMS.



AN' IF THE FRENCH DON'T RELINQUISH THEIR GOODS, CAP'N--WE **SLIT** THEIR SLIMY THROATS?

I HOPE THEY **RESIST** US, CAP'N. WE AIN'T HAD MUCH **ACTION** OF LATE.

BARRIS...



YE RAISE YER BLADE EVEN **ONCE** WITHOUT ME ORDERS, AND IT'LL BE **YOUR** GIZZARD THEY FIND FLOATIN' WITH THE SEAWEED.



THERE'S **TOO MUCH** AT STAKE THIS HERE VOYAGE FOR NEED-LESS VIOLENCE, BARRIS.

AYE! ME DAUGHTER, MARIANNE, I WISH TO BE TRANSPORTIN' HOME **SAFE**.

DAUGHTER *INDEED!* THAT BRAT IS *BAD LUCK*, I TELL YA. AN *OMEN* WARNIN' US THAT DEATH IS COMIN'...

...ON WING LIKE A BLAMED ALBATROSS!

SLAP

I *HEARD* THAT REMARK, BARRIS. THE GIRL'S ME *DAUGHTER*, AND THE *ONLY* OMEN ABOARD THIS SHIP--

--IS ME WARNIN' THAT YE HAD BETTER *NOT* OPEN YER BLOODY MOUTH AGAIN!

UNDERSTAND THAT, MATE--?

NOW-- TO ACTION!!
TO ACTION!!

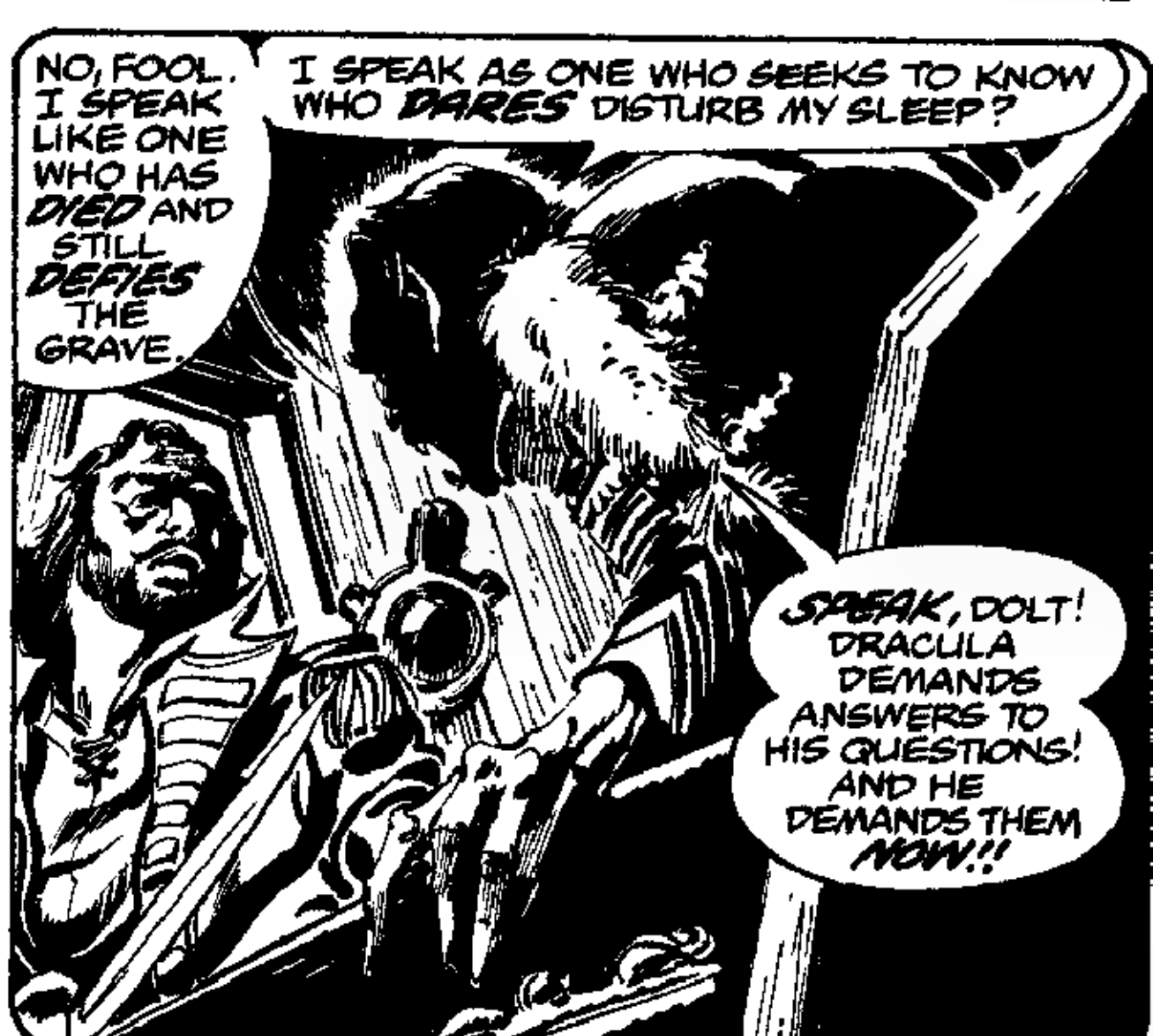
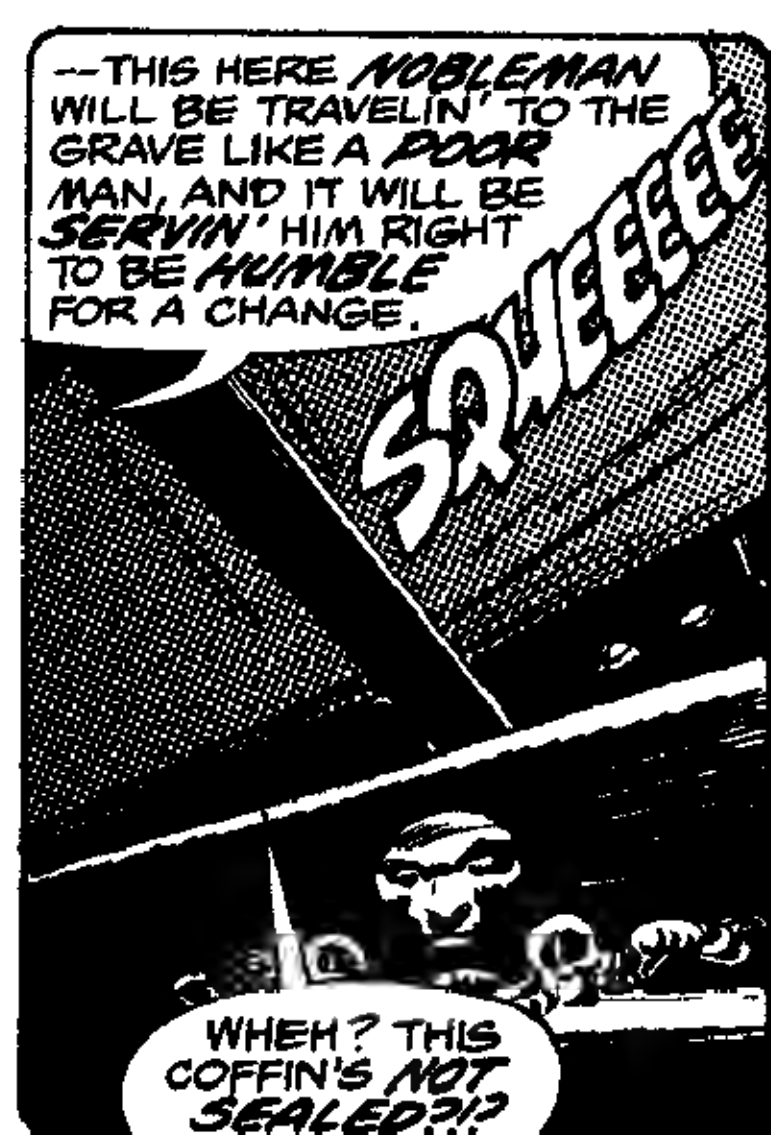
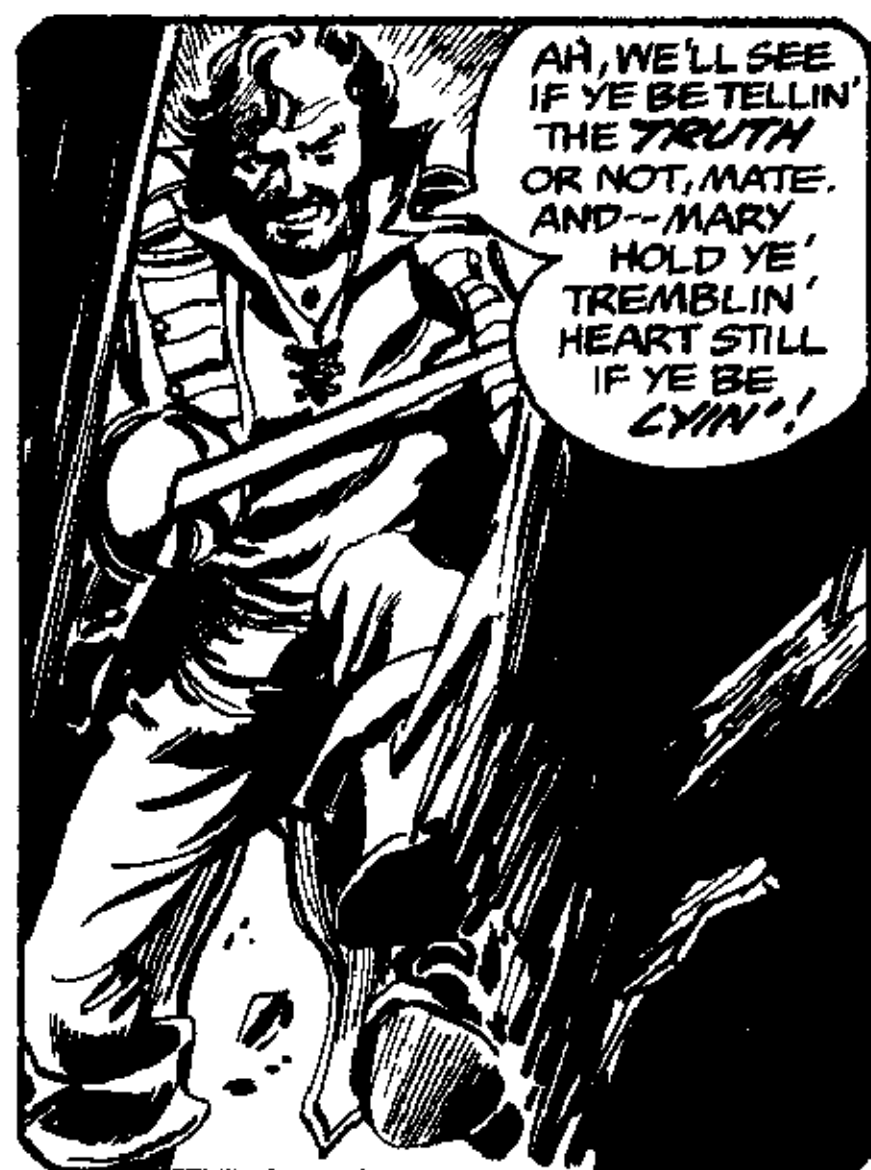
"THERE WAS SO MUCH NOISE AND CONFUSION. BODIES LEAPED UPON ROPES AND THE MEN PULLED THEMSELVES FROM OUR SHIP TO THE OTHER. THE MEN SANG SONGS OF BEER BOTTLES AND DEAD MEN'S TREASURES, OF RUM AND OF WOMEN, AS THEY SOARED ABOVE THE CHOPPY WATERS."

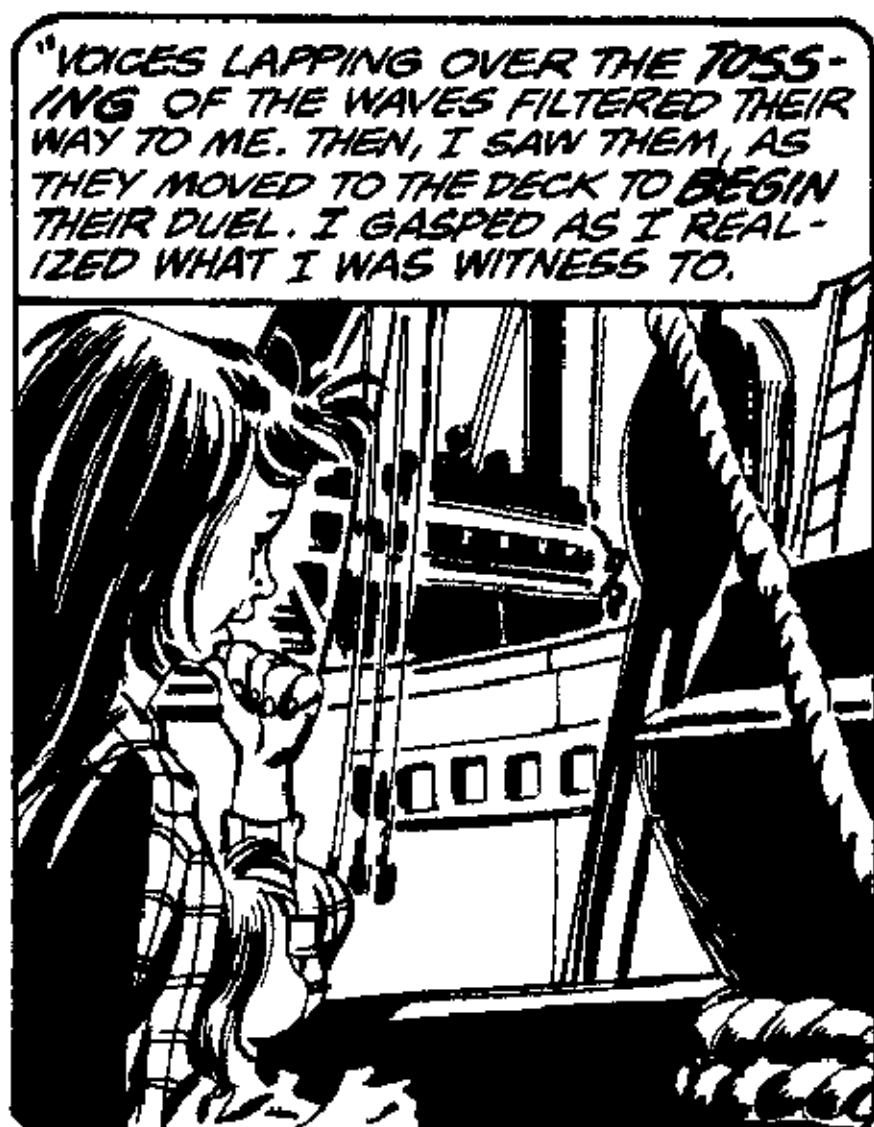
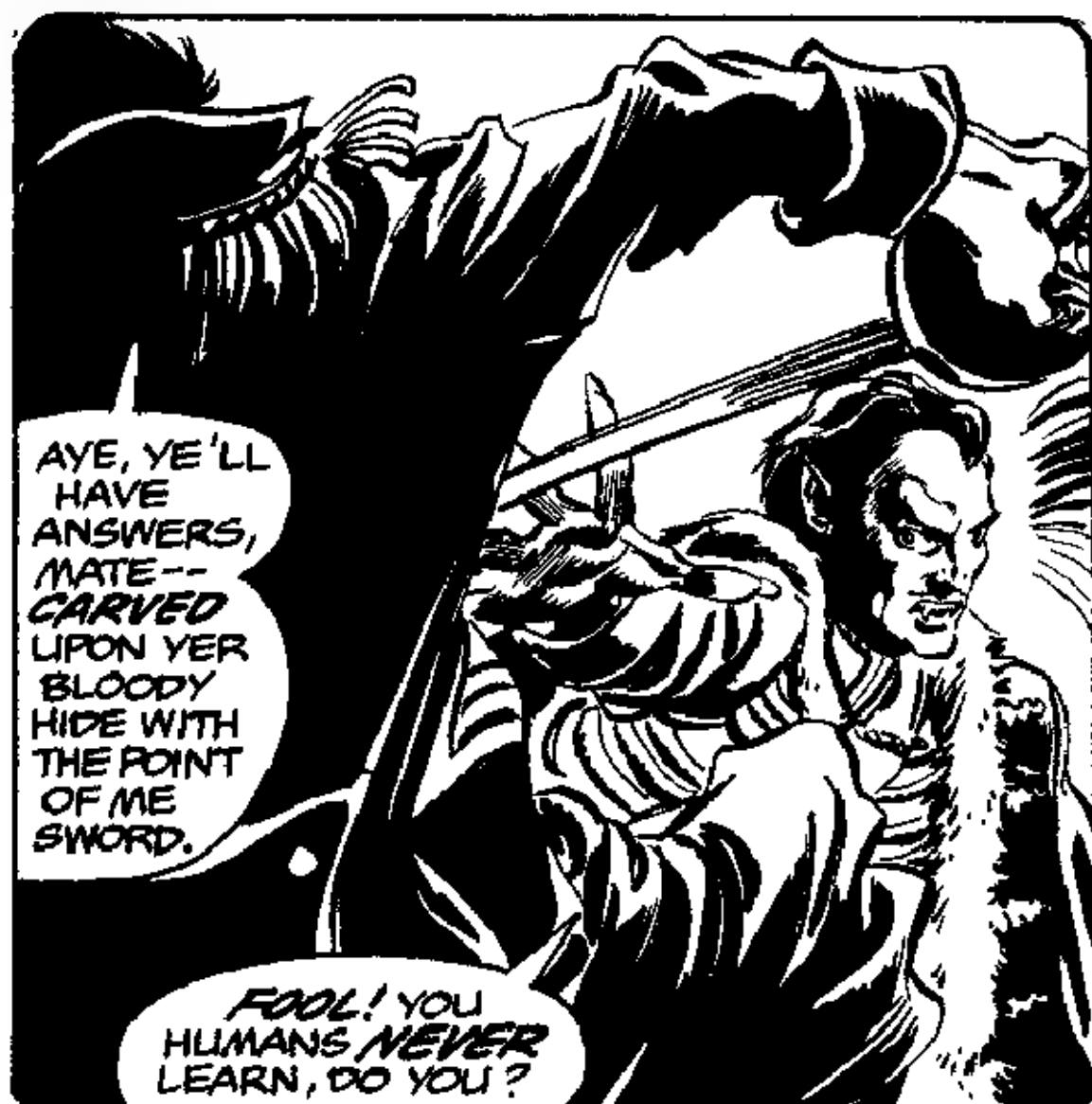
"THEN THE SINGING STOPPED, AND THE SCREAMING BEGAN."

"I SAW NONE OF WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, BUT I CAN IMAGINE THE HORRIBLE PAIN...THE TERRIFYING SLAUGHTER."

PAM!

"I CROUCHED IN MY CORNER, FRIGHTENED, YET FASCINATED BY THE CRIES I HEARD, AND IN MY CHILD'S MIND, I CONJURED IMAGES OF HORROR GREATER THAN ANY THAT COULD HAVE ACTUALLY BEEN ENACTED."





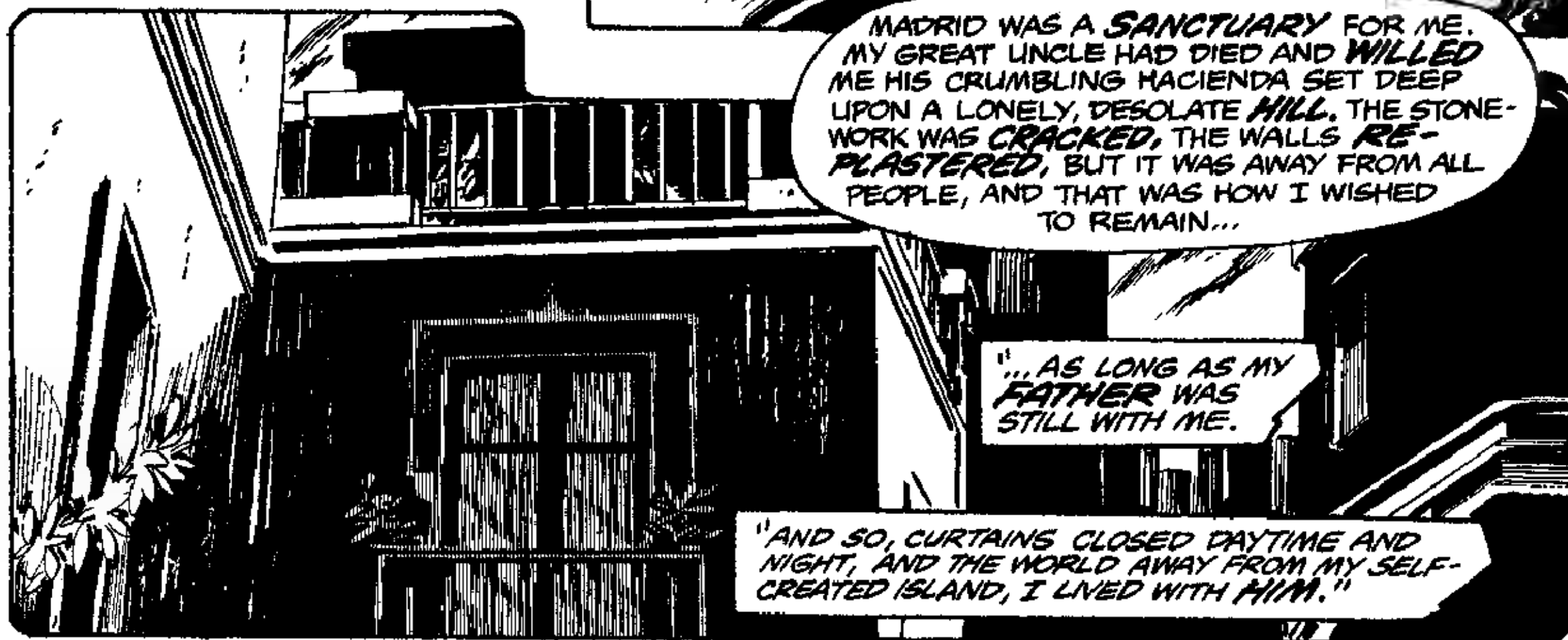


"IT TOOK MANY **WEEKS** TO WASH AWAY THE VISION OF THAT **HORROR** FROM MY TERRIFIED EYES..."



...THOUGH EVEN NOW, AT TIMES WHEN I SLEEP, I FIND MYSELF SOBBING UNCONTROLLABLY, UNTIL I AWAKE, WITH COLD SWEAT HUGGING MY BROW.

THAT WAS NOT THE **ONLY** TIME WE MET. AGAIN, IN **MADRID, 1903** IT WAS, WHEN, AS A GROWN WOMAN, THE MARK OF DRACULA WAS LEFT **SCRATCHED IN BLOOD** ACROSS MY MIND.



MADRID WAS A **SANCTUARY** FOR ME. MY GREAT UNCLE HAD DIED AND **WILLED** ME HIS CRUMBLING HACIENDA SET DEEP UPON A LONELY, DESOLATE **HILL**. THE STONE-WORK WAS **CRACKED**, THE WALLS **RE-PLASTERED**, BUT IT WAS AWAY FROM ALL PEOPLE, AND THAT WAS HOW I WISHED TO REMAIN...

"...AS LONG AS MY **FATHER** WAS STILL WITH ME.

"AND SO, CURTAINS CLOSED DAYTIME AND NIGHT, AND THE WORLD AWAY FROM MY SELF-CREATED ISLAND, I LIVED WITH HIM."



BLOOD! I NEED BLOOD, DAUGHTER. I CAN FEEL THE **CRAVING** BUILDING WITHIN ME.

FREE ME FROM THESE CHAINS OF GARLIC, DAUGHTER. FREE YER FATHER, I SAY.

SO YOU CAN **KILL** AGAIN, FATHER? **NO!** I WON'T ALLOW IT... NOT ANYMORE.

IT'S TAKEN ME **YEARS** TO FIND YOU... YEARS IN WHICH I FOLLOWED YOUR TRAIL OF BLOODLESS MURDERS AND BROKEN FAMILIES.

I-I'LL GET YOU YOUR BLOOD, FATHER, BUT I **WON'T** LET YOU **KILL** FOR IT.

I **COULDN'T** LIVE WITH MYSELF IF I DID.

PLEASE DON'T THINK ME CRUEL, FATHER... BUT LIFE IS **TOO SACRED** TO BE SO CASUALLY **ENDED**.



MOTHER MARY, GIVE ME THE **STRENGTH** I NEED...

...TO TAKE WHAT MY FATHER **MUST** HAVE TO SURVIVE.

OH, WHAT HAVE I **BECOME**, MOTHER MARY...?



BUT I **LOVE** MY FATHER... NO MATTER WHAT **HE** HAS BECOME.

AND IF I **MUST STEAL** SO HE WILL NEVER **KILL**--

--THEN, MY FATE IS **SEALED**... FOREVER.

BUT, TO LIVE A **NORMAL** LIFE. OH, WHAT I WOULD DO FOR **THAT**. TO LOVE, TO--



NO! I MUSTN'T THINK ABOUT THAT. I HAVE MY **DUTY** TO MY FATHER...

...TO FIND **BLOOD** TO RELIEVE HIS SUFFERING.

AND THIS **HOSPITAL**...



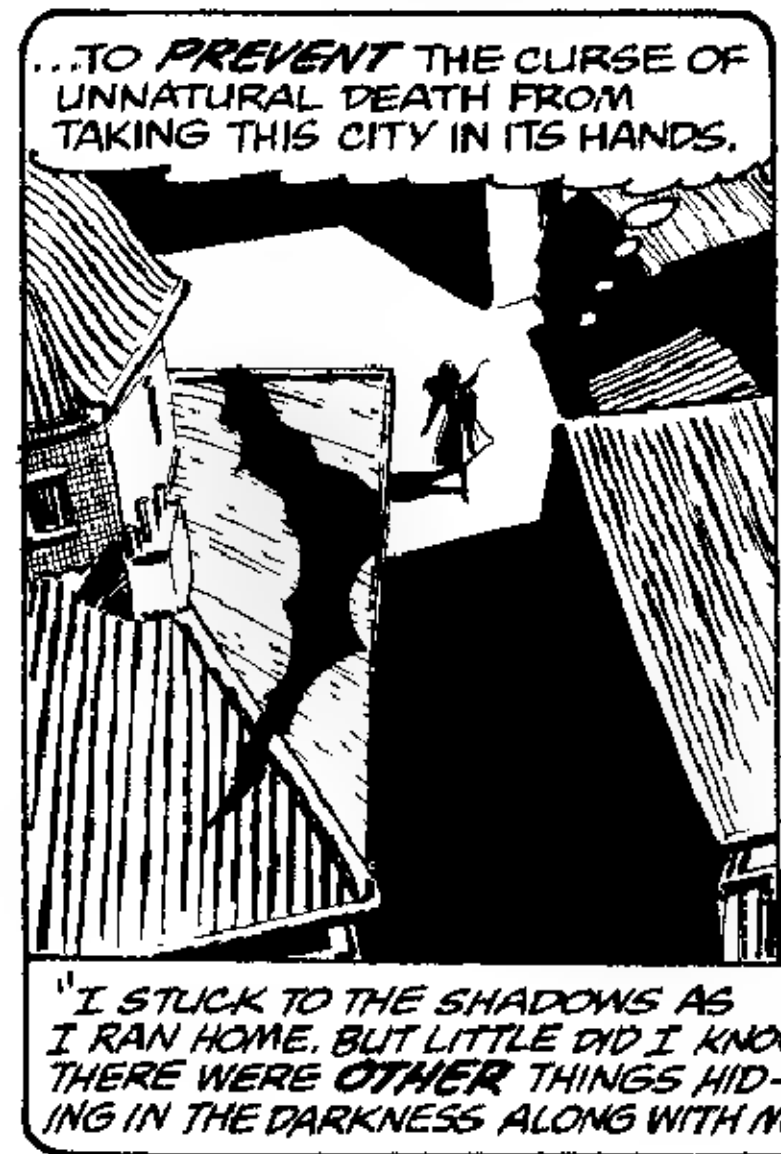
...IS **WHERE** I WILL FIND IT.

I'M **SORRY**, DOCTOR, BUT I NEED THE **BLOOD** YOU **STORE** HERE.



PLEASE FORGIVE ME, MOTHER MARY--

--BUT I DO ONLY WHAT I **MUST**...



...TO **PREVENT** THE CURSE OF UNNATURAL DEATH FROM TAKING THIS CITY IN ITS HANDS.

"I STUCK TO THE SHADOWS AS I RAN HOME. BUT LITTLE DID I KNOW THERE WERE **OTHER** THINGS HIDING IN THE DARKNESS ALONG WITH ME.



FATHER! I AM HOME, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A **MOMENT**.



A MOMENT MORE AND YOU WILL BE **DEAD**--

--AND YOUR FATHER WILL BE **CHILDLESS**.

WHAT? OH NO! IT'S **YOU!** NOT AGAIN!!

AND THE **NIGHTMARE** RETURNED AFTER ALL THESE YEARS."



COME TO ME, WOMAN... DO NOT RESIST. EH?

WHAT'S THAT?



BLOOD?

YOU WERE CARRYING BLOOD?



AND YOU LET THAT PRECIOUS LIQUID DROP LIKE WASTE TO THE GROUND?

SLAP!

DAMN YOU, WOMAN. THAT IS MORE VALUABLE THAN GOLD OR DIAMOND!

AND--AND YOU JUST LET IT LAY THERE, SEEPING INTO THE EARTH?

I WILL DESTROY YOU FOR THAT, WOMAN.

"HIS HAND SWEEPED ACROSS MY FACE, AND I FELT AS IF MY BONES HAD BEEN CRUSHED WITHIN ME. HE WAS RAGING WITH ANGER, AND I SCREAMED.



"MY FATHER, GOD REST HIS SOUL... MY FATHER MUST HAVE HEARD HIS DAUGHTER'S PLEAS FOR MERCY, AND DESPITE THE PAIN HE WAS IN, HE STRUGGLED TO FREE HIMSELF FROM THE CHAINS."

YOU SHALL SUFFER FOR THIS WASTE OF BLOOD, WOMAN. FIRST I SHALL DRAIN YOURS--

--THEN WAIT THREE DAYS TILL YOU RETURN, THUS I MAY COMMAND THAT YOU KILL YOUR FATHER, AS I KILLED YOU.



"MY FATHER! HE PULLED AGAINST THOSE CHAINS, AND HE MUST HAVE CRIED IN PAIN--



"--AS HE FINALLY BROKE FREE FROM THE BONDS I HAD PLACED HIM IN."

I SHALL LAUGH AS YOUR FIRST KILL IS ONE YOU LOVE.

THEN YOU WILL KNOW HOW PRECIOUS BLOOD TRULY IS.



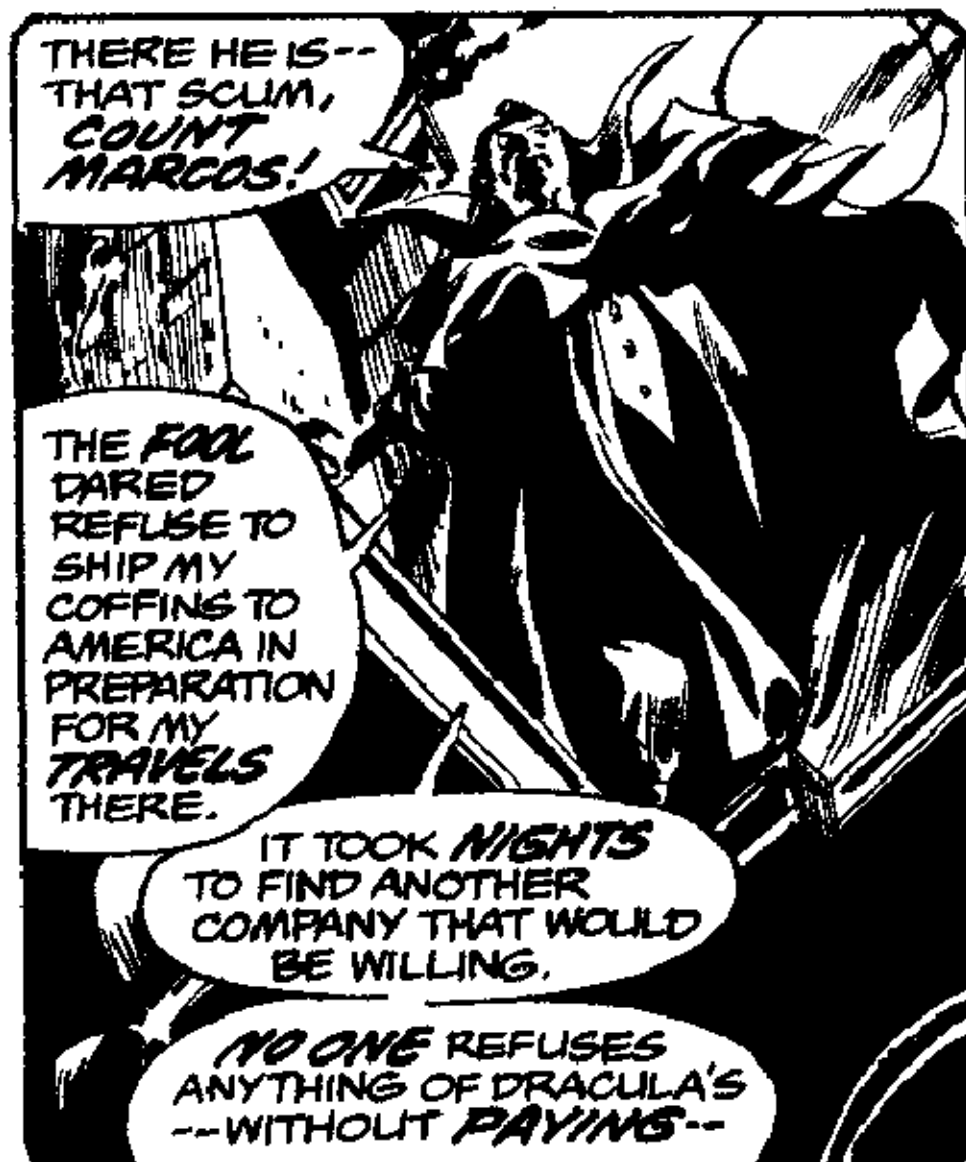
YES, WOMAN-- YOU SHALL LEARN... OR VERY SWIFTLY PERISH!





"COUNT MARCOS DE LA TRIANA WAS THE MAN WHO TOOK ME FROM THE SHELTER OF MY HOME, REMOVED ME FROM THE SHADOWS I HAD CRAWLED INTO, THEN MARRIED ME, AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I WAS A HAPPY WOMAN."







LOST: ONE VAMPIRE!

I DON'T GET IT, QUINCY. RACHEL WALKS OUT ON ME BECAUSE I'M ACTING MORE LIKE A MAN, YET SHE USED TO COMPLAIN BECAUSE I WAS ONCE WISHY-WASHY.

FRANKLY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN. AS A RACE I SOMETIMES WONDER IF THEIR BRAINS ARE IN THEIR PANTYHOSE.

YOU NEVER WILL UNDERSTAND WOMEN, MR. DRAKE. I'M OLDER THAN YOU AND I NEVER HAVE.

PERHAPS THAT IS WHY I ALWAYS ENJOYED THEIR COMPANY. THE UNEXPECTED IS ALWAYS MORE INTERESTING THAN EXPECTED REPETITION.

ME? I DON'T CARE IF I UNDERSTAND 'EM OR NOT. I JUST WANT ONE TO CALL MY OWN. INTERESTED, AURORA?

NO THANKS, HAROLD. I'VE ALREADY GOT A JOB.



I JUST CAN'T SIT HERE BROODING, GUYS. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING--MOVE FREE.

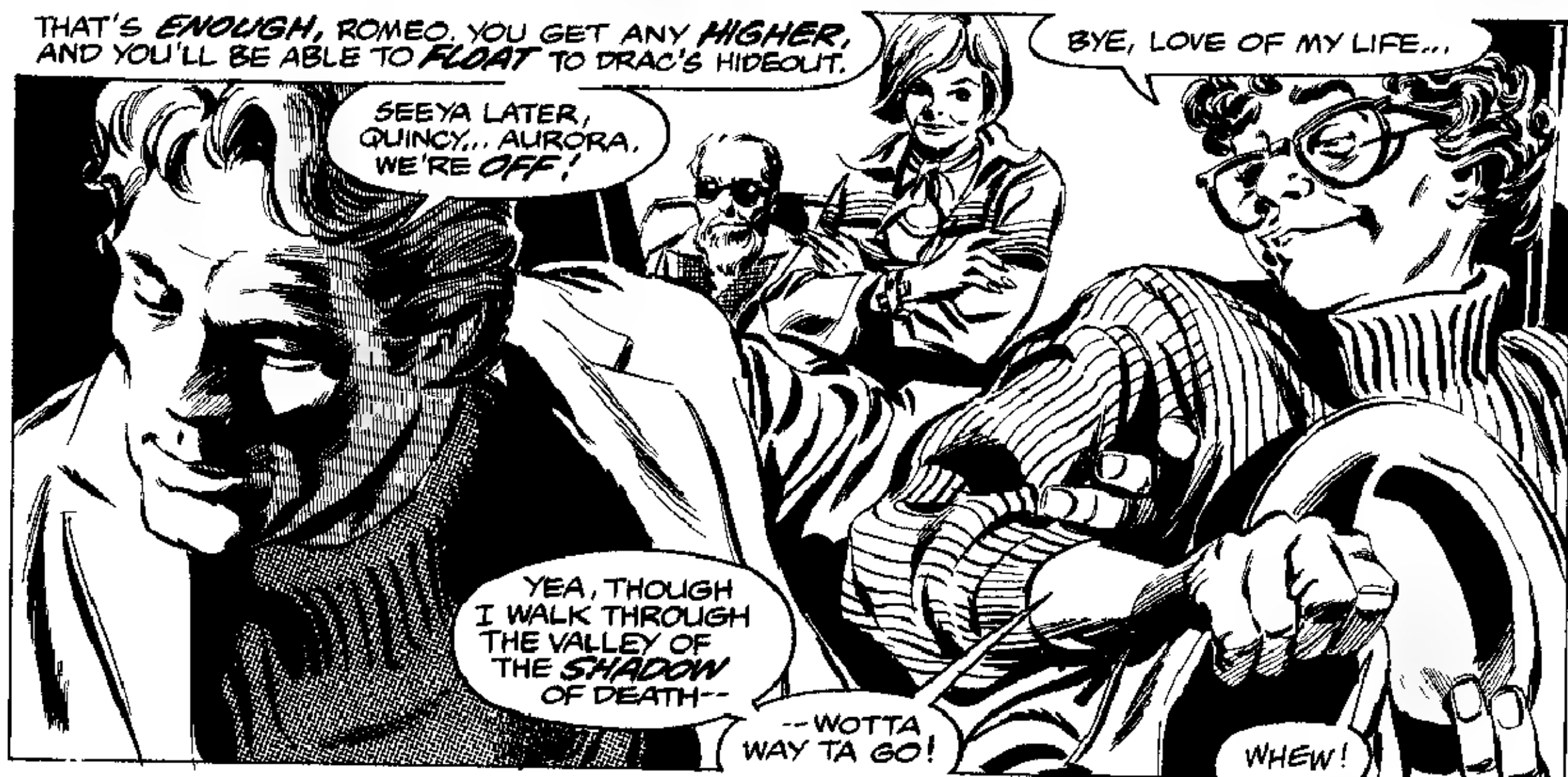
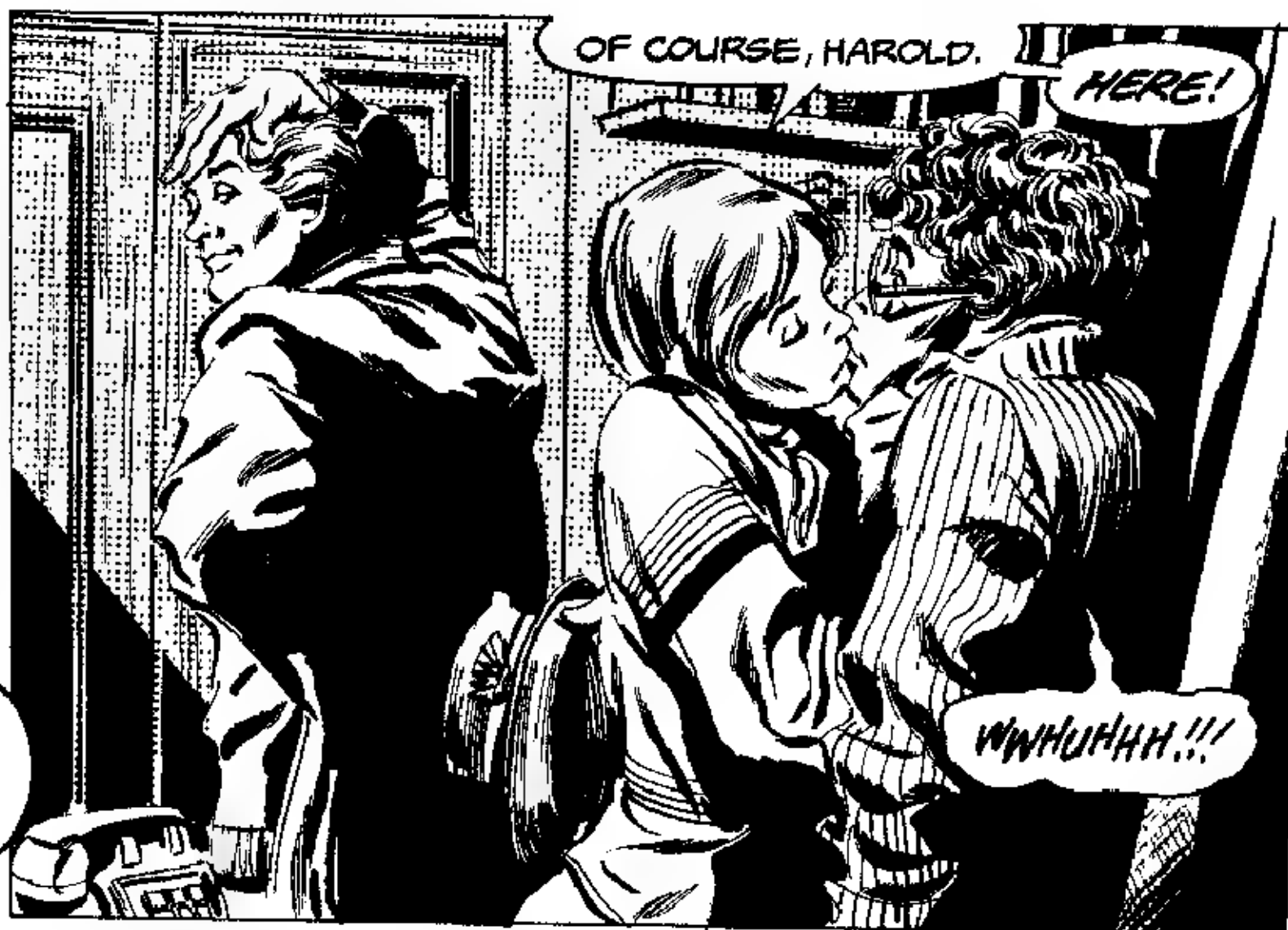
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO BEGIN HUNTING FOR DRACULA AGAIN.

YEAH! I'D LIKE TO FIND HIM, TOO. HE'S SO DREAMY!

DREAMY-- NOTHING! HE'S A NIGHTMARE!

AND A FINK TO BOOT. HE NEVER EVEN FINISHED THAT INTERVIEW HE PROMISED ME FOR "TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES."







DOPPELGÄNGER!!

OKAY, HOT SHOT--
YOUR **LEADS** HAVE
LED US DOWN ONE
BLIND ALLEY TOO
MANY.

IF **THIS**
DOESN'T
PAN OUT,
I'M TAKIN'
OVER...

...AND YOU
CAN GO TO
BLAZES.

I'M HUNTIN'
FOR THE SCUM
THAT KILLED
MY **MOTHER**,
NOT SOME
PENNY-ANTE
NUMBERS-
RUNNER.

AND I'M SEARCHING
FOR THE **SAME** MAN,
BLADE-- THE VAMPIRE
THAT TURNED **ME**
INTO A SLIGHTLY
DEAD DETECTIVE.
AND HIS NAME'S
DEACON FROST.

SO TAKE A GANDER
AT THAT **LIGHT** OVER
THERE--IT'S **PIN-**
POINTING OUR
TARGET BRIGHT AND
CLEAR.

AND WE
MOVE
ON IT,
QUIETLY.

STUFF YOUR SILENT
APPROACH SIDWAYS,
KING. I'M **SICK** OF
YOUR STUPID
STALKING ABOUT
EVERYWHERE.

WE APPROACH IT **MY**
WAY--**THROUGH** THE DOOR.

GOT THAT, HANNIBAL
KING, BIG-TIME VAMPIRE
DETECTIVE?

NO, YOU STUPID MORON.
YOU'LL RUIN **EVERYTHING**!

WANNA
BET,
FANG-
FACE?

'SIDES, IT'S
ALREADY
TOO LATE!

THE DOOR'S **DOWN**,
AN' THE BIG WHITE **RABBIT'S**
WAITIN' INSIDE.

*YEAH, THERE WAS A BIG RABBIT INSIDE, ONLY ALL THIS PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR GOT TO HEAR WAS BLADE SPUTTERING EXPLETIVES EVEN A DOCKWORKER WOULD'VE DELETED. SO I TOOK A LOOKSEE INSIDE AND I SAW THE RABBIT WAITIN' FOR US WASN'T WHITE AT ALL-- BUT BIG, BLACK, AND-- HEAVEN HELP ME-- HE WAS BLADE'S EXACT DOUBLE-- ONLY WITH FANGS!"

MOTHER OF MERCY-- IT CAN'T BE!

DEACON FROST'S GOON TOLD US YOU EXISTED. BUT I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT-- NOT TILL NOW!

THEN YOU HAD BETTER BELIEVE WHAT YOU SEE, BLADE.

FOR, I DO EXIST--

--AND I SWEAR WHEN THIS FIGHT IS OVER...

...I WILL STILL BE HERE, AND YOU WILL BE DEAD!

NE A GOTHIC MASTERWORK LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE! DRACULA IS CHALLENGED BY:
FRANKENSTEIN! ROBIN HOOD! ZORRO! AND MORE SHOCK STARS THAN CAN BE IMAGINED!

TOMB OF
DRACULA

MARVEL COMICS GROUPTM



30¢
©

49
OCT
02143

THE MOST ~~BIZARRE~~ VAMPIRE THRILLER EVER!

THE TOMB OF

DRACULATM



THE LORD OF THE UNDEAD BATTLES THE POWER OF
ROBIN HOOD! FRANKENSTEIN! D'ARTAGNAN!
AND OTHER GREAT SHOCK STARS!



DO *NOT* REVEAL THE
SURPRISE ENDING OF...
**"THERE SHALL
COME DEATH!"**



28

Five hundred years ago he was killed...but he *did not die*. Today, Quincy Harker, Frank Drake, Rachel Van Helsing, and Blade, the Vampire Slayer—stalk him...as this unliving Lord of Vampires spreads his reign of terror across a twentieth century world.

Stan Lee
PRESENTS: **TOMB OF DRACULA!**

MARY WOLFGAN
WRITER / EDITOR

GENE COLAN & TOM PALMER
ARTISTS

JOHN COSTANZA
letterer

MICHELE WOLFGAN
colorist



THE TIME HAS COME FOR
OUR *CHURCH OF THE
DAMNED* TO TAKE ROOT,
DARK LORD...

...TO GROW
AND TO
PROSPER.

BUT FOR *THAT*,
EVEN THE DARK
LORD SATAN MUST
HAVE *MONEY*.

I AM
AWARE OF
THAT,
ANTON
LUPESKI.

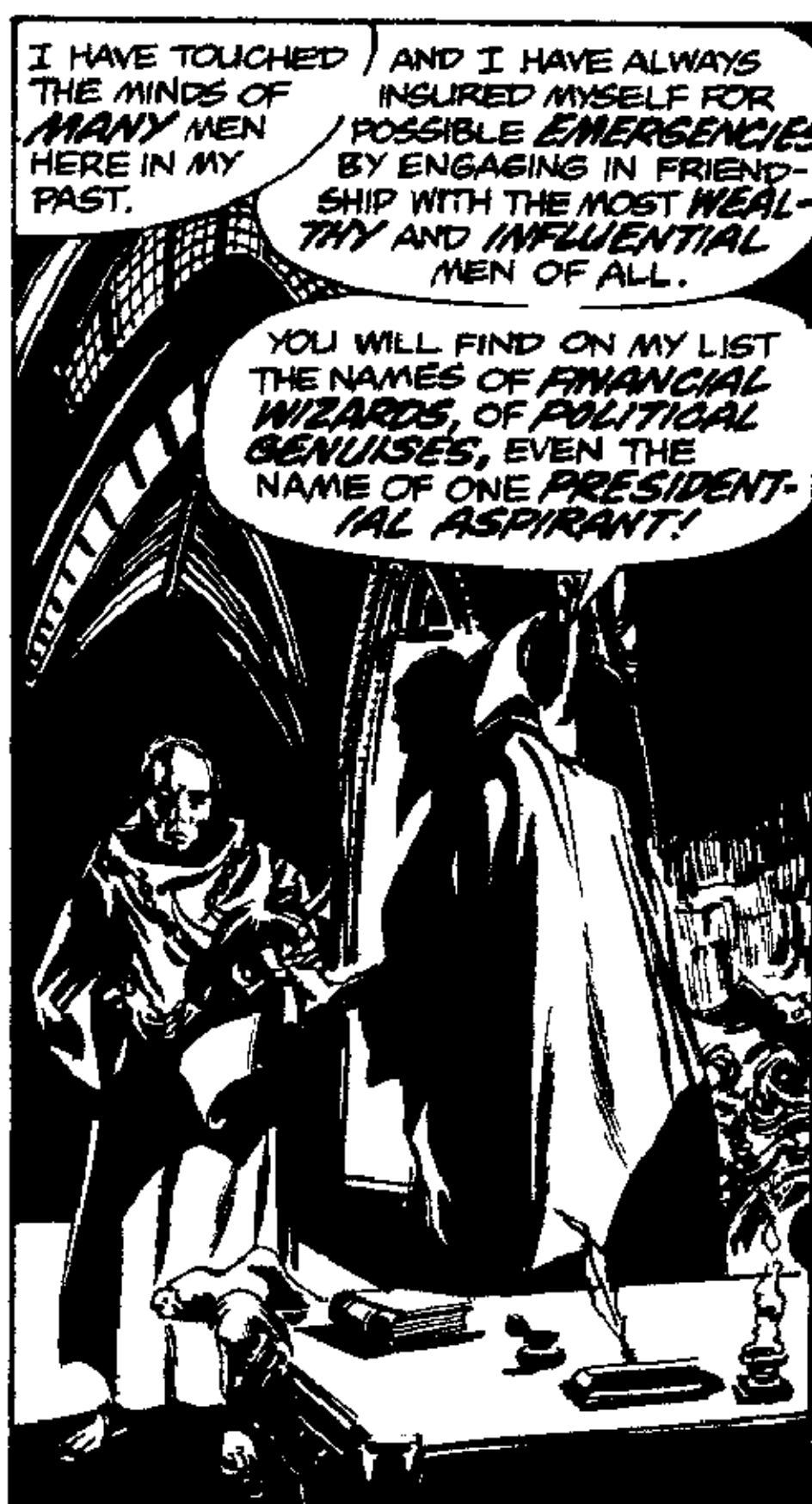
AND, ALREADY
I HAVE MADE A
LIST OF *PREPAR-
ATIONS* WE MUST
MAKE.

WE SHALL WATCH
OUR SMALL CULT *GROW*
UNTIL ITS BRANCHES
TOUCH THE HEARTS AND
SOULS OF THE
ENTIRE *HUMAN RACE!*



LUPESKI REMOVES HIS DEATH'S HEAD MASK, AND A FACE WHICH SEEMS AS IF IT HAS SEEN DEATH CLOSE UP PEERS OUT AT HIS MASTER.

A LIST, SIRE? YOU THINK I HAVE NO FOLLOWERS IN THIS LAND ALREADY?



I HAVE TOUCHED THE MINDS OF MANY MEN HERE IN MY PAST.

AND I HAVE ALWAYS INSURED MYSELF FOR POSSIBLE EMERGENCIES BY ENGAGING IN FRIENDSHIP WITH THE MOST WEALTHY AND INFLUENTIAL MEN OF ALL.

YOU WILL FIND ON MY LIST THE NAMES OF FINANCIAL WIZARDS, OF POLITICAL GENUISES, EVEN THE NAME OF ONE PRESIDENTIAL ASPIRANT!



THEY WILL GIVE YOU MONEY WHEN YOU SHOW THEM MY ORDERS.

NOW, YOU GO, DO AS I COMMAND, FOR I HAVE BUSINESS ELSEWHERE...

...WITH MY WIFE AND LOVE-- DARN!



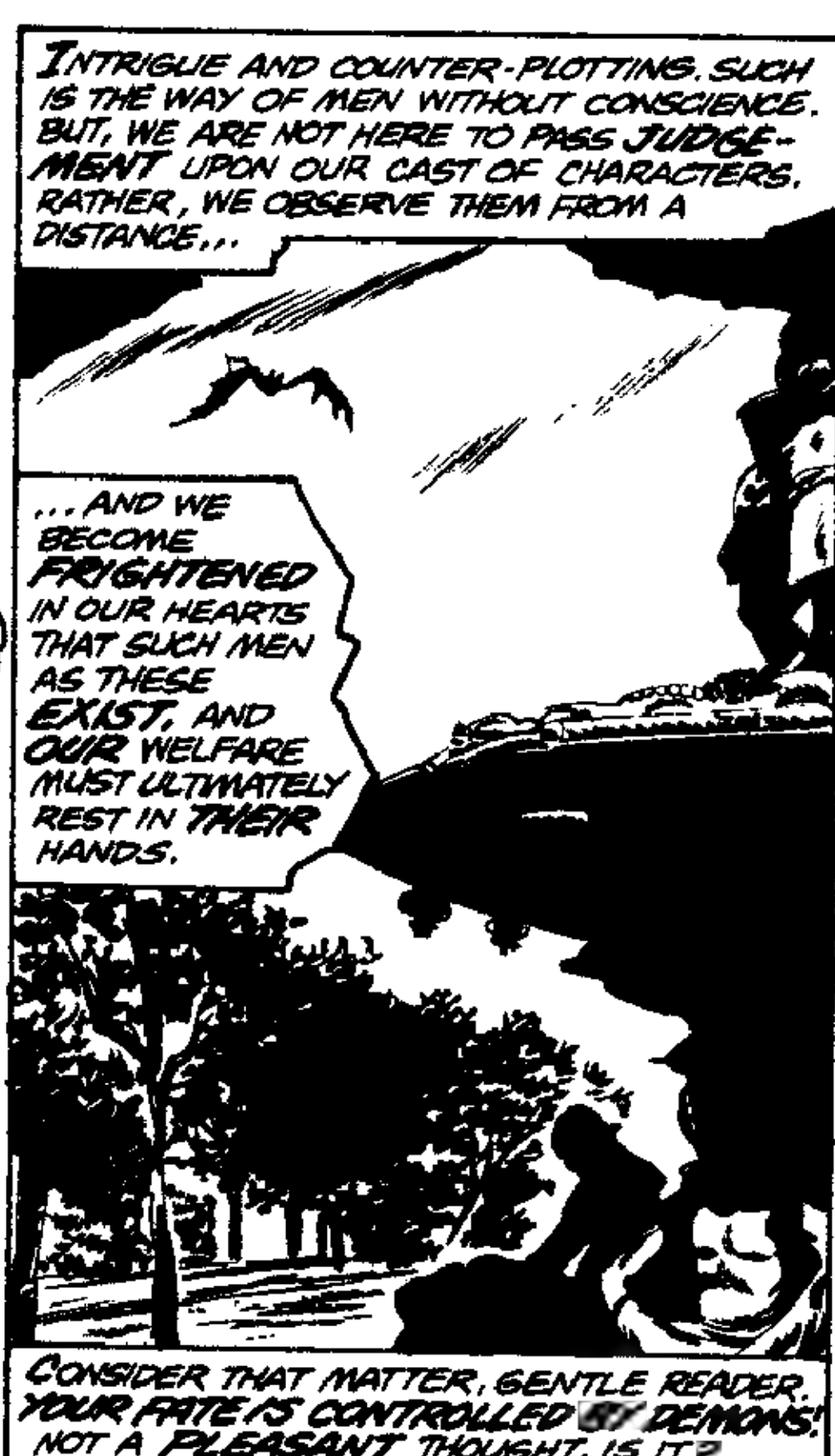
HAVE FAITH, LUPESKI-- THE CHURCH OF SATAN SHALL BLOSSOM UPON THE EARTH!



FAREWELL, DARK LORD, OR SHOULD I CALL YOU DRACULA?

YOU GO AND DO MY WORK FOR ME, AND WHEN YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED I WILL WATCH YOU SLOWLY DIE!

FAREWELL, DRACULA-- FAREWELL!



INTRIGUE AND COUNTER-PLOTTING, SUCH IS THE WAY OF MEN WITHOUT CONSCIENCE. BUT, WE ARE NOT HERE TO PASS JUDGEMENT UPON OUR CAST OF CHARACTERS. RATHER, WE OBSERVE THEM FROM A DISTANCE...

...AND WE BECOME FRIGHTENED IN OUR HEARTS THAT SUCH MEN AS THESE EXIST, AND OUR WELFARE MUST ULTIMATELY REST IN THEIR HANDS.

CONSIDER THAT MATTER, GENTLE READER. YOUR FATE IS CONTROLLED BY DEMONS! NOT A PLEASANT THOUGHT, IS IT?

BUT, THERE IS TIME TO
BROOD OVER THAT LATER.
FOR NOW...

HOME! IT
IS TIME NOW
TO PUT THE
MATTERS
OF CHURCH
ASIDE.

MY **BRIDE** MUST
NOT BE PLAGUED
BY THE REALITIES
OF THE WORLD...
NOT UNTIL OUR
CHILD IS BORN.

DOMINI, I HAVE RETURNED.

A MOMENT MORE, MY
HUSBAND. PLEASE LET
ME **COMPLETE**
THE MUSIC.

IT IS SO **GENTLE**
TO MY SOUL.

AS YOU
ARE GENTLE
ON MY MIND,
DOMINI.

YOU GIVE ME A **PEACE**
I HAVE NOT KNOWN
FOR CENTURIES.

YOU, AND VLAD,
OUR SON TO
BE.

MY
HUSBAND,
I--

HOLD! WHAT
HAPPENS TO
ME NOW!

YOU'RE
GLOWING,
DRACULA. A
HALO SUR-
ROUNDS YOU!
WHAT DOES IT
MEAN?

STAND **BACK**,
WOMAN. I FEEL AS
IF I'M BEING **SUCKED**
INTO A WHIRLPOOL...

VANISHING
INTO SOME
FORGOTTEN
LIBBO.

BUT, I WILL
RETURN,
DOMINI-- I
WILL
RETURN!

D-DRACULA--

...MY HUSBAND--

--WHERE
ARE YOU...

...GOING--?

ELSEWHERE, IN A SMALL ROOM, A DIFFERENT EVENT TAKES PLACE, BUT ONE WHICH WILL SOON RELATE, IN A MANNER MOST BIZARRE, TO THE WORLD THAT DRACULA NOW STALKS THRU...

MOTHER OF MERCY--IT CAN'T BE!

DEACON FROST'S GOON TOLD US YOU EXISTED, BUT I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT--NOT TILL NOW!

BLADE--LOOK!

I DO EXIST, BLADE, AND WHEN THIS BATTLE IS DONE--

--I WILL STILL BE HERE, AND YOU WILL BE DEAD!

I AM ALL THAT YOU ARE, BLADE, BUT I MOVE WITH THE SPEED OF ONE UNDEAD.

I THRUST WITH THE STRENGTH ONLY A VAMPIRE CAN MUSTER.

MY CHEEK!

MAYBE YOU'RE STRONGER AN' FASTER AN' ME, CREEP, BUT YOU AIN'T THE REAL BLADE.

AN' ONLY THE REAL MCCOY CAN DO THIS, BABY!

DAMN YOU, BLADE!

YOU'VE PIERCED MY ARM...

BUT NOT EVEN YOUR FAMED WOODEN KNIFE CAN PREVENT ME FROM TURNING TO MIST--

--FROM FREEING MYSELF OF YOUR WEAPON.

AND FROM TURNING ON AND DESTROYING THE ONE I WAS CREATED FROM!

SHOCKED, BLADE? YOU THINK I JUST SOMEHOW **APPEARED** FROM THE MIST? I **WAS** CREATED FROM YOU. I WAS BORN AND **NURTURED** FROM THE SEED PLANTED WHEN **MY MASTER MURDERED YOUR MOTHER.**

WE GREW **SIMULTANEOUSLY**, BROTHER BLADE-- YES, **COUNTRIES** APART WE GREW.

WE BECAME BOTH TOGETHER AND **APART.**

AND NOW THAT WE **MEET**, YOU **MUST DIE!**

ONLY **ONE** OF US CAN SURVIVE THIS BATTLE.

AND THAT ONE **WILL** BE ME.

DON'T **BET** ON IT, CREEP.

I'VE GOT DIRTY TRICKS I HAVEN'T EVEN **THOUGHT** OF USING, YET!

AN', JUST 'CAUSE Y-- **WHAT?!**

OUR HANDS!

THEY **MET** THEY-THEY'VE **FUSED** TOGETHER...

I **TOLD** YOU WE WERE THE **SAME** BEING, FOOL.

WHEN WE TOUCH WE **MELD** TOGETHER-- WE BECOME **ONE** AGAIN!

GOD! THEN I GOTTA **KILL** YOU-- GET YOU **OFFA** ME-- GET **RIDDA** YOU FOREVER!

YOU **CAN'T**-- YOU... **ARRR-GGHH!**

DOLT!

DON'T YOU **REALIZE** YOU **CAN'T** KILL ME, BLADE!

LOOK! OUR FEET TOUCH AND BECOME ONE. OUR **BONES** GROW TOGETHER ON **CONTACT!**

ACCEPT THE INEVITABLE, BLADE.

ACCEPT WHAT YOU HAVE **NO** CONTROL OVER!



SOUND: LISTEN FOR IT AND YOU CAN LEARN WHAT MAKES A PERSON **BREATHE**, HOW THEY **LIVE**, WHAT THEY **FEEL**, AND **WHY** THEY ARE WHAT THEY ARE.

LISTEN, AND YOU WILL HEAR **ALL** THE SOUNDS THAT GROW HERE, THAT THRIVE HERE YOU WILL HEAR THE SOUNDS OF HORROR AND OF LOVE, OF DEATH AND OF LIFE, OF SORROW AND OF **JOY**.

LISTEN:

I'M SO **PLEASED** YOU HAVE COME TO ME NOW, MY FRIEND.

IT'S BEEN SO **LONG** SINCE WE LAST SPOKE WITH EACH OTHER.

SINCE WE **SHARED** WITH EACH OTHER.

BUT... ...I CAN'T SPEND **ALL** MY TIME WITH YOU TODAY.

I PROMISED ...ANOTHER.

...SUCH A **FRIEND**, SUCH A LOVED ONE--

NO, PLEASE DON'T-- DON'T BE **SAD**.

BUT, PERHAPS, IF YOU WOULD LIKE, **COME** WITH ME.

I'M SURE **HE** WOULDN'T MIND.

YOU'LL **LIKE** HIM, I KNOW YOU WILL.

HE'S MUCH LIKE YOU, GENTLE, WARM...

--TO BE WITH ON THESE COLD AND **FRIGHTENING** NIGHTS.

I HAVE TO GO, YOU MUST KNOW THAT.

THEN WE **COULD** BE TOGETHER ALL DAY.

PLEASE COME.



AH, MADAME, YOU HAVE COME AS YOU *PROMISED*!

D'ARTAGNAN *SALUTES* YOU, MON CHERE.

BUT, WHAT IS *THIS*? YOU BRING A *MONSTER* WITH YOU?

HE IS MY *FRIEND*, D'ARTAGNAN.



AH, THEN HE IS D'ARTAGNAN'S FRIEND AS WELL.

PERMIT ME INTRODUCTION, MY MONSTROUS ONE. I AM D'ARTAGNAN, OF THE *MUSKETEERS*, AT YOUR SERVICE.

AND I AM SLAVE TO OUR MISTRESS' WHIMS, AS WELL.



IS THERE *ANYONE* MA CHERIE WOULD LIKE TO *BE* WITH, TODAY?

I-I'M NOT SURE, D'ARTAGNAN. THERE ARE *SO MANY* STORIES HERE, AND I'VE READ ALMOST *ALL*.



I HAVE *SO MANY* FRIENDS HERE, LIKE YOURSELF, AND THE MONSTER, AND --

NO! I'LL *NOT* TORTURE MYSELF ANY MORE.

IT IS A *FOOL-HARDY* THING TO DO.



YOU *DO* HAVE MANY FRIENDS, MA CHERIE, AND *WE* KNOW THE TRUTH.

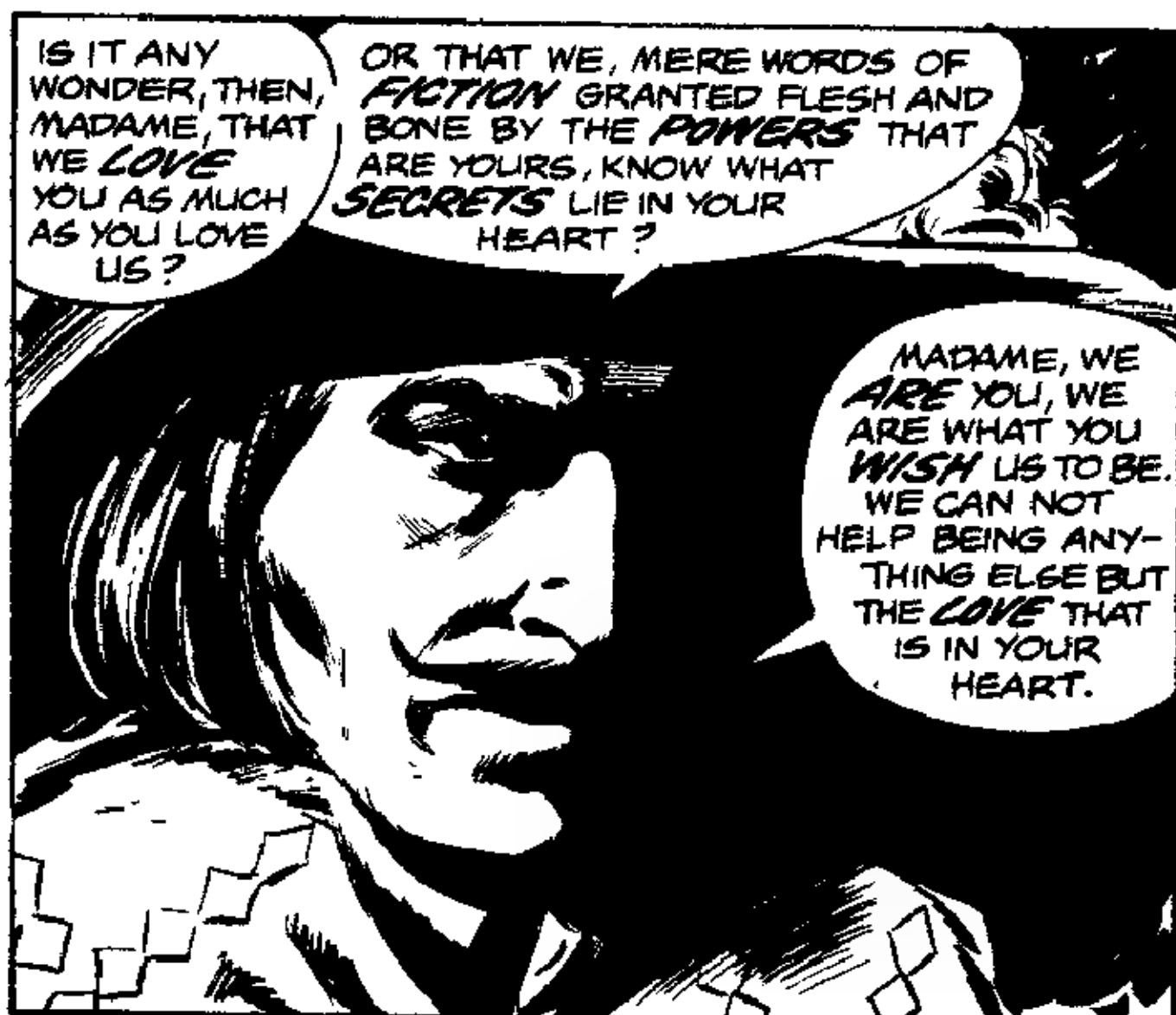
EVEN WITH US *ALL* HERE, YOU *DO NOT* HAVE THE ONE YOU *ALWAYS* WISHED FOR.



H-HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT, MY FRIEND? I *NEVER* SPOKE OF MY FEELINGS.

YOU *CREATED* US, MILADY. WE ARE A *PART* OF YOU, AS WE ARE A PART OF THE *BOOKS* YOU TOOK US FROM.

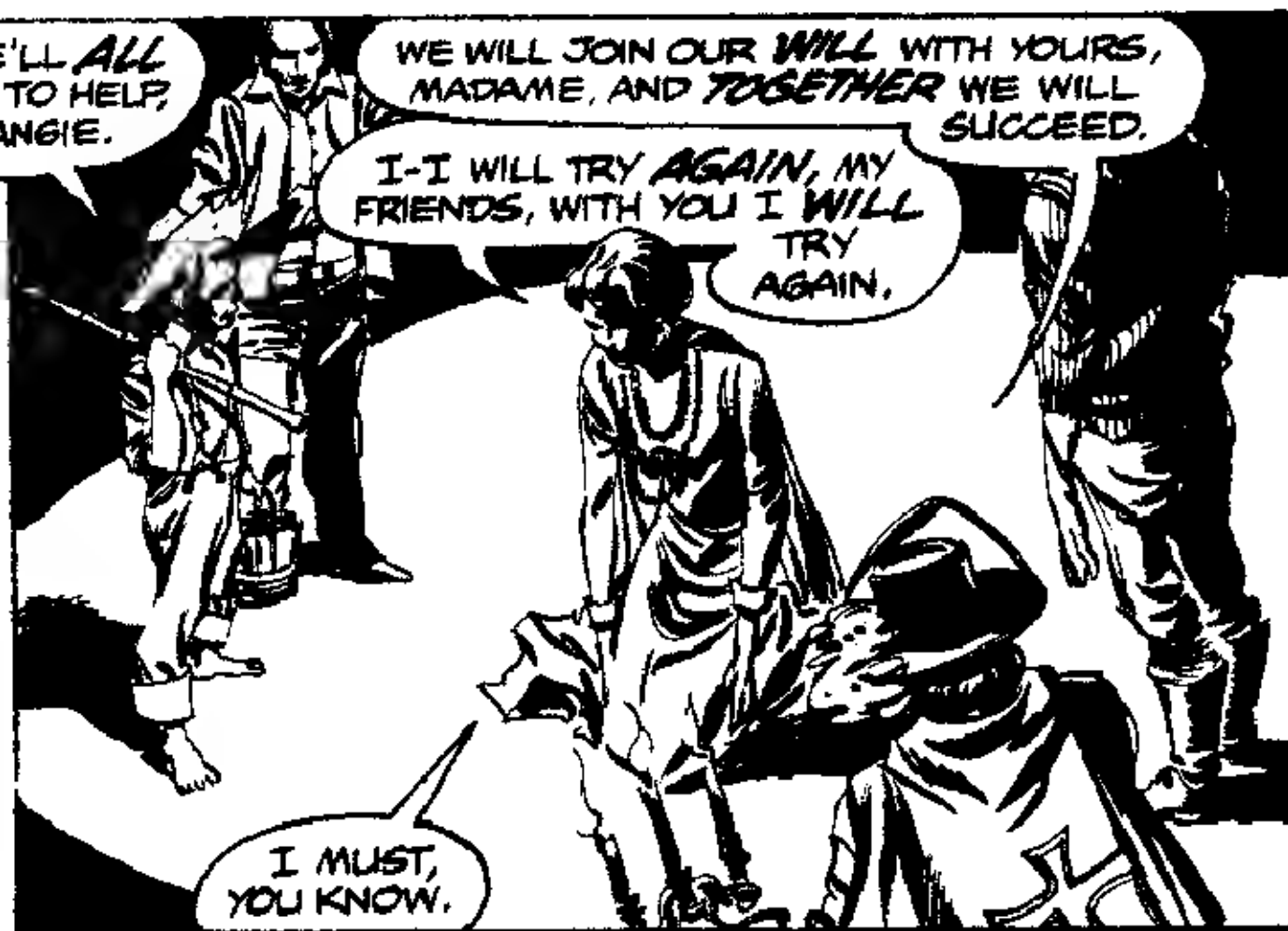
WE ARE YOUR JOYS AND YOUR SORROWS, AND WE ARE YOUR *LOVES*.



IS IT ANY WONDER, THEN, MADAME, THAT WE *LOVE* YOU AS MUCH AS YOU LOVE US?

OR THAT WE, MERE WORDS OF *FICTION* GRANTED FLESH AND BONE BY THE *POWERS* THAT ARE YOURS, KNOW WHAT *SECRETS* LIE IN YOUR HEART?

MADAME, WE *ARE* YOU, WE ARE WHAT YOU *WISH* US TO BE. WE CAN NOT HELP BEING ANYTHING ELSE BUT THE *LOVE* THAT IS IN YOUR HEART.

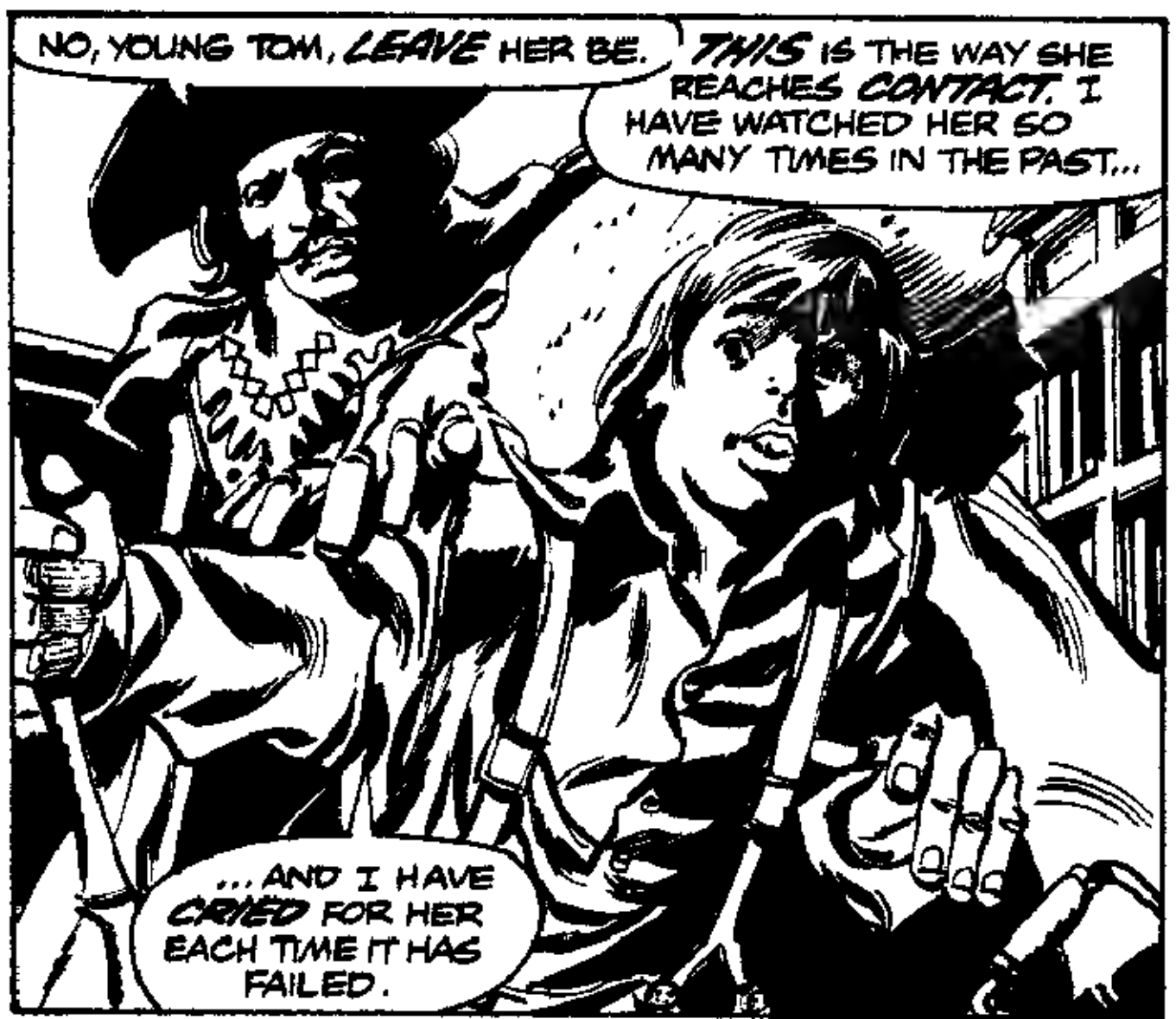




I TRY TO *THINK* OF THE WARMTH OF CLOVER AND THE JOYS OF SUNSHINE, THE *LOVE* I WANT.

I THINK OF DRACULA, AND I --OOOHHHHHHHHH!

MISS ANGIE!



NO, YOUNG TOM, *LEAVE* HER BE.

THIS IS THE WAY SHE REACHES *CONTACT*. I HAVE WATCHED HER SO MANY TIMES IN THE PAST...

...AND I HAVE *CRYED* FOR HER EACH TIME IT HAS FAILED.



THIS IS THE WAY IT *MUST* BE. WE ALL LOVE HER, BUT SHE LOVES ANOTHER--A PHANTOM WRATH WHO HAS *ALWAYS* RESISTED HER CALLING IN THE PAST.

NOW, COME -- LET US *JOIN* OUR MIND WITH HERS. IT IS THE *LEAST* WE CAN DO FOR OUR CREATOR.



OOOHHHHHHH... HE IS COMING... THE PAIN! THE PAIN!

NOOOOOO!!!

MISS ANGIE!?



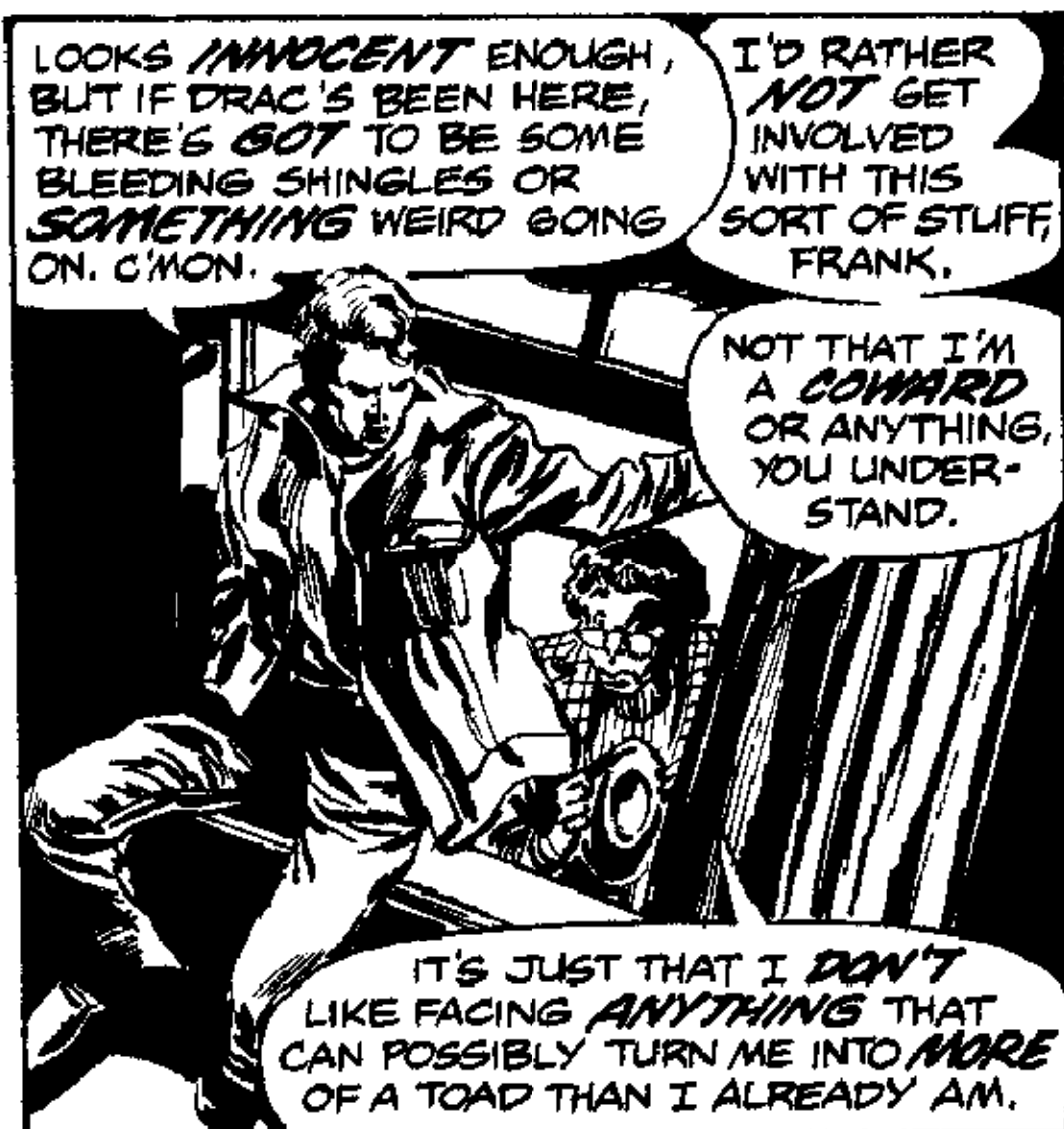
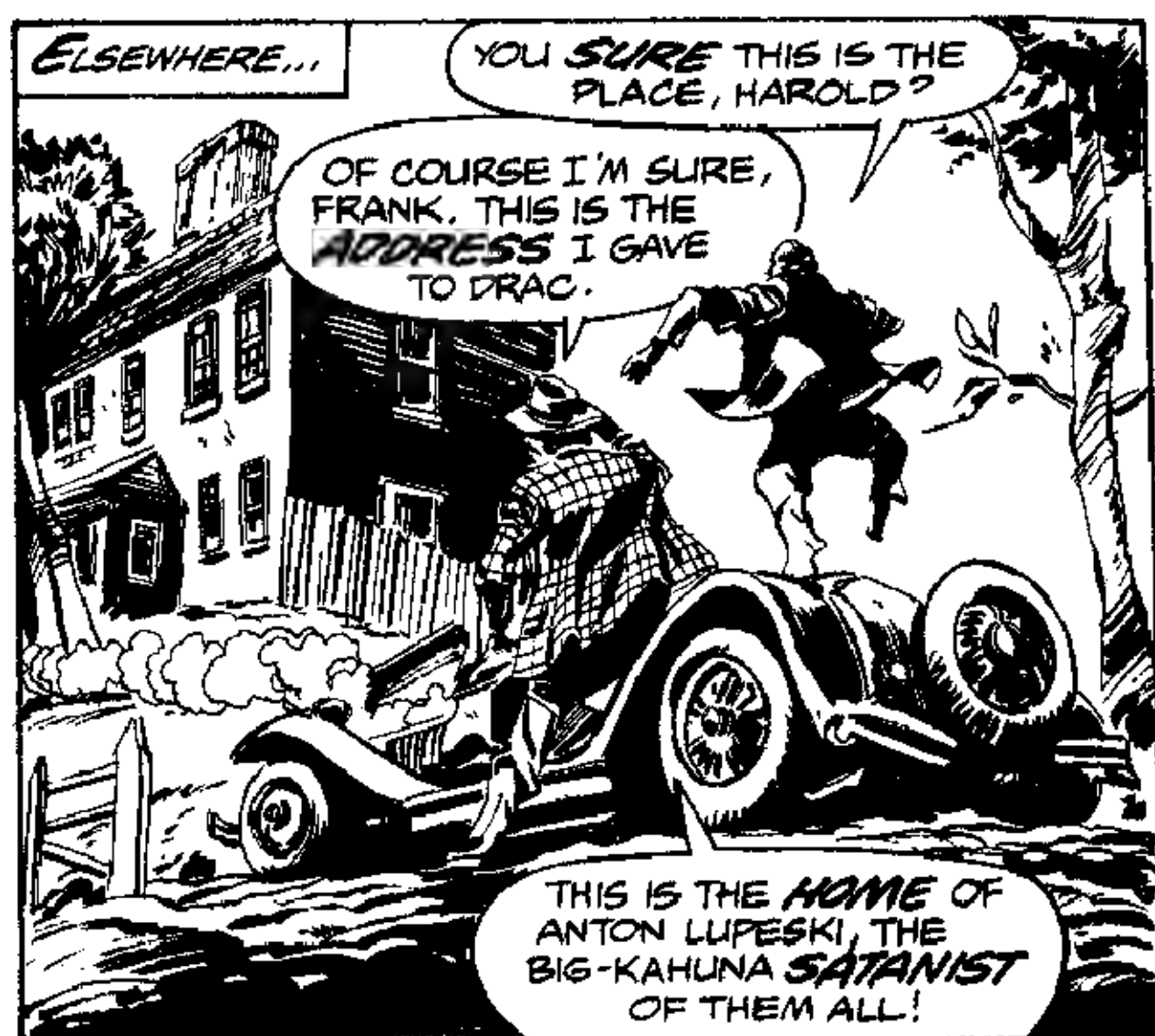
LOOK! THERE'S SUM-THIN' *GLOWIN'* LIKE A FIREFLY OVER HER.

SACRÉ! IT IS *HIM!* THE ONE SHE HAS BEEN *CALLING* FOR!

IT IS DRACULA, MES AMIS-- IT IS *DRACULA!!*

MILADY HAS SUCCEEDED... SHE HAS *SUCCEEDED!*

AND THE SKY THUNDERS ITS ENDLESS SORROW IN RESPONSE.





DON'T THINK SO, HAROLD. UNLESS THE KING FAMILY'S TAKEN TO WEARING BLACK ROBES.

TAKE A LOOKSEE AT THAT **FREAK SHOW** INSIDE.

THE TIME HAS COME, MY FOLLOWERS, TO **FREE** OURSELVES FROM THE SHADOWS WE HIDE IN.

HEY, I WISH I BROUGHT MY INSTIMATIC! THIS WOULD MAKE A GREAT **PHOTO-FEATURE** FOR "TRUE VAMPIRE STORIES."



TO SET OURSELVES **FREE** FROM THE RABBLE-- RABBLE SUCH AS THOSE TWO **INTRUDERS**!

THERE ARE **NON-BELIEVERS** HERE, MY BREATHERN-- **CAPTURE THEM!**

OH LORD, I SHOULD'VE STAYED IN **BED**. I **KNEW IT!**

C'MON, MAN-- WE GOTTA **FIGHT** OUR WAY OUT OF HERE.

SURE WE CAN'T RESORT TO SIMPLY **BEGGING** FOR MERCY?



SORRY, LITTLE BUDDY, BUT FRANK DRAKE DOESN'T INTEND TO **RETREAT!**

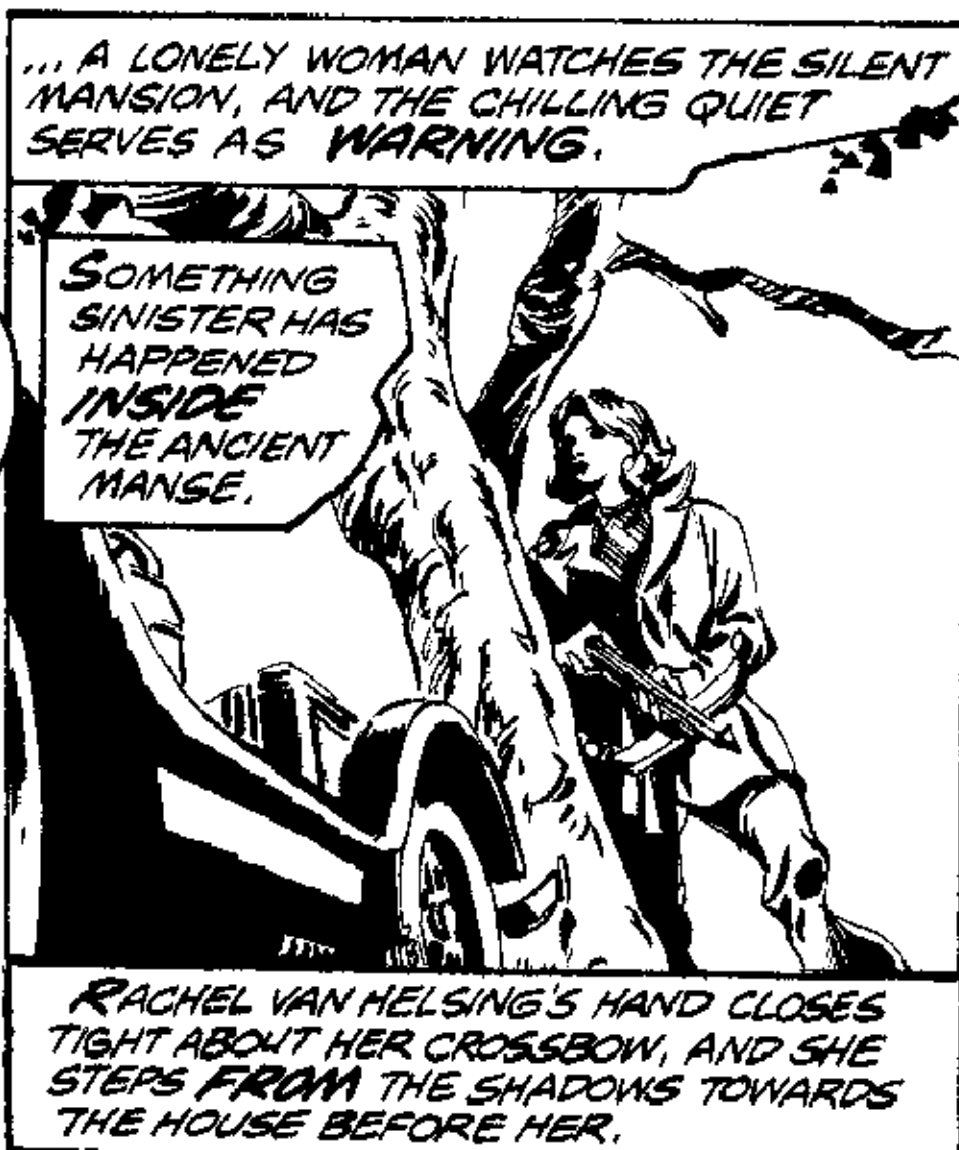
I CAME HERE FOR **ANSWERS**, AND, BY THUNDER, I'M GONNA GET THEM--

DOWN THEM, MY BREATHERN! SHOW THEM THE POWER OF THE DARK LORD!

DOWN THE NON-BELIEVERS! STOP THEM NOW!

--EVEN IF I HAVE TO BREAK THESE MASQUERADE PARTY REJECTS IN **HALF!**

WHILE, OUTSIDE...



... A LONELY WOMAN WATCHES THE SILENT MANSION, AND THE CHILLING QUIET SERVES AS **WARNING**.

SOMETHING SINISTER HAS HAPPENED **INSIDE** THE ANCIENT MANSE.

RACHEL VAN HELSING'S HAND CLOSES TIGHT ABOUT HER CROSSBOW, AND SHE STEPS **FROM** THE SHADOWS TOWARDS THE HOUSE BEFORE HER.



WHILE...

YOU CALLED ME HERE, WOMAN?

IT WOULD SEEM IM-POSSIBLE, YET, I CAN SENSE THE TRUTH, BUT WHY, WOMAN? WHY?

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU, DRACULA. BECAUSE I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU.



EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD, WHEN I FIRST READ YOUR BOOK.

YOU WERE EVERYTHING I COULD EVER HOPE FOR IN A MAN.

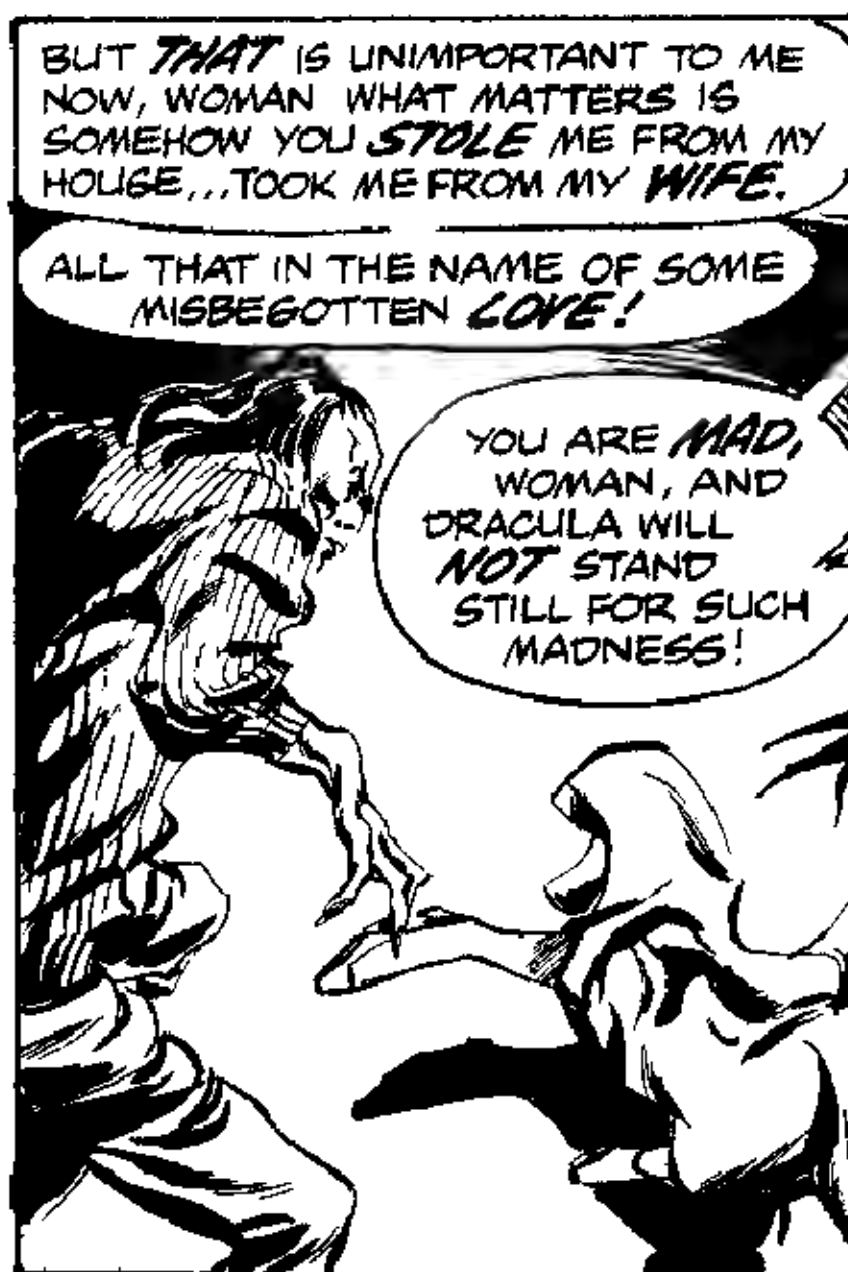
EVERYTHING... AND MORE.

THE BOOK--?



THAT FOOLISH NOVEL STOKER HALF-BASED ON MY DIARY?

BAH! HE TURN-ED WHAT I AM... THE POWER I POSSESS, INTO A CHILDREN'S STORY. A MERE FABLE BASED HALF ON LIES.



BUT THAT IS UNIMPORTANT TO ME NOW, WOMAN WHAT MATTERS IS SOMEHOW YOU STOLE ME FROM MY HOUSE...TOOK ME FROM MY WIFE.

ALL THAT IN THE NAME OF SOME MISBEGOTTEN LOVE!

YOU ARE MAD, WOMAN, AND DRACULA WILL NOT STAND STILL FOR SUCH MADNESS!



MISS ANGIE--?

MONSIEUR, WHAT SORT OF ANIMAL ARE YOU? YOU STRUCK THE MIS-TRESS, AND SHE WAS THE ONE WHO GAVE YOU LIFE.

Noooooooo!!



GAVE ME LIFE, FOOL? DRACULA IS REAL, NOT SOME RECREATION OF FICTION.

YOU DOLTS MAY BE DUPLICATES FOR ALL I KNOW, BUT I AM REAL.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS ANGIE?

YOU ARE REAL BECAUSE SHE WILLED YOU TO BE, AS SHE HAS DONE TO US ALL, MONSIEUR.

AND YOU, ABOVE ALL, SHE DID LOVE, AND YOU REPAID HER LOVE LIKE A SAVAGE!

I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR THAT, DRACULA, BUT THE MADAME WOULD NEVER FORGIVE ME.



YOU SHOULD KILL ME, DOLT?

WHAT DO YOU TAKE DRACULA FOR? A WEAK-KNEED MORTAL?

KNOW THIS, CRETIN--I AM DRACULA, PRINCE OF EVIL, LORD OF VAMPIRES! MASTER OF THE UNDEAD!

AND DRACULA FEARS NO LIVING MAN, BE HE REAL OR RECREATION!



AHA, MY FRIEND, THEN WILL YOU FEAR ME?

WHO--?

TURN AND SEE MY FACE, GOOD FELLOW, AND LEARN WHY THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM DID RUN IN FEAR WITH HIS TAIL 'TWEEN HIS LEGS...



...WHEN ROBIN HOOD APPEARED OUTSIDE OF FAIR SHERWOOD FOREST!

AWAY FROM HERE, VARLET. OUR HOME WITH THE MISTRESS WAS A PEACEFUL ONE TILL YOU SHOW-ED YOUR UGLY FACE.

ROBIN HOOD?!

THIS PLACE IS MADNESS. D'ARTAGNAN, ROBIN HOOD-- EVEN THE MONSTER-- SO SIMILAR TO THE REAL FRANKENSTEIN CREATURE I BATTLED ALMOST A CENTURY PAST!

BUT HE, AND THE REST HERE ARE ALL FICTION... FOOLS CREATED BY EQUALLY FOOLISH WRITERS.

I CAN NOT BE ATTACKED BY MERE WORDS AND THOUGHT-- YET I AM!



SOMEHOW, HERE IN THIS LIBRARY-- THE PLAY IS REAL. BUT HOW-- BUT HOW?!?





SOMEHOW, THROUGH SOME **POWER** YOU POSSESS, YOU CREATED THE OTHERS... AND YOU SNATCHED ME FROM MY **WIFE'S** SIDE.

TOOK ME WHILE I EXPRESSED THE **CALMNESS** SHE HAD GIVEN MY SOUL FOR THE **FIRST** TIME IN CENTURIES...

A **CALMNESS** YOU AND YOUR FOOLISH CREATIONS ARE QUICKLY FORCING ME TO **LOSE**, WOMAN.

SEÑOR, LEAVE THE WOMAN **ALONE!**



WHO DARES--?

THE NAME IS ZORRO, SEÑOR--
ZORRO THE FOX!

AND I WILL **NOT** ALLOW MY MISTRESS TO BE **HURT** BY YOU.

LEAVE HER BE, SEÑOR, OR FEEL THE **POINT** OF MY SWORD CARVE MY **INITIAL** ACROSS YOUR HEART!

ZORRO? **ANOTHER** PHANTASM... ANOTHER ILLUSION GIVEN REALITY! THE WOMAN WAS **MAD** FOR HEROES!

BUT ALL HER HEROES SHALL SOON BE **DEAD** ONES!



WHATEVER **HER** POWER, DRACULA HAS **GREATER** POWERS!

DIABLO!

FEEL MY **POWER**, FOX. FEEL THE POWER OF A **TRUE** MAN!



NOW, FOOL--NOW YOU SHALL **DIE!**

AND YOU SHALL KNOW IT IS DRACULA WHO IS YOUR **KILLER!**

GRUNN



FAREWELL, FOOL--
YOUR FIGHT WAS
SHORT, BUT--
EH?

MONSIEUR, I CHALLENGE
YOU ONCE **MORE**!

D'ARTAGNAN? I
THOUGHT I **KILLED**
YOU MOMENTS AGO.



BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER--
I'LL SLAY YOU **AGAIN**--
THIS TIME WITH YOUR
OWN WEAPON!

FOR, DRACULA
HAS ALWAYS
BEEN A **MASTER**
SWORDSMAN!

AND HE HAS **NEVER**
LOST IN A BLOOD-DUEL
TO THE DEATH!



... MADAME... I AM
S-SORRY I HAVE
FAILED... YOU.

...I... LOVED YOU... SO
VERY... MUCH, MADAME...

...I AM...
SORRY...

D'ARTAGNAN!?



GOODBYE, MY LOVE.

BUT, IT WILL NOT
BE GOODBYE
FOREVER.

HE'S **DEAD**,
MISS ANGIE.

BUT NOT
GONE FROM MY
HEART, TOM.
NOT FROM
MY HEART.



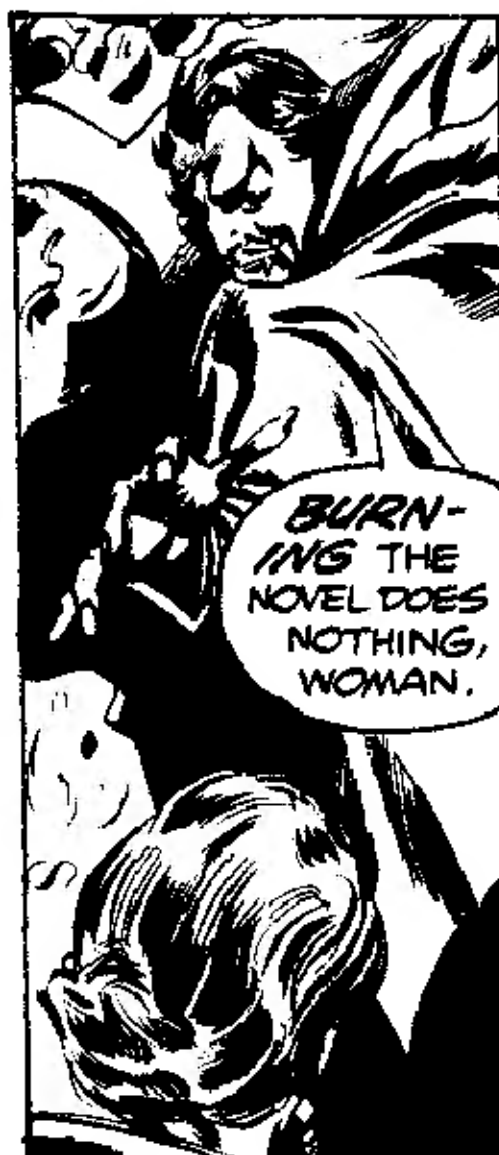
I-I LOVED YOU ONCE, DRACULA,
OR RATHER, I LOVED THE
DRACULA I **THOUGHT**
YOU WERE.

THE
MAN IN
THE
STORY,
THE
MAN OF
STRENGTH, OF
POWER, OF
NOBILITY!



BUT **YOU**... YOU'RE
SOME **EVIL**...
SOMETHING
AWFUL.

I **NEVER**
WANT TO SEE
YOU AGAIN.



BURN-
ING THE
NOVEL DOES
NOTHING,
WOMAN.



DRACULA WAS **NOT**
YOUR CREATION. HE
LIVES. AND HE THINKS
FOR **HIMSELF**!

AND, BECAUSE HE
DOES LIVE AND
DOES THINK--

--YOU **MUST**
DIE! IT HAS
BEEN SO
DECREED!



I-I LOVED DRACULA, AND I **HATE YOU**. AND THAT MEANS, TO ME AT LEAST, **YOU CAN'T BE DRACULA...NOT MY DRACULA!**

AND THAT MEANS YOU CAN'T BE **HERE** WITH MY CHILDREN AND ME.



SO I MUST BURN THE BOOK, TO RID YOU FROM MY HOME... FOREVER.

WHAT? I'M **FADING... DISAPPEARING!**



MY **HUSBAND!**? YOU'RE BACK, BUT--??

A-ASK NOTHING, DOMINI...ASK ME **NOTHING**, FOR I AM AFRAID, I HAVE **NO ANSWERS**.

NO ANSWERS AT ALL.



OH GOD, DOCTOR-- THAT'S FROM ANGIE TURNER'S ROOM.

DO YOU **HEAR** THAT? SHE'S **SCREAMING!**

DO YOU THINK SHE'S HAD ANOTHER **ATTACK!**

THE **LAST** ONE ALMOST **KILLED** HER.



OH, THANK GOD SHE'S ALL RIGHT. SHE JUST READ **THAT BOOK** AGAIN... THAT AWFUL **VAMPIRE** STORY.

SHE'LL BE ALRIGHT, NURSE. SHE WON'T HURT HERSELF-- NOT IN **THERE**.

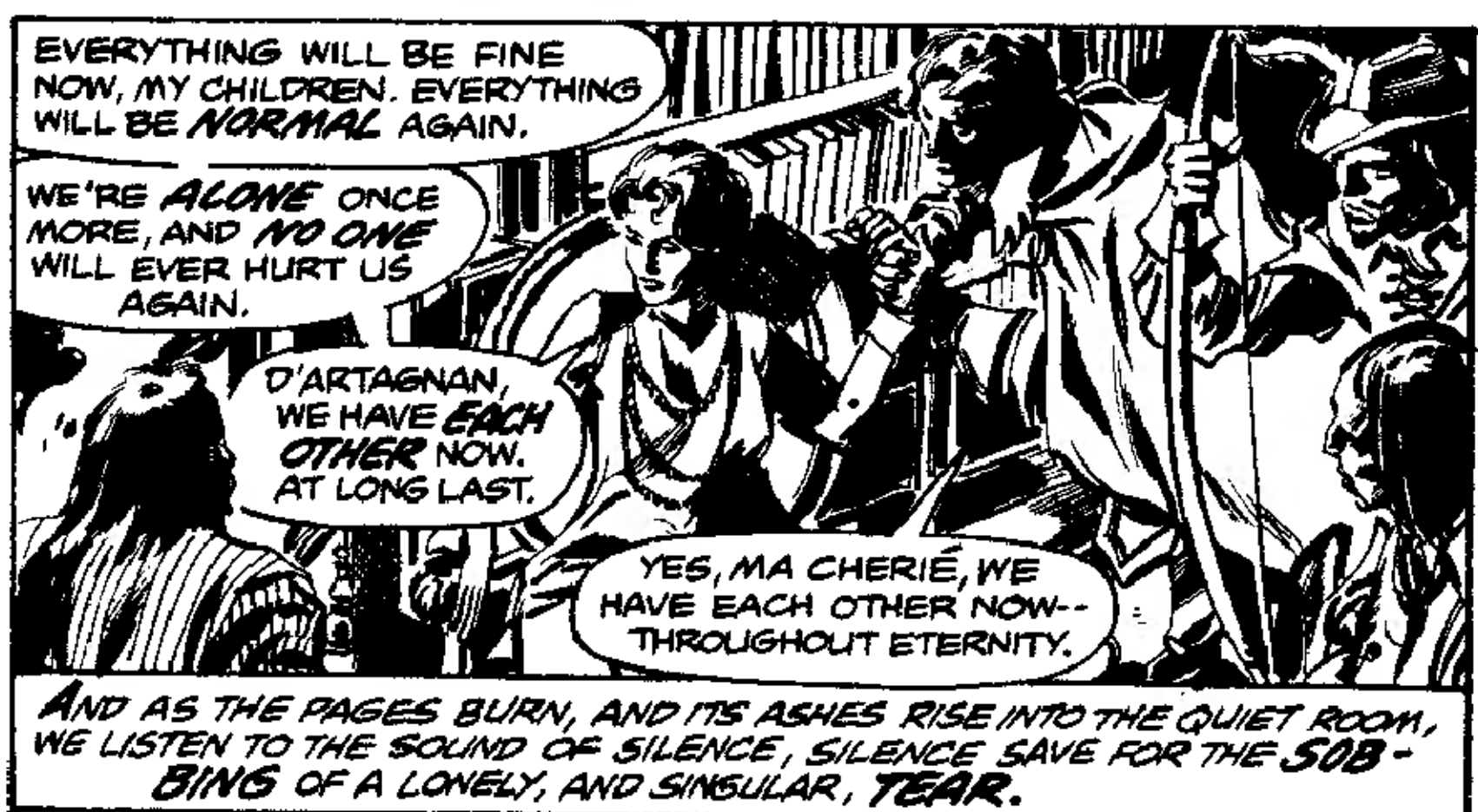
SHE **ALWAYS** REACTS THE SAME AFTER **READING** IT.



LET'S JUST LEAVE HER **ALONE**... TO HER FANTASIES.

THEY'RE **ALL** SHE HAS NOW... ALL SHE **LOVES** ANYMORE.

--EVER SINCE THE **DEATH** OF HER HUSBAND AND CHILD THREW HER INTO THAT DEPRESSED STATE.



EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE NOW, MY CHILDREN. EVERYTHING WILL BE **NORMAL** AGAIN.

WE'RE **ALONE** ONCE MORE, AND **NO ONE** WILL EVER HURT US AGAIN.

D'ARTAGNAN, WE HAVE **EACH OTHER** NOW. AT LONG LAST.

YES, MA CHERIE, WE HAVE EACH OTHER NOW-- THROUGHOUT ETERNITY.

AND AS THE PAGES BURN, AND ITS ASHES RISE INTO THE QUIET ROOM, WE LISTEN TO THE SOUND OF SILENCE, SILENCE SAVE FOR THE **SOBBING** OF A LONELY, AND SINGULAR, **TEAR**.

NEXT

THE **SILVER SURFER**

NUFF SAID!

CROSSFIRE

YOU
HAVE DONE IT,
MASTER... DRACULA
IS FINALLY
DEAD.

MARY WOLFMAN - WRITER
GENE COLAN & } ARTISTS
TOM PALMER }
JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERER
TOM PALMER - COLORIST
TERRY KAVANAGH - EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO - EDITOR IN CHIEF

A ONCE-IN-A
LIFETIME BATTLE, WONG--
A TERRIBLE THING!

I COULD NEVER
PERFORM SUCH FEATS
AGAIN, FOR THE MIXTURE
OF GOOD AND EVIL WOULD
BE TOO MUCH TO BEAR A
SECOND TIME!

THANK GOD,
DRACULA WILL MENACE
MAN NO MORE!

Gene
Colan

Original art by Gene Colan for the *Wedding of Dracula* one-shot.
In that reprint, this page precedes page 7 of *Tomb of Dracula* #45.

Is Dracula dead? Allowing his hunters to think him destroyed, the Lord of the Undead lays in wait while his secret machinations split Blade, Frank Drake, Quincy Harker and Rachel Van Helsing apart — setting them up for his final attack. Guest-starring Dr. Strange and Brother Voodoo!



MARVEL

MARVEL
PSR



51699

9 780785 114611

scanned by Potifar, July 2005

ISBN-0-7851-1461-0